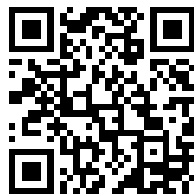


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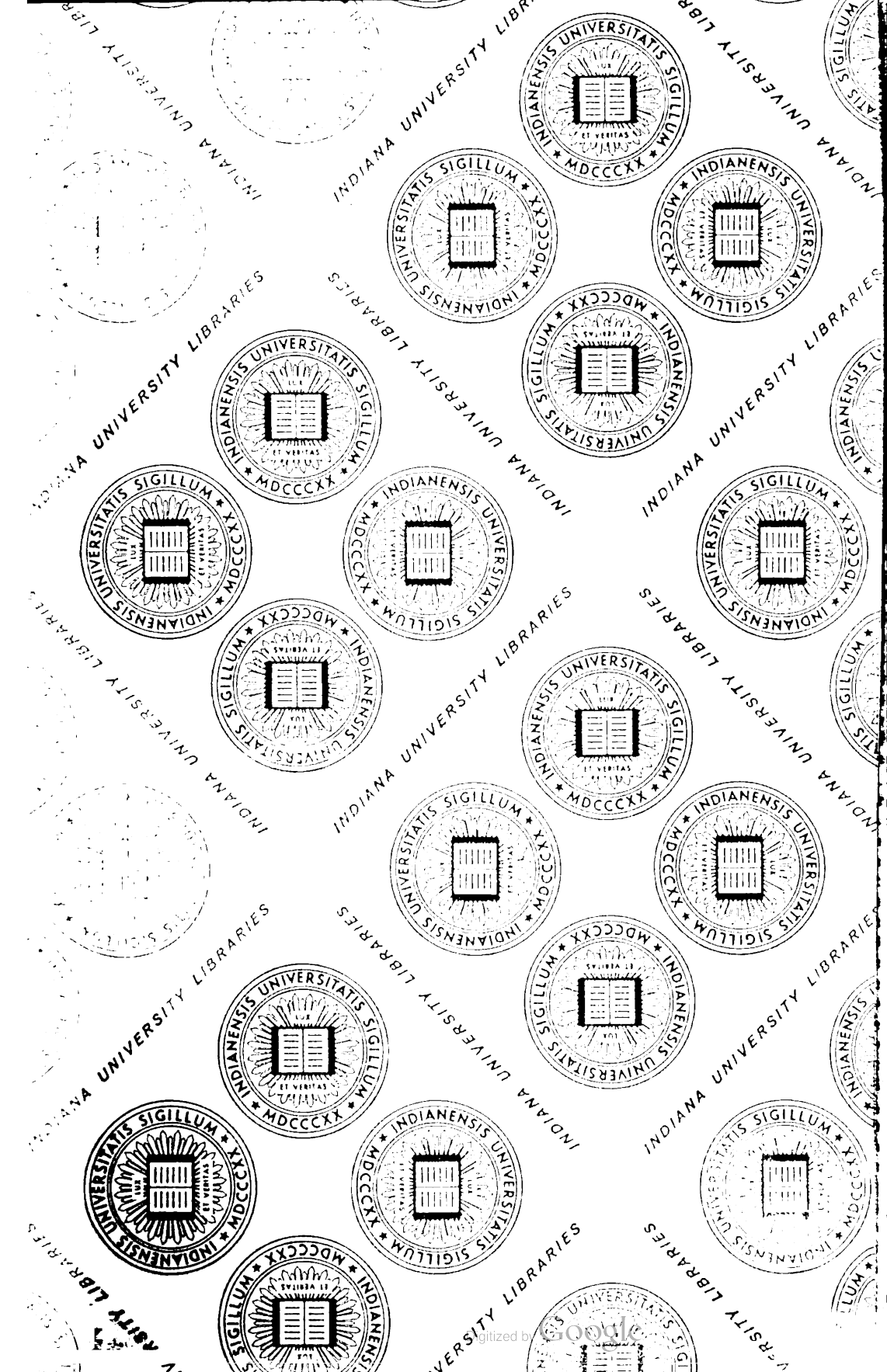
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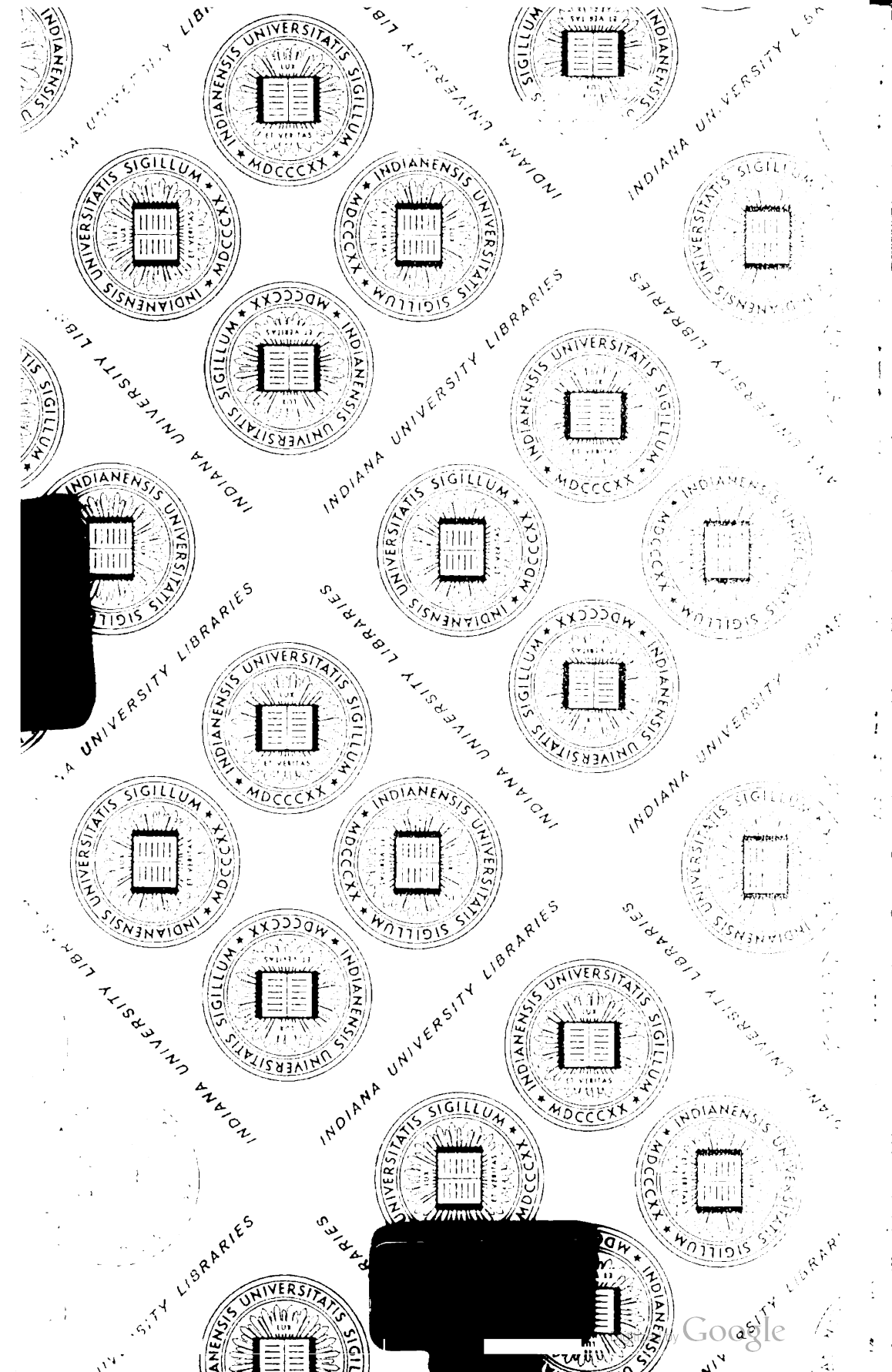




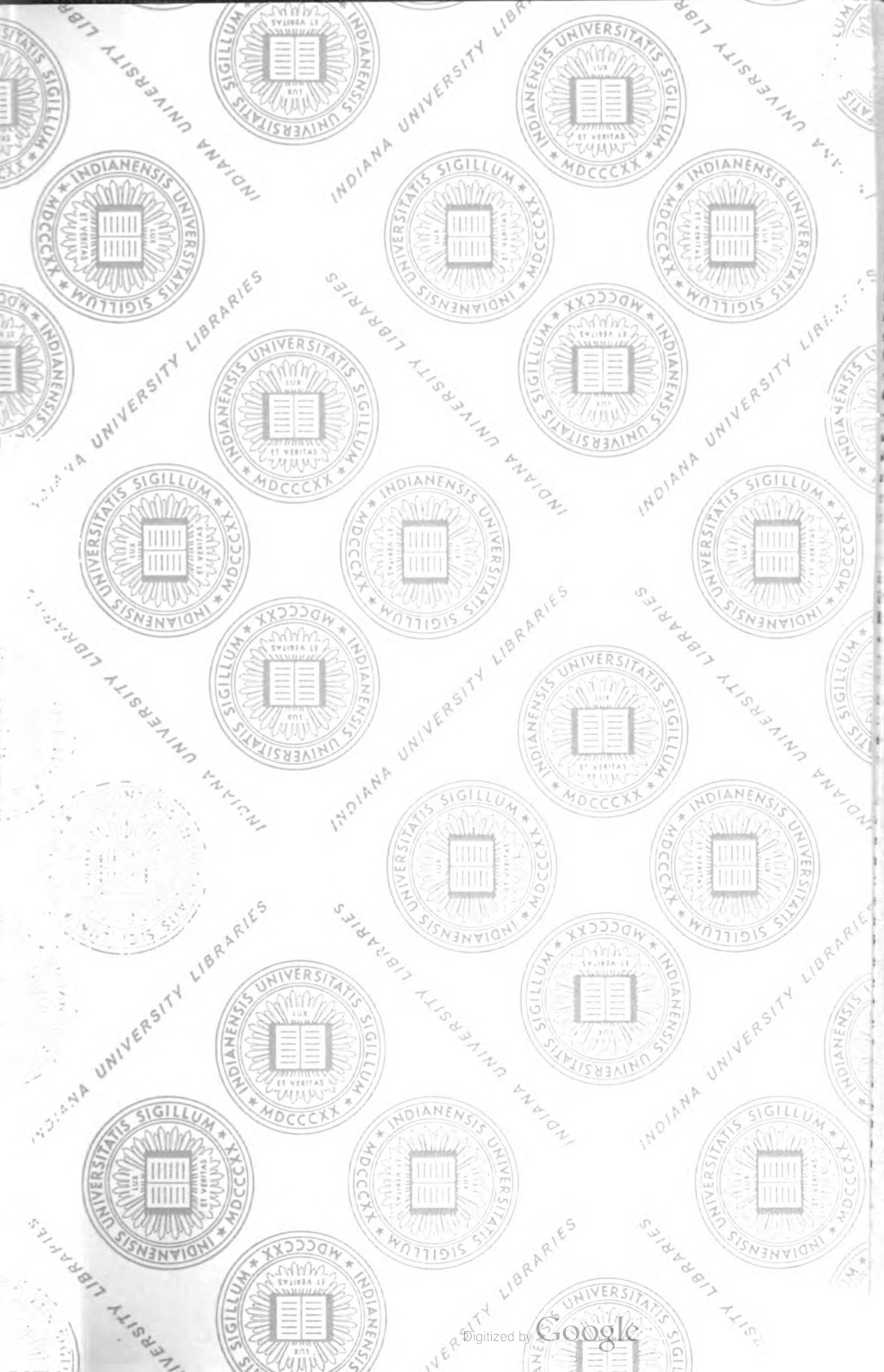




















LITTELL'S  
LIVING AGE.

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CONDUCTED BY E. LITTELL.

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# THE LIVING AGE.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

*Office of the Living Age.*

THE FIRST STEP is not *always* the only difficulty; it is not so in a *journal*; but it is a difficulty. There is so much to be done in organizing a new office, and preparing so large a number as this, that we have been delayed a week longer than we intended. Finding that we should necessarily be slow, until we can "get the steam up," we determined not to attempt to do more than to show, in a first number, the size, general appearance, and about the *weight* of our matter. So that our readers will not find the gloss of novelty on every article;—not, for instance, on the excellent review of Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*;—but we should not have been willing under any circumstances to fail to appropriate so hearty a commendation, by such high authority, of an American author.

We lose much by the absence of MISCELLANY, SCIENCE, ART, OBITUARY, which will be regular heads in our work; and also by not including any English political speculations—or even the slight view of domestic affairs which comes within our plan.

Even as it is, we publish before we are quite prepared, and shall be obliged to delay our second number till the 25th—making an interval of a fortnight.

We hope our Southern and Western correspondents will not give us up because we have *annexed* New England. We cannot agree to the dissolution of the union which has subsisted between us for so many years. It is to their advantage that we should have the most favorable post for our army of observation, that is, our printing-office. We shall here receive the foreign periodicals earliest;—we shall have the best communication with western New York, and with the countries bordering on the lakes (north as well as south; ) and we hope that we shall receive a kindly welcome to many new post-offices in this part of the country. No time will be lost in the transmission of the work to distant subscribers, and the advantage of appearing four times as often as before will make our matter fresher than it was in the Museum, even to Philadelphia subscribers. We beg leave to borrow for a moment from our friend the New York Albion his motto, "CÆLUM, NON

ANIMUM, MUTANT, QUI TRANS MARE CURRUNT;"—which means, when done into English, that we are as desirous of continuing and increasing our business to the south and west as ever.

As we go to press we hear the noise of the steamer's arrival, and that our periodicals are on board, but we cannot use them for this number.

We shall have abundant time and opportunity for treating of the matter of *Texas*, on its rebound from Europe in about a month. But we wish to say a few words in the mean time. Finally, and we hope not dishonorably, we shall probably be united to that territory, and the coasters of New England will have a *home voyage* equal in length to a passage to Europe. Apart from the constitutional question—and the still more important point of good faith to Mexico—the principal excitement relates to the matter of slavery. The *National Intelligencer* has an article addressed to *Southern* readers, in which it gives very good reasons for supposing that the effect of annexation will be to draw a large part of the population from Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri—and that the vacated lands will be settled by emigration from Pennsylvania and other free states, and cultivated by free labor; and that these states may be expected to become free states. This is our opinion, based upon some knowledge of the process which has already begun there. Besides this, it appears by Mr. Clay's letter, that not more than half of Texas itself is fit for slave labor;—and this consideration, as he well observes, may lessen the avidity of the south, and the opposition of the north, so far as these feelings are founded upon political considerations. We do not believe that the acquisition of Texas will increase the political power of the slave states—and we hope that the whole matter may be considered on its own merits.

That England would take Texas, if it could be quietly accomplished, we doubt not. But that could not be done without war with us, and we hope that for that she has no more disposition than we have. We need not fear any rival: the bride is very willing, and we think will be constant: we shall have time for a regular marriage; and need not disgrace ourselves by a runaway match.

From the Quarterly Review.

*Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America, effected by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, during the years 1836—39.* BY THOMAS SIMPSON, Esq. 8 vo. London; 1843.

THIS, the last page in the history of the British arctic exploration, is a melancholy one; for though the task undertaken was gallantly and successfully accomplished, the publication is posthumous, and the adventurous author lived not to wear the laurels so honorably won. His own recital is one which must be read by his countrymen with satisfaction, only impaired by regret for his melancholy and mysterious fate. Its style, remarkable even beyond that of his recent predecessors for concision, is, like theirs, of that simple and unpretending character which best becomes the narrative of real enterprise and endurance. The achievements it records place the author's name on the long list of British worthies which begins with Frobisher. The utility of such achievements may indeed be questioned. To what purpose are the realms of all but eternal winter invaded by such repeated incursions? Why expose the nose of man to the blast of the barrens, with the thermometer at  $60^{\circ}$  below zero: and when government, weary of its efforts, abandons the task, why should officials of the Hudson's Bay Company exchange their proper functions as purveyors of peltry for those of navigators and geographers? The answer to all such utilitarian interrogatories rises spontaneously to the lips of every one who takes an interest either in the advancement of science or the honor of England. We are indeed no longer lured, like our ancestors, by the prospect of commercial advantages from a north-western communication with Japan or Cathay; but, without condescending to argue the question, we regret no past, we shall grudge no future expenditure, whether of money or heroism, which may have contributed, or hereafter may contribute, to the final discharge of one of Great Britain's proper functions, the survey of the coastline of North America. This primary object attained, it will yet remain to be shown that the North Pole itself is inaccessible, and that the difficulties of a north-west passage are insurmountable by British navigators. On both these questions we venture to refer our readers to our article, of the year 1840, on Wrangell's expedition, vol. lxvi. p. 444.

Meanwhile the Franklins, the Backs, and the Simpsons have left but little to be achieved towards the accomplishment of the coast survey. The extent of the hiatus remaining on our maps will be best understood by a reference to Mr. Simpson's instructions and the objects embraced in his enterprise. We call them Mr. Simpson's instructions in virtue of his authorship, and without fear of exciting any jealousy on the part of

the able and veteran chief of the expedition, Mr. Dease, who appears to have conceded to his youthful subordinate, when occasion permitted, precedence in labor and fatigue, as well as in the scientific operations of the expedition, which were entirely in Mr. Simpson's hands. Mr. Dease's merits and services are well known to the readers of Franklin and Back. The first object indicated in the instructions issued by the Hudson's Bay Company Directors, was the completion of that part of the coast survey to the westward of the Mackenzie River which had been left unfinished by Franklin and Beechey in 1826. Such of our readers as have not recently pored over the additions to our arctic maps, contributed by successive expeditions, have to be reminded that in that year a combined operation was conducted, from the Pacific by Captain Beechey, from the mouth of the Mackenzie River by Captain Franklin, in the hope that the two parties might meet somewhere on the coast. They failed in effecting their junction, but how nearly they succeeded, the following dates and positions will show.

On the 18th of August, the barge of Captain Beechey's vessel, the Blossom, quitted that shore off Icy Cape, and on the 22d, reached longitude  $156^{\circ} 21' W.$ , some 120 miles to the eastward of their point of departure. Hence, after being embedded for some days in ice, and after her commander, Mr. Elson, had made up his mind to abandon her and return on foot, she was fortunately extricated, and made sail again to rejoin the Blossom on the 25th. On the 16th of August Captain Franklin reached longitude  $138^{\circ} 52' W.$  and on the 17th, the weather cleared sufficient to allow him, as he believed, to ascertain the position of a point of land to the westward, which he named after Captain Beechey; at which point he writes, longitude  $149^{\circ} 27'$ , "our discoveries terminated." "Could I have known," he continues "or by any possibility imagined, that a party from the Blossom had been at the distance of only 16 miles from me, no difficulties, no dangers, no discouraging circumstances, should have prevailed upon me to return." It is a satisfaction to know that, in Sir John Franklin's own opinion, founded on subsequent information, the attempt would have been fruitless, and probably fatal to all concerned. This interval, therefore, of somewhat less than 7 of longitude (averaging 23 miles to a degree, was all that, since 1826, remained to complete the survey from Mackenzie River westward to the Pacific; and that completion was indicated in the instructions as the first object of the expedition. It will be seen that it was effectually and speedily accomplished.

To the eastward a wider field was open to conjecture and discovery. In 1826, while Franklin was working to the west, his admirable coadjutor Richardson had surveyed the interval between the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers. In 1833 Captain Back descended the Tlewocho, and

Great Fish River, to its estuary; but he had been able to survey but little of the neighboring coast in either direction; and, with the exception of this point, the region between the 115th and 83d degrees of longitude, from the Coppermine River to the offshoot, called Melville Peninsula, was still unexplored. It would appear from the instructions that the exploration of this interval to its full eastward extent did not enter into the immediate contemplation of the directors. The party is merely instructed, starting from the Coppermine, to reach, if possible, the scene of Captain Back's discoveries; deciding, as in case of success it must, on its way the question at issue between Sir John Ross and Sir George Back, whether Boothia, the land so named by the former officer, be a peninsula joined on to the main land to the west of the Flewchocho, or whether, as Back opined, a strait existed which had escaped Ross's observation. It will be seen that Mr. Simpson more than performed the service indicated in this instruction; that, after discovering and passing through the trait suspected by Sir G. Back, and thus disposing of the presumed peninsula, and of Sir J. Ross's famous discovery of a difference of level between the seas on either side, he followed the coast-line to some little extent beyond the point where Back was repelled by the advanced state of the season. From this summary it will be seen that, for some ten degrees of longitude, the coast of the continent still presents a field for further adventure. We have been robbed of one peninsula, but it appears nearly certain that a considerable tract of land, of which the eastern continuous coast has been ascertained by Parry and Franklin, deserves the name it bears of *Melville Peninsula*; that it shoots out to the north for some 5° of latitude, and is joined to the main land by a narrow isthmus near Repulse Bay. This latter fact does not indeed rest as yet on actual observation, but there is every reason to put faith in the Esquimaux accounts, which bring a gulf of the Polar Sea to within 40 or 50 miles of Repulse Bay.

Our author's narrative is prefaced by an interesting though meagre sketch of his biography, by the pen of a surviving brother. The boy is not always father to the man. The transformation of a sickly and timid youth, educated for the Scottish church, into the hardy man who walks fifty miles a-day in snow-shoes, is one of those phenomena which we believe to be quite as common as the instances of juvenile promise and precocious aptitude for a particular career so often traced out by the biographers of eminent men. In 1829, at the age of twenty-one, Mr. Simpson, despairing of early advancement in the Kirk, and averse from the usual resource of private tuition, accepted from the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr., now Sir George Simpson—(a relative, we presume, but in what degree is not stated)—an offer of employment under the Company, and sailed for North America. By the same powerful interest

it appears that he was appointed, in 1836, to the second station in command of the expedition which forms the subject of the present narrative. There can be no doubt that during his apprenticeship he showed qualities which justified his selection, and no one who peruses the record will accuse the governor of nepotism.

To any one acquainted with the numerous works of Mr. Simpson's predecessors, his volume can of course present little attraction in the way of novelty. The incidents, whether of the summer's journey or the winter's residence at one of the Company's forts, admit of little variety, as described either by a Back or a Simpson. The same exertions of fortitude and endurance, the same devices of skill and ingenuity to meet danger in its various forms of river-rapid, of marine ice, of fog, and squall, and current, are required of each successive arctic adventurer; but the simplicity and concision of the present narrative prevents weariness even with these details. There is one fact, evidence of which pervades the volume, and which makes us rise from its perusal with peculiar satisfaction; we mean the truly humanizing and Christian effect of the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company on the aboriginal tribes. The period is not distant when the "*bella plusquam civilia*," which raged between the Hudson's Bay Company and a rival association, reddened the desert with other blood than that of the beaver or musk-ox. The blessings, indeed, usually bestowed by the white Christian on the red heathen are soon enumerated;—fire-arms, fire-water, and the small-pox; but probably in no part of the world had the European invaders set a worse example to the native tribes than here, or enlisted them into more savage contests than those which raged, within the present century, within the dominions and between the subjects of the British crown in North America. It is perhaps useless now to inquire into the relative guilt of the parties engaged, and to attempt to discriminate between aggression and lawful resistance. The true history of such contests would rival in unprofitable tedium the Florentine and Pisan wars of Guicciardini. We know no better picture of the character of the struggle than is to be found in the work of Mr. Ross Cox, a gentleman who from an adventurous trader has become an efficient and trusted officer of the Irish police. His narrative, published in 1830, has scarcely an equal for incident and adventure, unless it be in Mr. Irvine's charming volume, the "*Adventures of the Followers of Columbus*." We shall have occasion to remark, that some of his observations on the habits of native tribes derive confirmation from the volume under review. It is gratifying to us, as Englishmen and Christians, to be able to show the reverse of such a picture. Subsequently to the coalition effected between the two companies in 1821, their system towards the natives appears to have been one which Howard and Wilberforce would have approved, and might have di-

rected. Sufficient proofs of this fact appear at the outset of Mr. Simpson's volume, even in his description, though cursory, of the Red River settlement, from which he started for his journey.

The untiring efforts of the Company's Church establishment, Protestant and Roman Catholic, extend from Labrador to the Pacific—from where the rattlesnake basks in the hot summer of climes westward of the Rocky mountains, to where the Indian ceases to roam, and the Esquimaux becomes the sole representative of humanity. These exertions are not the less creditable if, as Mr. Simpson, we fear truly, states, they are often unrewarded: not always however. In the maritime districts of the far West the Indian character is softened, as he states, by the influences of the Pacific; food is abundant, man congregates in villages, and here the labors of the missionaries promise every success. Even among the wandering hunters of the North the endeavors of the Company to check the supply of spirituous liquors and to instil morality, have not been unavailing. Mr. Simpson says:—

“No stronger proof of the salutary effect of the injunctions of the Company's officers can be adduced than that, while peace and decorum mark the general character of the Northern tribes, bloodshed, rapine, and unbridled lust are the characteristics of the fierce hordes of Assiniboines, Pigeons, Blackfeet, Circees, Fall and Blood Indians who inhabit the plains between the Saskatchewan and Missouri, and are without the pale of the Company's influence and authority.”—p. 19.

Mr. Simpson goes on to describe a reconciliation effected by the sole influence of the Company between the Saulteaux and Sioux nations, till lately inveterate and bloody enemies.

On the 1st of December, 1836, Mr. Simpson quitted the Red River settlement for Athabasca. This preliminary journey, of one thousand two hundred and seventy-seven statute miles was completed with singular precision on the very day prefixed for its termination, the 1st of February. For the first three days, as far as the Manitoba Lake, the nature of the country and the state of the weather permitted the use of horses and wheel carriages. The remainder of the journey was performed on foot, the baggage being conveyed on sledges drawn by dogs. The author's route enabled him to enjoy the reasonable hospitality of three of the Company's stations between the Red River and the Athabasca station, Fort Chipewyan, destined for his residence till the period when returning spring should enable him to effect the descent of the Coppermine River.

The first point decided on at this station was, that instead of building, according to the letter of their instructions, or large boat for their future expedition, they should construct two of smaller dimensions; a measure to which Mr. Simpson attributes the ultimate safety and success of the party. This portion of the author's narrative exhibits further gratifying evidence of the influence of the Com-

pany on the character of the Chipewyan Indians, and of the establishment of friendly relations between this race and the Esquimaux. The wanton and relentless massacre of the latter, described by Hearne, is a specimen of the former habits of the natives, conspicuous by its contrast to the present state of things; and the regulations of the Company for the prevention of the sale of spirits, and for the supply of necessities to the Indian, seem admirable in effect as well as intention.

The expedition set sail from Athabasca on the 1st of June. On the 10th it reached the Great Slave Lake, where, for eleven weary days, it suffered provoking detention by the ice, and it was not till the 20th that it entered the great River Mackenzie. Fort Good Hope, situated in lat. 66° 16', the most northerly station of the Company, was reached on the 5th of July, and at 4 P. M. of the 9th, the Arctic Ocean burst on the view of the party. The expedition plodded its westward way along the coast surveyed by Franklin in 1826, meeting and overcoming the usual difficulties of such a route, and holding friendly but cautious intercourse with various families of Esquimaux, till it reached Franklin's Return Reef on the 23d. The weather here became stormy, and the temperature such as to bring the winter-dresses of the party into requisition. The ice drove them occasionally almost beyond sight of the coast, but one happy run of twenty-five hours effected nearly half the distance between the point reached by Franklin and the Point Barrow, from which Captain Beechey's barge returned in 1826. In this interval the mouths of two considerable rivers were discovered. One of these, named by the party the Colville, Mr. Simpson remarks (p. 171): “That it separates the Franklin and Pelly mountains, the last seen by us, and probably flows in a long course through a rich fur country and unknown tribes on the west side of the Rocky mountains.” Mr. Simpson thinks that it is probably identical with a river of which Mr. Campbell, one of the most adventurous of the Company's servants, who has pushed its establishments into the Rocky mountains and to the confines of the Russian territory, received accounts from the natives; if so, it has a course of at least 1000 English miles. It appears that Mr. Campbell, in 1839, narrowly escaped massacre and starvation at the hands of the Nahanie Indians, but that his future operations are likely to be facilitated by a transaction with the Russian Governor, the eminent Baron Wrangel, by which the Russian line of coast as far as Cape Spencer is leased to the Company. On the 28th they hauled up their boats on a cape, in longitude 154°, which they named after Governor Simpson. The ice now rapidly accumulated, and on the 31st Mr. Simpson writes:—“From the extreme coldness of the weather and the interminable ice, the further advance of our boats appeared hopeless. In four days we had only made good as many miles, and in the event of a late return to the Mackenzie, we had every

reason to apprehend being set fast in Bear Lake river, or at least at Fort Franklin, which would have been ruinous to our future plans. I therefore lost no time in imparting to Mr. Dease my desire of exploring the remainder of the coast to Point Barrow on foot. In order to secure the safe retreat of the party, he handsomely consented to remain with the boats; and as Point Barrow was still distant only two degrees of longitude, ten or twelve days were considered sufficient for my return." The author therefore, selecting five companions, started on his pedestrian expedition on the 1st of August. While the boats had been forcing their way through the shore ice to Cape Simpson, the appearance of the ice to seaward had been so smooth and solid that the party had longed for horses and carioles to drive at once to Point Barrow. Our author could not, indeed, resort to this expedient to facilitate the interesting labor of the remaining interval of unexplored coast. He could not call a coach, but he did better, for finding the sea open he called an oomiak—one of the large family-boats of the Esquimaux which bear that name. The incident of his meeting with the family which supplied him with the loan of this invaluable conveyance was certainly one of the most fortunate of his journey. The taste for tobacco, acquired from intercourse with the Russians, was a passport to their good graces. Among other mutual civilities Mr. Simpson exchanged his travelling service of plate, consisting of a tin pan, for a platter made out of a mammoth tusk, as appropriate to his daily mess of pemmican as pewter to the draught beloved by metropolitan coalheavers. The Esquimaux suffered him without scruple to select the best of three oomiaks for his purpose. These boats float in half a foot of water, and the one selected bounded gallantly over the high waves of an inlet five miles wide, which would have cost him a weary march to circumvent by land. Disregarding the portentous appearance of young ice and the landward flight of wild fowl, omens of approaching winter, and occasionally carrying their light craft over the older ice, they hurried onward to their goal, and reached it with triumph and gratitude on the morning of the 4th.

Point Barrow, henceforth famous as the focus to which British enterprise from west and east has successfully converged, is described as a long, low spit of gravel, some five miles across. It appears to be a place of considerable resort: a kind of Brighton to the Esquimaux, a summer camp, a winter burrow, and a fashionable burying-place. Mr. Elson, in 1826, had been deterred, by the hostile demeanor of the natives, from attempts at intercourse; but Mr. Simpson was bolder, and though the natives were numerous, and their demonstrations at first suspicious, he opened with them a brisk and friendly intercourse, exchanging the ever current coin of tobacco for seal-skin boots, water-proof shirts of seals' entrails, ivory toys, &c. —ances followed, performed by Ceritos in deer-

skin unmentionables; and it was not till Mr. Simpson launched again on the ocean, averting his prow reluctantly from a lane of open water which invited him to Behring's Straits, that an attempt to steal his paddles, and some appearance of a disposition to misdirect his course, afforded any ground for apprehending bad intentions. He was soon joyfully received by the party from whom he had borrowed his frail but buoyant and effective conveyance; and as he required its further use, four of them readily consented to accompany him in their canoes. These people displayed acute sensibility to the power of music, listening with delight to the French and Highland boat-songs of the party. This sensibility is shared by the Indian tribe of Loucheux, but strange to say, is not found among their neighbors the Chipewayans. These distinctive peculiarities among races in juxtaposition are interesting, and not confined to savage tribes. We doubt whether, in this respect of musical faculty, the Loucheux differ more from the Chipewayans than do the natives of the hilly districts of Lancashire and Derbyshire from those of some neighboring counties. In discussing the origin of the native tribes, Mr. Simpson (after attributing, as we think, on very questionable grounds, and differing with his predecessors in discovery, an European origin to the Esquimaux) enumerates several distinct families of Indians, whom he supposes to have migrated from Asia, but who have preserved the most decided differences of language and customs. He mentions the practice prevalent in New Caledonia of burning the dead, and of subjecting the widow to various degrading and painful observances, which probably indicate an Hindoo affinity, though not extending to the suttee of Hindostan. Mr. Ross Cox had the opportunity of observing this practice, which we believe the influence of the Company has since nearly abolished. We have lately seen it stated that in the Marquesas Islands the ocean is substituted for the pile, and the widow is sunk with the corpse of her partner. With all respect for the philosophers of the last century, who endeavored to set up the superiority of savage over civilized man, we prefer the more cumbrous contrivance of jointure, with all its delays to impatient lovers and burthen on heirs.

Mr. Simpson was certainly as fortunate in avoiding collision with the natives as in procuring assistance from them; but the measure of proceeding with so small a party was, with reference to them, one of extreme hazard. The usual source of collision is the inability of the savage to resist temptation to pilfer. We have seen that at Point Barrow this risk occurred. Mr. Dease also, while waiting the return of the party, had to protect himself from similar attempts. Man hates and fears those whom he has injured. Mr. Simpson justly observes, that should the Russians ever furnish the Esquimaux with fire-arms, the day of discovery with small parties will be over. This was,

however, the only juncture at which the natives were met with in force sufficient to create danger ; and though it was certainly a critical one, the object in view was one of those which justify a rush at the fence without a scrutiny into the possible ditch at the other side.

While the operations above described were in progress, a party, left behind at Fort Good Hope, had ascended the Bear Lake River, and established themselves on the lake of that name to prepare the winter residence of the expedition. The ascent of the stream, however, had been one of difficulty, conducted between impending walls of ice, in some instances forty feet high. Thirty miles of such navigation had cost a fortnight's labor, and the passage of the lake itself was scarcely less difficult. It was not till the 17th of August, the day on which the coasting party reëntered the Mackenzie River, that the building party reached the scene of its labors, named Fort Confidence. Mr. Simpson's arrival here occurred on the 29th of September. They found their simple and diminutive log dwellings finished as well as the scanty materials of the country allowed, but miserably inadequate to the climate. An express soon after reached them, conveying, among other intelligence, that of Sir G. Back's intended expedition to Wager Inlet, and affording hopes of a meeting with that officer in the course of the summer, which were frustrated by the well-known failure of his gallant efforts. The incidents of the winter residence demand little comment. From the 11th of November to the end of January the temperature ranged from 32° to 33° below zero. Occasionally, however, it descended to 50°; and when at 49° the author cast a bullet of quicksilver, which, fired from a pistol at ten paces, passed through an inch plank. The students of Liebig will not be surprised to hear that, when abundance permitted, the daily ration of an individual was from eight to twelve pounds of venison. On some occasions it appears that the allowance to the Company's servants has been fourteen pounds of moose or buffalo. We apprehend that bone is included, but the amount is yet enormous, as compared with the consumption of man in temperate climates. The great chemist clearly explains why this large amount of solid and nitrogenized food should be not only innocent but salutary under an arctic temperature. How far, however, it be necessary, and how great the addition desirable for due enjoyment, or essential to the healthy condition of the frame, apart from the adventitious consequences of habit, may be doubted. We have at least reason to doubt that the officers of these expeditions, whose education and habits removed them from the influences of idleness and mere sensuality, have felt and had occasion to satisfy any inordinate cravings. Experience and theory alike condemn the use of spirituous liquors as aids to exertion in these climates.\*

\* We have been assured that in the Russian expedition

The 11th of March exhibited the greatest degree of cold observed. A spirit thermometer, more scrupulous than its fellows, stood at 60°, an older one at 66°.

Had Mr. Simpson's ardent mind and powerful frame been totally unoccupied during his long and wearisome detention, he might have been driven to the remedy which our French neighbors accuse us of adopting for low spirits, and have committed an appropriate suicide with a quicksilver bullet. He was not, however, driven to this resource. His winter excursions, on Great Bear Lake and the neighboring barrens, exceeded a thousand miles. On the 27th of March he set out, with two men and four dogs, to explore the country between Bear Lake and the Coppermine, their intended pathway to the sea. Buried in the snow-drift of a north-easter, scarcely broken by the screen of a few dwarf spruces, the author naturally felt it difficult to comprehend how people could perish in an English snow-storm in the hot desert of Salisbury Plain, or the tropical regions of Shap Fell.

Indian education begins early. Lewis and Clarke describe equestrians of some two years old using both whip and bridle with vigor and effect. An unweaned member of an Indian family reached Fort Confidence on snow shoes two feet in length :—

"I must not," says Mr. Simpson, "close this part of the narrative without bestowing a just encomium on the generally docile character of the natives of Great Bear Lake. They soon become attached to white men, and are fond of imitating their manners. In our little hall I have repeatedly seen the youngsters who were most about us get up from their chairs, and politely hand them to any of our people who happened to enter. Some of them even learned to take off their caps in the house, and to wash instead of greasing their faces. Their indulgent treatment of their women, who indeed possess the mastery, was noticed by Sir J. Franklin. I wish I could speak as favorably of their honesty and veracity."—p. 243.

The next great object of Mr. Simpson's instructions was, as we have stated, to trace the unexplored interval from Franklin's point Turnagain to the Tlewocho estuary. For this object he was to reach the coast by the Coppermine River, with the choice, as far as his instructors could give it, of spending one or two seasons on the attempt, and of returning by whichever of the two rivers he might prefer. He started on the 6th of June, ascended the Dease River, crossed the Dismal Lakes on the still solid ice, partly with the assistance of sails, and launching on the Kendal River reached the confluence of that stream with the Coppermine on the 20th. The rapids of the Coppermine made of the descent and ascent of that river perhaps the two most critical operations of the expedition. Franklin had descended them in July, when at their summer level ; they were now to Khiva, those who, avoiding the use of spirits, confined themselves to tea, alone survived.



in spring flood, but skill and nerve brought the party through. We extract the following passage :—

"The day was bright and lovely as we shot down rapid after rapid; in many of which we had to pull for our lives to keep out of the suction of the precipices, along whose base the breakers raged and foamed with overwhelming fury. Shortly before noon we came in sight of the Escape Rapid of Franklin, and a glance at the overhanging cliffs told us that there was no alternative but to run down with full cargo. In an instant we were in the vortex; and, before we were aware, my boat was borne towards an isolated rock which the boiling surge almost concealed. To clear it on the outside was no longer possible; our only chance of safety was to run between it and the lofty eastern cliff. The word was passed, and every breath was hushed. A stream, which dashed down upon us over the brow of the precipice more than a hundred feet in height, mingled with the spray that whirled upwards from the rapid, forming a terrific shower-bath. The pass was about eight feet wide, and the error of a single foot on either side would have been instant destruction. As, guided by Sinclair's consummate skill, the boat shot safely through those jaws of death, an involuntary cheer arose."—p. 258.

If it had appeared strange to Mr. Simpson, with his thermometer at 50°, that people should perish of cold in England, during this performance he must have been equally at a loss to account for the destruction of life which so often used to attend the shooting of Old London Bridge.

From the 1st to the 17th of July the party were detained by the ice at the mouth of the Coppermine. From the latter date to the 19th of August they were occupied in struggling along the coast to the point reached by Franklin in 1821, and here the prospect before them showed that they had drawn a blank in the lottery of arctic summers. On the 16th of August Franklin had seen a perfectly open sea from this point. Before them now, to the eastward, lay an unbroken barrier of ice, glittering with snow, evidently destined soon to unite with the new formation of approaching winter. Behind them the disjointed masses through which they had forced their way kept closing in under the pressure of violent gales. Mr. Simpson, under these discouraging circumstances, again decided on the experiment of a pedestrian journey of exploration for some ten days with seven of the party, to be followed by Mr. Dease with the remaining five men in one of their two boats, should wind and weather so far change as to permit. This enterprise was well rewarded. Franklin's furthest point was passed on the 21st. From a cape named after that officer, a little beyond that point, land was seen twenty or twenty-five miles to the northward, and stretching from west to north-east. Was this land insular or continental,—were the party coasting a bay or the shore of a continuous sea? This interesting question was solved on the 23d, on which day Mr. Simpson writes :—

"The coast led somewhat more to the north-

ward. The travelling was exceedingly painful. We, however, advanced with spirit, all hands being in eager expectation respecting the great northern land, which seemed interminable. Along its distant shore the beams of the declining sun were reflected from a broad channel of open water; while on the coast we were tracing the ice lay still immovable, and extended many miles to seaward. As we drew near in the evening an elevated cape, land appeared all round, and our worst fears seemed confirmed. With bitter disappointment I ascended the height, from whence a vast and splendid prospect burst suddenly upon me. The sea, as if transformed by enchantment, rolled its free waves at my feet, and beyond the range of vision to the eastward. Islands, of various shape and size, overspread its surface; and the northern land terminated to the eye in a bold and lofty cape, bearing east-north-east, thirty or forty miles distant, while the continental coast trended away south-east. I stood in fact on a remarkable headland at the eastern outlet of an ice-obstructed strait. On the extensive land to the northward I bestowed the name of our most gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria. Its eastern visible extremity I called Cape Pelly, in compliment to the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the promontory where we encamped Cape Alexander, after an only brother, who would give his right hand to be the sharer of my journeys."

With these discoveries Mr. Simpson for this season was forced to content himself :—

"They were not in themselves," he observes, "unimportant; but their value was much enhanced by the disclosure of an open sea to the eastward, and the suggestion of a new route—along the southern coast of Victoria Land—by which that open sea might be attained while the shores of the continent were yet environed by an impenetrable barrier of ice, as they were this season."—p. 300.

On the 29th they rejoined Mr. Dease and his party, who had continued ice-bound till the day previous, when he wisely judged it too late to attempt progress by sea to the eastward.

The course now adopted by the party is best explained and vindicated in Mr. Simpson's own words :—

"The bad weather and advanced season now rendered every one anxious to return to winter quarters, and I reluctantly acquiesced in the general sentiment; but for doing so I had reasons peculiar to myself. I considered that we could not now expect to reach Back's Great Fish River; that by exploring a part only of the unknown coast intervening, our return to the Coppermine must be so long protracted as to preclude the possibility of taking the boats up that bad river; and that by abandoning them on the coast to the Esquimaux we excluded the prospect of accomplishing the whole by a third voyage, with the benefit perhaps of a more propitious season. Three great travellers, Hearne, Franklin, and Richardson, had successively pronounced the ascent of the Coppermine, above the Bloody Fall, to be impracticable with boats; and our people, recollecting only the violence and impetuosity of our descent, entertained the same opinion. Fully aware of the great importance of this point to any future operations, I had with a careful eye inspected every part of the river, and formed in my own mind the following

conclusions respecting the upward navigation:—  
 1st. That in a river of that size there must always be a *lead* somewhere, of depth enough for *light* boats. 2d. That the force of the rapids would be found much abated, and that with strong ropes the worst of them might be surmounted. 3d. From the fury of the breakers in June I inferred the existence at no great depth of a narrow projecting ledge of rock that, bared by the falling of the waters, would afford footing to the towing-party, without which the ascent indeed must have baffled all our efforts.”—p. 303.

These views proved in the sequel to be just and well-founded. We refer our readers to the narrative to learn how highly indeed the skill and courage of the party were taxed to demonstrate the soundness of the above conclusions. Every danger, however, was baffled, and every difficulty surmounted; and on the 14th the party regained Fort Confidence in safety.

The summer of 1839 proved more favorable to the task of discovery than its predecessor. On reaching the Coppermine, on the 19th of June, the party found that the ice had ceased to drift down on the 16th, ten days earlier than the last year. The rapids were passed with far greater facility; and on reaching Cape Barrow, on the 18th of July, they found the wide extent of Coronation Gulf partially open. Threading the ice across the inlet to Cape Franklin, they met with, instead of the unbroken barrier which had foiled them last year, an open channel two miles wide along the main. On the 8th of August they had followed the coast as far as the 99th degree of longitude; i. e. some 11 degrees to the eastward of their point of departure. On the 10th, Mr. Simpson writes:—

“We proceeded north-eastward all day among the islands, and some began to apprehend that we had lost the continent altogether, till in the evening we opened a strait running in to the southward of east, while the rapid rush of the tide from that quarter left no longer any room to doubt the neighborhood of an open sea leading to the mouth of Back's Great Fish River. \* \* \* I must candidly acknowledge,” he continues, “that we were not prepared to find so southerly a strait leading to the estuary of the Great Fish River, but rather expected *first* to double Cape Felix of Captain James Ross, towards which the coast had been latterly trending. The extensive land, on which that conspicuous cape stands, forms the northern shore of the strait through which we passed on the 11th; and which led us, the same afternoon, by an outlet only three miles wide to the much desired eastern sea. That glorious sight was first beheld by myself from the top of one of the high limestone islands; and I had the satisfaction of announcing it to some of the men, who, incited by curiosity, followed me thither. The joyful news was soon conveyed to Mr. Dease, who was with the boats at the end of the island, about half a mile off; and even the most desponding of our people forgot for the time the great distance we should have to return to winter quarters, though a wish that a party had been appointed to meet us somewhere on the Great Fish River, or even at Fort Reliance, was frequently expressed.”

A strong wind from the westward rapidly extricated the party from the labyrinth of islands which had long impeded their voyage; and on the 13th, says Mr. Simpson, “On doubling a very sharp point, that offered a lee spot for the boats, I landed, and saw before me a perfect sandy desert. It was Back's Point Sir C. Ogle that we had at length reached!”

Here then the author's performance of his duty, as designated by his instructions, was complete; but he was naturally desirous to push his exploration as far to the eastward beyond Sir G. Back's limit as the season would permit. He still considered it possible that the isthmus, the existence of which in the region assigned to it by Sir John Ross, he had disproved, might be found further eastward. The men assented without a murmur to the unexpected prolongation of their hard service—a circumstance which says much for them, and for the commanders who had won their attachment. The Great Fish River and the other streams which reach this coast flow through unwooded regions; a fact which much aggravates the condition of the coast navigator, who finds no drift-wood for fuel, and on his shivering bivouac is reduced to uncooked pemmican and cold water for his diet. The latter luxury itself was scarce among the islands; strong north-east winds prevailed, and one of Sir G. Back's stores, on Montreal Island, to which they were directed by M'Kay, one of that officer's expedition, afforded nothing but pemmican alive with maggots, and chocolate rotten with five years' decay. In the teeth of all these difficulties they persevered, running over from Montreal Island to the eastern coast, to a cape somewhat north of Cape Hay, the extreme point seen by Sir G. Back, to which they gave the name of Britannia. Hence, with a fair wind and tossing sea, they made a run of thirty miles to a cape which they christened after the name of Lord Selkirk; and some three miles further, on the 20th, the return of the north-east wind forced them into the mouth of a small river.

“It was now,” says Mr. Simpson, “quite evident to us, even in our most sanguine mood, that the time was come for commencing our retreat to the distant Coppermine River, and that any further foolhardy perseverance could only lead to the loss of the whole party, and also of the great object which we had so successfully achieved. The men were therefore directed to construct another monument in commemoration of our visit; while Mr. Dease and I walked to an eminence three miles off, to see the further trending of the coast. Our view of the low main shore was limited to about five miles, when it seemed to turn off more to the right. Far without lay several lofty islands, and in the northeast, more distant still, appeared some high blue land; this, which we designated Cape Sir J. Ross, is in all probability one of the south-eastern promontories of Boothia. We could therefore hardly doubt being now arrived at that large gulf uniformly described by the Esquimaux as containing many islands, and with numerous indentations, running down to the southward till it ap-

proaches within forty miles of Repulse and Wager Bays. The exploration of such a gulf to the strait of the Fury and Hecla would necessarily demand the whole time and energies of another expedition, having some point of retreat much nearer to the scene of operations than Great Bear Lake; and we felt assured that the Honorable Company who had already done so much in the cause of discovery, would not abandon their munificent work till the precise limits of this great continent were fully and finally established.—p. 376.

After all that has been accomplished, the *nil actum reputans* of Juvenal would be an exaggeration, but we confess we sympathize with the hope here expressed, and are satisfied that the Company might easily accomplish the remaining task, probably by making one of their establishments on the eastern coast,—Fort Churchill, for instance,—the starting place or base of their operation. The mouth of the stream which bounded the last career of the admirable little boats, and received their name, the Castor and Pollux, lies in latitude 68° 28' 23" North, longitude 94° 14' West; or, adopting Back's longitude, which for some reason Simpson could not reconcile with his own, in longitude 93° 7' 30". The expedition, on its return, instead of pursuing the shores of the main land, coasted the southern shores of Boothia, and their new discovery, Victoria Land; the former for nearly sixty-seven miles, to within fifty-seven miles of Ross's pillar, and within ninety miles of the magnetic pole. Their run along Victoria Land amounted to upwards of one hundred and seventy miles. Their winds were favorable, their navigation, though sometimes rough for craft so light, was prosperous, and on the 10th, having triumphantly crossed the strait of fifty miles, to Cape Barrow, they revelled once more in the luxury of a drift-wood fire, to which they had been strangers since July. The party regained the Coppermine River on the 16th of September, after the longest voyage yet performed by boats in the Polar sea—in all one thousand six hundred and thirty-one statute miles.

It would remain for us to notice the sad and mysterious termination of a life so distinguished by enterprise and honorable service, but the task is distressing; and, as we could do nothing towards elucidating the truth, we leave our readers to read for themselves in the preface the few ascertained particulars of the occurrence. It is more than enough for us to know that Mr. Simpson perished by violence on his way from the Red River settlement towards England. It is just possible that some tardy confession, or some word spoken in the veracity of intoxication, may confirm our own impression that, after killing two of his half-breed companions in self-defence, he was murdered in revenge. Till then the possibility may be, however reluctantly, admitted, of the tale as told by the survivors, that insanity was the cause of the catastrophe. More fortunate, in one sense, than Parke or Hudson, he has left behind him his own

record of his own achievements. And we cannot close the volume without once more remarking on its literary merit. For judicious selection of topics and incidents, for clearness and simplicity of description, it is the model of a diary, and like the masculine and modest character of the man, reflects honor on Mr. Simpson's venerable Alma Mater, King's College, Aberdeen.

From the Quarterly Review.

*History of the Conquest of Mexico, with a Preliminary View of the Ancient Mexican Civilization, and the Life of the Conqueror, Hernando Cortes.* BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. 3 vols. 8 vo. London; 1843.

IN his excellent history of Ferdinand and Isabella, Mr. Prescott had the advantage of entering upon ground not preoccupied by any of the great modern historians. He now ventures to measure his strength with the Spaniard De Solis, and with Robertson. De Solis, whose swelling style was so peculiarly congenial to the Spanish ear, by the higher merits of his work, his skilful arrangement, his animation and dramatic power, as well as by the inextinguishable interest of his story, commanded considerable popularity even in the English translation. The narrative of Robertson has all the charm of his inimitable style. The conquest of Mexico is but one chapter, indeed, in his history of America; but it seems to have been labored with peculiar care, till every vestige of labor has disappeared, and the story flows on with the ease and gracefulness of a romance.

Yet ancient Mexico, and the adventures of her Spanish conquerors, may still afford full scope for the labor and the genius of an historian, who may aspire to tell the story in a more Christian and enlightened spirit than the bigot De Solis; on a more extended scale, and with a full command of the stores of knowledge which have accumulated since the time both of De Solis and of Robertson. If, indeed, we are to judge from the astonishment expressed by some persons, who at least might be supposed familiar with such works as Robertson's, at the discoveries of Mr. Stephens among the ancient cities in Mexico and the adjacent provinces, it might appear full time to revive the history of the conquest in the public mind. This surprise seemed to imply an utter forgetfulness of the state of the country at the time of the Spanish conquest; that it was not a wild forest wandered over by savage hunters, or a land peopled by simple and naked Caribs; but the seat of more than one comparatively ancient, powerful and wealthy monarchy, containing many large and populous cities, embellished with vast buildings, chiefly temples; and advanced to a high state of what we may venture to call, without pledging ourselves to its origin, Asiatic civilization.

Mr. Prescott possesses high qualifications, and

some peculiar advantages for the execution of such a work. He has a high sense of the obligation of an historian to explore every source of information relating to his subject; to spare neither industry, nor, we may add, expense, in the collection of materials; and his extensive acquaintance with Spanish literature, and the name which he has already established in connexion with Spanish history, have, perhaps, enabled him to command sources of knowledge unattainable by an unknown author. In his disquisitions on the political state and the civilization of the Aztec kingdoms, he is full and copious, without being prolix and wearisome; his narrative is flowing and spirited, sometimes very picturesque; his style has dropped the few Americanisms which still jarred on our fastidious ear in his former work, and is in general pure and sound English. Above all, his judgments are unaffectedly candid and impartial; he never loses sight of the immutable principles of justice and humanity, yet allows to the Spanish conquerors the palliation for their enormities, to be drawn from those deeply-rooted and mis-called Christian principles, which authorized and even sanctified all acts of ambition and violence committed by Europeans and Christians against barbarians and infidels. His general estimate of the character of his hero appears to us singularly just. As an adventurer the bravest, the most enterprising, the most persevering, who set his foot on the shores of America; Cortes was, as a commander, rapid and daring in forming his resolutions; undaunted and resolute in their execution; beyond example prompt and fertile in resources; unappalled by the most gigantic difficulties; unshaken by the most disastrous reverses; accomplishing the most inconceivable schemes with forces apparently the most inadequate, and, as he advanced, creating means from what might seem the most hopeless and hostile sources; and with a power of attaching men to his service, which might almost look like magic. He combined under one discipline the rude and reckless adventurer, who began by thinking only of gold, but gradually kindled to the absorbing desire of glory; the jealous enemy who came to overthrow his power, and before long became its most steadfast support; the fiercest and most warlike of the natives, whom he bent not merely into obedient followers, but zealous and hearty allies. Avaricious, yet generous, and never allowing his avarice to interfere with his ambition; with address which borders close on cunning, reading men's hearts and minds, and knowing whom to trust and how far; he was not without humanity, but when war was raging and as peculiar exigences seemed to demand, utterly remorseless and utterly reckless of the extent of carnage, hewing down human life as carelessly as the backwoodsman the forest; and withal as stern a bigot as Spain ever sent forth in cowl or in mail, to propagate the doctrine of the Cross by the Mahometan apostleship of fire and sword.

Mr. Prescott, in his collection of materials for his work, has laid all accessible quarters under contribution. The Spanish archives, which were closed against Dr. Robertson, have been freely opened to him; or rather, we should say, he has had liberal access to the rich collections made by Don Juan Baptista Muñoz, the historiographer of the Indies; to that of Don Vargas Ponce, whose papers were chiefly obtained from the archives of the Indies at Seville; and that of Navarrete, the President of the Academy, whose work on the early discoveries of the Spaniards is well known. These three collections are in the possession of the Royal Academy of Madrid; Mr. Prescott was allowed the selection and transcription of as many as he might choose; and the result has been a mass of MS. documents amounting to eight thousand folio pages. Mexico has furnished some unprinted and some printed documents, among the latter those edited by Bustamante, especially the valuable history of Father Sahagun, which appeared nearly at the same time in Mexico, and in Lord Kingsborough's great collection of Mexican antiquities. Mr. Prescott mentions other private libraries and collections, among them that of the Duke of Monteleone, the present representative of Cortes, which have been courteously placed at his command.

Among printed works that of Clavigero had not appeared when Robertson published his history. Clavigero, indeed, professed that the object of his writing was partly to correct the errors of Robertson. Since that time, England and France have sent forth the magnificent volumes of Lord Kingsborough and the French "*Antiquités Mexicaines*," and many of the Muñoz MSS. which have appeared in the translations of M. Ternaux Compans. We have mentioned the history of Father Sahagun. The "*Historia Antiqua*" of Don Mariano Veytia, the executor of Boturini, a most adventurous but injudicious collector of Aztec antiquities, was published in Mexico in 1838. To these printed works Mr. Prescott adds, as his authorities: I. The MS. History of India, by the celebrated Las Casas, the Bishop of Chiapa, a name which commands our highest veneration, yet who wanted some of the first requisites of an historian, impartiality and judgment. The good bishop has all the amiability, all the ardor, and all the prejudice of an *Abolitionist*. II. The works of the Tezucucan historian, who rejoices in the magnificent name of Fernando de Alva Ixtlilxochitl, according to Mr. Prescott, the Livy of Anahuac. These are still in manuscript, but have been consulted by some of the Spanish historians. The *Historia Chichimeca*, the best of his "*Relaciones*," has been rendered into French in Mons. Ternaux Compans's collection. III. The *Historia General de las Indias*, by Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo é Valdez. Oviedo passed some time in the Spanish Indies, in Darien, and afterwards in Hispaniola. On his return to Spain he was appointed "*Chronicler of the Indies*."

It is understood that the Royal Academy of History at Madrid are preparing this work for the press. IV. The History of Tlascala, by Diego Muñoz Camargo. Camargo was a noble Tlascan *vestee*, and lived in the latter half of the sixteenth century. His work supplies much curious and authentic information respecting the social and religious institutions of the land at the time of the conquest. His patriotism warms as he recounts the old hostilities of his countrymen with the Aztecs; and it is singular to observe how the detestation of the rival nations survived their common subjection under the Castilian yoke.

Yet it is chiefly on the institutions, manners, and polity of the kingdoms of the New World, that these masses of published and unpublished documents throw light. The great facts of the invasion and conquest; the life and character of Cortes himself; the triumphs and disasters, the gains and losses, have long been before the world. The principles and motives of these warriors, who were at once too rude and too proud to dissemble or disguise their designs and objects, are manifest from their actions. There is no secret history which is not immediately betrayed by the event. Success or failure reveals the subtlest policy of Cortes. The large works of Herrera and Torquemada contain, in general, a full and accurate account of the actual exploits, dangers, escapes, and victories of the adventurers. The despatches of Cortes, which have been long before the world, show us the course of events as they appeared to the leader himself, and as he wished them to appear before his master and before Europe.\* They are bold and honest "Commentaries," for neither would Cortes condescend to, nor feel the slightest desire of concealment; nor would he have found a more favorable hearing with the Emperor or the court of Castile, if he had softened or disguised any of those parts of the history which most offend the moral and Christian feelings of our day. Besides this, we have the frank and gallant, however rugged, Bernal Diaz, chronicling, from recollection it is true, but still with the fidelity of honest pride and the complacent satisfaction of an old soldier, day by day, the occurrences of the whole war; speaking out, without fear or hesitation, the living feelings, the hopes, and even the fears, the passions, the superstitions of the camp. Bernal Diaz avowedly wrote to vindicate for the soldiers of Cortes that share in the common glory, which Gomara, the other great authority for the war, has ascribed too exclusively to the general. Gomara was the chaplain of Cortes on his return to Spain, and derived his information from Cortes himself, (though the book was not written till after his death,) from his family, and from some of the other distinguished actors in the great drama. Yet

after all, the character of Cortes comes out still more strongly in the Chronicle of Diaz. Though Diaz is asserting the independence and voluntary subjection of the soldiers, they are only more manifestly under the despotic rule of the master mind; for that is the most consummate authority which persuades its obedient instruments to imagine that they are free agents. Honest Bernal Diaz seems to have made himself believe that he had a leading voice in the destruction of the ships. It is on this introductory portion of Mexican history, and on the character, institutions, manners, and usages, of the conquered empire, that Robertson's brilliant episode is meagre and unsatisfactory. His calm and philosophic mind was not much alive to the romantic and picturesque; and he was so afraid of being led away by the ardent imagination of some of the older authorities, who had been dazzled by the external splendor of the Mexican monarchy, that he was disposed to depreciate to the utmost its real state of advancement. Mr. Prescott has availed himself of his superior advantages, and done more ample and equal justice to the subject. His preliminary view of the Aztec civilization is a full and judicious summary of that which is scattered in numerous, large, and we may add, expensive volumes, those of the printed and unpublished works of the older writers, and the modern publications of Clavigero, of the invaluable Humboldt, and the English and French Mexican Antiquities.

On the great and inexplicable problem as to the origin of this singular state of civilization, Mr. Prescott has wisely declined to enter in the opening chapters of his history: he has reserved the subject for a separate disquisition, in his Appendix. His conclusions are those of a sensible man, and a lover of truth rather than of brilliant theory. Among the great tests and trials of an historian's honesty, and therefore of his due sense of the dignity of his office, is the acknowledgment of ignorance; the steady refusal to admit that as history, which has not sufficient historical evidence. Mr. Prescott sums up the whole discussion thus:—First, the coincidences are sufficiently strong to authorize a belief that the civilization of Anahuac was, in some degree, influenced by that of Eastern Asia. And, secondly, the discrepancies are such as to carry back the communication to a very remote period; so remote, that this foreign influence had been too feeble to interfere materially with the growth of what may be regarded, in its essential features as a peculiar and indigenous civilization.

Unquestionably, the general character of the great Mexican empire has an Asiatic appearance; it resembles the great Tartar or Mongol empires, as they offered themselves to the astonished imaginations of the early Christian missionaries, or the merchant Marco Polo. Montezuma was most like Kubla Khan, or that splendid but evanescent personage, always heard of but never found, the mag-

\* A very respectable and useful Translation of these Despatches, by Mr. George Folsom, has been published at New York (1843.) We have availed ourselves of this translation in our extracts.

nificent Prester John. The analogies with Jewish and Christian customs and notions, so fondly sought and so readily believed by religious zeal, (the inspiration which fortunately gave birth to the costly publication of the late Lord Kingsborough, was a fancy about the Jewish origin of the Mexicans,) resolve themselves almost entirely into common or wide-spread Oriental customs and opinions. But when we would derive, according to the most probable theory, the American civilization from Eastern Asia, there remains this insuperable difficulty. To transplant the civilization of one distant country to another, requires either the simultaneous migration of a large body of the people, or a long and regular intercourse, a constant immigration from the parent race. A few adventurers from the most civilized region of the world—accidentally thrown upon a remote shore, or wandering to it through immeasurable tracts of forest, and savanna, and swamp, cut off from all communication with the mother country, and struggling to bring a new land into cultivation—would almost inevitably degenerate, or acquire new habits and usages adapted to their new circumstances. Whether this Tartar, Mongol, or Chinese, or, at any rate, Oriental race, found its way across the Pacific, or slowly descended southward, leaving vestiges of its passage in some of the curious monuments in North America; its preservation of so much of its peculiar character in all the vicissitudes of its fortunes seems scarcely conceivable. And language, which in general, at least in its elemental forms and simplest sounds, is the fine but enduring thread which leads us back to the parent stock, is here utterly broken and lost. If originally Asiatic, or connected with any of the dialects of Eastern Asia, it has diverged away so completely as not to retain a vestige of its origin. In its words, and in its structure, though split up into innumerable dialects—nay, as it should seem, innumerable independent families—the language of New Spain has baffled all the attempts of the most profound and ingenious philologists (and they are not easily baffled) to connect it with any of the tongues of the Old World. Yet either a great length of time, or a total change of social condition, appears absolutely necessary to obliterate every vestige of affiliation from cognate languages; and it is remarkable, that variable usages should survive that which is usually so much less mutable, the elements and the structure of speech. Nor is it unimportant to remark how comparatively recent appears the whole civilization of Anahuac. Even if, as is not improbable, the race who peopled Mexico and Tezcuco were ruder and fiercer tribes, who descended upon an older civilization, and yielded to its subduing influence, (like the shepherds in Egypt or the Tartars in China,) yet that which we are able, on the authority of the earliest traditions, to throw up into the highest antiquity, comes far within the historic times of the Old World. This recent origin effectually cuts

off all possible connexion with the West; even Plato's Atlantis, and the Phœnician voyagers, are tales in comparison of hoary eld; and it renders any permanent intercourse with the East, at least with greater empires, highly improbable. Clavigero indeed, who would by no means incline to take a low view of Aztec antiquities, fixes the descent of the Toltecs—the earliest race to whom the vague tradition, which by courtesy is called history, assigns any important influence on the civilization of this part of the New World—in the year 648 of our æra;—the foundation of Mexico, probably far better ascertained, in the year 1325.

Are we not, then, thrown back upon the previous question, whether man at earlier social stages has not a tendency to develop his social being in the same manner? May we not be required by true philosophic investigation, as far as it can lead us, to inquire how far similitude of polity, usage, law, manners, really proves identity of origin, or even remote affiliation; how far certain customs grow, not out of tradition but out of our common nature; how far, in the almost infinite varieties of human culture, there is not, up to a certain point, a necessary uniformity, which ensures a general resemblance, or, at least, by limiting the range of accident, caprice, climate, habit, enforces the adoption of kindred institutions where there is no kindred blood, and no mutual intercourse? So many curious coincidences occur, where it is impossible to imagine either common descent (except from our first parents, or from the ark) or communication; such wayward and fanciful usages, such strange deviations from the ordinary principles and feelings of man, grow up in such distant regions, and such disconnected tribes, that we become extremely cautious in receiving such evidence as showing even the most remote relationship of race. It might seem that human nature has only a limited number of forms in which it can cast its social institutions, and that, however variously it may combine these forms, it is almost impossible but that points of the closest similitude should exist, where there can have been neither imitation nor common tradition.

Yet, while the institutions of the Aztec civilization may have been but the development of the common principles of justice, the necessity of mutual protection and security may have led to the establishment of the monarchical government, distinction of ranks, regular tribunals of law, fixed rules for the tenure of property; the ordinary usages of life, the invention and application of the useful, and indeed necessary arts, may have been the spontaneous, as it were, and but recent evolutions of the common wants and faculties of man: there are some few very remarkable traditions, which can scarcely be traced but to some original connexion with the brotherhood, apparently, of the Asiatic nations. Some of these are religious, the most remarkable of which is that universal one of the Deluge, the authenticity of which seems recog-

nized by Humboldt, and admitted by Mr. Prescott. Most of the others, especially those which show too close a resemblance to Christianity, fall under the suspicion of having been invented, or, at least, of being native traditions, colored into similitude by the zeal of the new converts, anxious to propitiate the favor of their teachers, and fondly welcomed without examination, or after an examination strongly biased by the profound but natural prejudices of the unenlightened monkish teachers.

One or two of the scientific analogies are still more singular, particularly with regard to the Aztec calendar. The system of intercalation may indeed have forced itself upon different peoples, when they had arrived at the knowledge of the time of the sun's annual course; and nature itself might seem to establish, especially in the period of superstition through which all nations seem doomed to pass, that period of mourning which followed the sun's declension, and of rejoicing after the winter solstice, when the lengthening days gave the hope of another revolving year, with all its fruits and blessings. But, in the words of Mr. Prescott, after he has noticed the remarkable analogy of the Mexican cycles of years with those of the Mongol nations,—

“A correspondence quite as extraordinary is found between the hieroglyphics used by the Aztecs for the signs of the days, and those zodiacal signs which the Eastern Asiatics employed as one of the terms of their series. The symbols in the Mongolian calendar are borrowed from animals. Four of the twelve are the same as the Aztec. Three others are as nearly the same as the different species of the animals in the two hemispheres would allow. The remaining five refer to no creature then found in Anahuac.”

The note gives the names of the zodiacal signs used as the *names of the years* by the Eastern Asiatics (of the signs of the zodiac the Mexicans probably had no knowledge):—

“Among the Mongols, 1. mouse, 2. ox, 3. leopard (Mantchou, Japanese, &c., tiger,) 4. hare, 5. crocodile (Mantchou and Japanese, dragon,) 6. serpent, 7. hare, 8. sheep (Mantchou, &c., goat,) 9. monkey, 10. hen, 11. dog, 12. hog. In the Mexican signs for the names of the days, we also meet with hare, serpent, monkey, dog. Instead of the leopard, crocodile, and hen, neither of which animals were known in Mexico at the time of the conquest, we find the ocelot, the lizard, and the eagle. The lunar calendar of the Hindoos exhibits a correspondence equally extraordinary. Seven of the terms agree with those of the Aztecs, namely, serpent, cane, razor, path of the sun, dog's tail, house. [Mr. Prescott gives but six.] These terms are still more arbitrarily selected, not being confined to animals.”—Vol. iii., p. 345.

We cannot but suspect that all these signs arose out of hieroglyphic or picture writing, but this by no means explains the curious resemblance. There is another point of considerable importance, which tends to show that the more civilized tribes of Southern America were of a different family of mankind from the common savage races of the

islands and continent. The crania disinterred from the sepulchral mounds in those regions, as well as those of the inhabitants of the high plains of the Cordilleras, differ from those of the more barbarous tribes. The ampler forehead intimates a decided intellectual superiority, and bears a close resemblance with that of some of the Mongol tribes. We are inclined to think the habit of burning the dead, familiar to the Mongols and the Aztecs, no very strong evidence of common descent. The departure from the strange habit of burying the dead in a sitting posture, practised, according to Mr. Prescott, by most, if not all, the aborigines from Canada to Patagonia, is a more convincing proof of the independent origin of those more savage races. The latter argument tends, as far as it goes, to establish an identity of race with the Eastern Asiatics; the other singular coincidences of the calendar and the names of the days might possibly be ascribed to the casual visit of a few strangers from the Asiatic coasts, who may have imparted their superior knowledge and their religious traditions. There was, however, no such distinct tradition among the Aztecs, as among the Peruvians, of a Mango Capac, who, suddenly appearing among a barbarous race, from his superior intelligence and knowledge, was hailed with awe and reverence as a deity, as a child of the sun, and to whom is ascribed the whole framework of the social polity, and all which may be called civilization. The Mexican traditions relate to the migration of tribes rather than to the power or influence of individual chiefs or sages, unless perhaps that beneficent God, supposed to have reappeared in the person of the Spaniards.

We have glanced thus rapidly at some of the more prominent points in this curious, but, we must confess, unsatisfactory discussion, because this appears to be the strongest case in history of a spontaneous and indigenous civilization growing up without foreign influence, and within a recent period. Whatever traditions the natives of Anahuac might inherit from their Asiatic origin, if Asia was indeed the cradle of the race, have survived, what seems incredible, the total extinction of every sign of relationship in the language. The only faint traces of etymological resemblance have been found or imagined in the Otomic, the language of one of the most barbarous tribes, which is supposed to offer the nearest analogy, and that with the Chinese. Besides this, it is acknowledged that far the larger part, and that which gives its general Asiatic character to the Mexican civilization, is to all appearance but of late development. Even their legendary or mythic history is modest in its pretensions; neither Mexico nor Tezucuo claim any high or mysterious antiquity. The account of the foundation of both cities, as we have seen, is probable and recent. Let us take a very hasty survey of this introductory chapter of Mexican history.

The Toltecs are the Pelasgians of this civi-

zation of Anahuac. They were an agricultural race, skilled in some of the mechanical arts, and to them are ascribed the buildings of the greatest solidity and magnificence, the monuments of Transatlantic Cyclopean architecture—yet neither they nor their buildings aspire to any formidable age. Even if we ascribe the ruins of Palenque and Uxmal, and some of the structures in the adjacent provinces, described by Mr. Stephens, to this race and to their descendants, there is no considerable difference, either in the style, the form, or the construction, or what we may conjecture to have been their uses, from the buildings found by the Spaniards in the Mexican cities, from the temples and fortresses of the existing people; there is nothing to throw the one upward into a more remote antiquity; nothing like the wide distinction between the architectures of Egypt and Greece, or even between the Pelasgian or Cyclopean masonry and that of the Hellenic tribes. A period of a very few centuries will connect the two races, even if we admit to the utmost the only evidence of a certain degree of antiquity in the older ruins, the growth of trees of enormous size within their precincts, which must have taken root after the buildings had been abandoned either as habitations or places of worship. In all these cases we must know more accurately the ordinary growth of such trees, since some kinds of timber, in that climate and in that soil, are known to increase with extraordinary rapidity.

Mexican history, however, as we have seen, did not scruple to assign, if a vague and uncertain, yet certainly no very remote period for the disappearance of the Toltec population, and the settlement and growth of the Aztec races, who were in possession of the country at the time of the Spanish invasion. The league between the great leading tribes of Mexico, of Tezcuco, and the smaller state of Tlacopan, in which these three kingdoms had combined, is a singular example of a national confederation. The league was both defensive and offensive; and the spoils and conquests torn by the combined forces from their more barbarous neighbors were divided upon a fixed scale. Yet with this dangerous element of jealousy and discord, the league had continued for a considerable period in perfect harmony.

Mexico, when the Spaniards landed, was the leading state in wealth and in power. But Tezcuco had attained to a much higher, and, if we are to credit the native historians, a much more enlightened state of civilization. The most curious and interesting passage in Mr. Prescott's history of the earlier state of Anahuac describes the rise and the reign of the great king of Tezcuco, with whose awful name we shall not appal our reader's eyes or ears till it is absolutely necessary. Whether read as sober history, or as mythic legend, or as a kind of Aztec Cyropedia, it is equally extraordinary, resting as it does on the authority of a native *Livy*, who, at the beginning of the sixteenth

century, combined into a regular history or histories the hieroglyphics, the songs, and traditions of his native land, as well as the oral testimony of many aged persons. Ixtlilxochitl, whose name we have before noticed, a descendant of the royal race, became interpreter to the viceroy; his high situation gave him command of all the ancient documents in the possession of the Spanish government, to which he added large collections of his own. He wrote in Castilian, and Mr. Prescott observes that "there is an appearance of good faith and simplicity in his writings, which may convince the reader that, when he errs, it is from no worse cause than national partiality." But it would seem almost incredible that, even under the inspiration of the most ardent reverence for his ancestors, the ideal of a Mexican educated under Spanish influence, and living among either statesmen or friars of that period, should take this remarkable form. Our Aztec *Livy* must indeed have possessed a noble genius, if he could *imagine* some of the social and political institutions which he ascribes to the Numa of Tezcuco.\*

The rising fortunes and the civilization of the Acolhuans, who entered the Valley and founded Tezcuco about the close of the twelfth century, were checked and interrupted by the subjugation of the city and territory under the Tepanecs, a kindred but more barbarous tribe:—

"This event took place about 1418; and the young prince, Nezahualcoyotl, the heir to the crown, then fifteen years old, saw his father butchered before his eyes, while he himself lay concealed among the friendly branches of a tree, which overshadowed the spot. His subsequent history is as full of romantic daring and perilous escapes as that of the renowned Scanderbeg, or of the 'young Chevalier.'"—Vol. i., p. 146.

These adventures, of which Mr. Prescott gives a brief but stirring account, terminated with the defeat of the Tezcapecs, the death of Maxtla, the last king of their race, the accession of Nezahualcoyotl to his ancestral throne, and the establishment of the federal league between Mexico, Tezcuco, and Tlacopan:—

"The first measure of Nezahualcoyotl, on returning to his dominions, was a general amnesty. It was his maxim, 'that a monarch might punish, but revenge was unworthy of him.' In the present instance he was averse even to punish, and not only freely pardoned his rebel nobles, but conferred on some, who had most deeply offended, posts of honor and confidence. Such conduct was doubtless politic, especially as their alienation was owing, probably, much more to fear of the usurper than to any disaffection towards himself. But there are some acts of policy which a magnanimous spirit only can execute.

\* We would observe that the reign of this lawgiver of Tezcuco had been before given at some length, not to say profusely, by Torquemada, in his "Monarchia Indiana;" and the resemblance of the incident in his life, which will hereafter be noticed, to the narrative of Scripture, could not escape the ecclesiastical writer.



"The restored monarch next set about repairing the damages sustained under the late misrule, and reviving, or rather remodelling, the various departments of government. He framed a concise, but comprehensive, code of laws, so well suited, it was thought, to the exigencies of the times, that it was adopted as their own by the two other members of the triple alliance. It was written in blood, and entitled the author to be called the *Draco*, rather than the '*Solon of Anahuac*,' as he is fondly styled by his admirers. Humanity is one of the best fruits of refinement. It is only with increasing civilization that the legislator studies to economize human suffering, even for the guilty; to devise penalties, not so much by way of punishment for the past as of reformation for the future.

"He divided the burden of government among a number of departments, as the council of war, the council of finance, the council of justice. This last was a court of supreme authority, both in civil and criminal matters, receiving appeals from the lower tribunals of the provinces, which were obliged to make a full report, every four months, or eighty days, of their own proceedings to this higher judicature. In all these bodies a certain number of citizens were allowed to have seats with the nobles and professional dignitaries. There was, however, another body, a council of state, for aiding the king in the despatch of business, and advising him in matters of importance, which was drawn altogether from the highest order of chiefs. It consisted of fourteen members; and they had seats provided for them at the royal table.

"Lastly, there was an extraordinary tribunal, called the council of music, but which, differing from the import of its name, was devoted to the encouragement of science and art. Works on astronomy, chronology, history, or any other science, were required to be submitted to its judgment before they could be made public. This censorial power was of some moment, at least with regard to the historical department, where the wilful perversion of truth was made a capital offence by the bloody code of *Nezahualcoyotl*. Yet a Tezucan author must have been a bungler who could not elude a conviction under the cloudy veil of hieroglyphics. This body, which was drawn from the best instructed persons in the kingdom, with little regard to rank, had supervision of all the productions of art and of the nicer fabrics. It decided on the qualifications of the professors in the various branches of science, on the fidelity of their instructions to their pupils, the deficiency of which was severely punished, and it instituted examinations of these latter. In short, it was a general board of education for the country. On stated days, historical compositions, and poems treating of moral or traditional topics, were recited before it by their authors. Seats were provided for the three crowned heads of the empire, who deliberated with the other members on the respective merits of the pieces, and distributed prizes of value to the successful competitors.

"Such are the marvellous accounts transmitted to us of this institution; an institution certainly not to have been expected among the aborigines of America. It is calculated to give us a higher idea of the refinement of the people than even the noble architectural remains which still cover some parts of the continent."—Vol. i., pp. 152–155.

The monarch himself, like some other great potentates of the East and West, aspired to be a

poet. The burthen of his song seems to have been that "vanity of vanities," of King Solomon, which is echoed along the course of Eastern, at least of Mahometan poetry, with more or less touching melancholy, and more or less grave epicurean advice to enjoy, while we may, the pleasures of this fleeting and uncertain life. The king of Tezucuo may take his place among royal and noble authors, not merely from traditionary fame, but from a translation of one of his Odes into Castilian. Mr. Prescott has subjoined a translation of the Castilian into English, "by the hand of a fair friend."

"But the hours of the Tezucan monarch were not all passed in idle dalliance with the muse, nor in the sober contemplations of philosophy, as at a later period. In the freshness of youth and early manhood he led the allied armies in their annual expeditions, which were certain to result in a wider extent of territory to the empire. In the intervals of peace he fostered those productive arts which are the surest sources of public prosperity. He encouraged agriculture above all; and there was scarcely a spot so rude, or a steep so inaccessible, as not to confess the power of cultivation. The land was covered with a busy population, and towns and cities sprung up in places since deserted, or dwindled into miserable villages.

"From resources thus enlarged by conquest and domestic industry, the monarch drew the means for the large consumption of his own numerous household, and for the costly works which he executed for the convenience and embellishment of the capital. He filled it with stately edifices for his nobles, whose constant attendance he was anxious to secure at his court. He erected a magnificent pile of buildings which might serve both for a royal residence and for the public offices. It extended, from east to west, 1234 yards; and from north to south, 978. It was encompassed by a wall of unburnt bricks and cement, six feet wide and nine high, for one half of the circumference, and fifteen feet high for the other half. Within this enclosure were two courts. The outer one was used as the great market-place of the city; and continued to be so until long after the Conquest, if, indeed, it is not now. The interior court was surrounded by the council chambers and halls of justice. There were also accommodations there for the foreign ambassadors; and a spacious saloon, with apartments opening into it, for men of science and poets, who pursued their studies in this retreat, or met together to hold converse under its marble porticoes. In this quarter also were kept the public archives, which fared better under the Indian dynasty than they have since under their European successors.

"Adjoining this court were the apartments of the king, including those for the royal harem, as liberally supplied with beauties as that of an eastern sultan. Their walls were encrusted with alabasters and richly tinted stucco, or hung with gorgeous tapestries of variegated feather-work. They led through long arcades, and through intricate labyrinths of shrubbery, into gardens, where baths and sparkling fountains were overshadowed by tall groves of cedar and cypress. The basins of water were well stocked with fish of various kinds, and the aviaries with birds glowing in all the gaudy plumage of the tropics. Many birds and animals, which could not be obtained alive,

were represented in gold and silver so skilfully, as to have furnished the great naturalist, Hernandez, with models for his work.

"Accommodations on a princely scale were provided for the sovereigns of Mexico and Tlacopan, when they visited the court. The whole of this lordly pile contained three hundred apartments, some of them fifty yards square. The height of the building is not mentioned; it was probably not great, but supplied the requisite room by the immense extent of ground which it covered. The interior was doubtless constructed of light materials, especially of the rich woods, which, in that country, are remarkable, when polished, for the brilliancy and variety of their colors. That the more solid materials of stone and stucco were also liberally employed, is proved by the remains at the present day; remains which have furnished an inexhaustible quarry for the churches and other edifices since erected by the Spaniards on the site of the ancient city.

"We are not informed of the time occupied in building this palace; but two hundred thousand workmen, it is said, were employed on it! However this may be, it is certain that the Tezcucan monarchs, like those of Asia and ancient Egypt, had the control of immense masses of men, and would sometimes turn the whole population of a conquered city, including the women, into the public works.—The most gigantic monuments of architecture which the world has witnessed would never have been reared by the hands of freemen.

"Adjoining the palace were buildings for the king's children, who, by his various wives, amounted to no less than sixty sons and fifty daughters. Here they were instructed in all the exercises and accomplishments suited to their station; comprehending, what would scarcely find a place in a royal education on the other side of the Atlantic, the arts of working in metals, jewelry, and feather-mosaic. Once in every four months the whole household, not excepting the youngest, and including all the officers and attendants on the king's person, assembled in a grand saloon of the palace, to listen to a discourse from an orator, probably one of the priesthood. The princes, on this occasion, were all dressed in *nequen*, the coarsest manufacture of the country. The preacher began by enlarging on the obligations of morality, and of respect for the gods, especially important in persons whose rank gave such additional weight to example. He occasionally seasoned his homily with a pertinent application to his audience, if any member of it had been guilty of a notorious delinquency. From this wholesome admonition the monarch himself was not exempted, and the orator boldly reminded him of his paramount duty to show respect for his own laws. The king, so far from taking umbrage, received the lesson with humility; and the audience, we are assured, were often melted into tears by the eloquence of the preacher. This curious scene may remind one of similar usages in the Asiatic and Egyptian despotisms, where the sovereign occasionally condescended to stoop from his pride of place, and allow his memory to be refreshed with the conviction of his own mortality. It soothed the feelings of the subject to find himself thus placed, though but for a moment, on a level with his king; while it cost little to the latter, who was removed too far from his people to suffer anything by this short-lived familiarity. It is probable that such an act of public humiliation would have found less favor

with a prince less absolute."—Vol. i., pp. 166, 164.

The villas of this Western Sultan were no less splendid, tasteful, and luxurious, and the history of his domestic life is, for another reason, even more surprising. The harem of these sovereigns, as we have seen, was no less amply peopled than those of the most gorgeous Oriental potentates. But the law of Tezcuco allowed only one lawful wife, to whose children the crown descended by immemorial usage. The king had been disappointed in an early attachment—the princess who had been educated for his wife had been given to another; and the just prince submitted to the decree of the court, which awarded her to his rival. His lawful wife, however, he obtained in a manner so strangely resembling the Old Testament history of David and Uriah, that we should not be satisfied by less than the solemn protest of the historian, that it was related on the authority of the son and grandson of the king. This act is recorded as the great indelible stain upon his character; and national partiality and ancestral reverence would here have struggled against any unconscious bias towards assimilating the life of his great forefather to that example in the Sacred History which he might have heard from his Christian instructors.

But Nezahualcoyotl was likewise the Haroun Alraschid and the Akber of the West. He not only resembled the former in his magnificence, but in his love of disguise, in which he went about discovering the feelings of his subjects in regard to his government, and meeting with adventures which in like manner tried his barbaric justice. Some of the stories are as pithy and diverting as the "Arabian Nights," which we are obliged to remember were not known in Europe till very long after the Tezcucan historian had been gathered to his forefathers. The resemblance to the great Mahometan sovereign of India is the superiority of the Acolhuan to the religious creed of his ancestors. There is something, to those familiar with the old Oriental legends of the Tal-mud or the Koran, singularly and unaccountably similar:—

"He had been married some years to the wife he had so unrighteously obtained, but was not blessed with issue. The priests represented that it was owing to his neglect of the gods of his country; and that his only remedy was to propitiate them by human sacrifice. The king reluctantly consented, and the altars once more smoked with the blood of slaughtered captives. But it was all in vain; and he indignantly exclaimed, 'These idols of wood and stone can neither hear nor feel, much less could they make the heavens and the earth, and man, the lord of it. These must be the work of the all-powerful, unknown God, Creator of the universe, on whom alone I must rely for consolation and support.'

"He then withdrew to his rural palace of Tezcotzinco, where he remained forty days, fasting and praying at stated hours, and offering up no

other sacrifice than the sweet incense of copal, and aromatic herbs and gums. At the expiration of this time, he is said to have been comforted by a vision assuring him of the success of his petition. At all events, such proved to be the fact; and this was followed by the cheering intelligence of the triumph of his arms in a quarter where he had lately experienced some humiliating reverses.

"Greatly strengthened in his former religious convictions, he now openly professed his faith, and was more earnest to wean his subjects from their degrading superstitions, and to substitute nobler and more spiritual conceptions of the Deity. He built a temple in the usual pyramidal form, and on the summit a tower nine stories high, to represent the nine heavens; a tenth was surmounted by a roof painted black, and profusely gilded with stars on the outside, and incrustured with metals and precious stones within. He dedicated this to '*the unknown God, the Cause of causes*.' It seems probable, from the emblem on the tower, as well as from the complexion of his verses, as we shall see, that he mingled with his reverence for the Supreme the astral worship which existed among the Toltecs. Various musical instruments were placed on the top of the tower; and the sound of them, accompanied by the ringing of a sonorous metal struck by a mallet, summoned the worshippers to prayers at regular seasons. No image was allowed in the edifice, as unsuited to the '*invisible God*;' and the people were expressly prohibited from profaning the altars with blood, or any other sacrifices than that of the perfume of flowers and sweet-scented gums."—Vol. i., pp. 173, 175.

If we are to trust the verses which the king composed in the midst of the astronomical studies of his old age—with this higher view of religion—nobler and more consolatory thoughts of the future state of being had dimly dawned upon his mind:—

"All things on earth have their term, and, in the most joyous career of their vanity and splendor, their strength fails, and they sink into the dust. All the round world is but a sepulchre; and there is nothing which lives on its surface that shall not be hidden and entombed beneath it. Rivers, torrents, and streams move onward to their destination. Not one flows back to its pleasant source. They rush onward, hastening to bury themselves in the deep bosom of the ocean. The things of yesterday are no more to-day; and the things of to-day shall cease, perhaps on the morrow. The cemetery is full of the loathsome dust of bodies once quickened by living souls, who occupied thrones, presided over assemblies, marshalled armies, subdued provinces, arrogated to themselves worship, were puffed up with vainglorious pomp, and power, and empire. But these glories have all passed away like the fearful smoke that issues from the throat of Popocatepetl, with no other memorial of their existence than the record on the page of the chronicler.

"The great, the wise, the valiant, the beautiful,—alas! where are they now? They are all mingled with the clod, and that which has befallen them shall happen to us, and to those that come after us. Yet let us take courage, illustrious nobles and chieftains, true friends and loyal subjects,—*let us aspire to that heaven where all is eternal, and corruption cannot come*. The horrors of the tomb are but the cradle of the Sun, and the

dark shadows of death are brilliant lights for the stars."

"The mystic import of the last sentence seems to point to that superstition respecting the man-  
sions of the Sun, which forms so beautiful a contrast to the dark features of the Aztec mythology."—Vol. i., pp. 175–177.

We must leave the death of the great Tezcucan monarch, and the reign of his son, in Mr. Prescott's pages. Mexico was to Tezcucan as the sterner and more warlike Rome to the more polite and cultivated Greece. Like Venice, founded by a few wanderers and fugitives on the swampy islands of the great lake, it became a powerful city—the centre of a great nation. The city rose, with rapid progress, to strength and splendor; it connected itself with the land by its strong and solid causeways, bridged over at intervals; and its situation would have been impregnable to less than Spanish valor, European arms, and European vessels. Mexico was an elective monarchy; the choice of the sovereign rested with four of the caciques, who were bound to select one of the brothers, or, in default of brothers, one of the nephews of the late king. The king was a despot; in him was vested the whole legislative and executive power in war and peace; yet there was a powerful nobility of caciques, who held their estates by different tenures, but all might be summoned—perhaps required no summons—to attend the sovereign, with their people, when he went out to war. Their judicial system might excite the astonishment of the Spaniards of that age; it sometimes draws forth a sly expression of envy from their older writers, on whose authority, as well as that of the hieroglyphic paintings, it is described. In each city and its depending territory was a supreme judge, appointed by, and maintained at the expense of, the crown, but entirely independent, holding his office for life, and with no appeal, even to the king, from his tribunal. He took cognizance of all great causes, both civil and criminal. A capital sentence was marked in the hieroglyphical paintings by an arrow drawn across the figure of the criminal. Below the supreme judge there were inferior tribunals for minor causes, down to a kind of police-offices, each of which was to watch over a certain number of families, and report any breach of the laws to the tribunals. Bribery in a judge was punished with death. It was death to usurp the insignia of a judge. The laws were barbarously prodigal of human life. Murder, adultery, some kinds of theft, destruction of the landmarks of property, altering the public measures, unfaithful guardianship of the estate of a ward, even intemperance in young persons, were capital crimes. Barbarism and civilization mingled still more strangely in the law of slavery. Prisoners taken in battle were reserved as sacrifices to the gods; but no one could be born to slavery in Mexico. Criminals, public defaulters, (for the system of taxation was rigorous and well organized,) persons in extreme

poverty, either became slaves by law, or sold themselves into slavery. Parents could thus deal with their children. The services, however, of such slaves were limited; their lives and persons protected; they could not be sold, except in case of extreme poverty, by their masters; their children were born free. The law and the usage seem to have been equally lenient. They were often emancipated, as in Rome, at the death of their master.

The Aztecs of Mexico were a martial race; their leading institutions and the national spirit, the splendor of dress, of ornament, and the pride and glory of Aztec, were centered in war; their legions consisting of 8,000 men, not without discipline. Montezuma had been a distinguished warrior and conqueror. The peculiarity in their mode of fighting was that they did not seek to kill, but to make prisoners, and these prisoners were to be solemn votive offerings to the gods. They did not scalp their enemies, like the North American Indians, and esteem their prowess by the number of scalps they had won: but their valor was tested by the numbers which they furnished for the horrid human hecatombs on their *teocallis*, or temples.

It was the unspeakable barbarity of this part of their religion which so strongly and darkly contrasted with the justice and, in some respects, mild humanity of their civil institutions. All that we know of human sacrifices in the Old World, from "Moloch, horrid king," and the kindred superstitions of older Asia, the self-immolations under the car of Jaganaut, with the other bloody rites of Siva and of Durga in India, the wicker-cages in which our ancestors the Druids consumed their victims; all these terrific scenes shrink into nothing before the amount of human beings regularly slaughtered on the altars of the Mexican gods, with the revolting circumstances which accompanied their sacrifice. These rites seem to have been peculiar to the Aztec races, and among the Mexicans rose to a more dreadful height, and were more inveterately rooted in their habits and feelings. Tradition ascribes to the older Toltecs that milder character which usually belongs to the agricultural races. They offered only purer and bloodless sacrifices to their deities. We have seen that the enlightened sovereign of Tezeuco strove to mitigate, though he could not abolish, this national usage. There can be no doubt that human sacrifices formed a regular part of some of the eastern religions; in the remoter East, as well as in Syria and in Carthage. The instances recorded in later times, in the more polished nations of antiquity, were in general single victims, and offered when the public mind was darkened by the dread, or suffering under the infliction, of some tremendous calamity.\* It may be questioned whe-

ther the burning alive of men among the Druids was not judicial rather than religious—execution rather than sacrifice; for the Druids were the judges as well as the priests of the ancient Gauls and Britons. But there is nothing like the refinement (if we may use such a word) of cruelty which, among the nations of Anahuac, made it part of the law of war that the prisoner should be spared on the battle-field, and deliberately and in cold blood offered to the god of war. The priest, as it were, held the hands of the warrior, in order that himself might have the exclusive privilege of slaughter.

Mr. Prescott, with pardonable, and indeed enforced incredulity, makes large deductions from the estimates of victims thus regularly sacrificed on the altars in Mexico. Numbers command but little confidence in older histories, whether poetical or traditional, or, like those of Mexico, chiefly hieroglyphical.\* But one fact, he observes, "may be considered certain. It was customary to preserve the skulls of the sacrificed in buildings appropriated to the purpose. The companions of Cortes counted 136,000 in one of these edifices. Without attempting a precise calculation, therefore, it is safe to conclude that thousands were yearly offered up, in the different cities of Anahuac, on the bloody altars of the Mexican divinities." The circumstances of these horrid rites were, if possible, more revolting than the amount of the hecatombs. The flesh runs cold at the account. The more distinguished victims were fattened, as it were, were indulged in every kind of luxury and enjoyment till the day of sacrifice arrived. It was the great national spectacle, the most solemn religious festival. The high pyramidal temples appear to have been constructed for the express purpose of exhibiting the whole minute detail of the torture, and the execution, to the largest number of people. Our abhorrence is increased by the manner in which the priests officiated in the ceremony, groping among the entrails with their bloody hands for the heart of the victim. But in the darkest depth there is even a darker depth. Some paradoxical writers have attempted to dispute the proofs of cannibalism; which, if less common than is supposed, appears to us to rest on incontestable evidence in so many quarters of the world. The most amiable skepticism can, we fear, encourage no doubt that in Mexico both priests

and both the Iphigenias of Euripides, in one of which the victor is saved by the intervention of the deity, in the other it is the altar of the barbarous Scythian Diana where such offerings are made, show the predominant feeling on this subject in Greece and Rome. Two notes in Milman's "History of Christianity," vol. i., p. 27, mention the recorded exceptions of later times.

\* The Roman prohibitory law against human sacrifices, quoted by Mr. Prescott from Pliny, is manifestly directed against foreign and Oriental magical rites. Livy's words relating to such rites, "more non Romano,"

\* There is something very honest in old Bernal Diaz, who accuses Gomara of enormously exaggerating the numbers slain in the different battles under Cortes himself. "Our force seldom much exceeded four hundred men; and even if we had found the multitude he speaks of bound hand and foot, we had not been able to put so many to death."

and people feasted on the flesh of the victims, which was cast down among them. It seems to have been a part of the sacrifice; just like the feasting on the slaughtered bulls and goats of other religious sacrifices. Alas for human nature, that such things should be in a land where Providence was so lavish of all its bounties; where man was so far advanced beyond the savage—had learned to improve the blessings of God by the arts of civilization, and in so many respects had submitted himself to the softening influence of regular social order, of just and humane institutions, even of many of the domestic virtues.\*

Had the Spaniards appeared in the cities of Mexico solely as the champions of humanity—as commissioned by the common Father of mankind forcibly to put down these unspeakable abominations—not as asserting the sovereignty of a foreign emperor, who had no more right to the supremacy over Mexico than over France or England, on the preposterous claim of a papal grant; had they raised the banner of the cross only to save the thousand victims of this ferocious superstition from their unmerited fate—not to compel, by fire and sword, the adoption, we must not say the belief, of that religion emphatically termed the religion of mercy,—in this case, though the strict justice of such interposition might have been questionable, the stronger sympathies of men would have hailed their triumph. Though their own hands might not be clean, though their own *autos da fé* might rise up against them, as in one respect more appalling—as more utterly alien to the spirit of their religion—yet no one would have disputed the merit of ridding the earth, and that with such surprising valor, of such a monstrous superstition.

Let us look, however, at the question in another light. Consider the ferocity which a people must have imbibed from these bloody spectacles, and the evidence which is furnished of the warlike character of a nation which could thus feed its altars with thousands of prisoners, from tribes as strong, if not as well armed, as themselves, and our astonishment at the conquest achieved by this handful of Spaniards is immeasurably increased. Consider the dread in which the Aztecs must on this account, as well as on others, have been held by the surrounding nations. It is even more extraordinary, notwithstanding the wide-spread discontent at their tyranny, and the proneness to rebellion or to war of the neighboring tribes, that Cortes should find or make allies who should adhere to him in

disaster as well as success—in defeat as well as in victory. It was this mighty empire, or rather confederation of empires, which Cortes, with a few hundred Spaniards, did not hesitate to invade, and hoped to subdue. It was not long, indeed, before he discovered the dissensions which existed in the country; that, besides the valor, and arms, and horses of his own few soldiers, he might array some of the most powerful tribes against the empire of Montezuma; and the revolted subjects of Mexico, weary of their emperor's tyrannical sway, would be his best allies. In the first city which he conquered, (Cempoalla,) the inhabitants of the town and of the neighboring province, who, according to his statement, could bring fifty thousand men into the field, willingly, as Cortes writes to Charles V., became the vassals of his Majesty.

"They also begged me to protect them against that mighty lord (Montezuma) who used violent and tyrannical measures to keep them in subjection, and took from them their sons to be slain, and offered as sacrifices to his idols, with many other complaints against him, in order to avoid whose tyranny they embraced the service of your Majesty, to which they have so far proved faithful, and I doubt not will continue so, since they have been uniformly treated by me with favor and attention."—*Despatches of Cortes*, p. 40.

In another passage he says,—

"I was not a little pleased on seeing their want of harmony, as it seemed favorable to my designs, and would enable me to bring them more easily into subjection. I applied to their case the authority of the evangelist, who says, 'Every kingdom divided against itself shall be rendered desolate.'"—*Ibid.*, p. 64.

Cortes very early in his career received intelligence of the hostility of the powerful republic of Tlascala to the empire of Mexico, and entertained hopes of turning this to his own advantage: but, though at the same time with the arduous and appalling nature of their enterprise, these more reasonable means of accomplishing it opened upon the minds of the invaders—they had a ready plunged headlong into the adventure, and the esolute heart of Cortes seemed wound up to a accomplish it, or to perish in the attempt. In his first despatch to the emperor (the lost despatch, but to which he appeals in the second,) he "had assured his Highness that he (Montezuma) should be taken either dead or alive, or become a subject to the royal throne of your Majesty." (p. 39.) It was a warfare in which they engaged without counting the cost or the hazard, because it was a warfare of conquest and of glory for Spain; still more because it was a holy warfare—a warfare against infidels. It was not that they knowingly alleged the pretext of religious zeal to cover the nobler passion of ambition, or the baser one of avarice. There can be no doubt that this of itself was a great, if not the great, dominant impulse. The thirst for gold and for power were so inseparably mixed up with this lofty and disinterested bigotry

\* Let the reader turn to the advice of an Aztec mother to her daughter—(the first article in Mr. Prescott's Appendix)—and though that deepest well-spring of tenderness, a mother's heart, is never dry, even in the lowest condition of humanity, and the "advice inculcates conjugal fidelity, not merely because *God, who is in every place, sees you*, but because the law punished adultery with death;" yet it seems almost incredible that such pure and gentle, though simply expressed, sentiments could prevail among a people whose altars, whose lips, reeked with human blood.

that they themselves never paused to discriminate between the prevailing motives; nor could they have discriminated, if they had ever so scrupulously examined their own hearts.

It was, as Mr. Prescott calls it, a crusade; it was one of the last, but not least, vigorous outbursts of that same spirit which had poured Europe in arms upon the East; and in the Peninsula had just fought out the long and implacable contest of Christian and Moor. Some more enlightened churchmen, like Las Casas, some more gentlemanly and more prudent friars (like Father Olmedo, who was of the utmost use in restraining the blind and headstrong bigotry of Cortes,) might have gleams of a more genuine Christianity; but in Spanish armies, in Europe as well as in America, hardly one, from the Duke of Alva to the meanest common soldier, but believed it, in the depth of his heart, to be his solemn duty to compel the baptism of unbelievers at the point of the sword. The velvet banner which Cortes raised before his door at Cuba, to invite adventurers to join him in his enterprise, bore the royal arms, with a cross, and the motto—"Brothers, follow the cross in faith; for under its guidance we shall conquer." "And besides, (Cortes, as he himself writes, reminded his soldiers,) we are only doing what as Christians we are under obligations to do, by warring against the enemies of the faith—by which means we secured to ourselves glory in another world, and gained greater honor and rewards, in this life, than had fallen to the lot of any other generation at any former period; they should also reflect that God was on our side, and that to him nothing is impossible, as they might see in the victories we had gained, when so many of the enemy were killed without any loss on our part." On their first serious affair with the Indians an apostle was believed at the time (or afterwards fabled) to have appeared, and fought on their side. And on other occasions of peril and disaster, the same faith beheld the same supernatural appearances. Even Diaz himself ceases to doubt in the celestial presence of St. Jago.\* Throughout, the Mexicans are the "enemies of God and our King."

\*The passage of Bernal Diaz relating to the first apparition, which we take from the English translation, is worth notice, as to that story itself, and still more so with reference to his subsequent convictions. "Gomara relates that in this battle, previous to the arrival of Cortes with his cavalry, one of the Holy Apostles, either St. Jago or Peter, appeared on a dapple-grey horse, under the semblance of Francesco de Morla. All our victories were assuredly guided by the hand of our Lord Jesus Christ; but if this were the case, I, a poor sinner, was not worthy to be permitted to see it, neither was it seen by any of our army, above four hundred in number. I certainly saw Francesco de Morla along with Cortes; but he rode a chestnut horse that day. We certainly were bad Christians indeed, if, according to the account of Gomara, God sent one of his Holy Apostles to fight at our head, and we ungratefully neglected to give thanks for so great a mercy; but, till I read the chronicle of Gomara, I never heard of the miracle, neither was it ever mentioned by any of the conquerors who were present in the battle."

We shall not undertake to follow Mr. Prescott through the early life of Cortes—the difficulties of the expedition before it quitted the coasts of Cuba—or the miserable weakness and jealousies of the governor, Velasquez—who, after entrusting the charge of the expedition to Cortes, and allowing him to spend his whole fortune, and all that he could raise from other quarters, on the outfit of the fleet—suddenly endeavored to revoke his commission, to arrest the fleet, and either to abandon or to place the enterprise in other hands. It is sometimes of great advantage to be ill-used: even now, as in his own day, the vacillating conduct of Velasquez, the low intrigues at his petty court, kindle all the generous sympathies in favor of Cortes; we follow him with breathless interest till he is beyond these wretched obstructions. But we are still more inclined to admiration at the extraordinary skill with which he triumphs over what might seem fatal to his success, the divided allegiance of his soldiery. He had to deal with troops, half of them, especially the leaders, malcontents—and malcontents who certainly could plead a higher authority for their mutinous behavior. We are inclined to feel more regret than is expressed by Mr. Prescott at the loss of the first despatch of Cortes, which has been sought in vain in all the archives of Europe. Some, we think very unreasonably, doubt if it was ever written; and that Cortes alludes to this imaginary document, which it would have been difficult to have framed in accordance with Spanish notions of subordination, especially those which prevailed with the counsellors of the emperor on Indian affairs. This despatch would have added, perhaps, little to our knowledge of the facts, or of the conduct of Cortes; and his own version of the quarrel with Velasquez, and his own assertion of independence, may be fully collected from other quarters—yet we should have liked to read the exact statement, as he had dressed it up for the imperial ear: still more his own first fresh impressions when he found himself, not merely in a new land, and with a meek or a hostile savage population, but on the verge of a great empire, gradually expanding before him. The expeditions of Cordova, and, still more, that of Grijalva, who had reached the coast of Mexico, had spread the knowledge of a people who lived in houses of stone and lime, cultivated maize, and possessed gold. Grijalva had seen some of their temples, with their wild priesthood, and their altars wet with human blood; and some vague rumors had transpired of powerful and wealthy races. But it was not till Cortes could avail himself of the services of Marina, that he had the least notion of the extent and power of the Mexican empire. The singular history of the beautiful and faithful interpreter, the mistress and preserver of Cortes, her unshaken attachment to the Spaniards, and wonderful escape in all their perils and disasters, is not the least truly romantic incident in the romance of their history.

On the other hand, the picture writing of the Mexicans transmitted immediately to the court the description of these awful and wonderful strangers who had suddenly appeared upon their shores. Mr. Prescott thus describes this incident, which shows the promptitude with which Cortes seized at once upon every thing which, by impressing the Mexican mind with awe of their mysterious powers, might tend to advance his designs of conquest:—

“While these things were passing, Cortes observed one of Teuhtile’s attendants busy with a pencil, apparently delineating some object. On looking at his work, he found that it was a sketch on canvass of the Spaniards, their costumes, arms, and, in short, different objects of interest, giving to each its appropriate form and color. This was the celebrated picture-writing of the Aztecs, and, as Teuhtile informed him, this man was employed in portraying the various objects for the eye of Montezuma, who would thus gather a more vivid notion of their appearance than from any description by words. Cortes was pleased with the idea; and, as he knew how much the effect would be heightened by converting still life into action, he ordered out the cavalry on the beach, the wet sands of which afforded a firm footing for the horses. The bold and rapid movements of the troops, as they went through their military exercises; the apparent ease with which they managed the fiery animals on which they were mounted; the glancing of their weapons, and the shrill cry of the trumpet, all filled the spectators with astonishment; but when they heard the thunders of the cannon, which Cortes ordered to be fired at the same time, and witnessed the volumes of smoke and flame issuing from these terrible engines, and the rushing sound of the balls, as they dashed through the trees of the neighboring forest, shivering their branches into fragments, they were filled with consternation, from which the Aztec chief himself was not wholly free.

“Nothing of all this was lost on the painters, who faithfully recorded, after their fashion, every particular; not omitting the ships—‘the water-houses,’ as they called them—of the strangers, which, with their dark hulls and snow-white sails reflected from the water, were swinging lazily at anchor on the calm bosom of the bay. All was depicted with a fidelity that excited in their turn the admiration of the Spaniards, who, doubtless unprepared for this exhibition of skill, greatly over-estimated the merits of the execution.”—Vol. i., pp. 274, 275.

It is remarkable how the circumstances of the time conspired to favor the Spanish invaders. Montezuma himself, from an intrepid warrior and a successful conqueror, had sunk into a secluded and indolent Oriental despot—instead of commanding the confidence and devoted attachment of his subjects, the glory which his youthful conquests had obtained for the Mexican name, and the advantages which had ensued from the more peaceful years of his reign, were now almost forgotten in his oppressive tyranny. Half-conquered provinces, groaning under heavy taxation, had yet the remembrance of their former freedom, and were ready to cast off the yoke. It is still more remark-

able that the superstition to which Montezuma had surrendered himself as the devoutest votary, which had led him to crowd the altars with human sacrifices in unprecedented numbers, and to ally himself by the strongest ties with the bloody priesthood, now, as it were, turned against him, and prostrated his spirit before the imagined divinity, or at least the predicted success of the stranger. The desperate energy with which the religion, even more than the national spirit, maddened, it is true, by the cruelty or outrages of the Spaniards, rallied under his successor Guatemozin; the actual part which the priesthood took in the last struggle, which was so nearly fatal to the Spaniards; the manner in which the Spaniards themselves were appalled by seeing their brethren in the agony of sacrifice; and the mad hope and ungovernable frenzy of the Mexicans at that manifest triumph of their gods; all combine to show how fortunate it was that the religious feeling of Montezuma was cowed and subdued, and this most powerful weapon of resistance fell, as it were, from his hand. This alone accounts for the strange manner in which the mind of Montezuma was paralyzed at the first news of the landing of the Spaniards. The paintings of the white-bearded men in flying castles, who spoke in thunder and lightning, shook him with awe, from which he never recovered. All authorities agree about the currency of these prophecies, which no one in the empire believed with more shuddering faith than the emperor. Dryden puts them in the mouth of the high priest in his “Indian Emperor.” From the intolerable love-rants which fill that strange play, in which Spaniards and Mexicans, Cortes and Montezuma, cross each other in all the wild intricacy of amorous intrigue (as in a comedy “de Capa y Espada,”) we are inclined to rescue the few lines, more worthy of glorious John.

*“Enter Guyomar hastily: the scene is a Sacrifice in the Temple.”*

*Odmar.*—My brother Guyomar! methinks I spy,  
Haste in his steps, and wonder in his eye.

*Montezuma.*—I sent thee to the frontiers; quickly tell

The cause of thy return; are all things well?

*Guyomar.*—I went in order, sir, to your command,  
To view the utmost limits of the land,

To that sea-shore where no more world is found,

But foaming billows breaking on the ground,  
Where, for a while, my eyes no object met,  
But distant skies, that in the ocean set;  
And low-hung clouds that dipp’d themselves  
in rain

To shake their fleeces on the earth again.

At last, as far as I could cast my eyes

Upon the sea, somewhat methought did rise

Like bluish mists, which, still appearing more,  
Took dreadful shapes, and moved towards the shore.

*Montezuma.*—What forms did these new wonders represent?

*Guyomar.*—More strange than what your wonder can invent.

The object I could first distinctly view  
 Was tall, straight trees, which on the waters  
 flew :  
 Wings on their sides, instead of leaves, did  
 grow,  
 Which gathered all the breath the winds could  
 blow ;  
 And at their roots grew floating palaces,  
 Whose outbowed bellies cut the yielding seas.  
*Montezuma*.—What divine monsters, O ye Gods,  
 are these,  
 That float in air, and fly upon the seas ! o  
 Came they alive or dead upon the shore ?  
*Guyomar*.—Alas ! they lived, too sure ; I heard  
 them roar ;  
 All turned their sides, and to each other  
 spoke—  
 I saw their words breathe out in fire and  
 smoke :  
 Sure 'tis their voice, that thunders from on  
 high,  
 Or these the younger brothers of the sky ;  
 Deaf with the noise, I took my hasty flight—  
 No mortal courage can support the fright.  
*High Priest*.—Old prophecies foretell our fall at  
 hand  
 When bearded men in floating castles land ;  
 I see it is of dire portent.”  
*Indian Emperor*, Act i., Scene 2.

Mr. Prescott has collected these prodigies, as they rest on the Mexican authorities, either from chronicles of the time, or from those historians who wrote soon after the conquest. His explanation is sensible, and no doubt true :—

“In a preceding chapter I have noticed the popular traditions respecting Quetzalcoatl, that deity with a fair complexion and flowing beard, so unlike the Indian physiognomy, who, after fulfilling his mission of benevolence among the Aztecs, embarked on the Atlantic Sea for the mysterious shores of Tlapallan. He promised, on his departure, to return at some future day with his posterity, and resume the possession of his empire. That day was looked forward to with hope or with apprehension, according to the interest of the believer, but with general confidence throughout the wide borders of the Anahuac. Even after the conquest, it still lingered among the Indian races, by whom it was as fondly cherished, as the advent of their king Sebastian continued to be by the Portuguese, or that of the Messiah by the Jews.

“A general feeling seems to have prevailed, in the time of Montezuma, that the period for the return of the deity, and the full accomplishment of his promise, was near at hand. This conviction is said to have gained ground from various preternatural occurrences, reported with more or less detail by all the most ancient historians. In 1510, the great lake of Tezcuco, without the occurrence of a tempest, or earthquake, or any other visible cause, became violently agitated, overflowed its banks, and, pouring into the streets of Mexico, swept off many of the buildings by the fury of the waters. In 1511, one of the turrets of the great temple took fire, equally without any apparent cause, and continued to burn in defiance of all attempts to extinguish it. In the following years three comets were seen ; and not long before the coming of the Spaniards a strange light broke forth in the east. It spread broad at its base on

the horizon, and, rising in a pyramidal form, tapered off as it approached the zenith. It resembled a vast sheet or flood of fire, emitting sparkles, or, as an old writer expresses it, ‘seemed thickly powdered with stars.’ At the same time, low voices were heard in the air, and doleful wailings, as if to announce some strange, mysterious calamity ! The Aztec monarch, terrified at the apparitions in the heavens, took council of Nezahualpili, who was a great proficient in the subtle science of astrology. But the royal sage cast a deeper cloud over his spirit, by reading in these prodigies the speedy downfall of the empire.

“Such are the strange stories reported by the chroniclers in which it is not impossible to detect the glimmerings of truth. Nearly thirty years had elapsed since the discovery of the islands by Columbus, and more than twenty since his visit to the American continent. Rumors, more or less distinct, of this wonderful appearance of the white men, bearing in their hands the thunder and the lightning, so like in many respects to the traditions of Quetzalcoatl, would naturally spread far and wide among the Indian nations. Such rumors, doubtless, long before the landing of the Spaniards in Mexico, found their way up the grand plateau, filling the minds of men with anticipations of the near coming of the period when the great deity was to return and receive his own again.”—Vol. I., pp. 283-285.

What wonder, then, that when Montezuma found himself face to face with the invincible, inevitable stranger, he stood rebuked and awestruck before him ! All his embassies, all his prohibitions to advance, all his intrigues, all his conspiracies, all the courageous resistance of the republicans of Tlascala, had been in vain. From the first moment in which Cortes announced his intention of visiting Mexico, he had been constantly, though slowly, approaching nearer and nearer. Montezuma may have known, probably did know, nothing of the greatest difficulties which embarrassed the movements of Cortes—of the dissensions in his own camp, the struggles of the partisans of Velasquez, joined with the fears of the more timid—of the address with which he had persuaded his troops to invest him with a kind of legal sovereignty in the new colony, holding his power direct from the crown of Spain, and independent of the governor of Cuba. He might receive vague rumors of the destruction of the ships at Vera Cruz. That daring and decisive measure, which plainly announced to the Spaniards that they had no alternative but conquest or death in a foreign land, would not carry its distinct import to the mind of the Mexican ; their motives would be obscure, and he could have no notion of the difficulties of building ships for a long sea-voyage. But this he would know, and know too certainly—that the Spaniards were moving on, and still moving on, and that obstacles fell, as by enchantment, before them. They had first reached the great city of Cempoalla, and had been received with the utmost hospitality ; they had awed or won the whole tribe to join them as allies—there, too, they had impudently, yet with impu-



nity, denied the gods of the land, hurled the idols boldly from their pedestals, cleansed the temples from the blood which had so long flowed in honor of the deities, and set up images of their own to receive divine worship. And the gods had allowed these insults, this total abolition of their rites, to pass unresisted and unavenged! The strangers had gone fearlessly forward, ascended the strong and rugged passes of the Cordilleras, had reached the great level land, the seat of the Mexican and Tezucan empires. The Tlascalans, the most obstinate and formidable enemies of the Mexican empire, under a most skilful leader, and with the most determined valor, had in vain attempted to arrest their march. They had been ridden over by the gigantic animals which bore the iron men to battle; had been mowed down by thousands with their thunders and lightnings; and had at length been compelled to submission. The conqueror had entered Tlascala, and, by the more than human power which he seemed to exercise over the minds of men, he had changed these deadly enemies into faithful allies—all Tlascala was following the stranger in arms, to assist in the conquest of Mexico! But, more astonishing still, the dark and deep-laid conspiracy to cut them off in Cholula, devised with so much craft, and conducted with so much secrecy—had been detected by these strangers, who knew nothing of their language, who communicated with them, and but imperfectly, through one of their countrymen and one female native interpreter—detected at the moment that it was ripe—by what means, unless by the gift of reading the heart of man, or by some divine communication, they could not conjecture. The terrible and remorseless vengeance had burst upon them at the moment when they expected themselves to crush their unheeding adversaries. Cholula had paid the dreadful penalty of the meditated crime by a massacre which might appal the stoutest heart. "So far," in Mr. Prescott's words, "the prowess of the Spaniards, 'the white gods,' as they were often called, made them to be thought invincible. But it was not till their arrival at Cholula that the natives learned how terrible was their vengeance—and they trembled!"—(Vol. II., p. 33.) From this time, as far as Montezuma was concerned, the conduct of the Mexicans towards the Spaniards was deprecatory and submissive, as towards beings of another nature; their presents were like lavish offerings to deities whose power they wished to propitiate, or at least to avert their anger. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of his bolder councillors, the emperor had abandoned all thoughts of resistance, and seemed prepared to await his destiny with a kind of fearful curiosity.

The sagacious mind of Cortes had no doubt, some notion of the preternatural character in which the Spaniards appeared to the Indians. He took every opportunity of impressing those terrors more deeply on the minds of the people.

His soldiers, probably himself, were not without their apprehensions; and the expanding view of the magnificence, power, wealth, populousness of the cities which one after another rose upon their view, could not but contrast with their own narrow files and small company of fifteen horse, and less than four hundred men—accompanied indeed by numerous allies—but allies on whose fidelity it might well seem presumption to reckon implicitly. Honest Bernal Diaz is too brave not to own his fears:—"We continued our march. As our allies had informed us that Montezuma intended to put us all to death after our entry into his city, we were filled with melancholy reflections on our hazardous situation; recommending our souls, therefore, to the Lord Jesus Christ, who had brought us in safety through so many imminent dangers, and resolving to sell our lives at a dear rate, we proceeded on our march." We cannot find room for Mr. Prescott's picturesque description of the first opening of the great valley upon the astonished sight of the Spaniards; nor of the grandeur and extent of the city. But there are two more touches in Bernal Diaz, so simple, yet which convey so much in a few words, that we must allow them to stand in place of our author's longer description:—"When," says the adventurer, "I beheld the delicious scenery around me, I thought we had been transported by magic to the terrestrial paradise." As he surveyed the city from the height of one of the teocallis or temples, he says:—"The noise and bustle of the market in the great square just below was so great, that it might easily have been heard almost at the distance of a league; and some of our companions, *who had seen both Rome and Constantinople*, declared that they had not seen any thing comparable in those cities for convenient and regular distribution, or numbers of people."

We proceed at once to the peaceful entrance of the Spaniards into the city, and the first interview of Cortes with Montezuma. Our contempt for the pusillanimity of Montezuma, from the first moment of this meeting with Cortes, melts into respect for the dignified courtesy of his demeanor and language; the weak and superstitious barbarian becomes a noble gentleman, bowed by the weight of inevitable calamity, and enduring affliction after affliction, insult after insult, with deep but suppressed feeling, with an outward lofty patience, yet with an inward agony of wounded pride which strives not to betray itself. It is, in the favorite phrase of our neighbors, an august misfortune. With tranquil dignity he puts by the summary and, no doubt, utterly unintelligible proposal of Cortes at their first conference, that he should change his religion; and assumes the affable tone and language of a royal host. Mr. Prescott tells it well:—

"He listened, however, with silent attention, until the general had concluded his homily. He then replied, that he knew the Spaniards had held

this discourse wherever they had been. He doubted not their God was, as they said, a good Being. His gods, also, were good to him. Yet what his visitor said of the creation of the world was like what he had been taught to believe. It was not worth while to discourse further of the matter. His ancestors, he said, were not the original proprietors of the land. They had occupied it but a few ages, and had been led there by a great Being, who, after giving them laws and ruling over the nation for a time, had withdrawn to the regions where the sun rises. He had declared, on his departure, that he or his descendants would again visit them and resume his empire. The wonderful deeds of the Spaniards, their fair complexions, and the quarter whence they came, all showed they were his descendants. If Montezuma had resisted their visit to his capital, it was because he had heard such accounts of their cruelties—that they sent the lightning to consume his people, or crushed them to pieces under the hard feet of the ferocious animals on which they rode. He was now convinced that these were idle tales; that the Spaniards were kind and generous in their natures; they were mortals of a different race, indeed, from the Aztecs, wiser, and more valiant—and for this he honored them.

“‘You, too,’ he added, with a smile, ‘have been told, perhaps, that I am a god, and dwell in palaces of gold and silver. But you see it is false. My houses, though large, are of stone and wood like those of others; and as to my body,’ he said, baring his tawny arm, ‘you see it is flesh and bone like yours. It is true I have a great empire, inherited from my ancestors; lands, and gold, and silver. But your sovereign beyond the waters is, I know, the rightful lord of all. I rule in his name. You, Malintzin, are his ambassador; you and your brethren shall share these things with me. Rest now from your labors. You are here in your own dwellings, and every thing shall be provided for your subsistence. I will see that your wishes shall be obeyed in the same way as my own.’ As the monarch concluded these words, a few natural tears suffused his eyes, while the image of ancient independence perhaps, flitted across his mind. \*\*\*\*\*

“The iron hearts of the Spaniards were touched with the emotion displayed by Montezuma, as well as by his princely spirit of liberality. As they passed him, the cavaliers, with bonnet in hand, made him the most profound obeisance, and ‘on the way home,’ continues the same chronicler, ‘we could discourse of nothing but the gentle breeding and courtesy of the Indian monarch, and of the respect we entertained for him.’”—Vol. ii., pp. 82-84.

Yet, in all the astonishment which Cortes felt, at seeing that mighty emperor thus, as it were, offering allegiance to his master, and heaping the most costly presents on the soldiery with imperial munificence, he never for an instant forgets any precaution which may tend to security in his hazardous position, nor any measure which may deepen the awe of his power. That very night Mexico is startled with the terrific thunder of these new gods. The whole artillery is fired, as if for a salute of rejoicing, that while its booming sounds were heard, and its sulphurous exhalations clouded over the city, Mexico might cease to wonder at

the submission of her emperor to beings who thus wielded the arms of Heaven. Natural curiosity might lead Cortes almost immediately to demand permission to survey the magnificence, the extent, and the wealth of the city; and even to enter the temples, to ascertain the real character of the gods they worshipped, and the religious ceremonies they practised. The effect, if not the object, of the former, would be to stimulate the insatiable avarice of his followers, to increase their hopes of plunder to such a height as to make them shrink from no danger, hesitate at no aggression; in the latter, the unspeakable horrors of the bloody altars, the remains of human sacrifices, the cannibal priests, might steel their hearts, and even his own, to the remorseless fulfilment of his designs. Men of less fanatic faith might have imagined themselves summoned by a divine impulse, moved as Cortes declares himself on one, and that a far less justifiable, occasion, by the Holy Ghost, to risk all to rid the world of such enormities. On this subject we will only say further, that it was here that the Spanish soldiers counted the 136,000 skulls of human victims, laid up as memorials of the devotion of the Mexican people.

We turn to the darkening tragedy of Montezuma. His courteous reception of the Spaniards, his submissive acknowledgment of the superiority of the Emperor Charles, above all the liberality of his gifts, embarrassed Cortes more than open hostility; it had whetted the appetites of the soldiery for gold; it had encouraged the resolution of Cortes to effect a complete conquest of the country, yet seemed to have cut off all justification for further aggression. Yet Cortes had only been six days in the city when he determined on the seizure of the emperor in his own palace. Ambition can always find pretexts; and an event which had happened when Cortes was at Cholula had been, perhaps, treasured in his recollection for such an occasion. Two Spaniards had been murdered on their way from Vera Cruz, where Cortes had left 150 men to guard his infant settlement, to Almeria, the cacique of which city had tendered his allegiance. In a battle which followed to revenge the death of these Spaniards, the Indians had been totally defeated, but the captain, Escalante, and several other Spaniards slain. It was convenient to charge this on the secret hostility of Montezuma: no doubt, therefore, could be allowed to exist of his guilt; yet Cortes, as if he was secure against any high moral indignation on the part of his master, in his despatch to Charles V., fairly owns that he had fully resolved on the seizure of Montezuma, before he called to mind this event. There is a frankness in his avowal, that he thought all means lawful to advance what he considered his sovereign's interest, so characteristic of the times and of the man, as to make his own words worthy of quotation:—

“Judging from these things, and from what I had observed of the country, that it would subserve

the interests of your Majesty and our own security, if Moteczuma was in my power, and not wholly free from restraint; in order that he might not be diverted from the resolution and willing spirit which he showed in the service of your Majesty, especially as we Spaniards were somewhat troublesome and difficult to please; lest feeling annoyed on any occasion, he should do us some serious injury, and even might cause all memory of us to perish, in the exercise of his great power. It also appeared to me, that if he was under my control, all the other countries that were subject to him would be more easily brought to the knowledge and service of your Majesty, as afterwards actually happened. I resolved, therefore, to take him and place him in my quarters, which were of great strength."

The manner in which he fulfilled this virtuous resolution, he relates with the same quiet coolness:—

"Having used the precaution to station guards at the corner of the streets, I went to the palace of Moteczuma, as I had before often done, to visit him; and after *conversing with him in a sportive manner on agreeable topics, and receiving at his hands some jewels of gold, and one of his own daughters*, together with several daughters of his nobles for some of my company, I then said unto him"—(*Despatches of Cortes*, p. 92.)

The speech, uttered no doubt in stately Spanish by Cortes, and rendered into elegant Mexican by Marina, amounted in plain English to this—

"that he was a prisoner—that he was accused of being an accomplice in the hostilities of the cacique of Almeria—that Cortes could not believe him guilty of such unfriendly treachery, but nevertheless he must march away to the Spanish quarters."

"Montezuma listened to this proposal, and the flimsy reasoning with which it was covered, with looks of profound amazement. He became pale as death; but in a moment, his face flushed with resentment, as, with the pride of offended dignity, he exclaimed, 'When was it ever heard that a great prince, like myself, voluntarily left his own palace to become a prisoner in the hands of strangers?'

"Cortes assured him he would not go as a prisoner. He would experience nothing but respectful treatment from the Spaniards; would be surrounded by his own household, and hold intercourse with his people as usual. In short, it would be but a change of residence, from one of his palaces to another, a circumstance of frequent occurrence with him.—It was in vain. 'If I should consent to such a degradation,' he answered, 'my subjects never would!' When further pressed, he offered to give up one of his sons and of his daughters, to remain as hostages with the Spaniards, so that he might be spared this disgrace.

"Two hours passed in this fruitless discussion, till a high-mettled cavalier, Velasquez de Leon, impatient of the long delay, and seeing that the attempt, if not the deed, must ruin them, cried out, 'Why do we waste words on this barbarian? We have gone too far to recede now. Let us seize him, and, if he resists, plunge our swords into his body!' The fierce tone and menacing gestures with which this was uttered, alarmed the monarch, who inquired of Marina what the angry Spaniard said. The interpreter explained it in as gentle a manner as she could, beseeching him 'to accompany the white men to their quarters, where he would be treated with all respect and kindness,

while to refuse them would but expose himself to violence, perhaps to death.' Marina, doubtless, spoke to her sovereign as she thought, and no one had better opportunity of knowing the truth than herself.

"This last appeal shook the resolution of Montezuma. It was in vain that the unhappy prince looked around for sympathy or support. As his eyes wandered over the stern visages and iron forms of the Spaniards, he felt that his hour was indeed come; and, with a voice scarcely audible from emotion, he consented to accompany the strangers,—to quit the palace, whither he was never more to return. Had he possessed the spirit of the first Montezuma, he would have called his guards around him, and left his life-blood on the threshold, sooner than have been dragged a dishonored captive across it. But his courage sank under the circumstances. He felt he was the instrument of an irresistible Fate!"—Vol. ii., pp. 153–155.

But what was this degradation to that which followed in a few days! At first he was treated with the utmost courtesy. He had full enjoyment of all the luxuries, the splendor of his state. He could command the presence of his wives and of his courtiers. He gave public audience, though every avenue was strongly guarded by the Spanish soldiery. Even the Spaniards treated him with the mockery of respect. But when the cacique arrived who had been engaged in the battle with the Spaniards, the emperor was compelled to ratify the sentence of death upon his own subjects, who, when the sentence was passed, pleaded his imperial orders. He was compelled to witness their execution *with fetters on his own limbs*. The criminals were burned alive—a kind of execution apparently unknown in Mexico. To us it may awaken revolting reminiscences of scenes enough in Europe, from which Cortes and his soldiers may have learned the terrible impressiveness of this kind of death. Cortes, ever mingling policy with his most atrocious acts, ordered the pyres to be constructed of the arrows, javelins, and other weapons from the arsenals around the great temple; thus craftily depriving the people of the arms which they might seize at any time, and turn against their oppressors.

"Montezuma was speechless under the infliction of this last insult. He was like one struck down by a heavy blow, that deprives him of all his faculties. He offered no resistance; but, though he spoke not a word, low, ill-suppressed moans, from time to time, intimated the anguish of his spirit. His attendants, bathed in tears, offered him their consolations. They tenderly held his feet in their arms, and endeavored, by inserting their shawls and mantles, to relieve them from the pressure of the iron. But they could not reach the iron which had penetrated into his soul. He felt that he was no more a king."—Vol. ii., p. 159.

This aggravation of insult might appear doubtful policy, but its success seemed to justify its wisdom, and of its cruelty no one took account. Cortes with his own hand, and with a solemn mockery of reverence, loosened the fetters, and then offered Montezuma his freedom; but he had

read the heart of the humbled monarch, who, from fear or from shame, could no longer face his indignant subjects: the emperor remained a willing prisoner. He even seems to have subdued his mind to his fortunes. He won the hearts of the Spaniards by his dignified familiarity. He seemed to revive to the power of enjoyment. Under Spanish custody he practised his devotions in the temple; under Spanish custody he indulged in the pleasures of the chase. With consummate address, Cortes persuaded him that it was for his amusement that some brigantines were built, to exhibit to the wondering Mexicans the manner in which the Spaniards commanded the winds of heaven to impel their large vessels as they pleased. Cortes, meantime, was thus securing the mastery of the lake, either as a means of defence or of retreat.

Before long, Cortes ventured to suggest to the obsequious emperor the formal recognition of his master's supremacy. The caciques were summoned to a great public assembly. Montezuma, not without tears, took his own oath of fealty to the sovereign of the white men; and not without tears did his subjects assent to their abasement, and prove their loyal attachment by humbly following the example of their monarch. Even the hard Spaniards were moved at this touching scene. As a tangible acknowledgment of their fealty, the treasures of the land were brought in from all quarters as a tribute to the white man. Had Montezuma known the difficulties of Cortes in dividing this spoil, and the severe trial to which it subjected his authority over his army, the tribute would have appeared a politic measure; yet, thus steeped in degradation to the lips, Montezuma, as if spell-bound, retained his fidelity. He consented to degrade the sovereign of Tezcuco, (Cacumatzin,) who was hostile to the Spaniards, and to invest his brother, who was more flexible to Spanish influence, with the royal dignity.

When Cortes demanded possession of one of the temples, cleansed it from all its defilements, and insulted the religious feelings of the whole nation by the solemn and public performance of the Christian ritual in one of their own most stately sanctuaries, it was Montezuma who warned him of the danger of thus provoking to the utmost his priests and priest-led people, betrayed the growing disaffection, and made Cortes aware that the fires of the volcano were brooding, and ready to burst, beneath him. According to Bernal Diaz, "Montezuma, at a solemn conference, declared to Cortes that he was extremely grieved at the manifestation of the will of his gods that we should all be put to death, or expelled from Mexico. He therefore, as our sincere friend, earnestly recommended that we should not run the risk of incuring the indignation of his subjects, but should save our lives by a retreat whilst that remained within our power." From this moment the Spaniards slept upon their arms, with their cannon

pointed, and with every precaution against surprise. "We were full of terror of being attacked by the whole force of a numerous and warlike people, exasperated by the insults we had heaped on their sovereign and their religion."\*

Cortes had sent the master shipbuilder, Lopez, with Aztec artificers, to the coast, to build vessels for their return to Spain—but it is said with secret instructions to delay their completion.

It was at this perilous juncture that he achieved the most wonderful of all his wonderful exploits. He received intelligence that a Spanish force had landed, under a leader of reputation, boldly announcing that they came, if not with an imperial commission, with superior authority, to supersede, to degrade, to lead him away from the scene of his conquests. The whole of this army seemed to be impregnated with the implacable hostility of his old enemy, Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, who had fitted out the expedition, and was eager to seize the golden prize from his grasp. This force was well appointed—in number three times as great as the whole of that under Cortes—perhaps four times, at least, as great as that which he could bring into the field against them. Yet, in an incredibly short time, Cortes is marching back to Mexico at the head of the troops who came to depose him, now mingled, if not altogether in cordial amity, yet with outward unanimity, among his own veteran soldiers; he has cajoled by smooth language—he has bribed, he has beaten his enemies into his own ranks; the general, Narvaez, is his prisoner; and he finds himself at the head of a much larger Spanish force, with artillery, ammunition, and all the necessities of war, returning to the capital, unhappily, not to support, but save, if possible, the feeble and ill-commanded garrison whom he had left in Mexico.

It is not the least testimony to the transcendent abilities of Cortes, that, unless perhaps where Sandoval was in command, wherever he was not personally present all went wrong. Alvarado, whom he had left at the head of the troops in Mexico, had no one quality of a captain but intrepid courage. The massacre of six hundred Aztec nobles, unarmed, during the peaceful celebration

\* Not merely is Mr. Prescott's narrative in this part more full and circumstantial than that of De Solis, but the impression is entirely different. De Solis slurs over the daring insult to the religion of the country, and the scene of the Christian service in a part of one of the Mexican temples, so strikingly told by Mr. Prescott. According to his view, Montezuma grew impatient of the presence of the Spaniards, more than hinted that the purposes of their embassy had been fulfilled, and that it was now time for them to depart. He says little more on the profound religious excitement than "that the devil wearied Montezuma with horrible menaces, giving to his idols a voice, or what seemed a voice, to irritate him against the Spaniards." Robertson is more full and particular than De Solis; but Mr. Prescott has seized, we think, with as much accuracy as picturesqueness of description, the real turning point in the fortunes of the Spaniards.

of a religious ceremony, had at length maddened the whole people to revolt. There is no direct information whether the cruelty or rapacity of Alvarado, or some secret intelligence of a conspiracy, (not improbable, when the Mexicans saw that their whole city was now held in check by but a handful of the Spaniards,) had prompted this ill-timed and ill-conducted mimicry of the great blow struck by Cortes at Cholula; but from this time the whole Aztec nation was leagued in implacable hostility to the Spaniards. Alvarado and his garrison were shut up in the fortress, in danger of perishing by famine, (for all the markets had ceased,) and still more by want of water. Cortes, now at the head of seventy horse, and five hundred foot, was advancing, not to the peaceful reoccupation of the capital, but to the rescue—he could scarcely hope the timely rescue—of his men. Through a silent and unpeopled country, over the silent and unpeopled lake, through the silent and unpeopled streets of Mexico, he arrives at the gates of the fortress, and unites his whole force to encounter the multiplying dangers.

Even Cortes himself allowed his Spanish pride to blind his cool and sagacious judgment. He treated Montezuma, who still protested his fidelity to the Spanish cause, with the most galling contempt. When he spurned “the dog of a king” from his presence, he not only utterly broke the spirit of the unhappy monarch, but by violating that divinity which, according to the Aztec feeling, “still hedged the king,” he abandoned all the advantage which he had hitherto gained by the possession of the royal person. By a still more fatal and unaccountable error he released at that moment the brother of Montezuma, a bold warrior, who no doubt spread abroad the intelligence of this last insult to the emperor, and set himself at once at the head of the insurrection. Cortes had yet to learn the terrible energy of a nation's despair; the tame submission with which the Aztecs had up to this time borne the foreign yoke, and endured plunder, insult, the injury to their king, the occupation of their capital, the contemptuous outrage on their religion, had led him to a false estimate of his own immeasurable superiority: the conquest, instead of being achieved, was hardly begun.

No passage in the Spanish conquest of Mexico is so well known, or had been told so well, as the conflict within the city, the death of Montezuma, the storming of the temple; the retreat of the Spaniards over the broken causeways and the chasms where the bridges had been destroyed;—all the awful adventures of the Noche Triste, the melancholy night. Mr. Prescott (and it is saying much in his favor) does not fail in this great trial of his strength; he maintains throughout the clearness and animation of his narrative. We pass reluctantly over the death of Montezuma. Faithful, it should seem, to the last, he desired to be taken to the battlements, and endeavored to repress the furious onset of his people. At first the

sight of the emperor commanded awe; but the silence soon gave place to the language of contempt and indignity. They taunted him as a woman; they heaped contumely upon his head. At length, probably supposing that he had withdrawn, they discharged a volley of arrows and of stones against the spot where he had stood. A stone struck him on the head, and he fell senseless: he recovered, but his heart was broken; he obstinately refused all remedies, pined away and died. We must make room for Mr. Prescott's storming of the temple:—

“Cortes, having cleared a way for the assault, sprang up the lower stairway, followed by Alvarado, Sandoval, Ordaz, and the other gallant cavaliers of his little band, leaving a file of arquebusiers and a strong corps of Indian allies to hold the enemy in check at the foot of the monument. On the first landing, as well as on the several galleries above, and on the summit, the Aztec warriors were drawn up to dispute his passage. From their elevated position they showered down volleys of lighter missiles, together with heavy stones, beams, and burning rafters, which, thundering along the stairway, overturned the ascending Spaniards, and carried desolation through their ranks. The more fortunate, eluding or springing over these obstacles, succeeded in gaining the first terrace, where, throwing themselves on their enemies, they compelled them, after a short resistance, to fall back. The assailants pressed on, effectually supported by a brisk fire of the musketeers from below, which so much galled the Mexicans in their exposed situation that they were glad to take shelter on the broad summit of the *teocalli*.

“Cortes and his comrades were close upon their rear, and the two parties soon found themselves face to face on this aerial battle-field, engaged in mortal combat in presence of the whole city, as well as of the troops in the court-yard, who paused, as if by mutual consent, from their own hostilities, gazing in silent expectation on the issue of those above. The area, though somewhat smaller than the base of the *teocalli*, was large enough to afford a fair field of fight for a thousand combatants. It was paved with broad, flat stones. No impediment occurred over its surface, except the huge sacrificial block, and the temples of stone which rose to the height of forty feet, at the further extremity of the arena. One of these had been consecrated to the cross; the other was still occupied by the Mexican war-god. The Christian and the Aztec contended for their religions under the very shadow of their respective shrines; while the Indian priests, running to and fro, with their hair wildly streaming over their sable mantles, seemed hovering in mid-air, like so many demons of darkness urging on the work of slaughter.

“The parties closed with the desperate fury of men who had no hope but in victory. Quarter was neither asked nor given; and to fly was impossible. The edge of the area was unprotected by parapet or battlement. The least slip would be fatal; and the combatants, as they struggled in mortal agony, were sometimes seen to roll over the sheer sides of the precipice together. Cortes himself is said to have had a narrow escape from this dreadful fate. Two warriors, of strong muscular frames, seized on him, and were dragging him violently towards the brink of the pyramid.

Aware of their intention, he struggled with all his force, and, before they could accomplish their purpose, succeeded in tearing himself from their grasp, and hurling one of them over the walls with his own arm. The story is not improbable in itself, for Cortes was a man of uncommon agility and strength. It has been often repeated; but not by contemporary history.

"The battle lasted with unintermitting fury for three hours. The number of the enemy was double that of the Christians; and it seemed as if it were a contest which must be determined by numbers and brute force, rather than by superior science. But it was not so. The invulnerable armor of the Spaniard, his sword of matchless temper, and his skill in the use of it, gave him advantages which far outweighed the odds of physical strength and numbers. After doing all that the courage of despair could enable men to do, resistance grew fainter and fainter on the side of the Aztecs. One after another they had fallen. Two or three priests only survived to be led away in triumph by the victors. Every other combatant was stretched a corpse on the bloody arena, or had been hurled from the giddy heights. Yet the loss of the Spaniards was not inconsiderable: it amounted to forty-five of their best men; and nearly all of the remainder were more or less injured in the desperate conflict.

"The victorious cavaliers now rushed towards the sanctuaries. The lower story was of stone, the two upper were of wood. Penetrating into their recesses, they had the mortification to find the image of the Virgin and Cross removed. But in the other edifice they still beheld the grim figure of Huitzilopochtli, with his censor of smoking hearts, and the walls of his oratory reeking with gore—not improbably of their own countrymen. With shouts of triumph the Christians tore the uncouth monster from his niche, and tumbled him, in the presence of the horror-struck Aztecs, down the steps of the *teocalli*. They then set fire to the accursed building. The flame speedily ran up the slender towers, sending forth an ominous light over city, lake, and valley, to the remotest hut among the mountains. It was the funeral pyre of paganism, and proclaimed the fall of that sanguinary religion which had so long hung like a dark cloud over the fair regions of Anahuac."—Vol. ii., p. 297.

There is a fine epic interest in the midnight retreat along the causeways. The battle, from its local circumstances, is perfectly distinct and intelligible; while, on the Spanish side, the individual feats of valor, the personal exploits of Alvarado, Velasquez, Sandoval, and above all of Cortes himself, awaken breathless sympathy. We watch for the emerging of the survivors of that gallant band, out of the wild confusion and darkness, over the chasms of the broken bridges, over the lost artillery, the treasure thrown away in the last agony of flight, over the bodies of their own men and horses mingled with the heaps of slaughtered Mexicans, as for the winding up of a romance: and how touching is the close:—

"The Spanish commander dismounted from his jaded steed, and, sitting down on the steps of an Indian temple, gazed mournfully on the broken files as they passed before him. What a spectacle did they present! The cavalry, most of them dis-

mounted, were mingled with the infantry, who dragged their feeble limbs along with difficulty; their shattered mail and tattered garments dripping with the salt ooze, showing through their rents many a bruise and ghastly wound; their bright arms soiled, their proud crests and banners gone, the baggage, artillery—all, in short, that constitutes the pride and panoply of glorious war, forever lost. Cortes, as he looked wistfully on their thinned and disordered ranks, sought in vain for many a familiar face, and missed more than one dear companion who had stood side by side with him through all the perils of the conquest. Though accustomed to control his emotions, or, at least, to conceal them, the sight was too much for him. He covered his face with his hands, and the tears, which trickled down, revealed too plainly the anguish of his soul."—Vol. ii., p. 340.

But if the mind of Cortes was once bewildered by the pride of success, how did it rise to meet adversity? In one week after the retreat along the causeway, with his diminished and broken force, without his artillery, with almost all his crossbows gone, with but few of his horses, with many of his men and himself severely wounded, he fights the great battle of Otumba against the whole force of the Mexican empire; he wins it by his own personal prowess in killing the commander of the hostile army. Yet this wonderful man, to whom all the other contemporary writers assign this crowning exploit, in his despatch to the emperor, notices it in these words:—"We were engaged during the greater part of the day, until it pleased God that one should fall, who must have been a leading personage amongst them, as at his death the battle ceased." It was the quick eye of Cortes which saw the importance of the death of this cacique, as well as his strong arm which struck him down. Well may Mr. Prescott say that these modest words form a beautiful contrast to the style of panegyric in others.

In the hour of his darkest disaster, Cortes never despaired of the final subjugation of Mexico. The battle of Otumba secured the fidelity of the Tlascalans.\* There was still a powerful party in that city, headed by Xicotencatl, who urged the abandonment of the Spaniards to their fate; wisely foreseeing that the only security for their own freedom, as well as that of Mexico, was the expulsion of the stranger from the land. But either the old hatred of Mexico, and the dread of her vengeance, or awe of the Spaniards, and the involuntary respect extorted by their valor under these trials, and their unexpected victory, secured the ascendancy of the Spanish party in the senate of Tlascala. The Mexican envoys, who had been sent to organize a general league against the

\*De Solis gives an account of the Tlascalcan senate assembling all their best physicians to attend on Cortes; and attributes the cure of his serious wound on the head entirely to their skilful treatment. If Gil Blas is good authority for Spanish medical science, even at a later period, Cortes may have been fortunate in his Indian doctors.

invaders, were dismissed with a stern rejection of their offers. What was still more extraordinary, Cortes at last shamed the dispirited followers of Narvaez, who had shared all the disasters, and tasted nothing of the glory or the gain of his own veterans, into something of the general enthusiasm. Unexpected supplies arrived on the coast, guns and ammunition, and men and horses; and some spell of magic might seem to gather them all, in unhesitating obedience, under his banner.

An unexpected ally impeded, for a time at least, the preparations of the Mexicans. The communication of diseases seems an inevitable evil, which attends the contact of different races, and partly from ignorance of their treatment, partly from the new force which they seem to acquire by being imparted to fresh constitutions, they in general become more than usually destructive. The small-pox had been brought to the shores of Mexico, it is supposed, by a negro, on board of one of the ships, and spread with frightful fatality. The new emperor, Cuiclahuac, was among its victims. Yet eventually the accession of Guatemozin to the throne, gave new vigor and obstinacy to the resistance. The noble valor of Guatemozin retrieved the royal race from the pusillanimity of Montezuma. Numancia or Saragossa were not defended with greater intrepidity or more unshaken endurance than Mexico. We cannot follow the siege in all its strange vicissitudes and romantic adventures; but unless famine and pestilence had assisted in the work of destruction, the issue, notwithstanding the multiplying thousands of Indians, whose aid Cortes was now glad to accept, might have been more doubtful.\* Once, it is well known that the Spaniards who had penetrated into the city were driven out of it, and took refuge in their own quarters. It was then that the appalling scene took place, with which we shall close our extracts from Mr. Prescott:—

“It was late in the afternoon when he reached them; but the sun was still lingering above the western hills, and poured its beams wide over the valley, lighting up the old towers and temples of Tenochtitlan with a mellow radiance, that little harmonized with the dark scenes of strife in which the city had so lately been involved. The tranquillity of the hour, however, was on a sudden broken by the strange sounds of the great drum in the temple of the war-god,—sounds which re-

called the *noche triste*, with all its terrible images, to the minds of the Spaniards, for that was the only occasion on which they had ever heard them. They intimated some solemn act of religion within the unhallowed precincts of the *teocalli*; and the soldiers, startled by the mournful vibrations, which might be heard for leagues across the valley, turned their eyes to the quarter whence they proceeded. There they beheld a long procession winding up the huge sides of the pyramid; for the camp of Alvarado was pitched scarcely a mile from the city, and objects are distinctly visible, at a great distance, in the transparent atmosphere of the table-land.

“As the long file of priests and warriors reached the flat summit of the *teocalli*, the Spaniards saw the figures of several men stripped to their waists, some of whom, by the whiteness of their skins, they recognized as their own countrymen. They were the victims for sacrifice. Their heads were gaudily decorated with coronals of plumes, and they carried fans in their hands. They were urged along by blows, and compelled to take part in the dances in honor of the Aztec war-god. The unfortunate captives, then stripped of their sad finery, were stretched, one after another, on the great stone of sacrifice. On its convex surface, their breasts were heaved up conveniently for the diabolical purpose of the priestly executioner, who cut asunder the ribs by a strong blow with his sharp razor of *itztli*, and thrusting his hand into the wound, tore away the heart, which, hot and reeking, was deposited on the golden censer before the idol. The body of the slaughtered victim was then hurled down the steep stairs of the pyramid, which, it may be remembered, were placed at the same angle of the pile, one flight below another; and the mutilated remains were gathered up by the savages beneath, who soon prepared with them the cannibal repast which completed the work of abomination.

“We may imagine with what sensations the stupified Spaniards must have gazed on this horrid spectacle, so near that they could almost recognize the persons of their unfortunate friends, see the struggles and writhing of their bodies, hear—or fancy that they heard—their screams of agony; yet so far removed, that they could render them no assistance. Their limbs trembled beneath them, as they thought what might one day be their own fate; and the bravest among them, who had hitherto gone to battle as careless and light-hearted as to the banquet or the ball-room, were unable, from this time forward, to encounter their ferocious enemy without a sickening feeling, much akin to fear, coming over them.”—Vol. iii., pp. 135–137.

Cortes himself acknowledges the peril and the desperation of his troops. The following extract from the despatches shows the extremity to which they were reduced:—

“God knows the dangers which they encountered in this expedition, (against Matalcingo,) and also to which we who remained behind were exposed; but as it was the best policy for us to exhibit greater courage and resolution than ever, and even to die in arms, we concealed our weakness as well from our allies as from the enemy; and often, very often, have I heard the Spanish soldiers declare that they only wished it would please God to spare their lives, and make them conquerors of the city, although they should de-

\* These numbers evidently increased beyond the control of Cortes. Cortes, in one place, speaks of one hundred and fifty thousand men to nine hundred Spaniards. He was obliged to allow them to plunder on their own account, and thus to snatch a large part of the rewards of their victories from the hands of the Spaniards. There is a still more extraordinary proof of their independent adherence to their old habits—“And that night (the night of a battle in which one thousand five hundred of the most distinguished Mexicans had been slain) our allies were well supplied for their supper, as they took the bodies of the slain and cut them up for food!!”—(*Despatches*, p. 313.) We hope that these were not among the Christian converts.

rive no interest nor advantage from it; from which it will be seen to what extremity we were reduced, and on what a slender chance we held our persons and lives."—*Despatches*, p. 304.

Whether their prayers were sincere or not, these were the only terms on which they at length obtained possession of the city. They were literally forced to burn as they went along. All the buildings for splendor or for luxury, for the gorgeous pleasures of the king, or the worship of the idols, went down one by one; and the line of the progress of the Spaniards was marked by the total demolition of the city. They won it, street by street, square by square, and as they won destroyed on either side. The palaces, the aviary, the gardens sunk in the flames, and by their rubbish formed an open and unexposed road for the conquerors. Even the stern heart of Cortes\* was touched; he was moved, we may believe, with more generous feelings than the disappointment of his rapacity, as the Queen of the Valley, with all her wealth and splendor, gradually smouldered in ashes, or sunk into the lake. He was master of the beautiful site of Mexico, but Mexico had perished. The state of misery to which the few gallant survivors were reduced is strangely shown in their characteristic language to Cortes, when summoned to surrender:—

"They said to me, that since they regarded me as the offspring of the sun, and the sun in so short a space of time as one day and one night revolved around the whole world, I ought therefore to despatch them out of life in as brief a space as possible; and thus deliver them from their troubles: for they desired to go to heaven to their Orchilobus, (qu.) who was waiting to receive them into a state of peaceful repose."—*Despatches*, p. 322.

They fought till they had no way to fight but over the bodies of the slain. The siege lasted for seventy-five days; of the amount of carnage, it is impossible to form any conjecture. Cortes, on one occasion, speaks of 12,000—in others of 50,000—killed in one conflict. And this warfare was carried on in the name and under the Cross of Christ!

De Solis, like a skilful dramatist, closes his book with the catastrophe of the capture of Guatemozin. Mr. Prescott carries us on through the shifting vicissitudes of the life of Cortes, his popularity in Spain, his favor at the court, his later disastrous adventures in other parts of the Ameri-

\* "Considering that the inhabitants of the city were rebels, and that they discovered so strong a determination to defend themselves or perish, I inferred two things; first, that we should recover little or nothing of the wealth of which they had deprived us; and second, that they had given us occasion and compelled us utterly to exterminate them. On this last consideration I dwelt with most feeling, and it weighed heavily on my mind." After describing the more "noble" and more "gay and elegant" buildings, he adds, "Although it grieved me much, yet as it grieved the enemy more, I determined to burn these palaces."—*Despatches*, p. 280.

can continent. De Solis, no doubt, broke off where he did, not only to heighten the effect of his work, but lest he should be constrained to darken the brilliant panegyric of his hero, Cortes. Cortes could restrain his soldiers during the war by his severe discipline; he could support their courage under reverses; but he wanted either the power or the will to restrain the excesses of their rapacity when conquerors. Nor was this in the heat and flush of victory. The foul stain on the Spanish character of Cortes, who, at least, did not set his face, as a flint, against such barbarity, was the treatment of the captive Guatemozin. The emperor, the gallant foe, was cruelly tortured, in order to make him reveal the hiding-place of imaginary treasures. And this was the man whose language Humboldt justly compares to the noblest passages in Greek or Roman story. "When brought before Cortes on his first capture,"—let Mr. Prescott tell the tale:—

"Cortes came forward with a dignified and studied courtesy to receive him. The Aztec monarch probably knew the person of his conqueror, for he first broke silence by saying: 'I have done all that I could to defend myself and my people. I am now reduced to this state. You will deal with me, Malintzin, as you list.' Then laying his hand on the hilt of a poniard, stuck in the general's belt, he added with vehemence, 'Better despatch me with this, and rid me of life at once.' Cortes was filled with admiration at the proud bearing of the young barbarian, showing in his reverses a spirit worthy of an ancient Roman. 'Fear not,' he replied, 'you shall be treated with all honor. You have defended your capital like a brave warrior. A Spaniard knows how to respect valor even in an enemy.'"—Vol. iii., pp. 182, 183.

A darker story is behind; at a later period Guatemozin, for what seems an imaginary, or at least unproved conspiracy, was actually hanged by the command of Cortes.

Thus Mexico became a province of Spain, and a part of Christendom, with what results we can but briefly inquire. History seems to speak, significantly enough, as to the extent of advantage acquired by Spain from these conquests, purchased at the price of so much blood and crime. It is a whimsical notion of the author of the "True-born Englishman," that the devil luckily enabled the Spaniards to discover South America, because the wealth of those provinces, in the hands of any but that proud nation, would have been fatal to the liberties of mankind: thus, by the way, representing the devil as rather more favorable to the liberties of man than might be expected.

"The subtle Prince thought fittest to bestow  
On them the golden mines of Mexico,  
With all the silver mountains of Peru;  
Wealth which would in wise hands the world undo."

For Mexico, we are not without our fears lest Mr. Prescott's glowing description of the reign of Prince Nezahualcoyotl might, under the older



Spanish rule, have awakened some fond regret for the departure of his golden age ; and in the present day might contrast not too favorably with the state of the Independent Republic. Mr. Stephen's lively account of his vain search for the government to which he was accredited,\* and Madame Calderon de la Barca's very pleasing volumes, do not represent the social order or present condition of things in a very enviable light. We do not quite recollect how many revolutions Madame Calderon witnessed during a residence of a year and a quarter in the capital ; not orderly and peaceful revolutions, but such changes as made the shots fly about in all directions, with little discrimination between friend and foe, native or stranger, peaceful inhabitant or exalted partisan. Nature alone in her prodigality is faithful to this favored region. There seems much which is amiable and hospitable in the old Spanish society, and the Indians, though utterly sunk and degraded in their intellectual faculties, seem a gentle race. Yet where God has made such a paradise, we cannot but wish that man were better disposed to cultivate and adorn it. What were a golden age without its peace and happiness ?

Christianity here began to add a new world to her conquests. Yet as we cannot but lament that it was not propagated by other means, and presented in a purer form, and has not produced more of its blessed results, it is but just, it is absolutely incumbent upon us, to call to mind the hideous and bloody superstition which it erased from the land. The first conversions to Christianity, it must be acknowledged, were rather summary and expeditious. Even during the conquest, many of the greater caciques in Tlascala, in Mezcucuo, and among the other allies, received baptism. Considering that good father Olmedo was altogether ignorant of the language ; that all the work of interpretation, in the religious as well as the civil intercourse, was carried on by Aguilar and Donna Marina, with the assistance, at last, of Orteguilla, a young page of Cortes', who acquired some knowledge of the language, the preparatory instruction must have been tolerably compendious. But there was one unanswerable argument : the God of the conqueror—(we fear that we must write, considering the share that the Virgin and the Saints took in the conquest)—the Gods of the white men were the strongest ; and if the deities of the Indians allowed themselves to be tumbled headlong from their pedestals, it was a sure sign that their reign was over, and a full justification for the desertion of their altars. It would have been vain, perhaps, to have offered to such con-

verts a more pure and spiritual Christianity. There is, however, an exceedingly curious passage in the despatches of Cortes, relating to the propagation of Christianity, both as characteristic of the conqueror, and as a remarkable testimony to the sentiments of men like Cortes, on the overgrown pride, wealth, and power of the church in Spain. Cortes strongly urges on his master to keep the tenths in the hands of the government ; to prosecute the conversion of the natives by the regular clergy, the monks and friars of the different orders, who should reside in their own monastic communities :—

“ For if bishops and other prelates are sent, they will follow the custom practised by them for our sins at the present day, by disposing of the estates of the church, and expending them in pageants and other foolish matters, and bestowing rights of inheritance on their sons or relatives. A still greater evil would result from this state of things : the natives of this country formerly had their priests, who were engaged in conducting the rites and ceremonies of their religion ; and so strict were they in the practice of honesty and chastity, that any deviation therefrom was punished with death ; now, if they saw the affairs of the church and what related to the service of God were entrusted to canons and other dignitaries, and if they understood that these were the ministers of God, whom they beheld indulging in vicious habits and profaneness, *as is the case in these days in Spain*, it would lead them to undervalue our faith and treat it with derision, and all the preaching in the world would not be able to counteract the mischief arising from this source.”—*Despatches*, p. 426.

The blind and obstinate hostility of Fonseca, bishop of Burgos, may no doubt have rankled in the mind of Cortes, and made him look upon the higher churchmen with darkening prejudice ; but Charles V. must have been astonished at receiving from the New World language so strangely in accordance with the loud cry for the reformation of the church in Germany and throughout Europe. So far Cortes and Luther might seem embarked in one cause ; yet, as his precautionary advice was not followed, so we trust his vaticinations were at least not completely fulfilled. If there was more than one Las Casas, such prelates might redeem their order, and propagate Christianity in the hearts of the Indians by the stronger persuasion of veneration and love.

But we must not pursue this subject. We conclude with expressing our satisfaction that Mr. Prescott has given us an opportunity at this time of showing our deep sympathy, the sympathy of kindred and of blood, with Americans who, like himself, do honor to our common literature. Mr. Prescott may take his place among the really good English writers of history in modern times ; and will be received, we are persuaded, into that small community, with every feeling of friendly and fraternal respect.

\* We have seen some specimens of engravings from Mr. Catherwood's drawings, illustrative of Mr. Stephens' work, on a much larger scale, and giving therefore a much better notion of the extraordinary ruins in Mexico and Yucatan. The whole series promises to be of great interest and importance.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## LETTER FROM CHARLES EDWARDS, ESQ.

MEDHURST, 1816.

THANKS for your congratulations; and take mine in return, on your having escaped free with life, and, what is more important still, without disfigurement. Really, to see a man, in these times, go through ten years' service untouched—Talavera, Busaco, Salamanca, and Waterloo; besides duels, by-skirmishes, and occasional leaps out of windows; might almost make one a believer in "The Special Grace," or the Mussulman doctrine of predestination.

Your kind papers met me at Falmouth, where I landed, from a pilot-boat, on the 14th, after contending thirty hours with such a gale as the very spirit of larceny might have given itself up for lost in. One whole night we had of it, and best part of two days, with top masts struck, top-gallant masts rolled away, hatches battened down, dead-lights shut in, boats gone, spars washed off, (except a few that we lashed across the deck, to avoid being washed off ourselves,) and lower masts groaning, and creaking and straining, as if well inclined, if the hubbub lasted, to make away after their companions.

Never was I so frightened before in all my life—which I attribute entirely to my having lately become "monied." In the onset of the affair, a trifle of a sea took us; beat in all the quarter boards on our weather side; and carried away six water casks, and four pigs, besides the cook-house, the cook in it, and the binnacle. It was night, dark as pitch, and raining. So black, that the man at the helm could not have seen shore if his bowsprit-end had run against it. And then, on a sudden, by the flashes of lightning half a minute long—the whole hopeless, interminable prospect of white foaming water opened before you; with the pigs, and the casks, and the hen-coops, each riding off upon a separate wave as big as Westminster Abbey.

Beggary, time out of mind, has been valiant. He must be brave (perforce) who has no breeches; but the holder of exchequer bills hates instinctively to find himself one moment trespassing upon the moon—flying upwards to impugn the dog-star, as if out of a swing, nine times as high as the gibbet Haman was hanged upon; and, the next, to be sunk down into a cursed bottomless black chasm, with the water, on three sides at least of him, above the pitch of his top-gallant yard, the whole bed of sea, in the ordinary course of fluids coming to their level, being to close fifty feet over his head within the next half second.

And then, in the midst of the provoking darkness, which hides the extent of your danger, and enables you to add just two hundred per cent. to it, arises a vast array of multifarious clatters, to terrify those who don't know their import, and those who do. First, your jeopardy is suggested by the lively rattling of the thunder, the pelting of the

rain, and the hoarse roar of the wind in the rigging. Next, you become interested in the rending and shivering of sails, the rocking and squeaking of yards and masts, the choking and hickuping of pumps, and the frequent crashes of "something gone!"—expecting the next thing that "goes" to be yourself. The lighter accompaniments consisting, chiefly, in a perpetual rush of boiling water under your bow, and the blowing of a score of gram-puses (who are evidently waiting for you) in it: these last performers (doubtless the original tritons) spouting, and committing all kinds of *singeries*, in their hilarity; obviously esteeming it a mistake of Providence that it should not be a tempest always!

A man may be as stout as Hercules, and yet not care to be eaten by cetaceous fishes. Did you never observe that the people who bring themselves to subaqueous terminations in and about London, almost always choose to conclude in something like smooth water? Nursery maids take the New River and the Paddington Canal;—lovers, the "Serpentine," and the "Bason" in Hyde Park;—stock-jobbers go to Westminster Bridge and Blackfriars;—whipped school-boys, and desperate 'prentices, into water butts and fish ponds; but no adventurers (at least I don't recollect any) ever jump off London Bridge, where the flood has an angry, threatening appearance. Man, even where he is to be a slave and a fool, finds a satisfaction in being a slave and a fool in his own way. One gentleman conceits to die in battle; another has a fancy to pass in his bed. Many part by corrosive sublimate and laudanum, who would live on if they were bound to use the knife. There are obstacles to the application of the "bare bodkin" more than the high-souled Hamlet could descend to think of; and, for myself, if I were going to drown, I confess I should like to meet my end in quiet water.

But here I am, my friend, on shore; every thought of danger (and of water) over; master of myself, ten years of life and youth, and a hundred thousand pounds of fortune that I never hoped for. Your letter is most welcome. For excuses, let them trouble neither of us. A lapse of intercourse is not necessarily a breach of friendship; and, if it were, the act that made the lapse was mine. "Man proposes," as somebody says, "and God disposes;"—few sublunary resolves can stand against the force of circumstances. I took my course seven years since—at least I think so—not as a man who was without friends, but like a man who wished to keep them. When the sheet-anchor could not hold my vessel, it was as well to drive, and keep the kege on board. Fools "try" their friends, and lose them—pressing on a toy of glass, as though it were a rock of adamant. They forget the very first condition upon which they hold the feeling they are trusting to; void the lease, and yet marvel when the lord enters for breach of covenant. A man must perish—this is an arrangement in nature—before he can be re-

gretted. The tragic poet dares not, for all Parnassus, save his hero in the last scene. You are mistaken, and you do me injustice, when you say, that I had no "friend" (at the time you refer to) but yourself. I tell you, that at the very moment when, upon deliberation, I "took service" as a private soldier—an act of which I am more proud than of any I ever performed in my whole life!—at that very moment I had a letter in my hand from a woman—God bless her! She was the widow of an officer whom I had once served, and she suspected my condition—entreating me, in terms which I can never forget, though I will not quote them, to share her means (and they were slight ones) till my embarrassments were over. If friendship could have helped me, Heaven knows! here it was in its most agreeable form. But there is a principle of reaction, among the first ordinances of nature, which makes it impossible to profit by such an offer. It seemed a jewel, the thing that was held out to me; but, had I grasped, it would have turned to ashes in my hand. I was famishing, and cool water stood at my lips; but it would have fled and mocked me, had I sought to taste it. Here lies no failure; for, on the point, there is no power in the will of the proposing individual; the obstacle, which is insurmountable, is a parcel of the very system under which we breathe. The precise qualities which procure a man offers of assistance, are those (nine times in ten) he would sacrifice by accepting it.

Few people will give away, even their money, to a crouching coward—a dependant—a hanger-on; and yet what else than these can he be who consents to live upon the bounty of another! The romantic generosity of Mrs. —'s character was excited by what she took to be a corresponding principle of chivalry in mine. She would have saved a man, (she guessed from death,) whom certain qualities, which she liked, went to endanger; and forgot to think of the folly which had brought him into peril, in surprise at the unshrinking obduracy with which he stood to meet it. Why, you see, a man's very vanity, in a situation like this, leaves him no choice but to be cut up and devoured. From the moment that I listened to a thought of safety, I ceased to be the hero that the lady took me for. I should have been absolutely an impostor if I had accepted her offer; for, the very instant that I even paused upon it, it became the property of somebody else. You must be burned—there is no help for it—if you wish to be a martyr. You must die (though it is unpleasant) before your name can be emblazoned on your tomb. I desire to wrong no man's feeling; but the course you complain of is the course which I should take again. Assistance from "friendship" is always bought dearly, and turns out generally to be good for nothing when you have it. You part, in a sad state of the market, with, perhaps, a good character; and, after the bargain is concluded, find that you have got in payment a bad shilling.

But a truce to past troubles, unless it be to laugh at them. Did I not tell you, even when I was falling—did I not tell you that I should rise again? It is but yesterday that I stood in the world alone, without rank, reckoning, or respect; that I was a nameless creature, without rights, without possessions, without even personal liberty; and to-day, I, the same "Charles Edwards"—helped by no man—thanking none—I breathe my horse on ground that is mine own, and am a "lord" and a gentleman of worship! I went forth as a sold and purchased slave; and, Mameluke like, I have returned as a chief and a conqueror. Charles Edwards—"rogue Wellborn!"—"Lord" of the manor of Medhurst! and the "lanceprisade" hath two bankers;—the "rough-rider" knows when it shall be "quarter-day!" Yesterday my estate was an empty stomach, and Chelsea was my inheritance! and to-day, there is a gentleman who cannot stand straight in my presence, shows the rentroll of my "landed property;" and talks of "rents," "farms," "feoffments," "fisheries," "waifs," "strays," and "commonable rights!"—

Come to me, if possible, for I am full of business; and my head might be in a better condition for transacting it. People who inherit fortunes from their fathers, never guess even at the real advantages of wealth. You never got a true feeling of the deliciousness of having money—no, not even from seeing half your acquaintances go without it. But, for me! I am just bursting as from darkness into the broad blaze of sunshine—from bondage into freedom uncontrolled—from childish helplessness, into the strength and power of a giant! My quarrel always with life was, that a man could not work his way into a house in Grosvenor Square, until a narrower house might serve his desires, and be more than sufficient for his necessities. There was no path by which a man could make a fortune to himself, and sit down to dissipate it in profusion, even at thirty. I had a thought once of going to the bar—I scarcely know how or why. But, when I peeped into a court of law, and saw the bare results of years of puzzlement!—the "damned Hebrew, or parchment as thick as a board," what was the net product of eyes poured out, and brains distracted! and the Chancellor himself, the *enfant gaté* of forensic fortune—suffering arguments, and reconciling absurdities, for eight or ten hours every day—even if he got off for that!—I found myself, (with the power of locomotion, and two shirts,) incomparably the richer man of the two! His lordship had the peerage; but I could walk "i' the sweet air." He held the seat of honor; but I was at liberty to "depart the court." Like the Frenchman in Montaigne's tale, who had his choice to be hanged or married, I cried, "Drive on the cart!"—it was cheaper to starve than, (on such terms,) to earn the money! But now—when I have the money, Robert—and have it—as only it becomes worth having—without the earning!—when I have it

honorably too, and conscientiously—in my own undoubted right! no kidnapped prodigy of ninety to break in upon my graceful leisure, with fables of cajolement, plunder, and desertion! no heiress wife, even though young and beautiful, made bold by an unreasonable settlement, to hint that my extravagances, or infidelities, are committed, in all senses, at her cost!—the luxury—the splendor—the free agency—that all my life I have been thirsting for, are mine! Not a wild scheme that I have dreamed of but takes a “local habitation,” and a show of accomplishment! Not a light wish but now seems feasible, fitting—only unpossessed, because I may possess it when I will. How many a woman have I adored—and fled from—lest I might make her estate as desperate as my own! How many a man, whom I could have trampled, have I suffered to insult over me, when those I loved might have been injured by my triumph! I was prudent, and forbearing, and humble, where the tempers of some would have given way. I was modest, and shunned collision, where I felt myself the weaker vessel. I did not care even to be fought with, where the contest would have been felt a matter of hardship by my antagonist. I “abode my time” in suffering and in silence—but that time is come at last! and what I owe in the world, both of good and ill, please Heaven! shall now be paid to the utmost farthing. If it was sport while the poor bear was chained, the scene may change now he has broke free. I have never complained of the abuse of strength by others; let none complain of its reasonable exercise by me. I will ask no account for what has been done in the past, but the right shall be mine to do now for the future. I will seek for no combat with any man alive; but it shall go hard, if, with some, I have not the benefit of a victory.

And this seems very heroic, all of it, and very foolish, when I meant to be in the best humor in the world. But the fact is, I have had a touch or two of the *piquant* here—my recollection just a little stirred up—since my arrival. I came to England, prepared to be pleased at all points. Home shows delightfully, to the imagination at least, after six years' absence. And then there was the white bread in the hotels of Falmouth, and its blue-eyed Saxon beauties—and the incomparable fresh butter—and the cream!—I felt my heart cleave to my country the moment I sat down to breakfast. So I saddled at once, finding my cavalry *sein et sauf*, (which I had shipped from Figuera a week before me,) and rode at a round rate through Cornwall, Devonshire, and Somerset, purposing, as “greatness” was “thrust upon me,” to lose no time in taking possession of it; but, when I got to Bath, an idea struck me—it was for the first time—that Sir Walter Beauvoir—(my grandfather's executor)—that it might not be pleasant, under all “existing circumstances,” for me to have to introduce myself to the worthy baronet.

We had not been always strangers, in times past, the Beauvoir family and your very devoted servant; and there had been a cessation of usual attention to him, at a certain time when perhaps he was not acting so cautiously as he might have done. Whether I distrusted my own merits, or their “friendship,” I wrote a formal letter of announcement, covered all over with family arms and black wax, and sent it forward by a courier, addressed to Sir Walter; which done, I again put on, with as much speed as I could muster, wishing to get a peep, if possible, at my property, without being recognized as the owner of it.

I got to Medhurst before my messenger; but found myself already *cried* at the very Market-cross! I had been hatching devices all the way, to know what people thought about me. I might have spared myself the pains. Most of my grandfather's tenants held beneficial leases; and their “prophetic souls” were on the *qui vive*. My “listing for a horse soldier,” and “going off with the Major's lady”—the whole history was afield, with additions, alterations, and exaggerations. I sent for a hair-dresser, and had it all (without asking) in five minutes. My father's unreasonable postponement gave some offence; my most-to-be-lamented succession still more. I was to make a seraglio of the manor-house in a fortnight; and to get rid of the last acre in a year.

Next day, I sent my own servant to Beauvoir, with a note, setting forth my arrival, and requesting an interview. Signor José wore his foreign livery, and red Montero cap; and departed, upon a very curious Spanish horse, that I have brought over with me, with half the population of Medhurst at his heels. In truth, the horse—you shall see him when we meet—was a *monture* fit for Murat in person! No whipped and curbed-up restive English jade, that you thrust spurs into, and, when he flinches, call it spirit; but a beast that will eat of his master's bread, and drink of his cup; never felt a spur in all his life, and knows switches and halters only by report. On my affirmation!—(my attorney shall make affidavit of it)—he is the very steed—the real *Rabican*—sung of by Ariosto—who cheats the sand of his shadow, and on the snow leaves no marks of his footsteps!—who was begotten of the flame, and of the wind!—who might pace dry-shod upon the sea; make his *trottoir* of a zephyr; and for speed!—I forget the rest of the poetry; but I know I bought the animal when he was a colt, and have pampered him ever since, till he is as fleet as a roebuck, and as fierce, in any hands but my own, as a three-days-taken tiger.

And noon brought this inestimable quadruped back, with an answer to my letter, and with so many clowns in admiration of his curvetting, that I was fain to command the locking of his stable door.

Sir Walter's communication was less offensive than I had expected; but my mind was made up as to how I should proceed. Fight always at once,

if possible, where you desire to be quiet—you are sure of peace, after men know that there is nothing to be got by going to war with you. These Beauvoirs are of your *gens de coterie*—your people of the “real caste” and “tone”—(that is, your people who, singly, would be hunted down as owls and bedlamites; but who, as a “set,” have managed to make their joint-stock impudence imposing.) I suspected the reception that I should meet from them; and I waited upon good Sir Walter without my scabbard. There is a *recipe* in some old book—“How to avoid being tossed by a mad bull.” And the instruction given is—“Toss him!” Try the experiment upon the first coxcomb who fancies that you are his inferior;—charge first, and give him to understand roundly that you fancy he is yours. Be coldly supercilious with all “important” caitiffs, and most punctual be your attention to the matter in debate; but let no temptation prevail with you to touch on any earthly point beyond it. In business all men are equal. The casting of an account knows no distinction of persons. But remember, that he (whoever he is) stands a babbler, *convict*, who utters one word except to state the sum total of it. Get an observation about the weather, you reply with some—“Thirteen and ninepence!” and your interlocutor is dead. A syllable *de trop* will enable you to decline “general communication,” where no approach to such a state was ever intended. Poor Sir Walter came down, loaded to the very muzzle, to repress “familiarity” on my part; but I found him guilty of “familiarity” himself, and made him bear the penalty of it, before six sentences had been exchanged between us.

“The late gales”—there was no “Happy to see me at Beauvoir!”—“The late gales had rendered my passage from the continent difficult?”

“It had not been pleasant.”—This came after we were seated; and after a salutation such as might pass between the automaton chess-player and the ghost in Don Juan.

I had received letters, of course, from Mr. Dupuis!

“At Figuera, to the 30th ult.”—Followed by a long pause, which I did not move to interrupt.—Mr. Dupuis is my agent and attorney.

“The late Mr. Charlton Edwards,”—in a tone of condescension this and dignified feeling, which made me think that the Lord had delivered the speaker into my hands—“The late Mr. Charlton Edwards, I was perhaps aware, he (Sir W. B.) had much respected!” (I was aware, Robert, that it was very inconvenient for a gentleman to speak, and not to be answered; but, as this observation needed no reply, I made none, except a look of polite surprise.)

“That sentiment alone”—here a little hesitation, occasioned by my omitting such an opportunity to protest—“that sentiment alone had induced him to take upon himself the somewhat laborious duty of an executor. There was a legacy

of five hundred pounds attached to the office; but,”—(this was the *coup* that was to annihilate me)—“that—remembrance—he should desire to be excused from accepting.”

As six cards at least more, in the potential way, were coming, I trumped the suit at once.—“In that case, the sum would pass to any charity which he (Sir Walter) might be disposed to favor; and I would endeavor to add something which should be worthy to accompany so munificent a donation.”—This reply, not even pointed with contempt at his thinking to overwhelm me by giving up five hundred pounds that I knew he did not want—(had it been ten thousand, with all the family consequence, I had trembled for my patrimony)—this reply, given without the movement of a single muscle, carried us straight to reading “the will;” during which operation, the Baronet’s temper was once or twice nearly overcome by the irreverent neighing of my Spanish steeds, who challenged all comers, from under the window. We did get through, however—temper, gravity, and all—and, Mr. Dupuis being summoned, Sir Walter and I formally took leave of each other;—I, on my part tolerably well satisfied that I had waived no dignity in our brief conference, but a little surprised why a man, who certainly disliked me, should have chosen to act as my executor; and he, as I thought, somewhat disconcerted (though I never guessed with what abundant cause) at the seeming change in my humor, and habits of acting and thinking.

My grandfather has left me every thing; and (with all his eccentricities he had spirit and taste,) his last order was, that Monckton Manor should be kept, to my arrival, just as he himself had lived in it. It would be nonsense to talk of feeling any deep regret for the death of a man whom I scarcely ever saw; but—I am not quite ungrateful—if half his money would bring him to life again, he should have it. As the case stands, however, I get a diamond, you see, not only ready polished, but ready set to my hand, and had nothing to do when I arrived here, but walk straight into the well ordered mansion of my forefathers—from the which imagine me writing, just now, to bid you welcome! So despotic, that not a mouse, if I list be silent, dare raise his voice within three stories of me! Conceive me, sole master, and disposing of all, in the very last house of all the world, in which I ever looked to dispose of any thing. Sitting in a small room, more stocked with roses than with books, which takes rank as “The Library.” Before a buhl-table, at a long narrow Gothic window—people did not care for too much light, even before there was a tax upon it—really extant, I believe, (the window,) since the days of Henry the VII. My great grandfather, I know, traced it back to Rufus, and had his doubts if it might not have been carried up to the Conqueror. With a great deal of nicknack furniture, and some good Flemish pictures; a most unnecessary list of

servants, and an incomparable cellar of wine, to amuse me within; and, without—a strange, irregular, semi-barbarous kind of prospect to look at,—almost grotesque, but not displeasing—between the remote, and the immediate. Beyond my “ring fence,” a branch of the Wye—a real steeple (the church of Medhurst)—the village inn, with a rising sun (for a sign) that might warm all Lapland through a three months’ winter—and abundance, generally, of heath, and rivulet, and hill, and copse, and forest, part of mine own, and part belonging to the demesne of Beauvoir.

More at home, a great multiplication of flower-gardens, kitchen-gardens, and nurseries, shrubberies, zig-zag walks, and fish-ponds, with duck islands in the middle of them. The view total supplying a sort of index to the various tastes of the twelve last incumbents on the property; each of whom thought it a pity to undo any trifle that had been done by his predecessor; and all had such a horror of either rebuilding, or radical alteration, that a surveyor, caught even making a sketch upon the estate, would have found no more quarter from them than a beast of prey.

For my own part, I rather agree, I confess, in this opinion about the “surveyor.” I think, in strictness, he belongs to that class of artists—as the attorney—the house-painter—or the undertaker—in whose very callings there is something that men shudder at the recollection of. Certainly, if I were in trade myself, I would be a wine-merchant, or a confectioner, or of some craft, so that people should be able to look me in the face without abhorrence; and, for the present at least, I shall so far affirm my ancestral piety, as to let Monckton remain with all its inconveniences. But you lost much, I assure you, that—not meeting me on the coast—you missed the solemnity of my “taking possession.”

The “joyful tidings” of the “new lord’s” arrival had been promulgated as soon as I reached Beauvoir Castle; and, in the hall of that edifice, (on leaving it,) I found my steward, attended by a couple of keepers, waiting to “pay his duty.” I mounted my grey horse, who had collected all the domestics of Sir Walter’s stable department in criticism round him; and the unearthly immovableness which I preserved of feature, joined to a few words of Spanish, in which I now and then spoke to José, seemed to root the very thought of my ever having been an offending Adam out of men’s minds. As I rode through the village, “attended,” the landlord of the Rising Sun stood, in devotion, to bow to me. His wife and daughters were forthcoming too in their best clothes; and there was my barber, looking as though he wished, for once, he had been less communicative; although, as he told me afterwards, by way of excuse, “he had only said what every body else said.” So we moved forward—the bells ringing for my “happy return.” I, in the front, with Mr. Poundage a little to the rear on one side, and Mr.

Dupuis, wishing to be familiar, but not quite knowing how to compass it, on the other; José behind, and the two keepers taking long shots, (in the way of comprehension,) at his English; and the folks of the village taking off their hats as we passed—to the whole of which I returned a grave courtesy; but as though it disturbed my own reflections, rather than otherwise.

I shall be in the commission of the peace, Robert, within these six months, and set people in the stocks! The five hundred pound legacy goes to repair “the church,” as the joint gift of Sir Walter Beauvoir and myself. The parish-officers have already waited upon me in procession! I shall have a tablet put up for me of marble, and a vile verse inscribed on it in Latin—and “Charles Edwards, Esq.” gave—so much—to “beautify,”—“Anno MDCCCXVI.”—with an *obit* when I die, and a notice who was church-warden when I was buried.

On my arrival at “Home,” every thing—the short notice considered—was creditable to my friend Poundage’s taste. People, all very alarmed and anxious, as becometh those who have to get their own livelihood. At the lodge-gate I found my “porter” in deep black, and reverence, “deeper still.” My gardeners were scattered at different points about the grounds, that I might not, by any accident, go too far without having worship paid me. Before the grand entrance, (to which Mr. Poundage rode forward, with a bow for permission,) stood my serving-men, in full livery. My housekeeper, fat and oppressive, as an ancient lady ought to be, ready to welcome me. Half a dozen of my chief tenants, all “in mourning” (for the “beneficial leases;”) my maid servants peeping here and there, round corners, and out of upper windows. And then, *not*—Myself—*Le Grand Homme vient!*—Don’t you see me, Bob!—in my long dark pelisse, able to stand alone with lace and embroidery—upon my grey horse, full sixteen hands high, with his massy furniture, foreign saddle, holsters, pistols, &c., all complete. The whole cavalcade an extremely well got up and imposing affair, I assure you; and one which would have led me to think most puissantly of the chief personage concerned in it, if I had not (on certain previous occasions) enjoyed the advantage of his acquaintance.

My location completed, “domestic duties” commenced; and I could n’t find in my heart (though I shall economize) to discharge any of my people.

Audience to Mrs. Glasse—“Forty years in the family!”—“Hoped my Honor’s breakfast had given my Honor satisfaction.” She must die, I suppose, at Monckton, and be buried at my cost.

Audience to my steward—at breakfast—and told him I was satisfied with his way of doing things. He had a desire, I saw, to fall at my feet, but doubted whether it might not be taken as a liberty. Visit from Mr. Dupuis;—thought he seemed rather a scoundrel, and went through all

his accounts at one sitting!—Cost me seven hours, but completely took down the gentleman's importance. Concluded by making him commit several valuable documents to my own iron chest; and ordered his bill (convinced he'd never live to make it out) for "the morning of the 27th."

Day following, day of business. Opened letters from all the tradesmen within ten miles, craving "orders." Before dinner, made a progress through my whole estate, and went through the ceremonies (legal) of taking possession. Rode my grey horse again, who neighed furiously, bringing every body out of doors at every fresh house or stable he came near. Going home—all the people about quite deafened with this outcry, met one of the junior Beauvoirs, on horseback, in a lane; at the sight of whom, *le dit Rabican* gave such a ferocious neigh, rearing and plunging at the same time, as if for battle, that the Captain's hunter bolted into the hedge, and had nearly overthrown him. I moved slightly, looking at Dupuis—who was riding in great bodily fear, as far as he might from me—and the compliment was (quite as slightly) returned.

But I had a hold all this while (of which I knew nothing) upon the heart of the Beauvoir family; and it procured me the unhopd-for honor of a visit from Sir Walter, almost before I became aware of its existence.

Dupuis let me into the fact first—as a last card against bringing in his bill, and giving up his agency. It was the *borough* of Medhurst, it seems, that formed the grand link between my late grandfather and the people at the castle.

He always gave up the parliamentary interests; but our property is suspected of carrying a majority. Major Beauvoir sits for Medhurst; Sir Walter is one of the members for the county. I was to have been played upon by these good folks as they pleased, and slighted as they pleased into the bargain. But my business-like movements have struck them with alarm. A general election approaches, and, though they are rich, they must not lose Medhurst. I am a beast, instead of (what they hoped to find me) a fool; but my "beneficial leases" are dangerous. And so—though the Beauvoirs are "select"—down came Sir Walter, to trim between his pride and his necessity.

It was really pitiful to see the poor old buzzard, who, you know, is high and mighty, compelled to communicate with a wretch, who would have no notion of any body's being high and mighty at all. First, he had a sort of hope left that I was an ass, and that he might cheat me out of what he wanted, instead of purchasing it. Then, got out of patience at my obstinate formality; but still was sure that any direct overture towards intimacy from him, would remove it. At last, in the midst of the creature's doubt whether *he* would be friends, he suddenly happened to doubt whether *I* would; on which the quibbling was dropped in alarm, and nothing thought of but carrying the point. And

so, two hours after Mr. Dupuis had told me this long election story, "in confidence,"—a confidence to which I just trusted so far, as not to give him the slightest hint how I meant to act upon it in return—though I was a "rough rider," and had a horse that "neighed," I received a morning call from Sir Walter, which ended (sorely against his will) in an invitation to dine at Beauvoir Castle.

If I could make head against the world when I was naked and penniless, I can hardly fear to do so now. You know me, and know how I value the opinion of such people as these; but they are still members of a party, that in some way or other must be dealt with. I shall have to fight my passage, against something perhaps of prejudice, into certain circles to which a man of fortune should have admission. As the first goose might cackle, ten to one the whole flock would follow. This Beauvoir *bidding* was an opportunity to begin the struggle with advantage.

I rode to the castle on horseback, (this took place yesterday,) and arrived as nearly as possible at the last moment; having declined using one of Sir Walter's carriages, "until my own could be put in order." From the very entry of the avenue, I saw what was to be my reception—the evening was tempting, but the windows and balconies were deserted. The "having me" was evidently an "infliction."—I'll try if I can't teach some of the family what "infliction" is.

Dinner was instantaneous—(as I had hoped)—so sparing me an inconvenient preliminary ten minutes in the drawing-room. The party quite private, in order that the open avowal of me might still be got rid of, if possible. We had Sir Walter, pompous, but rather fidgety. We had Lady B., well-bred enough, and not very ill-natured. The two Misses Beauvoirs, looking most determinately—"nothing less than nobility approaches Kitty!" Major B., the gentleman who "sits;" Captain B., the gentleman whom I nearly overthrew; the *gouvernante* of the young ladies; and the parson of the parish.

This was the "bore" party—evidently premeditated; every thing was conducted "in a concatenation," as Goldsmith has it, "accordingly." I was meant—transparently—to be a "lost monster" within the first five minutes; and yet I never enjoyed an entertainment so much, I think, in my life. It is so delicious a *role* to play—and, withal, so easy—when a man is desirous only of being disagreeable! And when I reflected that these lunatic creatures, who really stood personally within the scope of my danger—these "splacknucks," into whose house I would have hired myself as their footman, and, in twelve months, have ruled it as their lord—that they, who were absolutely suitors to me for a boon, and over my prospects, or possessions, could have no breath of influence—that they should be so mad as to desire to distress me, and hope by exhibiting a few common grimaces to succeed!—the thing, so far from

supplying a cause of annoyance, was, as you must perceive, unboundedly jocose and entertaining.

We had the stale farce of silent *hauteur* played off; and a few more modern airs in the peculiarities of eating and drinking. The Misses B. were prodigious in the arrangements of their salad. The Captain—he is of “the Guards”—ate fish with his fingers. But, for the *ton*, I had *carte blanche*, as being a foreigner; and, for the silence, you don’t very easily awe any man where he feels that circumstances make him your master. I talked, if no one else did; and he who talks *pre-pense*, may even “talk” with safety. With Sir Walter Beauvoir, I spoke of property and interests, in a way that made him very anxiously attend to me. The Captain I addressed once, (in reply,) and that in a tone just more steady, the twentieth part of a note, than I had been using with his father—a word more, and I would have apologized for his ill horsemanship on the preceding day. The Misses Beauvoir I took wine with, and would not see that they were fair and inexorable. To Lady B. I ventured a few words, just to show that I could behave decently, if it was my cue to do so. But it was with the Major—the member for Medhurst—(that has been)—the gentleman for whose immediate convenience my presence was submitted to; it was with him that my high fortune lay; and the gain was greater than I could have even hoped for.

The Major, I believe, is a person that you have no acquaintance with!—I knew something of him, and disliked him, when we both were lads. He had then—allowing for my prejudices—the qualities which compose a brute; but has now acquired cunning enough, in some degree, to conceal them. His early familiarities were with watch-houses; his exploits, the beating of hackney-coachmen, and dandy linen-draperies at Vauxhall. You may recollect the fact, perhaps, of his exchanging out of the Fusileers, at Cheltenham, for having put a tailor (who asked for money, I believe) into the fire!

The man either was troublesome, or his creditors wanted amusement; but he was ordered, I know, to come for payment to a house at which three or four gentlemen were dining; the whole party then made a very facetious assault upon him, in consequence of which Ensign B— had to quit his regiment; and the relatives of the other offenders paid near two thousand pounds to avoid the disgrace of the matter coming into court. Those times are over. Men grow more prudent, if not more honest, as they increase in age. And my friend the Major’s rank and associations have made him a man of fashion; but still he is one of those men, whom, at first sight, you would dislike. There are a description of persons, as we all find out sometimes, whom you can hardly meet, even in the stage-coach, without looking for a quarrel with them. The slightest degree of intercourse

seems to make the event quite certain; and, feeling that, you desperately think that the sooner it happens, and is over, the better. I remember once sitting in the same coffee-room with a man whose deportment absolutely fascinated me. Not a word had passed between us; and yet I felt that I must either instantly insult him, or leave the apartment. Major Beauvoir’s manner yesterday, at our re-introduction, was a curious illustration of the ungovernableness of this particular faculty: it was decidedly repelling, (though not sufficiently so to call for notice,) while, from what followed, I have no doubt that it was meant to be conciliatory.

For he has the infirmity upon him, (this gentleman,) among others, of being easily affected by wine; and the spirit of play, which also constantly attends him, had caught a scent of my ready money. The exposure that followed was good enough to have been bought by encouragement; but his monstrous folly made even encouragement unnecessary. A wild extravagance keeps him constantly poor; and he has not brains enough to make him timid; for, take successful speculators, with the odds ten to one against them generally, and you will find them coarse-minded, obtuse men—acute intellect would see too clearly the chance of overthrow. In spite of all Sir Walter’s exertion, after the first eight glasses, my mere listening became sufficient to draw him out. First, he adverted to the circumstance of our former acquaintance, and drew on valiantly, though I made him pull me all the way. Then we talked of the country—of horses (his and my own) and hunting—my share in the discussion going little beyond monosyllables. From thence it came to arrangements for town, (whither the Major himself was forthwith returning;) and clubs—*marbles*—*bets*—introductions—all the circumstances of a currency which I wanted, (the command of,) I was enabled politely, but without the slightest acknowledgment, to decline. At length I rose to take my leave, accompanied to the last possible moment of conversation by Sir Walter, who saw his son’s failure with obvious horror, although the ingenious gentleman himself never suspected it. We descended the great staircase, with solemn deprecation on my part, and immense, though not very happily managed, conciliation on his. But just as the august personage was expressing his hope, under great ardent suffering, that he should early have the pleasure to see me again at Beauvoir Castle, when perhaps something might be suggested, with respect to certain political arrangements, which might operate to the mutual conveniences, and, indeed, advantage, of both our families—just as he got to this point, we reached the lower hall, and my grey horse, who was in waiting, uttered a most extra hyæna-like, and demoniacal neigh. This strange interruption—(which was produced, I believe, by the hearing my voice)—and at such a juncture too!—disconcerted him completely. He stopped—gulped—recollected himself—doubted



whether to piece his discourse, or begin over again. In the end, the poor Baronet stammered out a parting compliment, even worse turned than that which *Monsieur Rabican* had broken in upon; and I returned home a personage decidedly more hateful to the Beauvoir family than ever, but completely relieved from all anxiety about my reception—as a potentate of the vicinity—in future; and as an object of detestation with the worthy folks, you know, of necessity, an object, if not of terror, of respect.

This, I think, is as it should be. I am *fêted* by these people, and will be farther so: and, when they have gone through the abomination of getting my interest, they shall find that they have lost it. But that they are clumsy impostors, and deserve no such lenity, I could end their anxiety in a word; for, if I really have a majority in the borough, I think I shall sit for it myself. You laugh—but I can't come back to the army, after six years' desertion, to face your Waterloo reputation upon a "lady-peace" establishment. And a seat in Parliament gives a man a semblance of pursuits in life, which (where no trouble attaches) is convenient. You will come over to my election, (if I find I can command the place,) and help to eat the bad dinners, and kiss the people's wives. Drop no word, however, I charge you, in the interim; because I must bamboozle these cockscombs, who meant to bamboozle me. The hook is in their mouths, and I shall be able to keep them on, without giving either a reasonable expectation. The moment they ask my decision, I shall give it against them; and yet, before then, I will have gained all they sought to withhold from me. This is not a world, Robert, in which a man can live by the use of candor, or of liberal principle; and he who is wise will fall into its spirit, and acquire a taste for hollow-heartedness and selfish feeling. To have one's "opinions" always flying out against those of every body else—one's heart pinned upon one's sleeve—is it not to fight too much at a disadvantage? And may there not be some whim in shaking hands with a man very cordially, when you know he means to do you a mortal injury, and when you have digged a countermine, (in the way of surprise,) which, in five minutes, is to blow him to the moon? When I was poor, who ever behaved even fairly to me? And is it not monstrous vanity to expect that I now should behave disinterestedly to those I love not?

Farewell till we meet, which I hope will not be many days; but I must (with the kind aid of Sir W. Beauvoir) stamp my credit in the right way, before I go—here—in Glostershire. I have got a touch, you see, of the true moneyed feeling already—letting policy detain me in one place, when inclination would carry me to another.

Fare you well once more, until we shake hands; which, with you, I would not do, unless I did it honestly. I shall be in town, I believe, by the 28th; and a lieutenant-colonel, I am sure, can

leave a regiment at any time. As a proof that (for my part) we are still upon the same terms that we used to be—ask your father if he will "present" me. I could make old Sir Walter here, I have no doubt, submit to the duty, (and, in case I go to the continent, it may be convenient to me to get this done;) but I would not have him able to say that I ever hoaxed him out of any politeness worth a moment's consideration. Besides, I know enough of your father, to believe that he will feel no hesitation in obliging me; and I write to show you that I can *ask* a favor from a friend, when it is such a favor as may be conferred by one gentleman upon another.

---

TO M——

Oh, ask me not how long thy gentle love  
Hath dwelt on me;  
I only know 't is long enough to prove  
Thy constancy.

I cannot pause to number months, or days,  
I know alone,  
If to be faithful be Love's highest praise,  
Thou wear'st the crown.

Oh, thou hast loved me long enough to show  
Thou canst not range;  
And long enough to bid experience know  
How others change.

Oh, long enough for the upbraiding thought,  
That ne'er till now  
I prized thy love's rich treasure, as I ought,  
My all below.

Yes, I have seen full many a dream depart  
With faithless speed;  
And some, who should have gently used my heart,  
Have made it bleed.

And I have rued Affection's broken vow,  
And felt the chill  
Of Friendship's alter'd eye—but, dearest, thou  
Art faithful still.

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ENIGMA.

Six Hilary charged at Agincourt,  
Sooth! 't was an awful day!  
And though, in that old age of sport,  
The rufflers of the camp and court  
Had little time to pray,  
'T is said Sir Hilary muttered there  
Two syllables by way of prayer.

My first to all the brave and proud  
Who see to-morrow's sun;  
My next, with her cold and quiet cloud,  
To those who find their dewy shroud,  
Before to-day's be done!  
And both together to all blue eyes  
That weep when a warrior nobly dies!

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, although he has written very little in this way, comes accredited to us by unmistakable manifestations of an original and poetical mind. He is the author of a volume of profound Essays, recently republished in England, under the editorship of Mr. Carlyle, who discovered in him a spiritual faculty congenial to his own. Mr. Emerson was formerly a Unitarian minister, but he embraced the Quaker interpretation of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and threw up his church. He is now the editor of a quarterly magazine in Boston. The same thoughtful spirit which pervades his prose writings is visible in his poetry, bathed in the "purple light" of a rich fancy. Unfortunately, he has written too little to ensure him a great reputation; but what he has written is quaint and peculiar, and native to his own genius. From a little poem addressed "To the Humble Bee," which, without being in the slightest degree an imitation, constantly reminds us of the gorgeous beauty of "l'Allegro," we extract two or three passages.

Fine humble-bee! fine humble-bee!  
Where thou art is clime for me,  
Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
Far-off beats through seas to seek—  
I will follow thee alone,  
Thou animated torrid-zone!

When the south-wind, in May days,  
With a net of shining haze,  
Silters the horizon wall,  
And with softness touching all,  
Tints the human countenance  
With a color of romance,  
And infusing subtle heats  
Turns the sod to violets—  
Thou in sunny solitudes,  
Rover of the underwoods,  
The green silence dost displace  
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Aught unsavory or unclean  
Hath my insect never seen,  
But violets, and bilberry bells,  
Maple sap, and daffodils,  
Clover, catchfly, adders-tongue,  
And brier-roses dwelt among.  
*All besides was unknown waste,  
All was picture as he past.*

This is not merely beautiful, though "beauty is its own excuse for being." There is pleasant wisdom hived in the bag of the "yellow-breeched philosopher," who sees only what is fair and sips only what is sweet. Mr. Emerson evidently cares little about any reputation to be gained by writing verses; his intellect seeks other vents, where it is untrammelled by forms and conditions. But he cannot help his inspiration. He is a poet in his prose.

## FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK has acquired a wider celebrity, and won it well. He is the author, amongst other things, of a noble lyric, "Marco Bozzaris." Had he written nothing more he must have earned a high popularity; but he has written much more, equally distinguished by a refined taste and cultivated judgment. But the "Marco Bozzaris," containing not more than a hundred lines, or thereabouts, is his master-piece. It is consecrated to the Greek chief of that name who fell in an attack on the Turkish camp at Laspi, and is, as a whole, one of the most perfect specimens of versification we are acquainted with in American literature. We will not detract from its intrinsic claims by inquiring to what extent Mr. Halleck is indebted to the study of well-known models; for, although in this piece we catch that "stepping in music" of the rhythm which constitutes the secret charm of the "Hohenlinden," we are glad to recognize in all his productions, apart from incidental resemblances of this kind, a knowledge as complete, as it is rare amongst his contemporaries, of the musical mysteries of his art. It is in this Mr. Halleck excels, and it is for this melodiousness of structure that his lines are admired even where their real merit is least understood. We are too much pressed in space to afford room for the whole of this poem, and are unwilling to injure its effect by an isolated passage. The chrysolite must not be broken. But here is an extract from a poem called "Red Jacket," which will abundantly exhibit the freedom and airiness of Mr. Halleck's versification. Red Jacket was a famous Indian chief.

Is strength a monarch's merit? (like a whaler's)  
Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong  
As earth's first kings—the Argo's gallant sailors,  
Heroes in history, and gods in song.

Is eloquence? Her spell is thine that reaches  
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;  
And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,  
The secret of their mastery—they are short.

Is beauty? Thine has with thy youth departed,  
But the love-legends of thy manhood's years,  
And she who perished, young and broken-hearted,  
Are—but I rhyme for smiles and not tears.

The monarch mind—the mystery of commanding,  
The god-like power, the art Napoleon,  
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding  
The hearts of millions till they move as one;

Thou hast it. At thy bidding men have crowded  
The road to death as to a festival;  
And minstrel minds, without a blush, have shrouded  
With banner-folds of glory their dark pall.

And underneath that face like summer's oceans,  
 Its lip as moveless and its cheek as clear,  
 Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,  
 Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all, save fear.

Love—for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,  
 Her pipes in peace, her tomahawk in wars;  
 Hatred—for missionaries and cold water;  
 Pride—in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars;

Hope—that thy wrongs will be by the Great Spirit  
 Remembered and revenged when thou art gone;  
 Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit  
 Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne.

The author of these stanzas, strange to say, is  
 superintendent of the affairs of Mr. Astor, the  
 capitalist, who built the great hotel in New York.

#### W. C. BRYANT.

We have been all along looking out for a purely  
 American poet, who should be strictly national in  
 the comprehensive sense of the term. The only  
 man who approaches that character is William  
 Cullen Bryant; but if Bryant were not a sound  
 poet in all other aspects, his nationality would  
 avail him nothing. Nature made him a poet, and  
 the accident of birth has placed him amongst the  
 forests of America. Out of this national inspi-  
 ration he draws universal sympathies—not the less  
 universal because their springs are ever close at  
 hand, ever in view, and ever turned to with re-  
 newed affection. He does not thrust the Ameri-  
 can flag in our faces, and threaten the world with  
 the terrors of a gory peace; he exults in the  
 issues of freedom for nobler ends and larger inter-  
 ests. He is the only one of the American poets  
 who ascends to "the height of this great argu-  
 ment," and lifts his theme above the earthly taint  
 of bigotry and prejudice. In him, by virtue of the  
 poetry that is in his heart, such themes grow up  
 into dignity. His genius makes all men partici-  
 pators in them, seeking and developing the uni-  
 versality that lies at their core. The woods,  
 prairies, mountains, tempests, the seasons, the life  
 and destiny of man, are the subjects in which he  
 delights. He treats them with religious solemnity,  
 and brings to the contemplation of nature, in her  
 grandest revelations, a pure and serious spirit.  
 His poetry is reflective, but not sad; grave in its  
 depths, but brightened in its flow by the sunshine  
 of the imagination. His poems addressed to rivers,  
 woods, and winds, all of which he has separately  
 apostrophized, have the solemn grandeur of an-  
 thems, voicing remote and trackless solitudes.  
 Their beauty is affecting, because it is true and  
 full of reverence. Faithful to his inspiration, he  
 never interrupts the profound ideal that has entered  
 into his spirit to propitiate the *genius loci*—he is  
 no middleman standing between his vernal glories  
 and the enjoyment of the rest of mankind. He is  
 wholly exempt from verbal prettiness, from flaunt-  
 ing imagery and New World conceits; he never

paints on gauze; he is always in earnest, and  
 always poetical. His manner is everywhere grace-  
 ful and unaffected.

Two collections of Mr. Bryant's poems have  
 been published in London, and the reader may be  
 presumed to be already acquainted with nearly all  
 he has written. The following passage, descrip-  
 tive of the train of thoughts suggested by the  
 shutting in of evening, has appeared only in the  
 American editions:

The summer day has closed—the sun is set:  
 We have they done their office, those bright hours  
 The latest of whose train goes softly out.  
 In the red west. The green blade of the ground  
 Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig  
 Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;  
 Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown,  
 And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil  
 From bursting cells, and in their graves await  
 Their resurrection. Insects from the pools  
 Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,  
 That now are still forever; painted moths  
 Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;  
 The mother-bird hath broken for her brood  
 Their prison-shells, or shoved them from the nest,  
 Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,  
 In woodland cottages with earthy walls,  
 In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,  
 Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.  
 Graves, by the lonely forest, by the shore  
 Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways  
 Of the thronged city, have been hallowed out,  
 And filled, and closed. This day hath parted friends,  
 That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit  
 New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight  
 Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long  
 Hath wooed; and it hath heard, from lips which late  
 Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,  
 That told the wedded one her peace was flown.  
 Farewell to the sweet sunshine! one glad day  
 Is added now to childhood's merry days,  
 And one calm day to those of quiet age;  
 Still the fleet hours run on; and as I lean  
 Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit  
 By those who watch the dead, and those who twine  
 Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes  
 Of her sick infant shades the painful light,  
 And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

When America shall have given birth to a few  
 such poets as Bryant, she may begin to build up a  
 national literature, to the recognition of which all  
 the world will subscribe.

#### H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Only one name now remains, that of the most  
 accomplished of the brotherhood, Henry Wads-  
 worth Longfellow. But we have some doubts  
 whether he can be fairly considered an indigenous  
 specimen. His mind was educated in Europe.  
 At eighteen years of age he left America, and  
 spent four years in travelling through Europe, lin-  
 gering to study for a part of the time at Gottingen.

On his return he was appointed professor of modern languages in Bowdoin College; but at the end of a few years he went into Sweden and Denmark, to acquire a knowledge of the literature and languages of the Northern nations. When he again returned, he accepted the professorship of the French and Spanish languages in Harvard College, Cambridge, which he now holds. We must not be surprised to find his poetry deeply colored by these experiences, and cultivated by a height of refinement far above the taste of his countrymen. But America claims him, and is entitled to him; and has much reason to be proud of this ripe and elegant scholar. He is unquestionably the first of her poets, the most thoughtful and chaste; the most elaborate and finished. Taking leave of the others, with a just appreciation of the last mentioned two or three, and coming suddenly upon Longfellow's lyrics, is like passing out of a ragged country into a rich Eastern garden, with the music of birds and falling waters singing in our ears at every step. His poems are distinguished by severe intellectual beauty, by dulcet sweetness of expression, a wise and hopeful spirit, and complete command over every variety of rhythm. They are neither numerous nor long; but of that compact texture which will last for posterity. His translations from the continental languages are admirable; and in one of them, from the Swedish of Bishop Tegner, he has successfully rendered into English, the "inexorable hexameters" of the original.

We believe nearly all Mr. Longfellow's poems have been reprinted in England; and we hope they may be extensively diffused, and received with the honorable welcome they deserve. From the "Prelude to the Voices of the Night," we take a few stanzas of exquisite grace and tenderness.

Beneath some patriarchal tree  
I lay upon the ground;  
His hoary arms uplifted he,  
And all the broad leaves over me  
Clapped their little hands in glee,  
With one continuous sound:

A slumberous sound—a sound that brings  
The feelings of a dream—  
As of innumerable wings,  
As, when a bell no longer swings,  
Faint the hollow murmur rings  
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,  
Bright visions came to me,  
As lapped in thought I used to lie,  
And gaze into the summer sky,  
When the sailing clouds went by,  
Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage  
Ere Fancy has been quelled;  
Old legends of the monkish page,  
Traditions of the saint and sage,

Tales that have the rime of age,  
And chronicles of Eld.

And loving still these quaint old themes,  
Even in the city's throng  
I feel the freshness of the streams,  
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,  
Water the green land of dreams,  
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings  
The spring, clothed like a bird,  
When nestling buds unfold their wings,  
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,  
Musing upon many things,  
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild;  
It was a sound of joy!  
They were my playmates when a child,  
And rocked me in their arms so wild!  
Still they looked at me and smiled,  
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered mild and low,  
"Come, be a child once more!"  
And waved their long arms to and fro,  
And beckoned solemnly and slow;  
Oh, I could not choose but go  
Into the woodlands hoar.

Into the blithe and breathing air,  
Into the solemn wood,  
Solemn and silent everywhere!  
Nature with folded hands seemed there,  
Kneeling at her evening prayer!  
Like one in prayer I stood.

The artful modulation of these lines is not less worthy of critical notice than the pathos of the emotion which literally gushes like tears through them.

#### THE SPRING SHOWER.

AWAY to that snug nook; for the thick shower  
Rushes on stridingly. Ay, now it comes,  
Glancing about the leaves with its first drips,  
Like snatches of faint music. Joyous thrush,  
It mingles with thy song, and beats soft time  
To thy bubbling shrillness. Now it louder falls,  
Pattering, like the far voice of leaping rills;  
And now it breaks upon the shrinking clumps  
With a crash of many sounds—the thrush is still.  
There are sweet scents about us; the violet hides  
On that green bank; the primrose sparkles there:  
The earth is grateful to the teeming clouds,  
And yields a sudden freshness to their kisses.  
But now the shower slopes to the warm west,  
Leaving a dewy track; and see, the big drops,  
Like falling pearls, glisten in the sunny mist.  
The air is clear again, and the far woods  
Shine out in their early green. Let's onward then,  
For the first blossoms peep about our path,  
The lambs are nibbling the short dripping grass,  
And the birds are on the bushes.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

"THE MAUVAIS PAS." A SCENE IN THE  
ALPS.

ILLUSTRATING A PASSAGE IN THE NOVEL OF ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

Is there an individual, who has trod at all beyond the beaten track of life, who does not harbor within his mind the recollection of some incident or incidents of so eventful a nature, that it requires but the shade of an association to bring them forward from their resting-place, bright, clear, and distinct, as at the moment of their existence? We suspect there are many who, in their hours of solitude, might be seen to manifest symptoms of such reminiscences; and many who, in the busy world, and amidst the hum of men, might also be seen to start as if visions of things long gone by were again before them, and to shrink within themselves, as though spirits of olden times "were passing before their face, and causing the hair of their flesh to stand up."

It is now many years ago since an event of this character occurred to the writer of these pages. This event, however, such as it is, would, in all probability, never have been recorded on any other tablets than those of his own private thoughts, or have wandered beyond the limited circle of others, who, from natural causes, were interested in its details, had it not, within the last few days, been brought vividly before him, by a writer, whose unrivalled descriptive powers have so often given a semblance of truth to tales of fiction, and excited a thrill on the recital of perils and adventures, where no personal interests were called forth to give additional animation to the narrative. Long before they can peruse these lines, the readers of Blackwood's Magazine will, doubtless, have made themselves acquainted with Anne of Geierstein; and many a mountain traveller, accustomed to sojourn amidst the heights and depths of Alpine scenery, will have borne testimony to the splendid representation of Mont Pilate, arrayed in its gloomy panoply of "vapor, and clouds, and storms," and will have followed the daring Arthur Philipson, with breathless interest, as he wound his cautious way on the ledge of the granite precipice upreared before him: and such readers will scarcely be surprised, that a description like this should make no ordinary impression on one, who, without the slightest pretensions to the vigor and muscular activity of a hardy mountaineer of the fifteenth century, once found himself in a predicament somewhat similar, and oddly enough occasioned by a disaster akin to this, which so nearly proved fatal to the travellers from Lucerne. Believe me, Mr. Editor, when, in Sir Walter Scott's 34th page, I descended from the platform on which the adventurous son bade adieu to his father, and gained with him the narrow ledge, creeping along the very brink of the precipice, days, months, and years shrunk away, and once again did I feel myself tottering on the airy pathway of the very platform, on which I also was once doomed to gaze, with feelings which time can never efface from my recollection.

It was in the year 1818 that I arrived in the village of Martigny, a few days after that memorable catastrophe, when, by the bursting of its icy mounds, the extensive Lake of Mauvoisin was, in an instant, let loose, pouring forth six hundred millions of cubic feet of water over the peaceful and fruitful valleys of the Drance, with the irresist-

ible velocity of sixteen miles an hour, carrying before its overwhelming torrent every vestige of civilized life which stood within its impetuous reach. The whole village and its environs exhibited a dreary scene of death and desolation. The landlord, with many others of his acquaintance and kinsfolk, had been swept from their dwelling-places, or perished in their ruins. The wreck of a well-built English carriage occupied part of the inner court-yard, while the body, torn from its springs, had grounded upon a thicket in the field adjacent. The plains through which the treacherous stream was now winding its wonted course, had all the appearance of a barren desert. Luxuriant meadows were converted into reservoirs of sand and gravel; and crops nearly ripe for the sickle, were beaten down into masses of corrupting vegetation. Here and there amorphous piles of trees, beams, carts, stacks, and remnants of every description of building, were hurled against some fragment of rock, or other natural obstacle, forming, in many cases, it was too evident, the grave-mound of human victims soddening beneath. On the door of the dilapidated inn, the following appeal was attached; but it required no document written by the hand of man to tell the tale of woe: "The floods had passed over it, and it was gone, and the place thereof was known no more."

"AMES GENEREUSES!"

"Un mouvement de la grande nature vient de changer une contrée fertile et riante en un theatre de désolation et de la misère, par l'irruption du lac de Getroz, arrivée le 16 Juin, 1818. Les victimes de cette catastrophe tendent leurs mains vers vous, images de la Divinité bienfaisante. Quelle occasion favorable d'exercer votre vertu favorite, et de verser des larmes de plaisir, en tarissant celles de malheur!"

It was impossible to contemplate effects consequent upon so awful a visitation, without a corresponding excitement of strong curiosity to follow the devastation to its source, and learn, from ocular inspection, the mode in which nature had carried on and completed her dreadful operations. Accordingly, having ascertained that although the regular roads, bridgeways, and pathways, were carried away, a circuitous course over the mountains was feasible to the very foot of the Glaciers of Mont Pleureur, which impended over the mouth of the lac de Getroz, a guide was secured, and with him, on the following morning, before sunrise, I found myself toiling through the pine-woods clothing the steep sides of the mountains to the east of Martigny. It is not, however, my intention to enter into details (though interesting enough in their way) unconnected with the one sole object, which, while I am now writing, hovers before me like Macbeth's dagger, to the exclusion of other things of minor import. Suffice it to say, that as the evening closed, I entered a desolate large scrambling sort of mansion, formerly, as I was given to understand, a convent belonging to some monks of La Trappe; a fact confirmed by sundry portraits of its late gloomy possessors, hung round the dark dismantled chamber in which I was to sleep. The village, of which this mansion had formed a part, had been saved almost by miracle. A strong stone bridge, with some natural embankments, gave a momentary check to the descending torrent, which instantly rose, and in another minute must have inevitably swept away all before it, when fortunately the earth on every side gave

way, the ponderous buttresses of the bridge yielded, down it sunk, and gave immediate vent to the cataract. While I was looking towards the heights of Mont Pleureur, on whose crest the spires and pinnacles of the Glacier de Getroz were visible, a stranger joined the owner of the house in which I was lodged, and from their conversation I collected that he, with a companion, had that day visited the scene of action. "And you saw it," said the landlord. "I did," was the reply. "And your companion?"—"No, for we did not go the lower road," observed the traveller. "How so? did you take the upper?"—"We did," was the answer. "Comment donc? *mais le Mauvais Pas?*" "I crossed it," replied the traveller. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the landlord; "and your companion?"—"He saw what it was and returned." Having heard nothing of any extraordinary difficulties, I paid no great attention to this dialogue, particularly as I had the warranty of my guide that our course would be on the right bank of the river the whole way; and it was evident, that any thing like this *Mauvais Pas* of which the host and traveller spoke, was on the heights above the left bank. I therefore retired to rest, in high spirits, notwithstanding the sombre scowling looks of the monks which seemed to glance on me from their heavy black frames, ornamenting the panelled walls of the cheerless dormitory in which my pallet was stretched—quite sufficient, under other circumstances, to call up the recollection of every ghost and goblin slumbering in the mind, from the earliest traditions of nursery chronicles.

As the journey of the day promised, under the most favorable circumstances, to be not only long but fatiguing, and as some part of the road was represented to be passable for horses, by which much time and labor might be spared, a couple were hired, and another guide engaged to bring them back; and as we quitted the hostelry at early dawn, the beams of the rising sun were just glancing on the highest peaks of the Glaciers, at whose base our excursion was to terminate. For the first three or four hours, sometimes on the plains, at other times defiling over the heights, according to the obstacles interposed by the recent devastation, we pursued our course without any other interest, than that produced by a succession of striking objects, amidst the wildest exhibitions of mountain scenery I ever beheld. At length we descended into a valley of considerable extent, affording a flat platform, of what had been hitherto meadow land, though now a wide plain, on whose surface, in every direction, were scattered, in wild confusion, rocks and stones, and uprooted trees of all dimensions, deposited by the torrent, which had now returned to its original channel, through which it was roaring over a bed of broken granite, forming a sort of loose and coarse shingle. This valley, though unconfined towards the west, was apparently closed in towards the east, immediately in our route, by a stupendous barrier of precipitous rock, as if a mountain, impending over the river on our right, had shot forth one of its mighty arms for the purpose of arresting the waters in their progress. On drawing nearer, however, a fissure, extending from the summit to the base, through the very heart of the rock, was perceptible, through which the river rushed in a more confined channel. It naturally occurred to me, that, unless we could pass onwards through this fissure, we had nothing for it but to return; though having, in our morning's progress, more than once forded the stream,

I concluded that a similar attempt would be made in the forthcoming case, in which I was confirmed by the two guides. When, however, we drew a little nearer, I remarked, that they looked forward repeatedly with something like an anxious cast of countenance, examining here and there at the same time certain blocks of stone embedded in small pools, on which, although there was a communication with the river, the current had no effect, the communication being so far cut off, as to exclude even the slightest ripple. "The waters are higher than they were yesterday," said the one. "And are rising at this moment," replied the other, who was carefully watching the smooth side of one of these detached blocks, half filling the calm and unruffled surface of one of these diminutive lakes. And again, with scrutinizing eyes, they looked forward towards the fissure. "Shall we be able to stem the torrent in yonder spot?" I asked. "We hope so," they hastily answered; "but not a moment must be lost;" and, suiting the action to the word, the horses were spurred on to a full trot, the eyes of both being now intensely fixed on something evidently in or near the river. "Do you see a dark speck at the foot of the left hand precipice?" observed one of the guides to me. "I do."—"Monsieur," continued he, "the waters are rising rapidly, by the increased melting of the snows; and if that dark stone is covered when we reach the fissure, our passage through the torrent will be hazardous, if not impracticable." From that instant every eye was rivetted to the fragment, which, instead of becoming more marked and visible, as we shortened the intervening space, very sensibly diminished in size; and, in spite of every effort to urge the horses on, soon dwindled to a speck, and was almost immediately after, to our great mortification, entirely lost under a ripple of white foam which broke over its highest point. "*Ce n'est plus nécessaire d'avancer; il faut s'arrêter.*" said the guides; "*c'est fini.*" The horses were accordingly reined in. We alighted, and I sat down in despair to secure what I could by sketching the magnificent scene before me; demanding, in a tone of forlorn hope, if it was indeed impossible to proceed, either by scaling the opposing barrier, or by any other circuitous route. On saying this, they again examined the margin of the river; but it gave no encouraging sign. The white foam had even ceased to break over the hidden stone; a swift blue stream was hurrying over it, and not a token of its existence remained. While I continued my sketch, I observed that they were in earnest conversation, walking to and fro, now looking back on the road we had travelled, and then casting their eyes upwards to the right; the only words which I could distinctly hear, for they were more than once repeated, being "*Mais il faut avoir bonne tête—a-t-il bonne tête?*" At length, one of them came up, and said, "Monsieur, il y a un autre chemin, mais c'est dangereux—c'est un *Mauvais Pas!* Avez vous bonne tête." As the correctness of any answer to the conclusion of this address depended much upon divers particulars, and certain other data, which it behoved me to know, I begged him to describe a little more at large the precise nature of this *Mauvais Pas*, the ominous term recalling in an instant the words I had heard from the traveller the night before.

The result of my inquiry was very vague. That it was high amongst the mountains, and somewhat

distant, there could be no doubt. That, in order to get to it, we must return, and cross the river below, where, being wider, it might still be forded, were also preliminary steps. The heights on the right were, in the next place, to be gained, and that by no very inviting path, as I could see; but these were not objections calculated to deter me from proceeding, and wherein the real difficulty consisted I could not distinctly discover. "Is, then, this *Mauvais Pas* much more steep and difficult than the ascent which you have pointed out amongst those rocks on the right?"—"Oh, no," was the reply; "it is not steep at all; it is on a dead level."—"Is it, then, very fatiguing?"—"Oh, no; it is by no means fatiguing; the ascent which you see before you, is by far the most fatiguing part of the whole route."—"Is it, then, dangerous, owing to broken fragments of rock, or slippery grass?" for I heard them mutter something about slipping. "Oh, no; it was on hard, solid rock; and, as for grass, there was not a blade upon it. It required but *une bonne tête, car si on glisse, on est perdu!*" This winding up was certainly neither encouraging nor satisfactory; but having so repeatedly heard the danger of these mountain passes magnified, and their difficulties exaggerated, and the vague information above mentioned, saving and except the definitive result, being by no means in itself appalling, I expressed my readiness to try this path, if they had made up their minds to guide me. To this they consented; and preparations were instantly made; "for," added they, "the day is waning, and you will find there is much to be done."

We remounted the horses, and hastened back about a mile to a wide part of the river, which we succeeded in fording without much inconvenience; and soon after left them at a spot from whence they could be sent for at leisure. We then turned again to the eastward, and soon reached the foot of the heights on the left bank of the river, forming the barrier which had checked us on the other side. Up there we proceeded to mount, pressing onwards through brake and brier, boughs and bushes, to the summit of the ridge. During this part of the task, I endeavored to pick up further particulars respecting the winding up of our adventure; but all I could learn was, that, in consequence of the suspension of all communication in the valleys below, by the destruction of the roads and bridges, a chamois-hunter had, since the catastrophe, passed over this path, and that some work-people, on their way to repair the bridges, finding it practicable, had done the same; but that it had never before been used as a regular communication, and certainly never would again, as none, but from sheer necessity, would ever think of taking advantage of it. But, by way of neutralizing any unfavorable conclusions I might draw from these representations, they both added, that, from what they then saw of my capabilities in the art of climbing—for the road, here and there, required some trifling exertion—they were sure I should do very well, and had no reason to fear. Thus encouraged, I proceeded with confidence; and, in the course of rather more than an hour's sharp ascent, we attained a more level surface in the bosom of a thick forest of pine and underwood, fronted, as far as I could guess from occasional glimpses through gaps and intervals, by a grey dull curtain of bare rock. "We are approaching the *Mauvais Pas*," said one of the guides.—"Is it as rough as this!" said I, floun-

dering as I was through hollows of loose stones and bushes. "Oh, no; it is as smooth as a floor," was the reply.—"In a few minutes we shall be on the *Pas*," said the other, as we began to descend on the eastern declivity of the ridge we had been mounting for the last hour. And then, for the first time, I saw below me the valleys of the Drance spread forth like a map, and that it required but half-a-dozen steps at most to have cleared every impediment to my descending amongst them, in an infinitely shorter time than I had expended in mounting to the elevated spot from whence I looked down upon them. And then, too, for the first time, certain misgivings, as to the propriety of going further, and a shrewd guess as to the real nature of the *Mauvais Pas*, flashed across me, in one of those sudden heart-searching thrills, so perfectly defined in the single word *crebling*—a provincial term, expressing that creeping, paralyzing, twittering, palpitating sort of sensation, which a nervous person might be supposed to feel, if, in exploring a damp and dark dungeon, he placed his hand unadvisedly upon some cold and clammy substance, which his imagination might paint as something too horrible to look at.

But whatever were the force and power of these feelings, it was not now the time to let them get the mastership. It was too late to retract—I had gone too far to recede. It would have been unpardonable to have given two Swiss guides an opportunity of publishing throughout the cantons, that an Englishman had flinched, and feared to set his foot where a foreign traveller had trod the day before. On then I went, very uncomfortable, I will candidly confess, but aided and impelled, notwithstanding, by that instinctive sort of wish, common, I believe, to all people, to know the worst in extreme cases. Curiosity, too, had its share—not merely excited by the ultimate object for which I was about to venture myself in mid air, but a secret desire to see with my own eyes a pass which had so suddenly and unexpectedly assumed importance in my fate. And after all, though there were very unequivocal symptoms of something terrible in the immediate vicinage of the undefined grey skreen of rock before me, I had as yet no certainty of its appalling realities.

For a furlong or two no great change was perceptible; there was a plentiful supply of twigs and shrubs to hold by, and the path was not by any means alarming. In short, I began to shake off all uneasiness, and smile at my imaginary fears, when, on turning an angle, I came to an abrupt termination of every thing bordering on twig, bough, pathway, or greensward; and the *Mauvais Pas*, in all its fearfulness, glared upon me! For a foreground, (if that could be called a foreground, separated, as it was, by a gulf of some fathoms wide,) an unsightly facing of unbroken precipitous rock bearded me on the spot from whence I was to take my departure, jutting out sufficiently to conceal whatever might be the state of affairs on the other side, round which it was necessary to pass by a narrow ledge like a mantel-piece, on which the first guide had now placed his foot. The distance, however, was inconsiderable, at most a few yards, after which, I fondly conjectured we might rejoin a pathway similar to that we were now quitting, and that, in fact, this short but fearful *trajet* constituted the substance and sum-total of what so richly deserved the title of the *Mauvais Pas*. "Be firm; hold fast, and keep your eye on the rock,"

said the guide, as I, with my heart in my mouth, stepped out—"Is my foot steadily fixed?"—"It is," was the answer; and, with my eyes fixed upon the rock, as if it would have opened under my gaze, and my hands hooked like claws on the slight protuberances within reach, I stole silently and slowly towards the projection, almost without drawing a breath. Having turned this point, and still found myself proceeding, but to what degree, and whether for better or worse, I could not exactly ascertain, as I most pertinaciously continued to look upon the rock, mechanically moving foot after foot with a sort of dogged perseverance, leaving to the leading guide the pleasing task, which I most anxiously expected every moment, of assuring me that the deed was done, and congratulating me on having passed the *Mauvais Pas*. But he was silent as the grave—not a word escaped his lips; and on, and on, and on did we tread, slowly, cautiously, and hesitatingly, for about ten minutes, when I became impatient to learn the extent of our progress, and inquired whether we had nearly reached the other end. "*Pas encore.*"—"Are we half way?"—"A peu près," were the replies. Gathering up my whole stock of presence of mind, I requested that we might pause awhile, and then, as I deliberately turned my head, the whole of this extraordinary and frightful scenery revealed itself at a glance. Conceive an amphitheatre of rock forming, throughout, a bare, barren, perpendicular precipice, of I knew not how many hundred feet in height, the two extremities diminishing in altitude as they approached the Drance, which formed the chord of this arc; that on our left constituting the barrier which had impeded our progress, and which we had just ascended. From the point where we had stepped upon the ledge, quitting the forest and underwood, this circular face of precipice commenced, continuing, without intermission, till it united itself with its corresponding headland on the right. The only communication between the two being along a ledge in the face of the precipice, varying in width from about a foot to a few inches; the surface of the said ledge, moreover, assuming the form of an inclined plane, owing to an accumulation of small particles of rock, which had, from time immemorial shaled from the heights above, and lodged on this slightly projecting shelf. The distance, from the time taken to pass it, I guessed to be not far short of a quarter of a mile. At my foot, literally speaking, (for it required but a semiquaver of the body, or the loosening of my hold, to throw the centre of gravitation over the abyss,) were spread the valleys of the Drance, through which I could perceive the river meandering like a silver thread; but, from the height at which I looked down, its rapidity was invisible, and its hoarse brawling unheard. The silence was absolute and solemn; for, fortunately, not a zephyr fanned the air, to interfere with my precarious equilibrium.

There was no inducement for the lesser birds of the fields to warble where we were, and the lammer-geyers and the eagles, if any had their eyries amidst these crags, were revelling in the banquet of desolation below. As I looked upon this awfully magnificent scene, a rapid train of thoughts succeeded each other. I felt as if I was contemplating a world I had left, and which I was never again to revisit; for it was impossible not to be keenly impressed with the idea, that something fatal might occur within the space of the next few minutes, effectually preventing my return thither

as a living being. Then, again, I saw before me the forms and figures of many I had left—some a few hours, some a few weeks before. Was I to see them again or not? The question again and again repeated itself, and the oftener, perhaps, from a feeling of presumption I experienced in even whispering to myself that I decidedly should. "*Si on glisse, on est perdu!*" how horribly forcible and true did these words now appear,—on what a slender thread was life held! A trifling deviation in the position of a foot, and it was over. I had but to make one single step in advance, and I was in another state of existence. Such were a few of the mental feelings which suggested themselves, but others of a physical nature occurred. I had eat nothing since leaving the old convent, and the keen air on the mountains had so sharpened my appetite, that by the time I had reached the summit we had just quitted, I felt not only a good deal exhausted, but extremely hungry. But hunger, thirst, and fatigue, followed me not on the ledge. A feast would have had no charm, and miles upon a level road would have been as nothing. Every sense seemed absorbed in getting to the end; and yet, in the midst of this unenviable position, a trifling incident occurred, which actually, for the time, gave rise to something of a pleasurable sensation. About midway I espied, in a chink of the ledge, the beautiful and dazzling blossom of the little *gentiana nivalis*, and stopping the guides while I gathered it, I expressed great satisfaction in meeting with this lovely little flower on such a lonely spot. And I could scarcely help smiling at the simplicity of these honest people, who, from that moment, whenever the difficulties increased, endeavored to divert my attention, by pointing out or looking for another specimen. We had proceeded good part of the way, when, to my dismay, the ledge, narrow as it was, became perceptibly narrower, and, at the distance of a yard or two in advance, I observed a point where it seemed to run to nothing, interrupted by a protuberant rock. I said nothing, waiting the result in silence. The guide before me, when he reached the point, threw one foot round the projection, till it was firmly placed, and holding on the rock, then brought up the other.—What was I to do? Like Arthur Philipson's guide, Antonia, I could only say, "I was no goat-hunter, and had no wings to transport me from cliff to cliff like a raven."—"I cannot perform that feat," said I to the guide; "I shall miss the invisible footing on the other side, and—then!"—They were prepared for the case; one of them happened to have a short staff; this was handed forward, and formed a slight rail, while the other, stooping down, seized my foot, and placing it in his hand, answered, "Tread without apprehension, it will support you firmly as the rock itself; be steady—go on." I did so, and regained the ledge once more in safety. The possible repetition of such an exploit was not by any means to my taste, and I ventured to question the foremost guide as to the chance of its recurrence, and the difficulties yet in store. Without pretending to disguise them, he proceeded to dilate upon the portion of our peregrination still in reserve, when the other interrupted him impatiently, and in French instead of Patois, (forgetting, in his anxiety to enjoy silence, that I understood every word he uttered,) exclaimed, "Not a word more, I entreat you. Speak not to him of danger; this is not the place to excite alarm; it is our business to cheer and animate;" and in the true spirit of his advice,



he immediately pointed to a bunch of little gentians, exclaiming, "Eh, donc, qu'elles sont jolies ! Regardez ces charmantes fleurs !" Long before I had accomplished half the distance, and had formed a correct opinion as to what remained in hand, the propriety of turning back had more than once suggested itself ; but on looking round, the narrowness of the shelf already passed presented so revolting an appearance, that what with the risk to be incurred in the very act of turning about, and forming any thing like a *pirouette* in my present position, added to an almost insurmountable unwillingness to recede, for the reasons above mentioned, and the chance that, as it could not well be worse, the remainder might possibly be better, I decided on going on, estimating every additional inch as a valuable accession of space, with a secret proviso, however, in my own mind, that nothing on earth should induce me to return the same way, notwithstanding the declaration of the guides that they knew of no other line, unless a bridge, which was impassable yesterday, had been made passable to-day ; and we knew the people were at work, for a man had gone before us with an axe over his shoulder.

Thus persevering with the speed of a tortoise or a sloth, the solemn slow movements of hand and foot forcibly reminding me of that cautious animal, we at last drew near to a more acute point in the curve of this gaunt amphitheatre, where it bent forward towards the river, and consequently we were more immediately fronted by the precipice forming the continuation of that on which we stood. By keeping my head obliquely turned inwards, I had hitherto in great measure avoided more visual communication than I wished with the bird's-eye prospect below ; but there was no possibility of excluding the smooth bare frontage of rock right ahead. There it reared itself from the clouds beneath to the clouds above, without outward or visible sign of fret or fissure, as far as I could judge, on which even a chamois could rest its tiny hoof ; for the width of whatever ledge it might have been diminished, by the perspective view we had of it, to Euclid's true definition of the mathematical line, namely, length without breadth. At this distance of time, I have no very clear recollection of the mode of our exit, and cannot speak positively as to whether we skirted any part of this perilous wall of the Titans, or crept up through the corner of the curve, by some fissure leading to the summit. I have, however, a very clear and agreeable recollection of the moment when I came in contact with a tough bough, which I welcomed and grasped as I would have welcomed and grasped the hand of the dearest friend I had upon earth, and by the help of which I, in a very few more seconds scrambled upwards, and set my foot once more, without fear of slips or sliding on a rough heathery surface, forming the bed of a ravine, which soon led us to an upland plateau, on which I stood as in the garden of paradise.

In talking over our adventure, one of the guides mentioned a curious circumstance that had occurred either to himself or a brother guide, I forget which, in the course of their practice. He was escorting a traveller over a rather dizzy height, when the unfortunate tourist's head failed, and he fainted on the spot. Whereupon the mountaineer, a strong muscular man, with great presence of mind ; took up his charge, threw him over his shoulder, and coolly walked away with him till he

came to a place of safety, where he deposited his burden, and awaited the return of sense ; "but," added he, "had such a misfortune occurred on the *Mauvais Pas*, you must have submitted to your fate ; the ledge was too narrow for exertion,—we could have done nothing."

We were now not much more than a league from our original destination, a space of which, whether fair or foul, I cannot speak with much precision, so entirely was every thought and sense engrossed in the business which had occupied so large a portion of the last hour. It is merely necessary to inform the reader, that at the expiration of a given time, I stood before the ruins of a stupendous mound formed of condensed masses of snow and ice, hurled down from above by the imperceptible but gradual advancement of the great Glacier of Getroz, nursed in a gorge beneath the summit of Mont Pleureur. Not a moment passed without the fall of thundering avalanches, bounding from rock to rock, till their shattered fragments, floundering down the inclined plane of snow, finally precipitated themselves into the bed of the channel through which the emancipated Lac de Mauvoisin had, in the brief space of half an hour, rushed, after it had succeeded in corroding the excavated galleries, and blown up in an instant its icy barrier.

Seated on a knoll immediately fronting the stage on which this grand scenery was represented, we rested for some time, during which we were joined by one or two of the workmen employed in repairing the roads and bridge to which the guides had alluded ; and the first question asked was, "Peut-on le traverser ?" No direct answer followed ; it was evidently, therefore, a matter of doubt, requiring at least some discussion, during which, although the parties conversed in an under-tone, I again heard, more than once, the disagreeable repetition of "Mais, a-t-il bonne tête ?" and a reference was finally made to me. It seems the bridge had been completely destroyed, but some people had that morning availed themselves of the commencement of a temporary accommodation, then in a state of preparation, and had crossed the chasm ; and provided Monsieur had a *bonne tête*, there was no danger in following their example. Hesitation was out of the question ; for whatever might be the possible extent of risk, in duration and degree it clearly could bear no comparison with the *Mauvais Pas*, the discomfiting sensations of which were still too fresh in my recollection to indulge a thought of encountering them a second time in the same day. I therefore decided on the bridge without more ado, *coute qui coute* ; and as we descended towards the river, I had soon the pleasure of seeing it far below me, and plenty of time to make up my mind as to the best mode of ferrying myself over. Of the original arch not a vestige remained ; but across two buttresses of natural rock I could distinguish something like a tight rope, at the two extremities of which little moving things, no bigger than mites, were bustling about, and now and then I could perceive one or two of these diminutive monocules venturing upon this apparently frail line of communication. A nearer view afforded no additional encouragement. At a depth of ninety feet below roared the Drance, foaming and dashing with inconceivable violence against its two adamantine abutments, which here confined the channel within a space of about thirty or forty feet. From rock to rock, athwart the gulf, two pine poles had that morning been thrown,

not yet rivetted together, but loosely resting side by side. It certainly was not half

"As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,  
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear;"

but it was, notwithstanding, a very comfortless piece of footing to contemplate. Ye mariners of England, who think nothing of laying out on a topsail yard to pass an earing\* in a gale of wind, might have smiled at such a sight, and crossed merrily over, without the vibration of a nerve; but let it be recollected, as a balance for a landsman's fears, that these two spars were neither furnished with accommodating jack-stays, supporting foot-ropes, nor encircling gaskets, to which the outlayer might cling in case of emergence. There they rested, one edge on each projecting promontory of the chasm, in all their bare nakedness. In the morning, I might have paused to look before I leaped; but what were forty or fifty feet of pine vaulting, in comparison with the protracted misery of a quarter of a mile of the *Mauvais Pas*? So forthwith committing myself to their support, on hands and knees I crawled along, and in a few minutes trode again on *terra firma*, beyond the reach of further risk, rejoicing, and, I trust, not ungrateful for the perils I had escaped.

From the London Magazine.

#### ON THE COOKERY OF THE FRENCH.

Of Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.—*Othello*.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

SIR,—I am an alderman and button-maker in the city, and I have a taste for sea-coal fires, porter, roast-beef, and the LONDON MAGAZINE. My son Bob, and my daughter Fanny, on the contrary, used to dislike all these good things—the last excepted: and prevailed with me to go and spend a month or two in Paris in the spring of this year. I knew that my son loved me as well as French cookery—and my daughter nearly as well as a French gown: so I unfortunately and affectionately complied with their desire—and have repented it ever since. However, my journey has not been altogether thrown away, as it has reconverted Bob to beef, and as it gives me an opportunity of relating the wonders of French cookery—a matter which in all your articles upon the French you have unaccountably neglected. The subject strikes me as highly important in all points of view: and it is a favorite theory of mine that the manners and tastes of a nation may be known from their cookery even better than from the bumps on their heads. The French Revolution was no doubt brought about by the national fondness for necks of mutton and men à l'*écarlate*: and the national hatred to the English is still visible in their attempts to poison them with their dishes:—a consummation not at all to my taste, even with the

prospect of being buried in *Père la Chaise*. As for me, I am a plain man, alderman and button-maker, and should prefer being interred in *Aldermanbury*.

It has long been the reproach of the French, and you are among those who have echoed it, that they are not a *portical* people. But at least their *cooks* are. Must not a cook, Mr. Editor, be inflamed with the double fires of the kitchen and poetry, when he conceives the idea of fountains of love, starry anniseed, capons' wings in the sun, and eggs blushing like Aurora—followed (alas! what a terrible declension!) by eggs à la *Tripe*? I consider their beef in scarlet, their sauce in half mourning, and their white virgin beans, as examples of the same warm and culinary fancy.\*

Their ingenuity is sometimes shown in the invention of new dishes, as well as in the epithets they attach to them—another poetical symptom. Not to say any thing of the vulgar plates of frogs, nettles, and thistles, what genius there is in the conception of a dish of breeches in the royal fashion, with velvet sauce—tendons of veal in a peacock's tail—and a shoulder of mutton in a balloon or a bagpipe! Sometimes their names are so fanciful as to be totally incomprehensible, especially if you look for them in a dictionary: such as a palace of beef in Cracovia—strawberries of veal—the amorous smiles of a calf—a fleet with tomato sauce—and eggs in a looking-glass.†

But there are many of their dishes which are monstrous; and in my mind not only prove the French capability of eating poisons, but their strong tendency to cannibalism. Great and little asps—fowls done like lizards—hares like serpents—and pigeons like toads or basilisks—are all favorite dishes: as are also a hash of huntsmen, a stew of good Christians, a mouthful of ladies, thin Spanish women, and four beggars on a plate.—One of their most famous sauces is *sauce Robert*, which I remember to have read of in Fairy Tales as the sauce with which the Ogres used to eat children. My daughter found one dish on the *carte* which alarmed us all—*Eglefin à la Hollandaise*: and after trying a long time, she remembered it was something like the name of somebody of whom she had taken lessons of memory. I suppose they had taken the poor devil from his name to be a Dutchman, and had accordingly drest him à la *Hollandaise*.‡

They like liver of veal done to choke you, and pullets like ivory—so called, I suppose, from their

\* Puits d'amour.—Anis étoilé.—Ailes de poularde au Soleil.—Œufs à l'Aurore.—Bœuf à l'écarlate.—Sauce en petit deuil.—Haricots Vierges.

† Culotte à la Royale, sauce velouté.—Tendons de veau en queue de paon.—Epaule de mouton en ballon, en musette.—Palais de bœuf en Cracovie.—Fraises de veau.—Ris de veau en amourette.—Flotte, sauce Tomato.—Œufs au miroir.

‡ Grand et petit Aspic.—Poulet en lézard.—Lézard en serpent.—Pigeon à la Crapaudine, en basilic.—Salmi de Chasseurs.—Compote de bons Chrétiens.—Bouchée de Dames.—Espagnoles maigres.—Quatre incendians.

\* The technical term for an operation necessary in reefing topsails.

toughness and hardness. Other dishes are, on the contrary, quite shadowy and unsubstantial: such as an embrace of a hare on the spit—partridge's shoe-soles—a dart and a leap of salmon—the breath of a rose—a whole jonquil—or biscuits that would have done honor to the Barmecide's feast.\*

The French have a way of serving up their dishes which is as extraordinary as the rest. What should we think of whittings in turbans—smelts in dice boxes—a skate buckled to capers—gooseberries in their shifts, and potatoes in their shirts!—Should we not think any Englishman very filthy whose cook should send up cutlets in hair-papers—truffles in ashes—and squirted seed-cakes!—and whose dinner-bell should announce to us what they call a ding-dong in a daub †?

The military dispositions of the French are discoverable even in their cookery. They have large and small bullets—carbonadoes innumerable—syrup of grenades—and quails in laurels: and I have often heard dishes called for, which sounded to my ear very like “ramrods for strangling,” and “bayonets for the gendarmes.” ‡

But I may easily have been mistaken in French words, when I can't understand what they call English ones—some of which seem to have undergone as complete a change by crossing the Channel, as most of our country-women. Who could recognize, for example, in *wouelche rabelle*, *hochepot*, *panequet*, *misies paës*, *plomboudine*, or *mache potelesse*, the primal and delightful sounds of Welch rabbit, hotch-potch, pancake, mince-pies, plumb-pudding, and mashed potatoes? But the French seem fond of far-fetched dishes: they get their thistles from Spain, and their cabbages from Brussels, and their artichokes from Barbary in Turkish turbans. §

The French boast that their language is the clearest in the world. I should like to know what they mean by a skate fried raw, or big little peaches ||. I can easily comprehend *mouton à la Gasconne*, however: and an *epigramme d'agneau* is as insipid as a French epigram always is.

As I have got a corner of my paper still blank, my son Bob begs me to let him spoil it with a few verses which he says are German to French cookery: I therefore hasten to conclude my epistle with the expression of my best wishes, and the

assurance that I am, with great esteem and respect, Sir, your very obedient humble servant,

TIMOTHY WALKINSHAW,

Button-maker and Alderman.

Aldermanbury.

#### LE CUISINIER FRANÇAIS *verses* DR. KITCHINER.

It has often been printed in books,

And I'm going to say it once more,  
That the French are a nation of cooks,—

Though I never believed it before.

But now I can make it quite clear—

For who but the devil's own legion

Would stew down a virgin, as here,

And broil out a good Christian's religion!

They say that John Bull o'er his beef

And his beer is a terrible glutton:

Does he eat toads and asps, or the leaf

Or the roots of an oak with his mutton?

Do serpents or basilisks crawl

From his kitchen to lie on his table?

Or lizards or cats does he call

By all the lost nicknames of Babel †?

We like our Beef-eaters in scarlet,

Not our beef—nor the sauce in half-mourning:

We don't eat a Fanny or Charlotte,

Nor a mouthful of ladies each morning—

(This it shocks all my senses to utter,

Yet with Holy Writ truths you may rank it:)

And they eat a Ray fried in black butter,

And can make a meal on a fowl blanket. ‡

If we don't like our beef in balloons,

Or a shoulder of lamb in a bagpipe;

Sweet wolves' teeth, or twin macarons,

Or truffles which they with a rag wipe:

If we don't look for eggs of Aurora,

Nor sheeps' tails prepared in the sun;

And prefer a boil'd cod far before a

Tough skate which is only half done: §

If we don't want our veal done to choke us,

Nor ivory fowls on our dish:

If gendarmes in all shapes should provoke us,

\* Bob calls cooks “the devil's own legion,” from the well-known fact of their being sent from even a hotter place than they occupy upon earth. He alludes in the last part of the verse to the kind of bean called *vierge*, which the French stew, and to the bon Chrétien grillé.

† Pigeons à la crapaudine.—Aspic de veau.—Feuilletage.—Tendons de mouton aux racines.—Lièvre en serpent.—Pigeon en basilic.—Poulet en lézard.—Civet de lièvre.

‡ Bœuf à l'écarlate.—Sauce en petit deuil.—Fanchonnnettes.—Charlotte de pommes.—Bouchée de Dames, a kind of cake.—Raie au beurre noir.—Blanquette de volaille.

§ Bœuf en ballon.—Epanche d'agneau en musette.—Dents de loup, a sort of biscuit.—Macarons jumeaux.—Truffes à la Serviette.—Œufs à l'Aurore.—Queues de mouton au Soleil.—Raie frite à cru.

\* Veau à l'étouffade.—Poulets à l'ivoire.—Accolade de lièvre à la Broche.—Semelles de Perdrix.—Une darde et un sauté de Saumon.—Soufflé de rose.—Une jonquille entière.—Biscuits manqués.

† Merlans en turban.—Eperlans en Cornets.—Raie bouclée aux câpres.—Groseilles et pommes de terre en chemise.—Cotelettes en papillotes.—Truffes à la cendre.—Massepains seringués.—Dindon en daube.

‡ Gros et petits boulets.—Carbonades de mouton, &c.—Sirop de grenades.—Cailles aux lauriers. In the last two names our worthy correspondent probably alludes to Ramereaux à l'étouffade, and Beignets à la gendarmes.

§ Cardons d'Espagne.—Choux de Bruxelles.—Artichauts de Barbarie en bonnet de Turc.

|| Raie frite à cru.—Pêches grosses-mignones.

And we like Harvey's sauce with our fish :  
 If mutton and airs à la Gasconne  
 Don't agree with the stomachs at all  
 Of Englishmen—O need I ask one?—  
 Let us cut Monsieur Very's, and Gaul.\*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

### THE NILE.

#### THE NILE—ITS CREATION—ITS SOURCES—ITS IMPORTANCE—ITS INUNDATION—ITS STATISTICS—ITS BATTLE.

The Nile ! the Nile ! I hear its gathering roar,  
 No vision now, no dream of ancient years—  
 Throned on the rocks amid the watery war,  
 The King of Floods, old Homer's Nile appears.  
 With gentle smile, majestically sweet,  
 Carbing the billowy steeds that vex them at his feet.

LORD LINDSAY.

The spirit of our fathers  
 Shall start from every wave ;  
 For the deck it was their field of fame,  
 And ocean was their grave.

CAMPBELL.

"EGYPT is the gift of the Nile," said one† who was bewildered by its antiquity before our history was born—(at least he is called the father of it.) A bountiful gift it was, that the "strange, mysterious, solitary stream" bore down in its bosom from the luxuriant tropics to the desert. For many an hour have I stood upon the city-crowning citadel of Cairo, and gazed unweariedly on the scene of matchless beauty and wonder that lay stretched beneath my view. Cities and ruins of cities, palm-forests and green savannahs, gardens, and palaces, and groves of olive. On one side, the boundless desert, with its pyramids ; on the other, the land of Goshen, with its luxuriant plains, stretching far away to the horizon. Yet this is an exotic land ! That river, winding like a serpent through its paradise, has brought it from far regions, unknown to man. That strange and richly-varied panorama has had a long voyage of it ! Those quiet plains have tumbled down the cataracts ; those demure gardens have flirted with the Isle of Flowers,‡ five hundred miles away ; and those very pyramids have floated down the waves of the Nile. In short, to speak chemically, that river is a solution of Ethiopia's richest regions, and that vast country is merely a precipitate. At Pæstum one sees the remnant of a city elaborated from mountain streams ; the Temple of Neptune came down from the Calabrian Hills, by water ; and the Forum, like Demosthenes, prepared itself for its tumult-scorning destiny among the dash of torrents, and the crash of rocks ;§ but here we

have a whole kingdom risen, like Aphrodite, from the wave.

The sources of the Nile are as much involved in mystery as every thing else connected with this strange country. The statue, under which it was represented, was carved out of black marble, to denote its Ethiopian origin, but crowned with thorns, to symbolize the difficulty of approaching its fountain-head. It reposed appropriately on a sphinx, the type of enigmas, and dolphins and crocodiles disported at its feet. In early ages, "caput querere Nili !" was equivalent to our expression of seeking the philosopher's stone, or interest on Pennsylvanian bonds. The pursuit has baffled the scrutiny and self-devotion of modern enterprise, as effectually as it did the inquisitiveness of ancient despots, and the theories of ancient philosophers. Alexander and Ptolemy sent expeditions in search of it. Herodotus gave it up ; Pomponius Mela brought it from the antipodes, Pliny from Mauritania, and Homer from heaven. This last theory, if not the most satisfactory, is, at least, the most incontrovertible, and sounds better than the Meadows of Geesh, where Bruce thought he had detected its infancy in the fountains of the Blue River. This was only a foundling, however,—a mere tributary stream ; the naiads of the Nile are as virgin as ever. I have conversed with slave-dealers who were familiar with Abyssinia, as far as the Galla country, and still their information was bounded by the vague word, south—still from the south gushed the great river.

This much is certain, that from the junction of the Taccaze or Astaboras, the Nile runs a course of upwards of twelve hundred miles, to the sea, without one tributary stream—"exemple," as Humboldt says, "unique dans l'histoire hydrographique du globe." During this career it is exposed to the evaporation of a burning sun, drawn off into a thousand canals, absorbed by porous and thirsty banks, drank by every living thing, from the crocodile to the pasha, from the papyrus to the palm-tree ; and yet, strange to say, it seems to pour into the sea a wider stream than it displays between the cataracts a thousand miles away. The Nile is all in all to the Egyptian : if it withheld its waters for a week, his country would become a desert ; it waters and manures his fields, it supplies his harvest, and then carries off their produce to the sea ; he drinks of it, he fishes in it, he travels on it ; it is his slave, and used to be his god. Egyptian mythology recognized in it the Creative Principle, and, very poetically, engaged it in eternal war with the desert, under the name of Typhon, or the destructive principle. Divine honors were paid to this aqueous deity ; and it is whispered among mythologists, that the heart's-blood of a virgin was yearly added to its stream,—not unlikely, in a country where they worshipped crocodiles, and were anxious to consult their feelings.

The Arab looks upon all men as aliens who

\* Veau à l'étouffade.—Poulets à l'ivoire.—Noix de veau à la gendarme.—Mouton à la Gasconne.

† Herodotus.

‡ Elephantine.

§ For an account of the formation of the travertine, of which Pæstum was built, see Sir Humphrey's beautiful and imaginative "Last Days of a Philosopher."

were not fortunate enough to be born beside the Nile; and the traveller is soon talked into a belief that it affords the most delicious water in the world. Ship-loads of it are annually sent to Constantinople, where it is in great request, not only on epicurean, but anti-Malthusian grounds. The natives dignify their beloved river with the title of "El Bahr," the sea, and pass one-third of their lives in watching the flow, and the remainder in watching the ebb of its mighty tide. The inundation begins in May, attains its full height in August, and thenceforth diminishes, until freshly swollen in the following year. The stream is economized within its channel until it reaches Egypt, when it spreads abroad over the vast valley. Then it is that the country presents the most striking of its Protean aspects: it becomes an archipelago, studded with green islands, and bounded only by the chain of the Lybian Hills and the purple range of the Mokattam Mountains. Every island is crowned with a village, or an antique temple, and shadowy with palm-trees, or acacia groves. Every city becomes a Venice, and the bazaars display their richest and gayest cloths and tapestries to the illuminations that are reflected from the streaming streets. The earth is sheltered from the burning sun under the cool, bright veil of waters; the labor of the husbandman is suspended: it is the season of universal festivity. Boatmen alone are busy; but it would seem to be pleasant business, for the sound of music is never silent beneath those large, white, wing-like sails, that now glitter in the moonlight, and now gleam ruddily, reflecting the fragrant watchfires on the deck. In one place you come upon a floating fair, held in boats, flushed with painted lanterns, and fluttering with gay flags. In another, a bridal procession is gliding by, as her friends convey some bride, with mirth and music, to her bridegroom. On one island you find a shawled and turbaned group of bearded men, smoking their chibouques and sipping coffee. On another a merry band of Arab girls is dancing to the music of their own wild song. And then, perhaps, with the lotus flower

"Wreathed in the midnight of their hair,"

or the light garment, that scarce concealed their graceful forms, folded as a turban, they swim from grove to grove, the quiet lake scarce rippling round their dark bosoms.

Great part of this picture is of rare occurrence, however—the inundation seldom rising to a height greater than what is necessary for purposes of irrigation, and presenting, alas! rather the appearance of a swamp than of an archipelago.

As the waters retire, vegetation seems to exude from every pore. Previous to its bath, the country, like Pelias, looked shrivelled, and faded, and worn out: a few days after it, old Egypt looks as good as new, wrapped in a richly green mantle embroidered with flowers. As the Nile has every

thing his own way throughout his wide domains, he is capricious in proportion, and gives spring in October, and autumn in February. Another curious freak of his is to make his bed in the highest part of the great valley through which he runs; this bed is a sort of savings-bank, by means of which the deposits of four thousand years have enabled it to rise in the world, and to run along a causeway of its own.

This sloping away from the river's edge materially facilitates the irrigation of the country, in which 50,000 oxen, and at least double that number of men are perpetually employed. As I shall have frequent occasions to return to the Nile, in speaking of the commerce, the agriculture, and the mode of travelling in Egypt, I shall only add here, the following statistics from the report of M. Linant, the pasha's chief engineer. At low water it pours into the sea, by the Rosetta mouth, 79,532,551,728—by the Damietta, 71,033,840,640 cubic metres, in every twenty-four hours, making a total of 150,566,392,368. At high water, by the Rosetta branch, 478,317,838,960—by the Damietta, 227,196,828,480—total, 705,514,667,440. The elevation of its waters below the first cataract, i. e. 250 leagues from its embouchure, is 543 French feet above the level of the Mediterranean; it runs at the rate of about three miles an hour during its flood, and two during its low water. The deposit of the river, of which the country is composed, yields by analysis, 3-5ths of alumina, 1-5th of carbonate of lime, 1-20th of oxyde of iron (which communicates the reddish color to its waters,) some carbonate of magnesia, and pure silex. The mean rate of accumulated soil seems to be about four inches in a century in Lower Egypt; and about forty feet depth of soil has thus been flung over the desert since the deluge. In the time of Meris the lands were sufficiently watered, if the Nile rose to the height of eight cubits; in the time of Herodotus, it required fifteen cubits; and now the river must rise to the height of twenty-two before the whole country is overflowed. Still, as the deposits increase the Delta, the river is proportionately dammed up, and thus the great watering machine is kept in order by Nature, with a little assistance from Mehemet Ali.

Formerly, when vexed by the armaments of a Sesostrius, or the priestly pageants of a Pharaoh, the Nile required seven mouths to vent its murmurs to the sea. In modern times it finds two sufficient: Damietta, of crusading memory, presides over one, and Rosetta, in Arabic, "el Rashid," the birth-place of our old friend Haroun, takes advantage of the other. The former is waited upon by Lake Menzaleh, where alone the real ibis and the papyrus are now found—the latter looks eastward on Lake Bourlos, and westward over Aboukir Bay, of glorious memory.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis an old story now, that battle of the Nile;

but, as the traveller paces by these silent and deserted shores, that have twice seen England's flag "triumphant over wave and war," he lives again in the stirring days, when the scenery before him was the arena where France and England contended for the empire of the East. Let us rest from blazing sun and weary travel, in the cool shadow of this palm-tree. Our camels are kneeling round us, and our Arabs light their little fires in silence. They remember well the scenes we are recalling, though many a Briton has forgotten them; and the names of Nelson and of Abercrombie are already sounding faint through the long vista of departed times. We overlook the scene of both their battles, and envy not the Spartan his Thermopylæ, or the Athenian his Salamis. What Greece was to the Persian despot, England was to Napoleon; nation after nation shrank from staking its existence at issue for a mere principle, and England alone was at war with the congregated world, in defence of that world's freedom. Yet not quite alone: she had one faithful ally in the cause of liberty and Christianity, and that ally was—the Turk!

The bay is wide, but dangerous from shoals; the line of deep blue water, and the old castle of Aboukir, map out the position of the French fleet on the 1st of August, '98. Having landed Bonaparte and his army, Brueys lay moored in the form of a crescent, close along the shore. He had thirteen sail of the line, besides frigates and gun-boats, carrying twelve hundred guns, and about eleven thousand men, while the British fleet that was in search of him, only mustered eight thousand men, and one thousand guns. The French were protected towards the northward by dangerous shoals, and towards the west by the castle, and numerous batteries. Their position was considered impregnable by themselves; yet when Hood, in the *Zealous*, made signal that the enemy was in sight, a cheer of anticipated triumph burst from every ship in the British fleet—that fleet which had swept the seas with bursting sails for six long weeks in search of its formidable foe—and now pressed to the battle as eagerly as if nothing but a rich and easy prize awaited them. Nelson had long been sailing in battle-order, and he now only lay to in the offing till the rearward ships should come up. The soundings of that dangerous bay were unknown to him, but he knew that where there was room for a Frenchman to lie at anchor, there must be room for an English ship to lie along-side of him, and the closer the better. As his proud and fearless fleet came on, he hailed Hood, to ask his opinion as to whether he thought it would be advisable to commence the attack that night; and receiving the answer that he longed for, the signal for "close battle" flew from his mast-head. The delay thus caused to the *Zealous*, gave Foley the lead, who showed the example of leading *inside* the enemy's line, and anchored by

the stern, along-side the second ship, thus leaving to Hood the first. The latter exclaimed to my informant—"Thank God, he has generously left to his old friend, still to lead the van." Slowly and majestically, as the evening fell, the remainder of the fleet came on, beneath a cloud of sail, receiving the fire of the castle and the batteries in portentous silence, only broken by the crash of spars, and the boatswain's whistle, as each ship furled her sails, calmly as a sea-bird might fold its wings, and glided tranquilly onward till she found her destined foe. Then her anchor dropped astern, and her fire opened with a vehemence that showed with what difficulty it had been repressed.

The leading ships passed between the enemy and the shore; but when the admiral came up, he led along the seaward side—thus doubling on the Frenchman's line, and placing it in a defile of fire. The sun went down just as Nelson anchored; and his rearward ships were only guided through the darkness and the dangers of that formidable bay, by the enemy's fire flashing fierce welcome as each arrived, and hovered along the line, coolly scrutinizing where he could draw most of that fire on himself. The *Bellerophon*, with gallant recklessness, fastened on the gigantic *Orient*, and was soon crushed and scorched into a wreck by the terrible artillery of batteries more than double the numbers of her own. But before she drifted helplessly to leeward, *she had done her work*—the French admiral's ship was on fire, and through the roar of battle, a whisper went that for a moment paralyzed every eager heart and hand. During the dread pause that followed, the fight was suspended—the very wounded ceased to groan—yet the burning ship continued to fire broadsides from her flaming decks—her gallant crew alone unawed by their approaching fate, and shouting their own brave requiem. At length, with the concentrated roar of a thousand battles, the explosion came; and the column of flame that shot upward into the very sky, for a moment rendered visible the whole surrounding scene, from the red flags aloft, to the reddened decks below—the wide shore, with all its swarthy crowds, and the far-off glittering sea, with the torn and dismantled fleets. Then darkness and silence came again, only broken by the shower of blazing fragments, in which that brave ship fell upon the waters.

Till that moment Nelson was ignorant how the battle went. He knew that every man was doing his duty, but he knew not how successfully;—he had been wounded in the forehead, and found his way unnoticed to the deck in the suspense of the coming explosion. Its light was a fitting lamp for eye like his to read by. He saw his own proud flag still floating everywhere; and at the same moment his crew recognized their wounded chief. The wild cheer with which they welcomed him was drowned in the renewed roar of the artillery, and the fight continued until near the dawn.

Morning rose upon an altered scene. The sun

had set upon as proud a fleet as ever sailed from the gay shores of France: torn and blackened hulls now only marked the position they had then occupied; and where their admiral's ship *had* been, the blank sea sparkled in the sunshine, and the nautilus spread his tiny sail as if in mockery. \* \* Two ships of the line and two frigates escaped, to be captured soon afterwards; but within the bay, the tricolor was flying on board the *Tonnant* alone. As the *Theseus* approached to attack her, attempting to capitulate, she hoisted a flag of truce. "Your battle-flag or none," was the stern reply, as her enemy rounded to, and the matches glimmered over her line of guns. Slowly and reluctantly, like an expiring hope, that pale flag fluttered down from her lofty spars, and the next that floated there was the banner of Old England.

And now the battle was over—India was saved upon the shores of Egypt—the career of Bonaparte was checked,\* and the navy of France was annihilated, though restored, seven years later, to perish utterly at Trafalgar—a fitting hecatomb for obsequies like those of Nelson, whose life seemed to terminate as his mission was then and thus accomplished.

#### MAHMOUDISH CANAL—BATTLE OF ABOUKIR—ATFE.

"And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound  
Of scourge-driv'n labor, or the one deep cry  
Of people perishing—then thinketh, 'I have found  
New waters, but I die.'" ANON.

"The blue steel bit, thro' helmet split,  
And red the harness painted;  
The virgins long lamented it,  
But the dogs were well contented  
With the slaughter of that day."

SCANDINAVIAN RUNE.

ARRIVED at Alexandria, the traveller is yet far distant from the Nile. The Canopic mouth is long since closed up by the mud of Æthiopia, and the Arab conquerors of Egypt were obliged to form a canal to connect this seaport with the river. Under the Mamelukes this canal has also become choked up, and her communication with the great vivifying stream thus ceasing, Alexandria languished—while Rosetta, like a vampire, fed on her decay, and, notwithstanding her shallow waters, swelled suddenly to importance. When Mehemet Ali rose to power, his clear intellect at once comprehended the importance of the ancient emporium. Alexandria was then become a mere harbor for pirates—the desert and the sea were gradually encroaching on its bounda-

ries—but the pasha ordered the desert to bring forth corn, and the sea to retire, and the mandate of this Albanian Canute was no idle word—it acted like an incantation to the old Egyptian spirit of great works. Up rose a stately city, containing 60,000 inhabitants, and as suddenly yawned the canal, which was to connect the new city with the Nile, and enable it to fulfil its destinies, of becoming the emporium of three quarters of the globe. In the greatness and the cruelty of its accomplishment, this canal may vie with the gigantic labors of the Pharaohs. Three hundred thousand people were swept from the villages of the Delta, and heaped like a ridge along the destined banks of that fatal canal. They had only provisions for one month, and implements they had few, or none; but the pasha's command was urgent—the men worked with all the energy of despair, and stabbed into the ground as if it was their enemy; children carried away the soil in little handfuls; nursing mothers laid their infants on the shelterless banks; the scourge kept them to the work, and mingled blood with their milk, if they attempted to nourish their offspring. Famine soon made its appearance, and they say it was a fearful sight, to see that great multitude convulsively working against time. As a dying horse bites the ground in his agony, they tore up that great grave—30,000 people perished, but the grim contract was completed, and in six weeks the waters of the Nile were led to Alexandria. The canal is forty-eight miles in length, ninety feet in breadth, and eighteen in depth; it was finished altogether in ten months, with the exception of the lock which should have connected it with the river; the bey who had charge of this department lost his contract and his head. \* \* \* \*

We embarked in a boat not unlike those that ply upon the Grand Canal, and, to say the truth, among the dreary wastes of swamp that surrounded us, we might also have fancied ourselves in the midst of the Bog of Allen. The boat was towed by four wild, scraggy-looking horses, ridden by four wilder, scaggier-looking men—their naked feet were stuck in shovel stirrups, with the sharp sides of which they scored their horses' flanks, after the fashion of crimped cod. It is true, these jockies wore tattered turbans instead of tattered hats, and loose blue gowns instead of grey frize. Yet, still there was something very dis-illusionizing in the whole turn-out—and the mud cabins that here and there encrusted the banks did not tend to obliterate Tipperary associations. But—hold! there is a palm-tree, refreshing to the cockney's eye; an ostrich is trotting along the towing-path; from a patch of firm ground a camel rears its melancholy head; and, by Jove! there goes a pelican! We *must* be in Africa, or else a menagerie has broken loose from Tullamore.

We pass, for some miles, along a causeway that separates the salt-water Lake Mædee from Lake Marcotis. Nothing can be more desolate

\* Le principal but de l'expédition des Français d'Orient était d'abaisser la puissance Anglaise. C'est du Nil que devait partir l'armée qui allait donner de nouvelles destinées aux Indes. . . . Les Français une fois maîtres des port de Corfou, de Malte et d'Alexandrie, la Méditerranée devenait un lac Français.—*Mémoires de Napoléon.*

than the aspects of these two lonely lakes, stretching, with their low swampy shores, away to the horizon. If Alastor, or the spirit of solitude, was fond of yachting, these waters would be the very place for him to cruise in, undisturbed, except by the myriads of wild fowl that kept wheeling, shrieking, and whistling round us. These lakes seem to have been born for one another; but the Pharaohs, like poor-law guardians, saw fit to separate them. Their object, however, the reverse of the said poor law, was to make Mareotis fruitful. A vast mound was raised, which kept the salt-lake at a respectful distance, and until the English invasion in 1801, or at least until the sixteenth century, the greater part of Mareotis was a fertile plain.

Bonaparte, after having defeated the Mamelukes at the Pyramids, had taken possession of Cairo. Having denied Christ in Europe, he acknowledged Mahomet in Asia; having butchered his prisoners at Jaffa, he was defeated by the Butcher\* Pasha and Sir Sydney Smith, at Acre; having poisoned part of that army whom he called his children, he started for Paris, and left the remainder to encounter alone, those

“Storms that might veil his fame’s ascending star.”†

That remainder occupied Cairo, under the gallant and ill-fated Kleber. He had accepted terms of capitulation from the Turks, which Lord Keith refused to ratify. The moment Sir Sydney Smith learned the English admiral’s determination, he took upon himself to inform Kleber of the fact, and to advise him to hold his position. The Turks exclaimed against this chivalrous notice as a treachery, and there were not a few found in England to echo the same cry; but the spirit which dictated the British sailor’s act was understood in the deserts—a voice went forth among the tents of the Bedouin and the palaces of the despot, that England preferred honor to advantage. Battles, since then, have been fought, and been forgotten—nations have come and gone, and left no trace behind them—but the memory of that noble truthfulness remained, and expanded into a national characteristic; and our countrymen may, at this hour, in the streets of Cairo, hear the Arabs swear “by the honor of an Englishman.”

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Kleber was assassinated by a fanatic, instigated by those priests whose faith he had offered to profess. The incapable Menou succeeded to the command. Abercrombie anchored in Aboukir Bay on the 2d of March, 1801, but was prevented from disembarking, by a continued gale of wind, until the 8th. Soon after midnight, a rocket from the admiral’s ship gave the signal for landing—and the boats, crowded with 6,000 troops, formed in such order as they could maintain on the yet

stormy sea. Then, through the clear silence of the night, the order was given to advance, and the deep innumerable of a thousand oars made answer to the cheer that urged them on. It was morning before they approached the shore, which blazed with the fire of the French troops and their protecting batteries—but on they went, as reckless as the breeze that wafted them, till the boats took ground, and then leapt upon the bayonets of the French, advancing through the surf to meet them. The foam soon changed its color as they fought among the very waves, but nothing could stand the British onset long. The 23d, and the flank companies of the 40th, drove the enemy before them, and received and broke a charge of cavalry with the bayonet. The sailors, harnessing themselves to the field artillery, dragged it through the heavy sands, under the fire of the French batteries, to whose roar they replied with loud and triumphant cheers. The British troops now rushed on to the mouths of the cannon, swept the artillery men from their posts, carried the batteries with the bayonet, and stood conquerors on the Egyptian shore. On the 13th, a sanguinary engagement took place, without any result of importance. On the 21st, the English occupied a line extending from the spot we are now sailing over to where the sea glistens yonder, about a mile away. Their right flank was covered by a flotilla of gunboats, under Sir Sydney Smith—the left, by redoubts. The French had partly restored the ancient lines of circumvallation, near Alexandria, which Sir Ralph Abercrombie was preparing to storm, when the enemy’s confidence and impetuosity induced him to abandon his strong position, and advance to meet the British in yonder plain, where a few palm-trees still mark the ground they occupied. I need not tell the results of that glorious day. The 42d Highlanders and the gallant 28th regiment there won the proud name which they have since borne stainless through many a bloody field. The seaman there fought side by side in generous rivalry with the soldier—in a word, there Abercrombie conquered, and there Abercrombie fell.

“Sweet in manner, fair in favor,  
Mild in temper, fierce in fight;  
Warrior nobler, gentler, braver,  
Never shall behold the light.”

The command devolved upon Lord Hutchinson, a worthy successor of his gallant friend. The powerfully written, manly, and feeling dispatch, in which he announced the victory of Aboukir, and the death of Abercrombie, is, perhaps, as fine a composition as our military records can supply. On the arrival of Sir David Baird from India, by Cosseir and the Nile, Lord Hutchinson advanced upon Alexandria, which capitulated, and soon afterwards Egypt was abandoned both by conquered and conquerors to the Moslem. It was in this last advance that the embankment was cut by the British army. Six dykes were opened, but

\*Djezzar—in Arabic, a butcher.

†Sir John Hammer.



the intermediate banks soon gave way, and the sea burst freely into lake Mareotis, submerging forty Arab villages with their cultivated lands. It was seventy days before the cataract subsided into a strait. The sea is now once more banked out by the causeway on which the Mahmoudish canal is carried to Alexandria, and Mehemet Ali intends to drain the lake, and again to restore it to cultivation; but the ruin which the hand of man, "so weak to save—so vigorous to destroy," effected in a few hours, it will take many years to restore.

Gentle reader, we are done with war—and if you should add, "time for us," I can only say, that I felt bound to account for this unpleasant-looking lake, on whose banks I have so long detained you, and, more truly, that I was fain to add my pebble to the cairn upon Abercrombie's grave.

It was midnight when we arrived at Atfê, the point of junction with the Nile—and a regular African storm, dark and savage, was howling among the mud-built houses, when we disembarked there, ankle deep in slime. A crowd of half-naked swarthy Arabs, with flaring torches, looked as if they were welcoming us to the realms of darkness, jabbering and shouting violently, in chorus with the barking of the wild dogs, the roaring of the wind, and the growling of the camels, as a hail-storm of boxes and portmanteaus was showered on their backs; donkies were braying, women shrieking, Englishmen cursing sonorously, and the lurid moon, as she hurried through the clouds, seemed a torch waved by some fury, to light up this scene of infernal confusion. My friend and I fought our way through the demon crowd, gave some of the ban-dogs reason for their howling, and, losing our way in an enclosure, stumbled over one of the only two pigs in the Land of Ham. These unclean animals are kept by a Frenchman, who magnanimously prefers pork to popularity, and is about to establish an hotel in this most diabolical village it has ever been my lot to enter. Marvelling whether we should ever be restored to any of our luggage, we groped our way through sleeping Arabs and kneeling camels, and found, to our pleased amazement, that our baggage, which appeared to scatter as widely and as suddenly as a burst rocket, was piled upon the deck uninjured, and our big-breached servants were smoking on the portmanteau pyramids, as apathetically as two sphinxes.

We are now upon the sacred river—but it is too dark to see its waters gleam—and the shrieking of the steamer prevents us from hearing its waters flow. Alas! alas!—What a paragraph! And, is it possible, ye Naiade of the Nile, that your deified stream is to be harrowed up by a greasy, grunting steam-ship, like the parvenue rivers of vulgar Europe? That stream—that, gushing from beyond the emerald mountains, scatters gold around it in its youth—that has borne the kings of India to worship at ancient Merôc—that has

murmured beneath the cradle of Moses, and foamed round the golden prow of Cleopatra's barge! Unhappy river! Thou, who in thy warm youth hast loved the gorgeous clouds of Æthiopia, must thou now expiate thy raptures, like Ixion, on the wheel! Yes, for thy old days of glory are gone by—thy veil of mystery is rent away, and with many another sacrificial victim of the ideal to the practical, thou must, forsooth, become useful, and respectable, and convey cockneys. They call thy steamy torturer the Lotus, too—adding insult to deep injury; a pretty specimen of thy sacred flower, begrimed with soot, and bearing fifty tons of Newcastle coal in its calyx!

We were soon fizzing merrily up the stream, and after a night spent upon the hard boards in convulsive efforts to sleep, that were more fatiguing than a fox-hunt, we hurried on deck to see the sun shine over this renowned river. Must I confess it! We could see nothing but high banks of dark mud, or swamps of festering slime—even the dead buffalo, that lay rotting on the river's edge, with a pretty sprinkling of goitrous-looking vultures, scarcely repaid one for leaving Europe. In some hours, however, we emerged from the Rosetta branch, on which we had hitherto been boiling our way to the great river, and henceforth the prospect began to improve. Villages sheltered by graceful groups of palm-trees, mosques, santons' tombs, green plains, and at length the desert—the most imposing sight in the world, except the sea. The day passed slowly—the view had little variety—the wild fowl had ascertained the range of an English fowling-piece; the dinner was as cold as the climate would permit—the plates had no knives and forks, and an interesting-looking lady had a drumstick between her teeth, as I pointed out to her the scene of the battle of the Pyramids, which now rose upon our view. That sight restored us to good humor; we felt we were actually in Egypt—the bog of Allen, the canal-boat, the cockney steamer itself, failed to counteract the effect produced upon us by those man-made mountains, girt round with forests of palm trees. As the sun and the champagne went down, our spirits rose, and by the time the evening and the mist had rendered the country invisible, we had persuaded ourselves that Egypt was, indeed, the lovely land that Moore has so delightfully imagined in the pages of the "Epicurean."

CAIRO—ITS PORT—VIEW FROM WITHOUT—WITHIN  
—THE CITADEL—HELIOPOLIS—PALACE OF SHOOL-  
RA—THE SLAVE-MARKET.

While far as sight can reach, beneath as clear  
And blue as heaven as ever blessed this sphere,  
Gardens, and minarets, and glittering domes,  
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes  
Of mighty gods, and pyramids, whose hour  
Outlasts all time above the water's tower.

MOORE.

MORNING found us anchored off Boulac, the port of Cairo. Toward the river it is faced by facto-

ries and storehouses; within you find yourself in a labyrinth of brown narrow streets that resemble rather rifts in some mud mountain, than any thing with which architecture has to do. Yet here and there the blankness of the walls is broken and varied by richly worked lattices, and specimens of arabesque masonry. Gaudy bazaars strike the eye and relieve the gloom—and the picturesque population that swarms every where keeps the interest awake.

On emerging from the lanes of Boulac, Cairo, Grand Cairo! opens on the view, and never yet did fancy flash upon the poet's eye a more superb illusion of power and beauty than the "city of Victory"\* presents from a distance. The bold range of the Mokattam mountains is purpled by the rising sun—its craggy summits are cut clearly out against the glowing sky—it runs like a promontory into a sea of the richest verdure, here wavy with a breezy plantation of olives, there darkened with acacia groves. Just where the mountain sinks upon the plain, the citadel stands upon its last eminence, and, widely spread beneath it lies the city, a forest of minarets with palm trees intermingled, and the domes of innumerable mosques rising, like enormous bubbles, over the sea of houses. Here and there richly green gardens are islanded within that sea, and the whole is girt round with picturesque towers and ramparts, occasionally revealed through vistas of the wood of sycamores and fig-trees that surround it. It has been said that "God the first garden made, and the first city Cain;" but here they seemed commingled with the happiest effect. The approach to Cairo is a spacious avenue lined with the olive or the sycamore; here and there the white marble of a fountain gleams through the foliage, or a palm-tree waves its plummy head above the santon's tomb. Along this highway a masquerading looking crowd is swarming towards the city—ladies wrapped closely in white veils, women of the lower class carrying water on their heads, and covered only with a long blue garment that reveals, but too plainly, an exquisite symmetry in the young, and a hideous deformity in the elders—there are camels perched upon by black slaves, magpied with white napkins round their head and loins—there are portly merchants, with turbans and long pipes, gravely smoking on their knowing-look donkeys—here an Arab dashes through the crowd at full gallop, or a European still more haughtily shoves aside the pompous-looking bearded throng. Water-carriers, calenders, Armenians, barbers, all the *dramatist personæ* of the Arabian Nights are there. And now we reach the city wall, with its towers as strong as mud can make them. It must not be supposed that this mud architecture is of the same nature

that one associates with the word in Europe. No! Overshadowed by palm-trees, and a crimson banner with its crescent waving from the battlements, and camels couched beneath its shade, and swarthy Egyptians, in gorgeous apparel, leaning against it, make a mud wall appear a very respectable fortification in this land of illusion.

And now we are within the city! Protean powers! what a change! A labyrinth of dark, filthy, intricate lanes and alleys, in which every smell and sight, from which the nose and eye revolt, meet one at every turn, and one is always turning. The stateliest streets are not above twelve feet wide, and as the upper stories arch over them toward one another, only a narrow serpentine seam of blue sky appears between the toppling verandahs of the winding streets. Occasionally a string of camels, bristling with fagots of firewood, sweeps the streets as effectually of passengers, as the machine which has superseded chummies does a chimney of its soot; lean mangy dogs are continually running between your legs, which afford a tempting passage in this pettecoated place; beggars, in rags, quivering with vermin, are lying in every corner of the street; now a bridal, or a circumcising procession, squeezes along, with music that might madden a drummer—now the running footmen of some bey or pasha, endeavor to jostle you towards the wall, unless they recognize you as an Englishman—one of that race whom they think the devil can't frighten or teach manners to. Notwithstanding all these annoyances, however, the streets of Cairo present a source of unceasing amusement and curiosity to the stranger. It has not so purely an oriental character as Damascus; but the intermixture of Europeans gives it a character of its own, and affords far wider scope for adventure than the secluded and solemn capital of Syria. The bazaars are very vivid and varied, and each is devoted to a peculiar class of commodities—thus you have the Turkish, the Persian, the Frank bazaars; the armorers', the weavers', the jewellers' quarters. These bazaars are, for the most part, covered in, and there is a cool and quiet gloom about them which is very refreshing; there is also an air of profound repose in the turbaned merchants, as they sit cross-legged on their counters, embowered by the shawls and silks of India and Persia: they look as if they were forever sitting for their portraits, and seldom move a muscle, unless it be to breathe a cloud of smoke from their bearded lips, or to turn their vivid eyes upon some expected customer—those eyes that seem to be the only living part of their countenance. These bazaars have each a ponderous chain hung across their entrance, to prevent the precipitate departure of any thief that may presume too far upon the listlessness of the shopkeeper; each lane and alley is also terminated by a door, which is guarded at night. In passing along these narrow lanes, you might suppose yourself in some gallery or corridor,

\* "El Kahira," the Arabic epithet of this city, means "the Victorious"—whence our word Cairo—in Arabic "Misr."

until you meet a file of donkeys, or of soldiers staggering along their slippery paths.

Mean-looking and crowded as is the greater part of Cairo, there are some extensive squares and stately houses. Among the former is the Esbekeych, by which you enter the city—a place perhaps twice the size of Stephen's-Green, occupied by a large plantation, divided by wide avenues, and surrounded by a dirty canal. A wide road, shaded by palm and sycamore trees, runs round this canal, and forms a street of tall mud-colored houses of very various architecture; some of these, the verandahs particularly, are very delicately and elaborately worked. The best buildings in the Esbekeych are the palaces of Ibrahim and Abbas Pasha, and the new hotel D'Orient, in which we had pleasant apartments—looking over a cemetery it is true, which was haunted by tribes of ghoul-like dogs. But beyond this

"Thin layer of thin earth between  
The living and the dead,"

were gardens, and Kiosks, and palm-groves, and a glimpse of the Nile, and, above all, the Pyramids far in the distance, yet, by their magnitude, curiously confounding the perspective. Another wide space is the Roumeleych, where fairs and markets are held, and criminals are executed, and other popular amusements take place. I am not writing a guide-book, and I shall only at present allude to the citadel, which, as I have observed already, overlooks the town. Mehemet Ali resides in it when he is in Cairo. Here are the remains of Saladin's palace, and the commencement of a magnificent mosque, from the terraced roof of which there is, perhaps, the finest view in the world. There is also a place of great interest to antiquarian cockneys, because it is called Joseph's well, although owing its origin to the Saracen,\* not the patriarch. There is also a respectable armory of native workmanship, a printing-press, and a mint which coins annually about 200,000 sterling in gold. This citadel was built by Saladin, and was very strong from its position, before gunpowder gave the command of it to a height further up on the Mokattam height.

But to me, the most interesting spot within these crime-stained precincts, was that where the last of the Mamelukes escaped the bloody treachery of Mehemet Ali. Soon after the Pasha was confirmed by the Porte in the vice-royalty of Egypt, he summoned the Mameluke beys to a consultation on the approaching war against the Wahabees in Arabia. As his son Tousoun had been invested with the dignity of pasha of the second order, the occasion was one of festivity, as well as business. The beys came mounted on their finest horses, in magnificent uniforms, forming the most superb cavalry in the world. After a very flattering reception from the pasha, they were requested to parade in the court of the citadel, which they

entered unsuspectingly, until the portcullis fell behind the last of the proud procession. They dashed forwards—in vain!—before and around them nothing was visible, but blank, pitiless walls, and barred windows; and the only opening was towards the bright blue sky. Even that was soon darkened by their funeral pall of smoke, as volley after volley flashed from a thousand muskets upon their defenceless and devoted band. Startling, and fearfully sudden as was the death, they met it as became their fearless character. Some with arms crossed upon their mailed bosoms, and their turbaned heads devoutly bowed in prayer; some with flashing swords, and fierce curses, alike unavailing against their dastard and ruthless foe. All that chivalrous and splendid throng, save one, sank rapidly beneath that deadly fire into a red and writhing mass—that one was Emim Bey. He spurred his charger over a heap of his slaughtered comrades, and sprang upon the battlements. It was a dizzy height, but the next moment he was in the air—another, and he was disengaging himself from his crushed and dying horse, amid a shower of bullets. He escaped, and found his well-earned freedom in the desert.

The objects of interest in the neighborhood are very numerous. One day, we rode to Heliogolia, the On of Scripture. It is about five miles from Cairo; and the road lies, for the most part, along a shady avenue passing through luxuriant corn-fields, over which numbers of the beautiful white ibis were hovering. We found nothing but a small garden of orange-trees, with a magnificent obelisk in the centre. Yet here Joseph was married to the fair Asenath; here Plato and Herodotus studied, and here the darkness in which the sun veiled the Great Sacrifice on Calvary, was observed by a heathen astronomer. The obelisks seem never to have been isolated in the position for which they were originally hewn out of the granite quarries of Syene. They terminated avenues of columns or of statues, and bore, in hieroglyphic inscriptions, the destination of the temples to which they led. People talk of the ruins of the temple of the Sun as being discoverable here; and there are reports about a sphinx, but we could discover neither. Here is the garden of Metarich, where grew the celebrated balm of Gilead, presented by the queen of Sheba to Solomon, and brought to Egypt by Cleopatra.\* On our return towards Cairo, we were shown the fountain which refreshed, and the tree which shaded, the holy family in their flight to Egypt.

Another day, we went to Shooobra, the palace and garden of Mehemet Ali. We cantered under a noble avenue of sycamores, just wide enough to preserve their shade, and at the end of three miles, came to a low and unpretending gateway, picturesque, however, and covered with parasites.

\* For an account of this plant, see the valuable notes to Lord Lindsay's Letters—a book without which no one should visit Egypt, and few should remain in England.

\* Saladin's name was Joussef or Joseph.

Without, were tents and troops, and muskets piled, and horses ready saddled; but within, all was peace and silence. A venerable gardener, with a long white beard, received us at the entrance, and conducted us through the fairy-like garden, of which he might pass for the guardian genius. There were very few flowers; but shade and greenery are every thing in this glaring climate; and it was very delightful to stroll along these paths, all shadowy, with orange trees, whose fruit, "like lamps in a night of green," hung temptingly over our heads. The fragrance of large beds of roses mingled with that of the orange flower, and seemed to repose on the quiet airs of that calm evening. In the midst of this garden we came to a vast pavilion, glittering like porcelain, and supported on light pillars, forming cloisters, that surrounded a little marble basin, in the centre of which sparkling waters gushed from a picturesque fountain. Gaily painted little boats for the ladies of the harem, floated on the surface of this lake, through whose clear depths, shoals of gold and silver fishes flashed lines of light. In each corner of the building, there were gilded apartments with divans, tables, mirrors and all the simple furniture of an eastern palace, in which books or pictures are never found. The setting sun threw his last shadows on the distant pyramids, as we lay upon the marble steps inhaling the odors of the orange and pomegranate groves, and dreamily listening to the vespers of the busy birds, and the far-off hum of the city, and the faint murmur of the great river; the evening breeze was sighing among the palms and the columns of the palace, when we were startled by another rustle than that of leaves, and two odalisques came laughing by, unconscious of our presence, and unveiled. The old Arab gardener anxiously signed to us to look another way, but for once I preferred European to Egyptian manners, and gazed admiringly on the startled pair. One was a very beautiful Georgian girl—I believe her companion was handsome too; but one such face was enough at a time, and, as it was not very quickly shrouded by her veil, I had a glimpse of as bright—no, that is not the word—but of as beautiful a countenance as poet ever dreamed of. She was very fair, and all but pale—the deep seclusion of her life had left but little color on her cheek, and her exquisitely chiselled features would have been marble-like, but for the resplendent eyes that lent life and lustre to the whole countenance. A brilliant moon lighted our gallop back to Cairo: the gates were long since closed, but a bribe procured us easy admission.

The tombs of the Mamelukes are mausolean palaces, of great beauty, and the richest Saracenic architecture, but now falling fast to decay, and only inhabited, or rather haunted, by some outcast Arabs and troops of wild dogs. They form a grand cemetery of their own, surrounded by the desert.

The petrified forest is about five miles away. My friend R. went there, and described it as a vast shelterless wilderness of sand, strewn with what seemed the chips of some gigantic carpenter's shop. There are no roots, much less appearance of a standing tree.

One of the sights which amused me most was a chicken-hatching oven. This useful establishment is at some distance from the walls, and gives life to some millions of chickens annually. It seems that the hens of Egypt are not given to sedentary occupations; having been hatched themselves by machinery, they do not feel called upon to hatch. They seem to consider that they have discharged every duty to society, when they have produced the egg—no domestic anxiety ruffles their bosoms; they care not whether their offspring becomes a fowl or a fritter, a game cock or an omelette.

We entered a gloomy and filthy hut, in which a woman was squatting, with a dark, little, naked imp at her bosom. She sat sentry over a hole in the wall, and insisted clamorously on backsheesh (a bribe.) Being satisfied in this particular, she consented "to sit over," and we introduced ourselves with considerable difficulty into a narrow passage, on either side of which were three chambers, strown with fine mould, and covered with eggs, among which a naked Egyptian walks delicately as Agag, and keeps continually turning them with most hen-like anxiety. The heat was about 100°, the smell like that of Harrowgate water, and the floor was covered with egg-shells and struggling chickens. The same heat is maintained day and night, and the same wretched henman passes his life in turning eggs. His fee is one-half the receipt—he returns fifty chickens for every hundred eggs that he receives.

It was the feast of lanterns. As we strolled, by the soft moonlight, under the avenues of sycamore and olive trees that shadow the Esbekeyeh, we could see through the vistas an extensive encampment in the distance—innumerable lamps, of various colors, and painted lanterns, shone among the tents and the dark foliage. Not only did they glitter on every bough, and on a thousand banners, but scaffoldings were raised, on which they hung in garlands and festoons of light. The very sky above them wore the appearance of a faint dawn: every glimpse of the canals, every leaf in all the grove, shone with their reflected radiance. Of course we were soon struggling through the many-colored crowd of the prophet's worshippers, that thronged the encampment. A Moslem mob is good-tempered and patient beyond belief; and that sea of turbans stagnated as calmly, as if every wave of it was exactly in the position that he wished to occupy. Each tent was crowded to excess by performers or aspirants in a most singular religious ceremony. A ring of men, standing so closely side by side that they supported each other in their exhausting devotions, were vehemently shouting "Allah," or rather "Ullah," in

chorus. They moved their bodies up and down, keeping strict time to this monotonous chant, exhaling their breath pantingly at every exclamation. Many were foaming at the mouth, some were incoherent—all seemed utterly exhausted, and fell, from time to time, among the crowd that was quietly squatted within their excited circle. They were instantly succeeded by others, and this proceeding continued till morning: every tent had its peaceful crowd of squatters, surrounded by its convulsive ring. None of the crowd appeared to take the slightest interest or curiosity about the business before or after they had performed their own part. They then lighted their pipes, where they had room to do so, and gently struggled towards the flower-ornamented stalls, where coffee and sherbet were supplied. It was very refreshing to turn from this melancholy scene, so humbling to human nature, and find oneself in silence and solitude, under the calm, pure skies, with the soothing whispers of the night breeze, as it wandered among the feathery palms.

I pass over, for the present, the schools, the hospitals, and the manufactories of the pasha, Mr. Leider's interesting missionary schools, the museums of Dr. Abbot and Clot Bey, and will only beg the reader's company to one more scene in Cairo.

I went to visit the slave-market, which is held without the city, in the court-yard of a deserted mosque. I was received by a mild-looking Nubian, with a large white turban wreathed over his swarthy brows, and a bernoose, or cloak, of white and brown striped hair-cloth, strapped round his loins. He rose and laid down his pipe as I entered, and led me in silence to inspect his stock. I found about thirty girls, scattered in groups about an inner court. The gate was open, but there seemed no thought of escape. Where could they go, poor things! "The world was not their friend, or the world's law." Some of them were grinding millet between two stones—some were kneading the flour into bread; some were chatting in the sunshine, some sleeping in the shade. One or two looked sad and lonely enough, until their gloomy countenances were lighted up with hope—the hope of being bought! Their faces were, for the most part, wofully blank—not the blankness of despair, but of intelligence; and many wore an awfully animal expression. Yet there were several figures of exquisite symmetry among them, which, if they had been indeed the bronze statues they resembled, would have attracted the inspection of thousands, and would have been worth twenty times the price that was set upon these immortal beings. Their proprietor showed them off as a horse-dealer does his cattle, examining their teeth, removing their body-clothes, and exhibiting their paces. He asked only from twenty-five to thirty pounds sterling for the best and comeliest of them. The Abyssinians are the

most prized of the African slaves, from their superior gentleness and intelligence; those of the Galla country are the most numerous and hardy. The former have well-shaped heads, beautiful eyes, an agreeable brown color, and shining smooth black tresses. The latter have low foreheads, crisp hair, sooty complexions, thick lips, and projecting jaws. It was like the change from night to morning, passing from these dingy crowds to the apartments of the white slaves from Georgia and Circassia. It was not without some difficulty I obtained admission into this department of the human bazaar. Its commodities are only purchased by the wealthy and powerful Mussulmans, and many are bought upon commission. They fetch from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds sterling; and, being so much more valuable than the Africans, are much more carefully tended. They reclined upon carpets, lightly but richly clad. They were, for the most part, exquisitely fair; but I was disappointed in their beauty. The sunny hair, and heaven-blue eyes, that in England produce such an angel-like and intellectual effect, seemed to me here mere flax and beads; and I left them to the "turbaned Turk" without a sigh—except, perhaps, a very little one for those far away, in mine own land, whose image they served, however faintly, to recall.

It is the usual custom of travellers, to pour forth a torrent of indignation on the slave markets of the east. Certainly they do not sound well; and far be it from me to become their advocate; nevertheless it is not just to paint the black prince blacker than he is, even when speaking of niggers. It is not fair to judge of the sufferings or sensations of these creatures, half man, half orang-outang, by the standard of our own people. It is true they are only clothed with a blanket or a napkin, but that is the full-dress of their native land. They are fed on coarse flour-cakes and water, but that is the beef and beer of Ethiopia. Their domestic ties are broken, but they are not like *our* ties, whatever morbid philanthropy may say; and, if they were, the slave-dealer is only in the relation to them of a new-poor-law guardian unto us. They suffer hardship and cruelty, no doubt, during their passage of the desert, and down the Nile; but once they are purchased, they are treated with the same kindness, they have the same food and clothes as the free servant; and they have nothing of the stigma which is attached to their undeserved destiny in the free, and enlightened, and repudiating republic of America. It is to be considered, also, that they are, for the most part, prisoners of war, and exchange a cruel death for that servitude which is the lot of the freest of us all in one form or another. As for the Georgian and Circassian beauties, they have never learned what love or freedom means; they have been educated for exportation; their only ambition, like that of many fair maidens in hap-

pier lands, is to fetch a high price, and their only hope is to be first favorite in the hareem—*whose* hareem they care not.

Heaven forbid that I should attempt to defend the diabolical traffic in immortal beings! I only venture to exhibit the matter in the light in which it appears to the Mussulman, by which light alone he is to be judged. For my own part, I can truly say, that I have witnessed more melancholy sights in village church and city chapel, where orange-flowers wreathed, and jewels adorned, and bishops blessed a victim-bride, than in any slave-market of the east, from Cairo to Constantinople.

It is forbidden by the law of Mahomet to sell slaves to Christians, out of regard to their souls! We may smile at it, but we cannot scorn this consideration. Cairo is remarkable for latitudinarianism in matters of faith—but at Damascus, the traveller can only obtain admission to the slave-bazaar under the disguise of oriental costume. Even in the former city, however, the difficulty of access is daily increased, from the insults with which the slave-owners are overwhelmed by Christians, *after* they have satisfied their curiosity. These travellers should beware of relying too much on the ignorance of the African, for there are man-dealers and daughter-sellers in other lands than those of Egypt. \* \* \* \*

Here, you black scoundrel!—here is the price of that fair Georgian girl, whose eyes sparkle with the hope of being bought, and being free. Yet *no*—the transaction would be condemned as disreputable in *my* country, where I have just seen a wealthy worldling lead to the altar a richly-adorned, but unwilling bride, whose heart (and he knew it) was another's. Congratulations and honor showered upon his bargain, as reprobation would on my little transaction here. Yet the only difference is, that *his* purchase money was in settlements, and that his purchase was a free-born daughter of proud England.

But enough of this—let us hope we all know one, who acknowledges, in practice as well as in profession, that there is a world beyond our own; who prefers his child's happiness to an additional footman, and her peace of mind to a pair of leaders. May his days be many! May his white hairs shine, like a halo, in a happy home! and, in his dying hour, may he have nothing to reproach himself with, except not having made traffic of his daughter's love. \* \* \* \*

Here 's a pretty homily about a respectable class of elderly gentlemen, with whom, thank heaven! in the course of a tolerably varied life, I have never had a dealing: nor am likely to have after this remonstrance, to look upon a man as man, not as a pocket.

I do not mean to assert that a coronet is not a most graceful appendage, and coin a most convenient element, in a marrying man; but a noble

heart, and a rich intellect are not utterly valueless, but to minds devoid of both. After all, it is no affair of mine, this English heart-market; I am neither a daughter nor a father—so, peace to the good, and repentance to the evil, and let us away to the quiet Nile, for

"We have many a distant path to tread,  
By pensive fancy, not by fiction led."

FRAGMENT.

Oh! come to me now, for my sorrows are *past*,  
And the cloud on my heart is dissolv'd at last;  
Spirit of Poesy, come from above,  
Come, on the wings of nature and love!

Come, while the yellow light streams thro' the pane,  
And the air is fresh with the morning rain,  
And the wind is up with its sweet wild voice,  
Like a song of sorrow that bids us rejoice.

Come, 'mid fancies gathering fast,  
'Mid thoughts of the present, and thoughts of the *past*;  
Oh! come to me now! 't is thy chosen hour,  
And the spirits of evil no longer have power!

From Knight's Quarterly Magazine.

THE STOLEN KISS.

*Written in a Lady's Album by the late Abraham Gen-  
tlian, Esq.*

SMOOTH'D be that brow—and chas'd the frown  
Yet gathering to thy tardy will—  
Nor think to awe my raptures down,  
For anger makes thee lovelier still.

In vain thou wouldst compel the ire  
But lightly felt, but faintly shown;  
Thine eyes betray beneath their fire  
The pardon thou wouldst blush to own.

Then, still that proudly swelling breast,  
Softens that lovely, mantling cheek;  
'T was but a Kiss, that well express'd  
The tenderness I could not *speak*.

I ENVY thee, thou careless wind,  
So light, so wild, thy wandering,  
Thou hast no earthly chain to bind  
One fetter on thine airy wing;—  
I envy thee, thou careless wind!

The flower's first sigh of blossoming,  
The harp's soft note, the woodlark's song,  
All unto thee their treasures bring,  
All to thy fairy reign belong;—  
I envy thee, thou careless wind!

Thy jocund wing o'er ocean roves,  
An echo to the sea-maid's lay;  
Then, over rose and orange groves,  
Thy fragrant breath exhales away;—  
I envy thee, thou careless wind!

From the Monthly Magazine.

### THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

TO WRITE an anonymous letter is ungentlemanly; of this there can be no doubt—nay more, it is mean, dastardly, skulking, depraved! But what could I do! Colonel Plinth was about to marry his cook —.

To write an anonymous letter is degrading, to say the least: it would require the skill of a sophist to render it justifiable—perhaps; and yet when Colonel Plinth was going to marry his cook—.

A vixen—a perfect Saracen of a woman behind his back; and he a man of nice honor; who had gained golden laurels at Seringapatam—an aid-de-camp to Sir David Baird—my friend! The intelligence had come like a thunder-bolt.

To write an anonymous letter, except under the most imperative circumstances, is unquestionably atrocious. I felt that, even posited as I was—with the most benevolent intentions—conscience—my conscience, as a gentleman and an officer, would hesitate to approve of it. I paused—I determined to weigh the matter well; but the conviction fell upon me like an avalanche that not a moment was to be lost!—Colonel Plinth was on the eve of marrying his cook —.

Rebecca Moggs! And he my brother-in-law—the widowed husband of my sainted sister—a K. C. B.—a wearer of four medals, two crosses, and the order of the golden fleece—a man who had received the thanks of Parliament—the written approbation of my Lord Clive—two freedoms in gold boxes:—a man who, had he nobly fell on the ramparts of Tippoo's capital, would have been taken home in rum, and buried in St. Paul's.

His fragment—his living remains—(for he possessed only one organ of a sort—having lost a leg, an arm, an eye, and a nostril)—had resolved on what I considered a sort of demi-post mortem match, with—what?

A blowy, underhung menial, whose only merit consisted in cooking mulligatawny, and rubbing with a soft, fat palm the wounded ankle of his partially efficient leg; the illegitimate offspring of a Sepoy pioneer's trull; a creature whom my lovely and accomplished sister had taken from the breast of her dead mother, (the woman—a camp-follower—received an iron ball in her brain from one of Tippoo's guerilla troops in the jungle,)—one whom Evadne had brought up, with maternal care, in her kitchen;—a scullion! And such a one to be Colonel Plinth's wife—to take the place of Evadne! Good God!

To write an anonymous letter is rather revolting; much may be said against it; it is one's *dernier resort*; still it has its advantages—and why neglect them! Had Colonel Plinth not been what he was—were he but a casual acquaintance or a mere friend—then indeed —

But he was my brother-in-law—my brother in arms—in a word, Colonel Plinth.

Had he been a man who would listen to reason—who was open to conviction—to whom one might venture to speak—why really —

But he was hot as curry;—yet not deficient in sense;—but dreadfully opinionated—techy—easily susceptible of feeling himself insulted—careful as to keeping his pistol-case in such a state as to be ready at a moment's notice—a being inflamed in body, soul, and complexion, by the spices and sun of the burning East.

To remonstrate with him would have been

absurd; he would have cut me down with his crutch:—he had amassed three thousand a-year.

To write an anonymous letter was not exactly the sort of thing; but why see him rush into a match which would dishonor himself, and shed a sort of retrospective shame on my sainted sister!

The cook was far from immaculate. A native-servant, whom I discharged at Calcutta for repeatedly staying out all night—but why expose the weak side of humanity?

And another young fellow of her acquaintance, whom I pardoned for having robbed me, on condition of his frankly confessing all his misdemeanors—

Besides, there was Larry the trumpeter—

And one or two more.

Under such circumstances—conscious of his infatuation, I ceased to waver: the end sanctified the means; and I wrote him an anonymous letter.

She, of course, would make a point of having children—and then where were my expectations!

Evadne had never been a mother; the Colonel was the only Plinth in the universe; and, posited as I was—Evadne being the link—I naturally had expectations.

To say nothing of being nine years my senior; he was a wreck—a fiery wreck, full of combustibles, burning gradually to the water's edge.

The sun of his happiness, would, as I felt, set forever, the moment he married such a creature as Moggs—innately vulgar—repulsive—double-chinned—tumid—protuberant. Social festivity was everything to Colonel Plinth; but who would dine with him, if his *ce-divant* cook were to carve!—Evadne's adopted; Larry the trumpeter's love! I could n't!

Therefore, under a sense of overwhelming duty to Colonel Plinth, I wrote him an anonymous letter.

Every precaution was taken; the hand was disguised—the paper such as I had never used; and, to crown all, I dropped the important document in a distant and very out-of-the-way post-office.

Conscious of perfect security—animated by the cause I had espoused, I played away upon him, from my masked battery, with prodigious vehemence. Reserve was out of the question; in an anonymous letter, the writer, of course, speaks out; this is its great advantage. I took a rapid review of his achievements—I recalled the accomplished Evadne to his mind's eye—I contrasted her with his present intended:—Larry the trumpeter figured in, and the forcible expression as to Cæsar's wife was not forgotten. I rebuked—I argued—I ridiculed—I scorned:—I appealed to his pride—I mentioned his person. I bade him consult a *cheval* glass, and ask himself if the reflection were that of a would-be bridegroom. I told him how old he was—what the Indian army would think—in short, the letter carried upon the face of it the perfect conviction of a thirty-two pounder. Here and there I was literally ferocious.

I dined alone that day, and was taking my wine in the complacent consciousness of having done all in my power, when Colonel Plinth knocked. Of course I knew his knock: it was always violent; but on this occasion rather less so than usual. I felt flurried; as he ascended, my accurate ear detected a strange footstep on the stair. Hastily pouring out and gulping down a bumper, I contrived to rally before my friend entered.

Commonly his countenance was turbid—*billowy*—rufus—the red sea in a storm;—now it was

stony,—pale—implacable; he was evidently *white hot* with wrath. His eye—usually lurid as that of a Cyclops at the forge—was cold—clear—icy; his look froze me—I had seen him thus before—in the breach at Seringapatam.

His salute was charmingly courteous; he begged leave to introduce a friend—Baron Cahooz, a noble Swede in the Prussian service. Never before had I beheld such a martinet—where could Plinth have picked him up?

The Baron, in very good English, expressed his concern at making so valuable an acquaintance as that of Major Mocassin under such infelicitous circumstances. Colonel Plinth had been insulted: but as I had so long been his most valued friend—as we had fought and bled on the same fields—as those arms (his right and my left) which had been so often linked together, were mouldering, side by side, in the same grave—as I was his brother-in-law, Colonel Plinth would accept of the amplest possible apology:—with any other man than Major Mocassin, Colonel Plinth would have gone to extremities at once.

I was petrified during this speech; but at its conclusion some sort of an inquiry staggered from my lips.

Baron Cahooz did not understand.

I declared myself to be in the same predicament:—would he be so good as to explain?

In reply, the Baron hinted that I must be conscious of having written Colonel Plinth a letter.

Fearing that Plinth's suspicions had been aroused, and that this was a ruse to trap me into a confession—remembering my precautions—and feeling sure that nothing could, by any possibility, be brought home to me, unless I turned traitor to myself—I denied the imputation point blank! Indeed, what else could I do?

Colonel Plinth uttered an exclamation of bitter contempt, and hobbled towards the door.

Baron Cahooz handed me his card:—nothing further could be done:—he hoped the friend whom I might honor on the occasion would see him as early as possible, in order to expedite the necessary arrangements.

I made a last effort. Advancing towards the door, where Plinth stood, I begged to protest that I was mystified—that he must be laboring under a mistake.

"A mistake!" shouted he, in that tremendous tone, which for a moment had once appalled the tiger-hearted Tippoo—"A mistake, Major Mocassin! There's no mistake, sirrah! Will you deny your own hand-writing?"

So saying, he threw the letter in my face, and retired, followed by Cahooz.

In another moment the veil was torn asunder. Having never before attempted an anonymous letter, and acting under the influence of confirmed habit, I had concluded the fatal epistle, without disguise, in my customary terms:—"Yours, ever, JOHN MOCASSIN!"

#### NOTE.

The foregoing paper was drawn up and sent to his cousin in Kentucky by Major Mocassin, a few hours after Colonel Plinth and Baron Cahooz had quitted him. On the inside of the envelop appears the following:—"T is now midnight—Rear Admiral Jenkinson has settled every thing with the Baron, to their mutual satisfaction; we are to be on the ground by six in the morning. If I fall—"

After considerable research, we have discovered

two announcements in the public prints, which form valuable appendages to Major Mocassin's document. The first extract is from a London journal, published in 1819; the second, from a Bath paper of two years later date.

#### No. I.

"Yesterday, at his own residence in Wimpole street, by special license, Colonel Plinth, K. C. B., to Rebecca Louisa Moggs, a native of Masulipatam. The gallant Colonel went through the ceremony with his only remaining arm in a sling—having a few hours before exchanged shots—both of which took effect—with Major Mocassin."

#### No. II.

"The busy tongue of fame reports that a gallant Major, who served with distinction, and lost an arm, under Sir David Baird, in the East Indies, is about to lead to the altar the dashing relict and sole legatee of a brave and affluent brother officer, who recently died at Cheltenham. A mutual attachment is supposed to have been long in existence; for the bridegroom elect fought a duel on the lady's account, with her late husband, on the very morning of the marriage. Pecuniary motives may perhaps have influenced the fair one in giving her hand on that occasion to the gallant Major's more fortunate rival."

From the Independent Weekly Press.

The following beautiful charade is worthy of the distinguished poet whose name it signifies:

Come from my First—aye come!

The battle dawn is nigh;

And the screaming trump, and the thundering drum,

Are calling thee to die!

Fight as thy father fought,

Fall as thy father fell;

Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought,

So farewell!—and farewell!

Toll ye my Second!—toll!

Fling high the flambeau's light;

And sing the hymn of a parted soul,

Beneath the silent night!

The wreath upon his head,

The cross upon his breast,—

Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed;

So—take him to his rest.

Call ye my Whole—aye call

The lord of lute and lay!

And let him greet the sable pall

With a noble song to-day.

Go, call him by his name;

No fitter hand may crave

To light the flame of a soldier's fame

On the turf of a soldier's grave.

WHEN heavenly sounds about my ears,

Like winds through Eden's tree-tops, rise—

And make me, though my spirit hears,

For very luxury close my eyes;—

Let none but friends be round about,

Who love the soothing joy like me;

That so the charm be felt throughout,

And all be harmony.



[It was said that the Queen was to have a billiard table made out of the timbers of the *Royal George*—on which *Punch* presents the following petition.]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY :

Although of a humble stock, and although my wife, Madam Judy, has not been presented at your Majesty's court, yet we humbly declare that the whole court doth not contain two more loyal and duteous subjects.

May it please your Majesty, we are very old ; we have been in the custom of mixing for centuries past with every class of the people of this kingdom, and we are enemies to no manner of sport wherewith they amuse themselves.

Billiards, among others, is a good sport. It has the privilege of uniting many honorable gentlemen daily together of the army, of the universities, and of the swell mob, at the watering-places. It has the eminent merit of leading to the detection of many rogues and swindlers ; it keeps many ingenious markers, brandy-merchants, and soda-water venders in honorable maintenance, and is a great aid and patron of the tobacco trade, thereby vastly increasing the revenues of your Majesty's government.

With that sport then we are far from quarrelling. But there is for this and for all other games a time and place. Thus in the late Mr. Hogarth's facetious print (I knew the gentleman very well) the Beadle is represented as caning "the Idle Apprentice" for playing at marbles—no, not for playing at marbles, but playing on a grave-stone during Sunday service. In like manner, were I to set up my show before St. James's Church during service hours, or under your Majesty's triumphal arch at Pimlico, or in the Bishop of London's drawing-room—it is likely, not that the Beadle would cane me, for that I would resist, but that persons in blue habiliments, oil-skin hatted, white-lettered, and pewter-buttoned—policemen in a word, would carry me before one of your Majesty's justices of the peace. My crime would be, not the performance of my tragedy of "*Punch*"—but its performance in an improper manner and time.

Ah, Madame ! Take this apologue into your royal consideration, and recollect that as is *Punch* and marbles so are *BILLIARDS*.

They too may be played at a wrong place. If it is wrong to play at marbles on a tombstone, is it just to play at billiards on a coffin—an indifferent coffin—anybody's coffin ! Is such a sport quite just, feeling, decorous, and honorable !

Perhaps your Majesty is not aware, what the wreck of the *Royal George* really is. Sixty years ago its fate made no small sensation. Eight hundred gallant men, your royal grandfather's subjects, went down to death in that great ship. The whole realm of England was stirred and terrified by their awful fate—the clergy spoke of it from their pulpits—the greatest poet then alive wrote one of the noblest ballads in our language, which

as long as the language will endure shall perpetuate the melancholy story. Would your Majesty wish Mr. Thomas Campbell to continue the work of Mr. William Cowper, and tell what has *now* become of the wreck ! Lo ! it is a billiard-table, over which his Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville may be knocking about red balls and yellow—or his Serenity the Prince of Hohenzollen Sigmaringen may be caramboling with his coat off. Ah, Madame ! may your royal fingers never touch a cue ; it is a losing hazard that you will play at that board.

The papers say there is somewhere engraved in copper on the table, a "suitable inscription." What is it ! I fancy it might run thus :—

"THIS BILLIARD TABLE IS FORMED OF PART OF THE  
TIMBERS  
OF THE ROYAL GEORGE MAN-OF-WAR, OF 100 GUNS,  
WHICH WENT DOWN ON THE 29TH AUGUST, 1782.  
EIGHT HUNDRED SEAMEN PERISHED ON BOARD,  
IN THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY AND THEIR KING.  
HONOR BE TO THE BRAVE WHO DIE IN SUCH A SERVICE.  
AS A FITTING MARK OF HER SENSE OF THESE BRAVE MEN'S  
MISFORTUNES,  
AS A TESTIMONY OF SYMPATHY FOR THEIR FATE,  
AS AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO ENGLISHMEN  
TO BRAVE THEIR LIVES IN SIMILAR PERILS,  
IN HOPES THAT FUTURE SOVEREIGNS  
MAY AWARD THEM SIMILAR DELICATE SYMPATHY ;  
ABOVE ALL, AS A STERN MONUMENT  
OF THE VANITY OF MILITARY GLORY,  
THE USELESSNESS OF AMBITION,  
AND THE FOLLY OF FIDELITY,  
WHICH EXPECTS ANY REWARD BUT ITSELF,  
HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA,  
HAS GRACIOUSLY CAUSED THIS PLAY-TABLE TO BE MADE  
FROM THE TIMBERS OF  
THE FAITHFUL, USELESS, WORN-OUT OLD VESSEL."

We stop the press, to announce that the billiard-table out of the *Royal George* has been countermanded, and that the remaining cart-loads of timber have been purchased to decorate the new chapel at Windsor Castle.

#### STANZAS.

Yes—labor, love ! and toil would please,  
Were toil and labor borne for thee ;  
And fortune's nursing, lapped on ease,  
In wealth of heart be poor to me !

Why should I pant for sordid gain ?  
Or why Ambition's voice believe ?  
Since, dearest, thou dost not disdain  
The only gift I have to give.

Time would with speed of lightning flee,  
And every hour a comfort bring,  
And days and years employed for thee  
Shake pleasures from their passing wing.

CAMERON.

# THE LIVING AGE.

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No. 2.—25 MAY, 1844.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

WE repeat the request on our first cover—that the execution of our plan may be judged of by the first *volume*. We shall have so much difficulty in the arrangements of our printing and publication offices, that we shall not at once be able to bring all points to bear.

Mr. Macaulay's admirable review of Barère and the French Revolution necessarily displaces many short articles which we had prepared to increase the variety of No. 2.

We especially regret the postponement of several pieces showing the great strength of the movement in behalf of the miserable women and children who are crushed beneath the cars of the English Factory System. It has defeated and alarmed the English ministry, and has great interest for the manufacturers in the United States, especially as showing how much their formidable competition is dwelt upon in the calculations of British statesmen.

It is generally agreed that the revenue of the General Government shall be derived from a duty on imports. Such an advantage as that will afford will be more than enough to enable the American manufacturer to enter the market with the English. This duty ought to be settled, and not to be left as a stock in trade to politicians. The manufacturing interest requires that this should be

steady—and not that it should be *high*. A moderate duty will be cheerfully acquiesced in by the whole country, which will share in the pride of our own workmen and machinery.

One short article on the subject of *cheap postage* is all that we could get into this number. To supply a cheap and frequent communication with all parts of the country, is one of the very greatest advantages which our government could afford us. Our law-makers and officials touch this matter feebly and partially. A president, who could accomplish for us what Rowland Hill has done and is doing for England, would have earned "glory enough" for one consulship.

A young lady wishes us to give the explanation of the Enigma at page 40. She must be aware that we cannot give it privately in her own copy only—and we ought not to give it in the whole edition, because other people have not "given it up." When it appears that nobody can unriddle it, we may have a few words to say.

Our personal and other friends will be glad to hear that we sold in two days the whole edition of No. 1, and have printed a second. Should we be obliged to do this with each succeeding number, we shall be satisfied. We are especially grateful for the interest shown in the work by the good people of Boston.

From the Metropolitan.

THE TAILOR CREDITOR—BY MRS. GORE.

PEOPLE plead guilty to *duns*;—the word carries an air of defiance with it which they fancy becoming. But few like to talk of their CREDITORS!—a name which, by conveying a consciousness of legal responsibility, conveys also a wound to their self-love. Yet, from the moment that, by drawing breath, we incur the debt of nature, to that when the bell, tolling over our remains, conveys a pecuniary liability to our inheritors, life is a series of indebtedments. Thrice happy the man who sleeps solvent upon his pillow! But scarcely less pitiful the wretch who lays his head there absolutely debtless:—untrusted either because untrustworthy, or because unwilling to accord credit in return!

The preëminence of Great Britain among nations is ascribed by the farthest-sighted philosophers to the magnitude of her national debt; and but for the stimulus of private liabilities, where would be the best works of the best authors!—the best pictures of the best artists!—the best articles of the best magazines! The high-mettled scribbler starts off at speed on the slightest spur of a dun. The Scotch novels are in a great measure the works of the creditors of Scott: and but that I, as becomes a gentleman, have creditors of my own, how should I be able to furnish the following "Accounts" for the amusement of my readers!

It was not, however, in quite so cheerful a mood that I first conceived the project of turning their Accounts to account, causing them to repay me with interest all I happened to owe. My parents, who died when I was a schoolboy, having been what is called "unfortunate," (that is imprudent,) I was bequeathed to the guardianship of a crabbed uncle, with so small a patrimony, that I and it together seemed scarcely worth the trouble of looking after. To me, however, those three thousand pounds appeared to contain a mine of wealth; and, in my vague notions of independence, I scorned all mention of articles to attorneys, clerkships in counting-houses, apprenticeships to apothecaries; already smitten with the wild desire of becoming a man of wit and pleasure about town!

According to the privilege of uncles well to do in the world, *mine* called me a fool. But he had said as much of my parents when ruined by speculation; and in his house I had already begun to understand the opprobrious word, according to a lexicon especially Great British, as the synonyme of "poor." But, foreseeing myself both wealthy and wise—that is, being so great a fool as to judge myself capable of achieving wealth through my own wisdom—I snapped my fingers at my uncle, and betook myself to the lean and hungry occupation of polite scholarship. Like other enthusiastic lads to whom parental coercion has been wanting, I fancied myself a man of genius. Pactolus seemed waiting to flow through my hands; and it needed only a stroke of my poetic wand to convert the waters of oblivion into claret and champagne.

Of course, the first thing that flowed through my hands was my small fortune. Till I attained my majority, I lived upon tick; and the first act of my first year of discretion being to discharge to the last do it my obligations, established a credit much to my credit, and little to my advantage. Convinced that the efforts of my pen would enable me to strike a future balance as readily as in the present instance, by inditing a draft upon my un-

cle's *hauteur*, I persisted in the personal engagements which had converted my inheritance into a four years' income. My tragedy, my comedy, my epic, my farce, my annual, my magazine, were destined to metamorphose all future creditors into my most obedient humble servants.

Alas! the only transformation I ever witnessed in them was from creditors into duns. Perceiving me to be a man of honor by the readiness with which I discharged the illegal obligations of my minority, they set me down as soft, and became proportionably hard. By degrees mistrusted, eventually trusted no longer, there came to be a sort of poetic license in the cut and texture of my garments, such as constitutes in itself an act of bankruptcy.

Still, I was young and sanguine. As I ascended in my lodgings story above story, I was only soaring a poetical flight. I thought of Milton, of Otway, of Goldsmith, and comforted by prospective immortality, overlooked my mortal necessities. Moreover, an occasional sparkle of gold dust on the surface redoubled my faith in the latent mines below. The first time I pocketed a guinea as the guerdon of two months' hard labor in leading articles for a weekly paper, I beheld myself the founder of a future Abbotsford—a baronet—and member of parliament.

At that moment, indeed, I even forgot my creditors. But my creditors, alas! did not forget *me*! With all my flights, I had only attained a third pair of stairs; and steep and rickety as they were, one might have fancied them smooth as an inclined plane or the verses of Rogers, and carpeted with Axminster, so pleasant appeared the ascent to every savage in whose books I had inscribed myself pending the triumphs of my own. It seemed a mall to the brutes—a ring, a *cour la reine*, a *prater*, a *chajja*—for their daily exercise and delectation. My bell had a silver sound in their ears—and they came both "single spies" and in "battalions."

I paid—when I could—and at length promised to pay—when I could; an expression they seemed to hold too vague and figurative, for most of them (probably for the pleasure of possessing my autograph as a literary man) required me to say as much, and sometimes a little more, upon paper. Now, my autograph happened to be precisely that of my crabbed uncle, so that he became, for reasons of his own, desirous of withdrawing it from circulation. He was, therefore, at the trouble of collecting the first series of these offsprings of my pen, apprising me, at the same time, that my next performance of the same nature might be in the hands of the attorneys, and the unfortunate author in quod till the day of judgment, for any effort he would make towards the redemption of either.

In former days, it was held a christianly thing to release captives from thrall; and kings on their deathbeds, and ladies fair in pain or peril, used to make vows of ransom for so many victims of the Moors. But neither kings nor countesses of modern times extend their tender mercies towards the victims of sheriff's officers; and I accordingly determined that, whatever bills might be brought against me, I would give more in return. I was beginning to understand the value of my own autograph.

This resolution only increased my influx of visitors. The sneaks crowding to write their names in the porter's book of a royal giver of fêtes are

not more assiduous than the little knot of uncrediting creditors who daily assured me that they were tired of having reminded me of their claims—as though I were not equally tired of hearing of them! Custom has appropriately assigned the office of dunning to the most disagreeable moment of the year:—the moment when its two ends meet, though our own do *not*—the days when “daylight dies” so soon after its birth, that it scarcely seems worth while for it to have come into the world—when the sun is seen as through a glass darkly, and when we emerge from our cheerless houses into the chilly atmosphere,

“The bravest holds his breath  
For a time!”

In those Christmas days of darkness and desolation, the sound of single knocks is great in the land. Parallelogrammatic letters, wafer-sealed and unsightly, make their appearance at every door. Not a tyro of a clerk but seems to be learning to draw in figures. Saints and sinners unite in bidding their fellow-creatures be L.S.D.—d; and, knowing our inability before they ask, and their own ignorance in asking, request us, “at our earliest convenience,” to settle their small accounts. The world seems bent, in short, upon prolonging by weariness of spirit the brevity of the shortest day of the year!

Among mine enemies (at the period when I was beginning to comprehend the identity between an enemy and a creditor) was a certain rich man, who swore he was a very poor one, Jonas Cox by name, and a tailor by nature. Yes, by nature; for he was born a tailor, a chip of the old shop-board, a Snip of many generations. There had been as many Coxes in his cabbagery as Guelphs upon the throne of Great Britain. He was Cox VI., of Poland Street; had come into the world cross-legged, and was likely to exhibit his cross-bones in the same sartorial bearings.

Jonas Cox, I blush to own it, was my family tailor. Though his cut was such as to fully justify my cutting *him*, in recalling to mind how he had admeasured me for my schoolboy jackets aforetime, and annually wasted upon my crabbed uncle the assurance (so sweet in the ears of parents) that I was “growing a fine young gentleman,” when I grew to be merely a *fine* gentleman, I remembered the days of my youth and Jonas Cox—eschewed Stultz, Burfhart, and Buckmaster, Cooke, Jackson, and Curlewis—and left my measures to the exclusive care of Poland Street, as her Majesty those of Government to the hands of Sir Robert Peel; and so long as I could be classed among the good customers of Jonas, I was “dressed,” as dinners are promised at suburban taverns, “on the shortest notice,” and I may add, as the said dinners are *not*, on the longest credit.

Among the accounts discharged with interest on the attainment of my majority, was one of Cox VI.’s, which for length, if shred into tailor’s measures, would have “put a girdle round about the earth,” or the waist of Daniel Lambert;—the amount of the stamp for the receipt in full would now afford me a week’s board and lodging! Jonas Cox was, accordingly, one of those who waited longest afterwards before he requested the favor of my autograph; and it was through the importunities of the family tailor to my uncle that my signature for once held good, to be consigned to dishonor for evermore.

But on the Christmas ensuing, Jonas saw fit to deliver his bill as he had formerly delivered his suits—at the shortest notice;—ay, and to deliver it with vociferous iteration. Lest I should mistake his meaning, the second and third reading of the bill expressed only “to bill delivered”—*call* and deliver being the watchword of one’s thieves of creditors, as *stand* and deliver used to be of the footpads of more heroic times.

At length, to this single line of argument were appended half a dozen more, requesting my immediate attention to the same; receiving no answer to which, Jonas probably concluded, like the belle of a country town concerning some militia captain, that my “attentions meant nothing.” His next missive announced a visit from his clerk, who called, and called, and called again; and I, though “not at home” to his calls, of course forgot to return the visit.

Then came a letter, of orthography so much more impeachable than the preceding ones, that it was plain the old goose had taken quill in hand to defend his own cause; for he assured me it “would not suit him to wait any longer.” Next followed a lawyer’s letter!

Before it reached my lodgings, I was hundreds of miles away; gathering up a small inheritance from a maiden aunt, enabling me to satisfy Cox VI. by a large instalment, which, for nearly a year ensuing, relieved me from the further mention of his name. Last Christmas, however, arrived, in the well-known clerly hand-writing, “To balance of accounts—,” with the superaddition of the cost of a suit of nephew’s mourning, which still constitutes the customary suit of rusty black of my quotidian wear.

Mr. Jonas Cox, it appeared, had retired from business. His riches had been increasing in the same proportion as my poverty; and he was now the proprietor of a charming villa, Number 3, Elysium Road, Maida Hill. Unluckily for me, in arranging his dissolution of partnership with his son, Cox VII., what were insolently called the bad debts of the firm, fell to the share of the old man; among the rest, mine! To collect these outstanding claims, seemed to have become the recreation of his leisure. It was a pastime to him, after counting the numbers of sprigs on his Michaelmas daisies in Elysium Row, and listening all the morning to the toll of the adjacent burying-ground, to take the omnibus to town, and hunt up, in their tranquil retreats, the thirty-seven unfortunate wretches whose names still figured in his schedule. They were his game—his bagged foxes—the sports of his new gentility—the memento of his former occupation. For Cox VII. had a touch of Philip the Second in him, and did not care to have the abdicated emperor resume his sceptre in Poland Street, i. e. his scissors. Repulsed, therefore, in his old workshop,

Without the power to fill again

The desert gap that caused his pain,

by the concoction of new measures, or the hatching another goose, Jonas could only become the ninth part of a man again, by the perusal and reperusal of those accursed old bills; and not only “waiting” for them, but waiting *with* them upon his debtors.

I have reason to think I was peculiarly favored. As I have said before, my lodgings were high,—high as his demands; and by the time the old man

had panted his way up to my door, Christian charity demanded that I should offer him a chair for the recovery of his breath, pending the recovery of his money. After due discussion of the "to pay or not to pay" part of my abilities, he was about to enter into that of their literary value; first, talking of his own books, secondly, of mine. He had known me since I was breeched, and was privileged.

The privilege, I conclude, was appreciated; for instead of Christmas remaining the exclusive period for auditorial persecution, his visits beset me all the year round. The finest day in June was not secure against the intrusions of Jonas Cox. Presuming on the indulgence he had shown me, it became an understood thing between us that, though steeped to the lips in poverty and printer's ink, I was never to be denied to the retired tailor. He had acquired one-hundred-and-twenty-seven pounds' worth of right to come and sit in the sunshine of my spirit, converting it into carefulness and gloom. He loved to talk to me of my parents and their troubles, and how little they had ever expected their only son would come to live in a garret, scribbling for bread. And then he would take out his silver snuff-box, or wipe his unctuous brows with a motley bandana, as he added that "my uncle was getting stricken in years; but he feared I should be never the better for his death, his fortune being notoriously divided between public charities and the charity that begun at home in the person of his robust housekeeper."

I bore it all. Though arsenic is dirt cheap, and prussic acid far from ruinous, and Jonas Cox would have gratefully accepted any refreshment I saw fit to offer him, whether liquid or substantial, I refrained. I looked upon the old wretch as a species of materialized conscience—an embodied remorse—a monitor or tormentor entailed upon me by my expensive habits!

At length, one autumn morning, when, soon after his arrival in my poor chamber, "drizzly rain did fall," rendering it impossible for him to regain his omnibus without being soaked to his unmacintoshed skin, I saw that my day was sacrificed, and with it a brilliant article, which had been spiriting forth from my pen at the moment of his arrival, and which his doleful family allusions checked in a moment. Transpierced by the acupuncture of the tailor's needle, my balloon had fallen from the clouds "*Tu me lo pagherai!*" muttered I—(as the tailor had often probably muttered to himself touching his bill, as he ascended my creaking stairs!)"—"You shall furnish me with a new and original article." Why not amuse the public with what I find so little amusing—"Accounts of my Creditors!" It is only to transcribe from this caitiff's own lips one or two of the anecdotes of my thirty-six-brother-martyrs, with which he is in the habit of favoring me, to create a few of those episodes of daily life, which possess the wholesomeness and nutrition of daily bread. Why sail to America in search of the humorous and burlesque! Why ransack Europe, Asia, and Africa, for the means of "piling up the agony" high enough! Why tax the violation of every law of the decalogue as a source of emotion, while the matter-of-fact narratives of a low-minded fellow like Jonas Cox contain all the elements of human passion! I am perhaps investing his stories with the coloring of my own imagination. But I remember I had sometimes a hard matter to gulp

down my tears while he narrated such stories to me as the following.

"Yesterday was a mighty pleasant day to me," observed the old tailor, that rainy morning, as he sat slowly chafing his knees beside my fire. "Yesterday, sir, I recovered a debt even more desperate than yours, a matter of forty pounds, which I had given up as a bad job. Much such a case, indeed, as your own; a family I had worked for, partly for love, partly for money, these fifty years; I and my father, Jacob Cox, afore me. People well to do in the world were those Fosters! The grandfather, a rich merchant, with a substantial house in Bedford Row, and everything comfortable about him: so that it was a pleasure when his family coach and fat coach-horses, looking like emblems of peace and plenty, stopped at my door. I loved to measure his men for their liveries! There was a world of good living, sir, in their dimensions. The body coachman and gouty old footman must have weighed together nigh forty stone.

"He had two sons, had the old gentleman—likely little fellows as you'd wish to see, in their sugarloaf-buttoned jackets, and nankeen trousers; and by the time I had to stand on tiptoe while trying them on, young men of what is called the highest promise. Old Foster could n't be worth less than a hundred thousand pounds; and as he had only a couple of daughters to provide for in addition to his handsome sons, (one, at least, of whom was sure of his share in the house of business,) they might be considered as easy for life. I, God knows, considered them so; and was always careful to comply with their whims, and be punctual to their orders. Besides, they were good-looking youths, who did honor to my shop. You may not think it of much moment, sir, but I can tell you we tailors love to work for a man who is as well made as his coat!

"You see the fat footman and fat coachman were apt to gossip of their master's affairs, when they came about their plush waiscoats and velveteens, as servants, whether fat or lean, are apt to do; more especially about Christmas time, when the family accounts being sent in, family tradesmen are obliged to stand a glass or two as a token of respect to the servants' hall; and it was the opinion of old Foster's people that he would divide the property between his two sons, leaving the eldest to succeed him in his business.

"The young men, however, were not equally favorites with the old servants. There was no end of faults to be found with Master Harry, or, as he was now beginning to be called, 'Mister Henry!'—Mister Henry kept them up late at nights—Mister Henry was himself late of mornings—Mister Henry required more brushing of coats and polishing of boots than any ten Mister Henries in the land. Mister Henry professed that he would sooner walk ten miles in the rain than undergo the penance of the family coach; and Mister Henry had even been heard to speak disparagingly of the home-brewed of Bedford Row!—whereas the elder-born, the hope of the house, was a model young man—early to bed and early to rise—unimpeachable in morals, and so far from giving three pair of boots a day to be warmed, much addicted to gaiters. Yet such is the perversity of human nature, sir, that Henry was ten to one the favorite. The fat footman used to perjure his precious soul in trying to conceal from the old gen-

tieman the indecent hours of the young scapegrace!

"John Foster, the elder brother, did his best, as perhaps in duty bound, to prevent his father from being deceived on such points. For it was doubtless for Henry's good, that he should be duly reprov'd; and though it was likely enough to banish him from the old gentleman's good books to learn that he was getting pretty deep into other people's, his brother took care that the amount of his debts should be no secret in Bedford Row.

"Don't suspect me, sir, of having aided or abetted this. I protest to you that, from the time the young gentleman lived upon an allowance, many was the Christmas I let pass without doing more than add up in my books the account of Mr. Henry. For I knew well enough, from the hints of the fat footman, that if ever so much sent in, it would n't be paid; so where was the use of bothering him? The family bill was, as usual, duly settled. John Foster used to pay ready money for his goods, for the sake of discount; and with such steady customers in the house, the less need to fret at the backwardness of the younger son.

"And to say the truth, like the old servants, I felt something of a weakness in favor of that young man! He was so good-looking, so affable, so pleasant,—he had such a way with him, as the saying is, that all his little faults were readily excused. For, as bad a paymaster as he was, and though I seldom sent him home a coat that he did n't tell my foreman my quizzical cuts made him the laughing-stock of his acquaintance, I liked his sauciness full as well as the dryness of the ready-money chap, who took discount, and gave neither praise nor blame. My wife used often to scold me, when she saw how Henry Foster's bill was running up; and swore she'd have it made out and sent in to his father. But I pacified her by assuring her he would pay me in the lump; and bade her take care how she slew the old goose in Bedford Row, for the sake of a few golden eggs.

"However, in time, the young jackanapes made me ashamed of my own indulgence; for, (will you believe it!) he had the face to come to me one evening, pale as ashes and with scarcely breath to speak, and entreat me to put my name to a bill for him! He had got into trouble, and assured me it would ruin him with his father if the circumstances transpired. A pretty joke, truly, was n't it, for the name of Jonas Cox of Poland Street, to be essential to the credit of Mr. Henry Foster, of Great St. Helen's and Bedford Row?"

"You complied then, with his request?" said I, in some amazement.

"If I did," rejoined the old snip, (apparently alarmed lest I should ground expectations upon his weakness,) "the matter occurred five-and-twenty years ago, or more,—and, thank goodness, I am older and wiser now! Even then, I would n't have had my wife know that I'd put my foot into it to the tune of three hundred pounds, for double the money!"

"You lost it, then? They came upon you for the amount of the bill?"

"On the contrary, some days before 't was due, Harry Foster walked into my shop,—had his account added up before him,—and without so much as examining the items, gave me a cheque upon his banker for the sum total of the whole!—'Old Cox,' said he, 'you are a trump!'—or words to that effect.—'The assistance you rendered me was invaluable, and I can't better prove my

gratitude than by wiping off old scores. I've had a run of luck, old fellow, and look upon you as the origin of my change of fortune.'

"And he literally threw a guinea to my son Elias, sir, then a little boy in petticoats, playing with the pattern-book in a corner of the shop. You may believe how I crowed over my wife, as I wrote 'Settled' at the foot of the long account about which she had jeered me so often.

"And now, sir, she began to jeer me, forsooth that, having lost my debtor, I should certainly lose my customer. No such thing. Mr. Henry gave me an order not a week afterwards; and, indeed, found only half the fault he was used to do, seeing that he was in better humor with himself and all the world.

"He was, in fact, in *plaguy good* humor with himself. For he was in love, sir, and fancied himself beloved in return; and few things put a young man in finer conceit with his own merits. I could see, whenever he entered my shop, that he seemed to walk two inches taller than formerly; nor could he forbear casting a glance at himself in the swing-glass as he went by, which before he had never noticed. All this did not surprise me; for I had already learned from the fat footman, that instead of coming in late of nights, Mr. Henry had ceased to come in at all!

"One day, my wife accosted me before I had crossed the threshold, on my return home from waiting upon a customer,—(and now I call to mind, sir, the customer was neither more nor less than your own good uncle,)—she accosted me, I say, with an exclamation of 'Here's a pretty kettle of fish!—What'll you say now, Cox, to the doings of your paragon in Bedford Row!'

"Mr. Henry!" cried I, aghast. 'What has happened to him? What has he been about?'

"It has happened to him to be turned out o' doors by his father!" replied my wife. 'And right enough too!—A young gentleman of his prospects to go and marry a play-actress!—Ay! you may well hold up your hands and eyes—'t is no more than every other soul has done belonging to him. But all too late! The mischief's done; and I find from the old Bedford Row coachman, (who's been sitting here as down in the mouth as though he'd buried his wife,) that the moment the news was carried to old Foster by his precious son John, the old man gave his malediction to Henry, forbade him the house, and, what was worse than all, scratched his name out of his will!"

"On inquiry, all this news, strange as it was, proved true. The clandestine marriage of the young man had been discovered through the interference of his brother; and old Foster, whose opposition might have been overcome perhaps had his son shown confidence in his indulgence, could not forgive having been imposed upon. As my wife announced, he had actually cursed and disinherited his favorite child!

"I could n't help feeling a little curious to learn how the poor young fellow was getting on in his troubles. But when I inquired in Bedford Row, nobody knew a word concerning him, and few had courage to mention his name. For my part, I did n't like to inquire. Having a small account against him, I was afraid Mr. Henry might fancy, if he found that Cox the tailor was inquiring after him, that I wanted payment of my bill; so I let months, and even the year slip on, without so much as asking a question; yet, I vow to goodness, I was almost as much vexed as if I had

taught out one of my children in a lie or a theft, whenever I thought of that fine gentlemanly young man having thrown himself away on a play-acting miss, some impudent, ranting jade, who had trapped him afore he knew what he was about.

"It was nigh two years after the bad news first reached me, that I received a note from Mr. Henry, begging me to call, when convenient, at a number he gave me in an obscure street, bordering on Long Acre. Poor fellow! A momentary expectation which had beset me, on seeing his handwriting, that I was going to receive the amount of my small bill against him, disappeared in a moment. Poverty breathed from every line of that short note.

"Nevertheless, I was not an atom prepared for the aspect of poverty that really met my eyes on entering his lodgings. The sitting-room was much about the size of this, sir, opening into a bed-room, which was also a nursery, as the sitting-room served equally the purpose of a kitchen. Yet wretched as it all was for a gentleman brought up like Mr. Henry, I promise you there was nothing disgusting or unsightly in the arrangements. All was so neat, so clean, so orderly. The little cradle, placed beside the tidy white bed, looked so cosy, and the few books ranged on the console, and the writing-desk on the table, reminded me so much of the Master Harry of former days, (in whose handsome bed-room in Bedford Row, reading and writing materials always had their place,) that, strange as it might seem to find the opulent young man reduced to such neediness, I never a moment doubted that I had found my way right, and that these were indeed Henry Foster's lodgings.

"And yet, when I came to see him, that is, when he made his appearance out of the bed-room to meet me, his person was ten times more altered than his condition! I could scarce have believed the lapse of three years capable of inscribing so many lines in a human face. His hair was thinned, his smile (for he *did* smile at seeing me) was ghastly! Still he tried to speak cheerfully, and hailed me as 'Jonas, my old boy!' as he used, in his better days. But there was something painful in the distance between those gay words and the hollow voice in which they were uttered. For my part, I tried to answer him more respectfully than ever.

"He made me sit down,—but that he was always used to do when I waited upon him in Bedford Row, if not ready to attend to me on my arrival; and though, perhaps, I had better have held my tongue, I could not forbear telling him how it made my old heart ache to find him in so poor a place.—'A poor, but not a sad one, I promise you!' was his cheerful reply; though the smile he had called up to welcome me had already vanished. 'I have treasures here, Jonas, I never possessed in Bedford Row,—treasures such as any man might be proud of!'

"And immediately he glided back into the inner room, and brought back in his arms a beautiful boy of two years' old,—one of those curly-headed, blue-eyed creatures, that painters put into their pictures, and which one sees so seldom in real flesh and blood. The child put out one of its dimpled hands towards me at its father's desire, but only nestled the closer to him for seeing a stranger in the room; and the round, rosy, smiling face leaning against the countenance of the care-worn man, served to make its leanness more apparent.

"'Baby's asleep!' lisped the little fellow into

his father's ear; upon which Mr. Henry hastily explained to me that on my entrance he was sitting in the other room with his wife, who had only been confined a fortnight.

"'I make a capital nurse, Jonas, as you may see,' continued he, again attempting a ghastly smile. 'One never does anything half so well as the accomplishments one learns and practises of one's own accord. And, God knows, I ought to exert myself as a nurse during Emma's sickness; for, when well, not a finger will she ever allow me to stir in assistance of our little household. I did not choose an heiress, Cox, my boy, as my brother John has done,—nor a fine lady, as my sisters wished me;—but, if a frugal, laborious, virtuous, forbearing, tender wife be a crown of rubies, I have got it, if ever man had!'

"It was a pleasure to hear him speak so; and the neatness and orderliness of his poor home certainly said much in confirmation of his words. Still, I could not forbear inquiring why he made no advances towards a reconciliation with his family.

"'Advances!' cried he, 'Can you suppose that, with these dear ones around me wanting all but bread, I have not humiliated myself to the utmost! I have submitted to be repulsed, insulted, threatened; and when, on my last application to my father for even a trifling assistance, he sent me word that "my wife had better go on the stage again, and earn a maintenance for her brats!"—then, *then* indeed, I swore as great an oath as my father had already sworn never to see my face again, that rather should my children starve before my face than I would address myself further to my family.'

"'It is all Mr. John's doing!' muttered I, incautiously.

"'My brother and sisters have not stood my friends!' replied young Foster. 'But had there been in my father's heart any real parental tenderness towards me, would the fact of my choosing a wife otherwise than he desired, (more especially when he came to know that wife as all that is truest and best in womanly nature,) determine him to cast off the son of his loins! No, no, Cox, my boy! My father always preferred John. John's sober, business-like ways, and almost sneaking submission, engrossed his affections, and I am reaping the harvest on't. The old gentleman wanted an excuse for leaving his fortune to my brother, so as to keep up untarnished the magnitude of the house of business and the family name. I'll tell you what, Cox! the Almighty counted too largely upon the instinct of parental love, (often no stronger in human beings than in the beasts that perish.) when he omitted among his laws to enjoin that the children who are required to honor their father and their mother should be repaid with love in return. If the old man had cared a straw for me, Cox, do you fancy he could bear to think of me—*me*, whom he had nurtured so tenderly, laboring with the labor of my hands, and laboring with the still bitterer apprehension that my wife and children may lack and suffer hunger?'

"I suppose my young friend discovered by the expression of my countenance that I was puzzling myself how to bring out an offer of such poor assistance as I was able to render; for he suddenly started up with a change of countenance, and, while depositing the child on the hearthrug, exclaimed.



"Not that I am in any *immediate* necessity! I have work in hand that will place me comparatively at ease—copying, for a house in the city"—(and he pointed to several quires of MS. lying beside his open desk)—"which, when finished and paid for, will make me rich for months to come. It would have been done a week ago but for poor Emma's illness. She has no other nurse; and though requiring less attendance than woman ever did, my children constantly call me from my desk."

"I now found courage and words to express a wish that he would at least permit me to advance him a portion of the forthcoming payment."

"No, no, no!" cried he. "I have no need of any such act of kindness, which I don't the less feel as it deserves. The worst is over now; we have struggled through the hardest time; Emma is safe, and I have scarcely a care remaining"—and again he smiled one of those terrible smiles. "The service I *really* want you to do me, Cox," continued he, "is to make me a good warm frieze coat, that will enable me to sit up without a fire these bitter nights. I write late—I am *forced* to write late—and the remains of my wardrobe, such as they are, afford nothing solid enough for my purpose. You used to work for a fine gentleman, Cox, and worked accordingly; now you must give me something strong and coarse, that will resist time and weather. But 'tis not the *article* of which I am in fear;—tell me—are you afraid to trust me?"

"I replied that I was very much hurt at his asking the question, and, without further words, went straight home, and set my men at work so close, that next morning I was able to take home to Mr. Henry the warmest and best turned-out beaver wrapping coat that ever you set your eyes upon! (I wish I'd seen another beside me this very moment, to keep me from the rain on my way to the omnibus!) And that was n't all. With my wife's help, sir, I managed to turn out a little greatcoat of fine cloth for the boy, and asked his father's acceptance of it in such terms that he could n't be affronted, reminding him of the guinea he had thrown to Elias when playing in the corner of my shop. I thought there came tears in Mr. Henry's sunken eyes as I alluded to the matter; but he said, in a low voice, he remembered nothing about it."

"However, he showed his thankfulness in a way that pleased me, for he led me into the sick room, where his wife was sitting up for the first time with her infant in her arms, looking so pale and delicate that it seemed wonderful she could be alive; and 'Emma, my dear,' said he, bending down to her, 'this is old Cox, of whom you have heard me speak so often, as having stood my friend in the first scrape I ever got into. He has been kind enough to make this warm little coat for Henry. See! it fits as though you had made it yourself!'"

"And partly through weakness, and partly through the pleasure of seeing her beautiful child so respectably dressed, the poor thing burst into tears. So, while her husband was pacifying her, and removing the babe from her arms into the cradle, I slipped down stairs, and left them together. I can't tell you, sir, what a heartache I carried with me out of that house!"

"For me, Jonas Cox, a poor tailor working for the maintenance of his own family, to think of rendering assistance to the son of an old hunk with five thousand a year, would have been ridiculous. So I set about considering how I could get some of

these matters made known to Mr. Foster, who, I felt sure, was partly kept in the dark. I bethought me, therefore, of the old ton of a coachman, and portly footman, who always seemed to love Master Harry as though he were a child of their own; and away I trudged to Bedford Row, to see what could be done toward reaching the ear of their master. Bless your soul! the knocker was tied up. The old gentleman had undergone a dreadful operation for some inward tumor, (I think, from his conduct, it must have been in his heart!) and wasn't to be spoken to even by the surgeons. Next day, sir, he died!"

"Leaving of course, only the will by which your young friend was disinherited!"

"Worse and worse! (that there should be such men in the world and call themselves Christians!) leaving his whole fortune to his eldest son, and annuities to his daughters—on the express condition that neither of them rendered the smallest assistance to their brother Henry;—in which case, being proved, the property was to be paid over, by trustees appointed for the purpose, to create a new ward in one of the city hospitals;—unless (for, unrelenting as he was, old Foster seemed disposed to leave a loophole for Henry's escape,) unless he chose to break off the infamous connexion he had formed, and resume his place in his brother's house of business, when he was to receive an annuity of eight hundred per annum, with the power of settling three thereof upon the actress and her offspring."

"It would appear, then, that the old gentleman did not believe in the reality of their marriage!"

"John Foster took care of that! The father's severity had purported only to bring his son to terms, and he actually died believing that, in time, Harry would grow weary of his disreputable habits, and, having secured a provision for his mistress, end his days in decent competence. The cunning brother of course knew better; having so dictated the phrasing of his father's will as to render compliance on Henry's part as impossible as any concession on his own. By an act of fiendish foresight, therefore, the young man's ruin was ir retrievable!"

Just at that moment, a brightening, or rather diminished gloom of the atmosphere, induced old Cox to toddle to the window, in hopes the weather was clearing up. Not an umbrella was perceptible! and he accordingly began to button up his coat and talk of being too late for the omnibus. I persuaded him, however, that, unless his soles were caoutchouced, the streets were still too wet to venture, and recited anecdotes of recent colds and fatal sorethroats, all occurring to hale old gentlemen of sixty-eight or thereabouts, which pinned him anew to his chair, and insured me the sequel of the melancholy story, in which I was deeply interested.

"You did not, I am sure, lose sight of these unfortunate people!" said I, remembering that, in my own case, Cox VI. exhibited a remarkable adhesiveness to the unfortunate.

"Indeed I did!" cried he, "though by no free will of my own. When the time of payment of his copying came, (though in the midst of the bitterness arising from the scandalous will of his father,) Henry Foster called upon me to offer the price of the frieze coat; and a hard matter I had to make him keep back the full sum till better times."

"Better times are coming, I trust, my kind old

friend!" said he. "By the recommendation of a kinsman of my wife, I have obtained a clerkship in a government office at Plymouth. My salary of a hundred and thirty pounds a year will be riches to us, and the post is a rising one. I am as happy at this moment as the sense of ill-usage at the hands of those once nearest and dearest to me will allow. But no matter; I have those, thank God, who are nearer and dearer still; who will never desert me, never calumniate me, never persecute me! And what can I want more?"

"And he wept like a child as he took leave of me, and thanked me for my kindness. Perhaps I had better have let the matter rest so; but for the life and soul of me, I could not sleep again till I had called at his lodgings, and ascertained whether the little family had need of further service on the eve of such a removal. Henry Foster was out, and I saw only his wife;—such a wife, sir!—such a woman! I never heard a voice like hers, or saw such a face. There was something painful in their sweetness—more especially when she talked of her husband, and how it was impossible for her to repay his having stooped to a thing like *her*; and how, instead of being peevish with her as having caused his ruin by her fatal affection, he continued to love and serve her as though she were the greatest lady in the land! She did not shed a tear while she told me the melancholy history of their courtship and early struggles; but there was a sound as of tears past in every word she uttered. And then, the lady's face seemed made of shadows; no color, and yet it did not appear pale. I have seen wild flowers in the fields look just so—that is, so delicate of hue that one could not say whether they were white or tinted."

I could scarcely forbear a smile at finding even old Jonas Cox grow poetical under the influence of youth and beauty. But the ex-tailor soon descended to matter of fact;—apprized me that his offers of service were civilly declined, that the Fosters paid all, or nearly all, their liabilities on quitting London, and gradually, by instalments, satisfied the rest.

"With so many other matters to think of, I soon lost all remembrance of them," resumed the old man. "John Foster, who was now established in a handsome house in Portland Place, knew better than to have his fine liveries made by the snob who had provided those of his father. The young ladies married, and one of them died. The family was broken up and dispersed. The fat coachman kept a public house in the Borough; the fat footman was in an infirmary. I ceased, in short, to hear the smallest mention of the name of Foster; unless when, once a year, I proposed carrying my boy Elias to one of the playhouses, to see the pantomime; when my good woman was sure to observe that no good ever came of going to playhouses;—'For instance,' she would add, 'look at your old favorite, poor Mr. Henry Foster!—And what was I to answer?'"

"Well, sir, about five or six years after all I have been telling you of, late one summer evening, just at the time that London is so wild with business and pleasure,—and it seems as if poor folks could never work fast enough, or rich folks be sufficiently idle,—and, having more than a dozen suits of uniforms, liveries, and court-dresses, to send home for the birthday, (which fell then upon the 4th of June,) I had just offered extra wages to my men to work all night, when I heard the voice of a servant-maid inquiring whether that was the house of Mr. Jonas Cox, the tailor.

"I answered her myself, and pretty sharply; for I did not understand, at that time of day, any servant of a respectable family being ignorant of my house of business—fifty years established on the same spot, sir, as no one knows better than yourself. But I soon saw 't was a country lass I had to deal with; and, in answer to my reprimand, she put into my hand a bit of paper, on which was written,—'Mrs. Henry Foster, Crown Inn, Holborn.'"

"Missus says, sir, she would be very glad if you could make it convenient to call to-night," said the girl.

"Impossible, child—quite impossible!—I am overwhelmed with business!" cried I, already out of sorts with the harassing labors of a sultry day, and the prospect of a busy night before me. "But pray tell her, with my compliments, I will do my best to be with her before to-morrow evening." And the girl, already terrified by the severity of my first address, had not courage to reply, but hurried out of the shop.

"Next day, I was well nigh forgetting my appointment. But my son, who had heard it made,—more, I believe, by way of getting rid of me out of the workshop for an hour, than for any other reason,—reminded me of it as evening drew on; and off I started for Holborn. A fine summer evening it was; and right thronged were the streets of the populous part of the town I had to traverse,—all the shopkeepers at their open doors, to enjoy a breath of air, and the workmen whistling their way homewards for joy, as the birds sing in the country in summer weather. I had got rid of the crossness produced by over-work and fault-finding, by the time I reached Holborn, and was beginning to rejoice at the idea of seeing once more the young couple in whom I had taken so strong an interest. In the interval, all had thriven with *me*!—my business was doubled—my family prosperous. I was in hopes of hearing as much of the Fosters in return!

"The inn,—(they had probably stopped there with the coach on their arrival from Plymouth,)—was a narrow-fronted, noisy, gloomy-looking place; and when I shoved my way into the crowded passage, such mingled smells of gas, rum, and tobacco, reeked from the tap within, that I wondered how, on so close an evening, a multitude of human beings could find pleasure in such an atmosphere. I had some difficulty in making my request to see Mrs. Foster audible to a tawdry-looking, red-faced woman, who was serving at the bar. But as soon as she did understand, a dirty urchin was called from the tap and desired to conduct me up stairs; and up stairs, accordingly, we groped, flight after flight, till, on reaching a skylight, through which the remains of a crimson sunset still glimmered, I saw the lad who showed me the way take off his oilskin cap, almost respectfully, as he approached a door, as rickety as all the rest of the premises, which seemed as though the rumble of any heavily-laden dray passing the gate would shake it into a heap.

"The corpse lies there, sir," said the boy; and so startled was I by the word, that I stood listening to his retreating footsteps down the creaking stairs, instead of opening the door. At length I took courage to tap,—and again and louder, till I found myself bidden to 'come in.'

"As well as I could judge by the glimmering light within, no one was stirring in the chamber but the servant-maid who had come in search of me the preceding night; who, meeting me at the

foot of the curtainless bed, laid her hand upon my arm, and pointing to it, whispered me to be silent. On that bed lay two human forms; the one, stiff and stretched, with a sheet drawn tight over the rigid limbs; the other, flung down helplessly beside it, hiding her face in the pillow,—*not* sleeping, for, from time to time, convulsive sobs burst from the bosom of the widow.

“‘Why did you not tell me last night how it was with her?’ said I, addressing the girl.

“‘Please to come into the room, sir, where the little boys are abed and asleep,’ said she, leading me away, as if apprehensive of telling her sad tale in presence of her poor mistress. And having conducted me into the adjoining closet she called a room, (where on a flock pallet lay two little fellows locked in each other’s arms) she told me that her master had expired only the preceding night;—that when she came to fetch me, he was yet alive.

“‘Master had a great wish to see you, sir,’ said the girl, whose tears fell bitterly as she told the doleful story of his last moments. ‘He was much disappointed, poor gentleman, when he heard that you had spoken harshly, and refused to come. Master suffered much, sir, in his last moments, but was patienter than a lamb. And now, please God, he is in a better place.’

“‘I gradually drew from the girl that the Fosters had been a fortnight in town; that poor Mr. Henry had long been declining, suffering from the same inward malady, it was thought, which had carried off his father. He was recommended to go through an operation, and came to London for the purpose, bringing with him a letter of recommendation from the Plymouth Commissioners to one of our eminent army surgeons. But the fatigue and exertion of the journey, accompanied by his family, whom he could not be prevailed upon to leave behind, brought his malady to a crisis. Since his arrival he had never risen from the bed into which he was moved on quitting the coach; and though in daily hopes that the morrow might effect some improvement in his state, he had gradually sunk. All that remained of my gifted young friend lay under the coarse sheet of an inn garret, in the adjoining room!

“‘What will become of poor missus I know not!’ sobbed the girl. ‘She has not a friend in this town. The money master brought here is running short. I heard the undertaker inquiring of the landlord *who* was to be responsible for the funeral expenses—’

“‘I am afraid your poor mistress was cut to the soul, my good girl, by my refusing to come!’ cried I, interrupting her.

“‘Bless you, sir, she has taken no notice of any mortal thing since, after assisting me to lay out the body, she threw herself down beside it. She let the undertakers come and measure it, as she lay there, without so much as seeing them.’

“‘Ah, this was dreadful to think of, sir,’ continued the old tailor, shuddering at the remembrance; ‘and, moreover, it happened at a moment when I had a hard matter to command time and thought for even my own business. But this seemed business which the Almighty had thrown in my way, and it was not for me to refuse it; so I did my best. I saw the landlord, I saw the undertaker, that very night; and the servant-girl being strange in London, and scarce fit for such a charge, I sent for the good woman who used to nurse my own wife, and put her in charge of chil-

dren, mother,—ay, and him who was no more. Next day, the young widow was better able to commune with me; and when she heard all I had done, would fain have gone down on her poor knees to thank me. Unknown to me, however, she took strength and courage to write to her late husband’s employers, acquaint them with his untimely end, and request the means of laying him decently in the grave.

“‘Twenty pounds was forwarded by return of post; a sum that just sufficed to clear the expenses of the family at the inn, and procure a grave for the departed. I attended the grave as chief mourner. We buried him in St. Andrew’s churchyard, on a bright June morning, when even the London sky looked blue and gladsome; and as I stood beside that humble grave, holding in each hand one of the poor, sobbing, terrified orphans, whom the mother insisted should see their father laid in the ground, I could scarce forbear contrasting that miserable consignment of dust to dust, with the fine pageant proceeding at t’other end of the town,—a mob of embroidered foplings crowding to court, full of cares and strifes of their own creation,—while in the silent earth at my feet, the wicked ceased from troubling and the weary were at rest!

“‘The funeral had been hurried, at the wish of the landlord,—because in a house of public entertainment the presence of a corpse is injurious. Otherwise, I should have done my best to persuade the widow to attempt an appeal to her rich brother-in-law. John Foster, restricted only as regarded his living brother, could not have refused to bestow upon him a more appropriate interment. But when I hazarded a hint on the subject, she would not hear of any communication with her brother-in-law; nor would she have allowed her husband’s remains to be laid in the family vault.

“‘You have done me the greatest favor man could do!’ said she. ‘You have attended him to his last home. You have put his boys into decent mourning for their father’s burial. These things shall I remember to my dying day. But for mercy’s sake, suggest to me no charities from John Foster!’

“‘Forced to return to Plymouth to wind up her affairs, an offer was made her by the employers of poor Mr. Henry to get her sons into the government free school, if she found it convenient to settle on the spot. But in the interim, it occurred to me to apprise John Foster of the melancholy event, without violating my promise to the widow; and I accordingly inserted in the newspapers a notice of Mr. Henry’s death at the Crown Inn, Holborn, as ‘son to the late John Foster, of Bedford Row, of the eminent firm of Foster and Sons, Great St. Helen’s.’ My expectations were verified. Apprehensive that further publicity might be given to the case, Dives hurried to the wretched scene of his poor brother’s last moments; and on learning from the landlord by whom his funeral had been attended, condescended to find his way to my long-forgotten shop.

“‘I am ashamed to own, sir, that I felt as proud as a prince when I saw the pitiful figure he cut as he inquired into the circumstances of his poor brother’s death. I promise you I did not spare him an inkling. I could scarcely, indeed, refrain from exclaiming to him, ‘Cain, Cain!—where is thy brother?’

“‘Not to weary you with details of our various interviews, suffice it that I so mediated between

him and the proud widow, that, though for herself she positively refused all assistance, she suffered a portion of their grandfather's fine fortune to be devoted to the maintenance and education of the boys. I persuaded her that this was less humiliating than to see them the objects of a public charity.

"Well for them that I did so! For within the year, that heart-broken woman followed her young husband to the grave; and then, what would have become of the orphans! Moreover, God in his justice had stricken with barrenness the bed of the rich man; and young Harry is now pretty sure to succeed to the inheritance of which his father was defrauded. There is a Providence above all, sir; and John Foster (like the Scottish usurper in that terrible play which Kemble used to act in my boyhood) had committed crimes in order to acquire a fortune which he had neither chick nor child to inherit!

"But what has all this to do," cried I, "with the recovery of your debt! Did not the rich man of Harley Street book up with you to the last farthing, after your noble conduct to his brother?"

"He would have doubtless done so, had I put forward a demand. But when the negotiations were concluded between him and the widow, she exacted a promise from me that I would never allow that bad man to contribute to the last wants of him who was gone; undertaking to pay me, within the year, with the fruit of her own labors. I gave her my word, and am satisfied she would have kept hers, had she not been taken from this world by a summons no man may gainsay. After her death, sir, there was delivered to me a packet in her hand-writing, enclosing one which her dying words charged me to remit to her eldest boy, on his attaining twelve years old.

"Trust me still, my kind old friend!" wrote the widow; "*trust me in my grave!* My son shall redeem my pledge. Harry will still pay you for the mourning suit he wore at the burial of his father."

"I thought no more of all this, sir, except to lay by the packet till the appointed time." For I knew the young gentlemen were reared and educated as they ought to be,—that is, as became the high worldly position of the uncle by whom they had been adopted. But when the time came appointed by Mrs. Henry's injunctions, I did not shrink from my duty, but betook myself to Harley Street; and with some difficulty obtained access to Master Foster, who was just arrived from Eton for the holidays.

"And such a noble-looking lad; even handsomer than his poor father at the same age! When he received me (in the showy dining-room of his uncle, who was absent in the city at his business, and now a widower,) I could scarcely bring to my belief that this was the same little fellow to whom I had presented the blue pelisse in Long Acre, ten years before. I thought him a little stiff at first,—perhaps a little proud. But it was only shyness. For when I placed his mother's packet in his hand, the color disappeared from his face, and he trembled like a leaf; and, after reading her letter to an end, threw himself in tears into my arms, and even kissed the cheeks of the old tailor, as he would have done those of a relation!"

"A relation?—Say rather of a benefactor!"—cried I, deeply moved.

"And then, such loads of questions as he asked me, concerning the miseries of his parents, (not of

their wrongs—to them the mother had wisely refrained from recurring!) and the place where his father was laid,—and—and—. But the last thing he said vexed me! It was to implore a renewal of my money engagements with his mother. 'The debt is a sacred one, and now, mine to discharge,' said the little fellow, with a spirit far beyond his years. 'Promise me that you will never accept payment from my uncle!'

"It was not hope of the lucre of gain that brought me hither, Master Foster," said I. And then, seeing I was hurt, the poor lad flung his arms around my neck again; and went and fetched his brother Alfred, a more mettlesome but not less handsome boy than himself, to make my acquaintance; telling him I had been the friend of their parents,—at one time, indeed," added Henry, 'their only, *only* friend!'

"From that day, I am convinced those two poor young gentlemen must have laid by every guinea of their pocket-money and presents, to accomplish the sacred purpose pointed out by their mother; and for a schoolboy in their condition of life to abjure the indulgences enjoyed by his playmates, is a sacrifice greater than the greatest sacrifices of a man. Right earnest, however, were they in their purpose; for three years afterwards, I received a purse containing sixteen guineas,—in pocket-pieces, new guineas, and a five-pound note, which I afterwards found was a token from Mr. Foster to his elder nephew, on his obtaining high honors in the school. I wanted to return the money to them; but they would not hear of it. Only Master Henry requested my indulgence at present for the remainder, as they wished to devote the next portion of their savings to placing a stone in St. Andrew's churchyard, over the grave of their father.

"Yesterday, sir—(I am at last bringing the two ends of my story to meet)—yesterday, sir, as I was tying up my dahlias in my little garden in Elysium Place, a smart cab stopped at the door, and a little tiger jumping down, (and, by the way, I never saw a better cut livery since I handled a needle!) inquires of me, 'whether, that was the residence of Mr. Jonas Cox?'—So startled was I, that I could scarce answer intelligibly; for on going to the gate, I saw there was a coronet on the harness, and two young gentlemen in the cab.

"Wait for me a moment," said the youngest of them (a mere lad) to his companion; and in a moment he had lifted the garden latch, and (no doubt to the surprise of the tiger) was shaking me heartily by the hand, and asking me for a few minutes' conversation in the house.

"You don't remember me, I'm sure," said he; 'I'm Alfred Foster. You must have noticed my being gazetted, last month, into the Guards! I've been to Poland Street—I was there a week ago—but being on guard since, and much engaged, could not find my way here before. A draft upon Cox and Greenwood, my good friend,' he continued—placing a paper in my hand. 'But don't fancy that because this makes money matters straight between us, Harry or I shall ever lose sight of our obligations. You would do us a favor, my dear Mr. Cox, by using this trifle for our sakes, said he, placing in my hands a handsome snuff-box, that bore an inscription I scarce could read for the tears in my eyes! (I would have brought it with me, sir, this morning, if I had looked forward to the pleasure of this long chat

with you ; though I should be almost ashamed to show you the flattering words inscribed in 't!) Before I could say a word in answer to the dear young gentleman, or so much as offer him a receipt in full, (as I doubtless ought,) he was off. Away rolled the cab along the road to Maida Hill ; whilst I stood upon the doorsteps, staring after it, and looking like an old fool !

"I promise you that I and Mrs. Cox drank the health of young Master Harry and his brother, yesterday, as kindly as I had ever felt inclined to do that of his father ! But, thank goodness, 't is clearing up," cried Cox VI., interrupting himself ; "for I've got to call in Poland street, on my way to the coach-office, to have a peep at the new sheriff's liveries, which my son has the honor of furnishing. I could tell you a famous story, sir, about those liveries, ay, and their master too ! But I've tired you and myself ; you shall hear it another time. Good day, sir, good day." I'll bring the snuff-box with me the very first day I'm able to call."

#### GREECE.

THE new constitution of Greece has been settled, on all the free principles of Western Europe, imitated from England,—limited monarchy, ministerial responsibility, national representation, parliamentary control over the expenditure, legal equality of all classes, trial by jury, freedom of the press, and so forth. The consummation was not accomplished without another struggle, not less dangerous to the peace of the country and the existence of the monarchy than if it had been open warfare instead of a quiet negotiation carried on almost in secret. A revolution, bloodless because it was effected by an overwhelming power, had resulted in referring the question of the constitution to a special National Assembly. The Assembly accordingly framed the constitution in the terms of its appointment, and submitted it to King Otho for ratification. The young monarch took one last opportunity of proving his own incompetency to comprehend his real position, and to show himself almost the idiot he has been suspected to be ; he returned the national document covered with objections, and suggested alterations,—some destroying the value of the charter by striking out essential provisions, as that securing for political accusations trial by jury ; others attempting to defeat the whole project by some discreditable but transparent quibble, as the suggested addition to the royal oath that the king should keep the constitution "according to his conscience" ; and others coming down to petty grammatical pedantries of criticism, indulged by a Bavarian in handling a Greek composition. Otho took up a position the very reverse of that which would have been dignified and suitable, and appeared an idle schoolboy and tricky trifler. Luckily, to use a homely English phrase, "the gray mare is the better horse" ; Otho has a queen, to whom are attributed earnest humanity, enlarged views, and a feminine gentleness not incompatible

with great influence over her husband. And luckily for Greece, the Assembly exhibited an unusual, perhaps an unprecedented example of moderation and discretion in a popular body ; there was no display of incontinent "patriotism," no taunting opposition ; even the unavoidable asperity was veiled by debating on the king's amendments with closed doors ; but the Assembly was firm and unanimous—it could not yield to Otho's caprices. Mahomet therefore consented to go to the mountain—Otho himself yielded, and adopted the constitution, with more apparent cheerfulness than might have been expected. If the Greeks show as much intelligence, firmness, and discretion in working out their new form of government, as they have in devising it, it cannot but go well ; and liberty will once more have been firmly planted in South-eastern Europe.—*Spectator*, April 13.

From the *London Magazine*.

Come gentle sleep, come to these eyes,  
And wrap them up in rest ;  
And let this heart that inly mourns,  
In dreams, at least, be blest.

But like to nothing on this earth  
Let the sweet vision be ;  
Or else it must remembrance bring  
Of something sad to me.

The master-key of all my soul  
Hath felt a fearful blow ;  
And every string that chimed before,  
With discord frights me now.

Then like to nothing on this earth  
Let the sweet vision be ;  
Or else it must remembrance bring  
Of something sad to me.

#### VALE CRUCIS.

A WELSH SONG, BY MR. ROSCOE.

Vale of the Cross, the shepherds tell,  
'T is sweet within thy woods to dwell,  
For there are sainted shadows seen,  
That frequent haunt thy dewy green ;  
In wandering winds the dirge is sung,  
The convent bell by spirits rung,  
And matin hymns and vesper prayer,  
Break softly on the tranquil air.

Vale of the Cross, the shepherds tell,  
'T is sweet within thy woods to dwell,  
For peace has there her spotless throne,  
And pleasures to the world unknown ;  
The murmurs of the distant rills,  
The sabbath silence of the hills,  
And all the quiet God hath given,  
Without the golden gates of Heaven.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

## THE CHILD'S WARNING.

There's bloom upon the lady's cheek,  
 There's brightness in her eye :  
 Who says the sentence is gone forth  
 That that fair thing must die ?

Must die before the flowering time,  
 Out yonder, sheds its leaf—  
 Can this thing be, O human flower !  
 Thy blossoming so brief ?

Nay, nay, 't is but a passing cloud,  
 Thou didst but droop awhile ;  
 There's life, long years, and love and joy,  
 Whole ages, in that smile—

In the gay call that to thy knee  
 Brings quick that loving child,  
 Who looks up in those laughing eyes  
 With his large eyes so mild.

Yet, thou art doom'd—art dying ; all  
 The coming hour foresee,  
 But, in love's cowardice, withhold  
 The warning word from thee.

God keep thee and be merciful !  
 His strength is with the weak ;  
 Through babes and sucklings, the Most High  
 Hath oft vouchsafed to speak—

And speaketh now—"Oh, mother dear !"   
 Murmurs the little child ;  
 And there is trouble in his eyes,  
 Those large blue eyes so mild—

"Oh, mother dear ! they say that soon,  
 When here I seek for thee,  
 I shall not find thee—nor out there,  
 Under the old oak-tree ;

"Nor up-stairs in the nursery,  
 Nor anywhere, they say.  
 Where wilt thou go to, mother dear ?  
 Oh, do not go away !"

Then was long silence—a deep hush—  
 And then the child's low sob.  
 Her quivering eyelids close—one hand  
 Keeps down the heart's quick throb.

And the lips move though sound is none,  
 That inward voice is prayer.  
 And hark ! "Thy will, O Lord, be done !"   
 And tears are trickling there,

Down that pale cheek, on that young head ;  
 And round her neck he clings ;  
 And child and mother murmur out  
 Unutterable things.

He half unconscious—she deep-struck  
 With sudden solemn truth,

That number'd are her days on earth,  
 Her shroud prepared in youth—

That all in life her heart holds dear,  
 God calls her to resign,  
 She hears—feels—trembles—but looks up,  
 And sighs, "Thy will be mine !"

## THE FAMILY MEETING.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

We are all here,  
 Father, Mother,  
 Sister, Brother,

All who hold each other dear.  
 Each chair is filled—we're all *at home* !  
 To-night let no cold stranger come :  
 It is not often thus around  
 Our old familiar hearth we're found.  
 Bless, then, the meeting and the spot ;  
 For once be every care forgot ;  
 Let gentle peace assert her power,  
 And kind affection rule the hour.

We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here !

Some are away—the dead ones dear,  
 Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,  
 And gave the hour to guileless mirth.  
 Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
 Looked in, and thinned our little band ;  
 Some like a night-flash passed away,  
 And some sank lingering day by day ;  
 The quiet grave-yard—some lie there—  
 And cruel ocean has his share—

We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here,

Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear ;  
 Fond Memory, to her duty true,  
 Brings back their faded forms to view.  
 How life-like, through the mist of years,  
 Each well-remembered face appears !  
 We see them, as in times long past ;  
 From each to each kind looks are cast,  
 We hear their words, their smiles behold—  
 They're round us as they were of old—  
 We *are* all here.

We are all here,  
 Father, Mother,  
 Sister, Brother,

You that I love, with love so dear.  
 This may not long of us be said—  
 Soon must we join the gathered dead,  
 And by the hearth we now sit round  
 Some other circle will be found.  
 Oh ! then, that wisdom may be known  
 Which yields a life of peace below ;  
 So, in the world to follow this,  
 May each repeat, in words of bliss,  
 We're all—all here !

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE BRITISH FLEET.

WERE the question proposed to us, What is the most extraordinary, complete, and effective instance of skill, contrivance, science, and power, ever combined by man? we should unhesitatingly answer, an English line-of-battle ship. Take the model of a 120 gun ship—large as it may be for a floating body, its space is not great. For example, it is not half the ordinary size of a nobleman's mansion; yet that ship carries a thousand men with convenience, and lodges them day and night, with sufficient room for the necessary distinctions of obedience and command—has separate apartments for the admiral and the captain, for the different ranks of officers, and even for the different ranks of seamen—separate portions below decks for the sleeping of the crew, the dining of the officers, and the receptacle for the sick and wounded. Those thousand men are to be fed three times a-day, and provisions for four months are to be stowed. One hundred and twenty cannon, some of them of the heaviest metal, are to be carried; and room is to be found for all the weight of shot and quantities of powder, with other missiles, rockets, and signal fires, necessary for service. Besides this, room is to be provided for the stowage of fresh rigging, sails, ropes, cables, and yards, to replace those lost by accident, battle, or wear and tear. Besides this, too, there is to be a provision for the hospital. So far for the mere necessities of the ship. Then we are to regard the science; for nothing can be more essential than the skill and the instruments of the navigator, as nothing can be more fatal than a scientific error, a false calculation, or a remission of vigilance. We shall do no more than allude to the habits of command essential to keep a thousand of these rough and daring spirits in order, and that, too, an order of the most implicit, steady, and active kind; nor to their knowledge of tactics, and conduct in battle. The true definition of the line-of-battle ship being, a floating regiment of artillery in a barrack, which, at the beat of a drum, may be turned into a field of battle, or, at the command of government, may be sent flying on the wings of the wind round the world.

We think that we have thus established our proposition. If not, let anything else be shown which exhibits the same quantity of power packed within the same space; and that power, too, increasing daily by new contrivances of stowage and building, by new models of guns, and new inventions in machinery. England is at this moment building two hundred steam-ships, with guns of a calibre to which all the past were trifling, with room for a regiment of land troops besides their crews, and with the known power of defying wind and wave, and throwing an army in full equipment for the field, within a few days, on any coast of Europe.

It is remarkable that the use of the navy, as a great branch of the military power of England, had

been scarcely contemplated until the last century. Though the sea-coast of England, the largest of any European state, and the national habits of an insular country, might have pointed out this direction for the national energies from the earliest period, yet England was a kingdom for five hundred years before she seems to have thought of the use of ships as an instrument of public power. In the long war with France during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the ships were almost wholly mercantile; and, when employed in wars, were chiefly employed as transports to throw our troops on the French soil. It was the reign of Elizabeth, that true birth of the progress of England, that first developed the powers of an armed navy. The Spanish invasion forced the country to meet the Armada by means like its own; and the triumph, though won by a higher agency, and due to the winds and waves, or rather to the Supreme Providence which watched over the land of Protestantism, awoke the nation to the true faculty of defence; and from that period alone could the burden of the fine national song be realized, and Britain was to "rule the main."

The expeditions against the Spanish West Indies, and the new ardor of discovery in regions where brilliant fable lent its aid to rational curiosity, carried on the process of naval power. The war against Holland, under Charles II., though disastrous and impolitic, showed at least that the fleet of England was the true arm of its strength; and the humiliation of the only rival of her commerce at once taught her where the sinews of war lay, and by what means the foundations of naval empire were to be laid. But it was not until the close of the last century that the truth came before the nation in its full form. The American war—a war of skirmishes—had its direct effect, perhaps its providential purpose, in compelling England to prepare for the tremendous collision which was so soon to follow, and which was to be the final security of the continent itself. It was then, for the first time, that the nation was driven to the use of a navy on a great scale. The war, lying on the western side of an ocean, made the use of naval armaments necessary to every operation. The treacherous hostility of the French cabinet, and the unfortunate subservency of Spain to that treachery, made corresponding energy on the part of England a matter of public demand; and when France and Spain sent out fleets of a magnitude till then unknown, England was then urged to follow their example. The defeats of the combined navies excited the nation to still more vigorous efforts; and the war closed with so full a demonstration of the matchless importance of a great navy to England, that the public feeling was fixed on giving it the largest contribution of the national confidence.

The time was at hand when the trial was to involve every interest of England and mankind. The first grand struggle of revolutionary France

with England was to be on the seas; and the generation of naval officers who had been reared in the American war, then rising into vigor, trained by its experience, and stimulated by its example, gallantly maintained the honor of their country.

A succession of sanguinary battles followed, each on the largest scale, and each closing in British victory; until the republic, in despair, abandoned the fatal element, and tried her fortunes in the easier conflicts of the land. The accession of Napoleon renewed the struggle for naval supremacy, until one vast blow extinguished his hopes and his navy at Trafalgar. Peace now exists, and long may it exist! but France is rapidly renewing her navy, taking every opportunity of exercising its strength, and especially patronizing the policy of founding those colonies which it idly imagines to be the source of British opulence. But whether the wisdom of Louis Philippe limits the protection of French trade to the benefits which commerce may confer on his vast kingdom, or looks forward to the support which a mercantile navy may give to a warlike one, we must not sleep on our post. The life of any individual is brief on a national scale; and his successor, whether regent or republican, may be as hot-headed, rash, and ambitious, as this great monarch has shown himself rational, prudent, and peaceful. We must prepare for all chances; and our true preparation must be, a fleet that may defy all.

It is a remarkable instance of the slowness with which science advances, that almost the whole scientific portion of seamanship has grown up since the middle of the seventeenth century, though America had been reached in 1492, and India in 1496; and thus the world had been nearly rounded before what would now be regarded as the ordinary knowledge of a navigator had been acquired. England has the honor of making the first advances. It was an Englishman, Norwood, who made the first measurement of a degree between London and York, and fixed it at 122,399 English yards. The attention of the world thus once awakened, Huygens and Cassini applied themselves to ascertain the figure of the earth. The first experiments of the French *savans* were in contradiction to Newton's theory of the flattening of the poles; but the controversy was the means of exciting new interest. The eyes of the scientific world were turned more intently on the subject. New experiments were made, which corrected the old; and finally, on the measurement of the arc in Peru, and in the north, truth and Newton triumphed, and the equatorial diameter was found to exceed the polar by a two hundred and fourth part of the whole. This was perhaps the finest problem ever solved by science; the most perplexing in its early state—exhibiting for a while the strongest contradiction of experiment and theory, occupying in a greater degree the attention of philosophers than any before or since, and finally established with a certainty which every subsequent observation has

only tended to confirm. And this triumph belonged to an Englishman.

The investigation by measurements has since been largely adopted. In 1787, joint commissions were issued by England and France to connect the Greenwich and Parisian observations. Arcs of the meridian have since been measured across the whole breadth of France and Spain, and also near the Arctic circle, and in the Indian peninsula.

In navigation, the grand point for the sailor is to ascertain his latitude and longitude; in other words, to know where he is. The discovery of the latitude is easily effected by the quadrant, but the longitude is the difficulty.

Any means which ascertained the hour at Greenwich, at the instant of making a celestial observation in any other part, would answer the difficulty; for the difference in quarters of an hour would give the difference of the degrees. But clocks could not be used on shipboard, and the best watches failed to keep the time. In the reign of Anne, Parliament offered a reward of £5000, perhaps not far from the value of twice the sum in the present day, for a watch within a certain degree of accuracy. Harrison, a watch-maker, sent in a watch which came within the limits, losing but two minutes in a voyage to the West Indies; yet even this was an error of thirty miles.

But, though chronometers have since been considerably improved, there are difficulties in their preservation in good order which have made it expedient to apply to other means; and the lunar tables of Mayer of Gottingen, formed in 1755, and subsequently improved by Dr. Maskelyne and others, have brought the error within seven miles and a half.

Improvements of a very important order have also taken place in the mariner's compass; the variation of the needle has been reduced to rules, and some anomalies, arising from the metallic attraction of the ship itself, have been corrected by Professor Barlow's experiments. The use of the marine barometer and thermometer have also largely assisted to give notice of tempests; and some ingenious theories have been lately formed, which, promising to give a knowledge of the origin and nature of tempests, are obviously not unlikely to assist the navigator in stemming their violence, or escaping them altogether.

The construction of ships for both the merchant and the public service has undergone striking improvements within this century. Round sterns, for the defence of a vessel engaged with several opponents at once; compartments in the hold, for security against leaks; iron tanks for water, containing twice the quantity, and keeping it free from the impurities of the casks; a better general stowage; provisions prepared so as to remain almost fresh during an East Indian voyage; every means of preserving health, suggested by science, and succeeding to the most remarkable degree; a more intelligent system of ship-building, and a



constant series of experiments on the shape, stowage, and sailing of ships, are among the beneficial changes of later times. But the one great change—steam—will probably swallow up all the rest, and form a new era in shipbuilding, in navigation, in the power and nature of a navy, and in the comfort, safety, and protection of the crews in actual engagement. The use of steam is still so palpably in its infancy, yet that infancy is so gigantic, that it is equally difficult to say what it may yet become, and to limit its progress. It will have the one obvious advantage to mankind in general, of making the question of war turn more than ever on the financial and mechanical resources of a people; and thus increasing the necessity for commercial opulence and intellectual exertion.

It may expose nations more to each other's attacks; but it will render hostility more dreaded, because more dangerous. On the whole, like the use of gunpowder, which made a Tartar war impossible, and which rapidly tended to civilize Europe, steam appears to be intended as a further step in the same high process, in which force is to be put down by intelligence, and success, even in war, is to depend on the industry of peace; thus, in fact, providing a perpetual restriction on the belligerent propensities of nations, and urging the uncivilized, by necessity, to own the superiority, and follow the example of the civilized, by knowledge, habit and principle.

It is not to be forgotten, even in this general and brief view of the values of the British fleet, that it has, within these few years, assumed a new character as an instrument of war. The Syrian campaign, the shortest, and, beyond all comparison, the most brilliant on record, if we are to estimate military distinction, not only by the gallantry of the conflict, but by the results of the victory—this campaign, which at once finished the war in Syria, gave peace to Turkey, reduced Egypt to obedience, rescued the Sultan from Russian influence, and Egypt from French; or rather rescued all Europe from the collision of England, France, and Russia; and even, by the evidence of our naval capabilities, taught American faction the wisdom of avoiding hostilities—this grand operation was effected by a small portion of the British navy, well commanded, directed to the right point, and acting with national energy. The three hours' cannonade of Acre, the most effective achievement in the annals of war, exhibited a new use of a ship's broadside; for, though ships' guns had often battered forts before, it was the first instance of a *fleet* employed in attack, and fully overpowering all opposition. The attack on Algiers was the only exploit of a similar kind; but its success was limited, and the result was so far disastrous, that it at once fixed the eye of France on the invasion of Algiers, and disabled and disheartened the native government from vigorous resistance. The victory of the fleet at Acre will also have the effect

of changing the whole system of defence in fortresses and cities exposed to the sea.

But a still further advance in the employment of fleets as an instrument of hostilities, has since occurred in the Chinese war—their simultaneous operations with troops. In former assaults of fortresses, the troops and ships attacked the same line of defence, and the consequence was the waste of force. From the moment when the troops approached the land, the fire of the ships necessarily ceased, and the fleet then remained spectators of the assault. But in this war, while the troops attacked on the land side, the fleet ran up to the sea batteries, and both attacks went on together—of course dividing the attention of the enemy, thus having a double chance of success, and employing both arms of the service in full energy. This masterly combination the Duke of Wellington, the highest military authority in Europe, pronounced to be a new principle in war; and even this is, perhaps, only the beginning of a system of combination which will lead to new victories, if war should ever unhappily return.

#### LEGAL EXAMINATION.

##### INTRODUCTORY QUESTIONS.

Q. Mention some of the principal law books which you have studied!—A. Hoyle's Laws of Whist, Cribbage, &c. The Rules of the Cricket Club; ditto of the Jockey Club.

Q. Have you attended any, and what law lectures!—A. I have attended to many legal lectures, when I have been admonished by police magistrates for kicking up rows in the streets, pulling off knockers, &c.

##### COMMON LAW.

Q. What is a real action!—A. An action brought in earnest, and not by way of a joke.

Q. What are original writs!—A. Pothooks and hangers.

##### EQUITY AND CONVEYANCING.

Q. What are a bill and answer!—A. Ask my tailor.

Q. How would you file a bill!—A. I don't know, but would lay a case before a blacksmith.

Q. What steps would you take to dissolve an injunction!—A. I should put it into some very hot water, and let it remain there until it was melted.

Q. What are post-nuptial articles!—A. Children.

##### CRIMINAL LAW AND BANKRUPTCY.

Q. What is simple larceny!—A. Picking a pocket of a handkerchief, and leaving a purse of money behind.

Q. What is grand larceny!—A. The Income-tax.

Q. How would you proceed to make a man a bankrupt!—A. Induce him to take one of the national theatres.

Q. How is the property of a bankrupt disposed of!—A. The solicitor to the fiat, and the other legal functionaries, divide it amongst themselves. —Punch.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## LIFE UPON THE NILE.

Smooth went our boat along the summer seas,  
 Leaving—for so it seemed—a world behind,  
 Its cares, its sounds, its shadows; we reclined  
 Upon the sunny deck, heard but the breeze  
 That whispered through the palms, or idly played  
 With the lithe flag aloft—a forest scene  
 On either side drew its slope line of green,  
 And hung the water's edge with shade.  
 Above thy woods, Memphis!—pyramids pale  
 Peered as we passed; and Nile's azure hue  
 Gleaming 'mid the grey desert, met the view;  
 Where hung at intervals the scarce seen sail.  
 Oh! were this little boat to us the world,  
 As thus we wandered far from sounds of care,  
 Circled with friends, and gentle maidens fair,  
 While southern airs the waving pennant curled,  
 How sweet were life's long voyage, till in peace  
 We gained that haven still, where all things cease!

(Altered from) BOWLES.

READER! whoever you are, you may one day be induced to change the feverish life of Europe, with all its perplexing enjoyments, its complicated luxuries, and its manifold cares, for the silence, the simplicity, and the freedom of a life on the Desert and the River. Has society palled upon you? Have the week-day struggles of the world made you wish for some short sabbath of repose? Has our coarse climate chafed your lungs, and do they require the soothing of balmily breathing breezes? Come away to the Nile! Has love, or hate, or ambition, or any other ephemeral passion, ruffled up a storm in your butterboat of existence? Here you will find that calm counsellor Egeria—whose name is solitude. Have the marvellous stories of the old world sunk into your soul, and do you seek for their realization? Or have mere curiosity and the spirit of unrest, driven you forth to wander, *à l'Anglais*, as a man takes a walk on a dreary day for the pleasure of returning from it? Come away to the Nile. Here are sunshines that are never clouded, and fragrant airs, as gentle as a maiden's whisper, instead of northern gales that howl round you, as if you were an old battlement. Here are nights, all a-glow with stars, and a crescent moon that seems bowing to you by courtesy, not bent double by rheumatism. Here is no money to be lost or gained—no letters to disturb into joy or sorrow—none of the wear and tear and petty details of life. You never hear the sound of your native tongue, and somehow men don't talk, and therefore don't think so lightly, when they have to translate their thoughts into a strange language. In a word, here is the highest soul of monastic retirement. You stand apart from the world—you see men so widely differing from yourself in their appearance, their habits, their hopes and their fears, that you are induced to look upon man in the abstract. As you recede from Europe further and further on towards the silent regions of the Past, you live more and more in that Past;—the river over which you glide, the desert, the forest, the very air you breathe are calm; the temples in their awful solitudes, the colossal statues, the

II. LIVING AGE.

6

tombs with their guardian sphinxes—all are profoundly calm—and at length even English restlessness softens down, and blends with the universal calm around.

• • • • •  
 Cairo! for the present farewell. It was late when I issued from the gates, but it was impossible to be in a hurry on such an evening, and on such a spot. The distance between the modern metropolis and the river is broken by many a mound and chasm, that marks where its predecessor stood,—the distorted features of a city that has died a violent death. The metropolis of Egypt had an uneasy life of it. To say nothing of its youth at Thebes, it has wandered about Lower Egypt, as if it were a mere encampment. Under the name of Memphis, it remained for some time on the western bank of the river. It fled from Nebuchadnezzar to the opposite side under the "alias" of Babylon; paid a visit to Alexandria under the Ptolemies; and returned to Babylon, where it was besieged by Amrou. A dove built its nest in the tent of the Saracen general, and he, who had ruthlessly ravaged and laid waste the dwellings of man, would not disturb the domestic arrangements of a little bird. Babylon was taken, but he ordered a new city to be built from its ruins on the site where this dove sat hatching. Thus Fostat became the metropolis of Egypt. The nomade instinct was too strong for its repose, however, and, under the Fatimites, it was obliged to start again, and remove to its present position, where it dwells under the name of Misr el Kahira, "the victorious city," or, in plain English, Grand Cairo. There are some remains of these former cities still existing, among which is a fine aqueduct, and some buildings, called Joseph's Granaries, which are still used for that purpose.

• • • • •  
 Some hundred years ago there was a great scarcity of corn in Egypt—the people were daily perishing of want, yet some avaricious merchants hoarded up their stock until it became worth its weight in gold. Among these was an old miser named Amin, who had filled one of "Joseph's Granaries," at the last plenteous harvest. Day by day, as the famine wasted his fellow-citizens, he sat upon the steps of his corn-store, speculating on their sufferings, and calculating how he could make the utmost usury out of God's bounty. At length there was no more corn elsewhere; famishing crowds surrounded his store-house, and besought him as a charity to give them a little food for all their wealth. Gold was piled around him—the miser's soul was satisfied with the prospect of boundless riches. Slowly he unclosed his iron doors—when, lo! he recoils, blasted and terror-stricken, from his treasury. Heaven had sent the worm into his corn, and instead of piles of yellow wheat, he gazed on festering masses of rottenness and corruption. Starving as the people were, they raised a shout of triumph at the manifest

judgment, but Amén heard it not—he had perished in his hour of evil pride.

The sun was setting behind the pyramids when I embarked; but night and day make little difference in this country, and the former is only associated with the idea of rest, when it happens to be too dark to see. It was bright moonlight as I mustered our swarthy crew on the river's edge. Their countenances were full of hope and eagerness, and when their inspection was concluded, each kissed my hand and placed it on his head, in sign of devotion and fidelity. Their dress was principally a pair of loose cotton drawers, reaching to the knee, a long blue shirt, and the red cloth cap called a "tarboosh," which, on state occasions, is wound round with a white turban by the lower classes. The officers in the pasha's service always wear it plain. The crew consisted of a rais, or captain, a pilot, and eight rowers: with one exception we found them good-humored, faithful, honest, and affectionate fellows. Two servants completed the equipment. One of these, named Mahmoud, has the well-deserved character of being the best dragoman in Egypt. He had none of the indolence of his race; always actively employed, his song was never silent except when exchanged for conversation; strikingly handsome, keen and intelligent, he had unbounded influence over the crew, and was welcomed eagerly by peasant and governor wherever we landed. From Cairo to the depths of Nubia he seemed intimately acquainted, not only with every locality, but with every individual along the river. He had accompanied Lord Prudhoe on both his expeditions into the interior of Africa, and spoke of him with gratitude and enthusiasm. \* \* \* Now the cable is loosed, a long towing line is drawn along the shore by the sailors; the pilot perches himself on the spar-deck; the rais squats at the bow; and the Nile ripples round our prow, as we start on a two-months' voyage with as little ceremony as if only crossing the river in a ferry-boat. Palms, palaces, and busy crowds glide by; the river bends, and the wind becomes favorable; the sailors wade or swim on board; enormous sails fall from the long spars, like two wide unfolding wings. The pyramids of Gizeh on our right, the distant minarets of Cairo on our left, slowly recede, and the cool night-breezes follow us, laden with perfumes from the gardens of Rhoda, and the faint murmur of the great city; the crew gather about the fire, with

"Dark faces pale around that rosy flame,"

and discuss, in a whisper, the appearance of the white stranger, who reclines on a pile of Persian carpets, smoking his chibouque, and sipping his coffee as contentedly as if he had been born and bred under the shadow of the palm.

It was a lovely night. There was just wind enough to bosom out our snowy sails, that heaved

as with a languid respiration; the moon shone forth in glory, as if she were still the bright goddess of the land, and loved it well. No longer do the white-robed priests of Isis celebrate her mystic rites in solemn procession along these shadowy banks; no longer the Egyptian maidens move in choral dances through these darkling groves, with lotus garlands on their brows, and mirrors on their breasts, which flashed back the smile of the worshipped moon at every pant of those young bosoms, to typify that the heart within was all her own, and imaged but her deity.—These were fine times for that epicurean hermit, the man in the moon. No doubt Lord Rosse's new telescope will find the expression of his countenance sadly altered now. There are no more mystic pomps or midnight pageants in the land of Egypt; he may look in vain for venerable priest or vestal virgin now. Yet still does Isis seem to smile lovingly over her deserted shrines, and her pale light harmonizes well with the calm dwellings of the mighty dead. These, with their pyramids, their tombs, their temples, are the real inhabitants of this dreamy land. The puny people who usurp their place have as little in common with it as the jackdaws have with Mucross Abbey.

#### SONGS OF THE NILE.

"Oh music! miraculous art! that makes the poet's skill a jest, revealing to the soul inexplicable feelings by the aid of inexplicable sounds! A blast of the trumpet, and thousands rush forth to die—a peal of the organ, and uncounted multitudes kneel down to pray."

DE QUINCY.

FROM Memnon to Mehemet Ali all Egypt luxuriates in music. In the pasha's palace, in the peasant's hut, at the soldier's bivouac, on the sailor's deck, in every circumstance of the Arab's life, I have found it regarded as the chief source of his enjoyment. He is born, he is married, he dies, he is buried to the sound of music. It cheers his labor, it heightens his festival, it controls his passions, it soothes his miseries. Our crew sung for two months almost without intermission, yet never seemed to weary of their song. Among the items furnished by our dragoman as necessary to our outfit, were a drum and some Nile-flutes. The former consisted of a large earthen bowl with a skin stretched over it; the latter resembled the double flageolet, and was made of reeds: it seemed capable of a much wider range of notes than their monotonous music required. Its sound was somewhat shrill, but not displeasing, and every sailor on board seemed a proficient in its use. I could detect but little variety in the airs, and the words were of the simplest kind. I listened as vainly for the songs of Antar among the Arabs of Egypt as I had done for those of Tasso among the gondoliers of Venice. The songs of the Arab sailor are generally of home, of the Nile, never of

war, but most of all, of love. Very few of these last are fit for translation, and as the home-made poetry of a people always takes for its subject that which is uppermost in their thought, I fear the sensuality of their muse must be taken as some index of their character. It is true that the songs of our sailors and our cottagers are not always of the most edifying character; but the popularity of some of the

"Old songs that are the music of the heart,"

the love ballads of Scotland, England, and above all, of old Ireland; the enthusiasm for the compositions of Moore, Burns, and Dibdin, which linked in one sympathy the castle and the cottage, all this proves that there is an echo to a purer tone even in the rugged and too little cared-for minds of our peasantry.

I do not pretend to give specimens of Arab poetry; but I subjoin one or two translations of Nile songs in verse, as un-artistic as their own. The first was given to me by a Levantine lady at Alexandria, and probably owes much of its delicacy to the fair medium through which it passed from the Arabic into Italian. The original is characteristic in its profusion of images, and unique, as far as I know of eastern poetry, in its tenderness and purity of tone. Lady! should these desultory pages ever meet thy radiant eyes, let me be grateful that the veil of a strange language will half conceal their imperfections: thy gentle heart will do the rest, and whisper thee besides, how much the wanderer owes to thee, if ever a bright thought illumines his "Wanderbuch."

#### THE ARAB LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

1

Thou art the palm-tree of my desert, and thy glance,  
so soft and bright,  
Is the moonlight of my spirit in its long and dreary  
night;  
Only flower in my heart's deserted garden—only well  
In my life's wide, lonely wilderness—my gentle-eyed  
gazelle!

2

But the palm-tree waves in sunny heights, unreach'd  
by sighs of mine,  
And the moonlight has its mission first on loftier  
brows to shine,  
And a wealthier hand will cull that flower—unseal  
that stainless spring,  
May'st thou be happy! even with him, while lone  
I'm wandering.

Very different is the song which now swells from our sailor circle. One plays the pipes, another strikes the drum, *à la tambourine*, and all the others keep time with the wild, quick music, by clapping their hands. Each verse is first sung by a single voice, and then the two last lines are repeated in full chorus. The words are trifling and seem to convey little meaning; it is the air, which to us seems to resemble "Young Lobsky

said to his ugly wife," that is to them so full of association, lights up their dark countenances, and swells their voices with enthusiasm.

#### MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

1

*The Mother.*

My daughter 't is time that thou wert wed,  
Ten summers already are over thy head,  
I must find you a husband, if under the sun  
The conscript-catcher has left us one.

2

*The Daughter.*

Dear mother, *one* husband will never do,  
I have so much love, that I must have two,  
And I'll find for each, as you shall see,  
More love than both can bring to me.

3

One husband shall carry a lance so bright,  
He shall roam the desert for spoil by night,  
And when morning shines on the tall palm-tree,  
He shall find sweet welcome home with me.

4

The other a sailor bold shall be,  
He shall fish all day in the deep blue sea,\*  
And when evening brings his hour of rest,  
He shall find repose on this faithful breast.

5

*Mother.*

There's no chance, my child, of a double match,  
For men are scarce and hard to catch;  
So I fear you must make *one* husband do,  
And try to love him as well as two.

These songs were for the most part humorous, and such they always chanted on approaching a village, or when gathered round their night-fires as the boat lay moored to the bank; but they had also songs of a graver character, and more plaintive airs, which they sung on leaving their friends or entering upon serious undertakings. Thus, when we had reached the limits of our journey at the Second Cataract, and our boat's head was turned toward the north and home, they sung the following stanzas to an air not unlike "Vaga Luna," and kept time with their oars to the plaintive measure:—

1

Allah! il Allah! hear our prayer!  
Just Prophet! grant that the breeze is fair,  
And thy guiding moon her lustre lends,  
To favor the guest whom Allah sends.†

2

The stranger's home is far away,  
'Neath the bright deathbed of the day,

\* The Arabs call the Nile "the sea."

† Mahomet taught that a stranger was a "God-given guest," which the Arabs naturally consider the best introduction.

O'er many horizons\* his bark must go,  
Ere he reach that home,—Row, Arabs, row!

## 3

Though gentle Nile for the stormy sea,  
Though for forest dark, the bright palm-tree,  
He must change—yet his father's home is there,  
And his love's soft eye is gloomed with care.

## 4

The pale-faced stranger, lonely here,  
In cities afar, where his name is dear,  
Your Arab truth and strength shall show;  
His hope is in us—Row, Arabs, row!

And they *did* row, sometimes eighteen hours at a stretch, only pausing to eat their scanty meals, or to drink of their beloved river. There was one Nubian in our crew, a harmless, inoffensive creature, who filled the indispensable situation of butt to his comrades, submitted to all their jokes, and laughed at them too, even when practised on himself. The day on which we entered Nubia, however, he came out in a new character; he knocked an Egyptian, who had affronted him, overboard; and to the surprise of all, actually volunteered a song. It was received with great approbation, and repeated so often with shouts of laughter, that I obtained the translation of it, which I subjoin; premising that the *refrain* "Durwadeega Durwadee," is Nubian for "My henhouse, oh, my henhouse," and that this henhouse is considered the property of the wife, which her husband is obliged to make over to her in case of a divorce.

## 1

A change came over my husband's mind,  
He loved me once, and was true and kind;  
His heart went astray, he wished me away,  
But he had no money my dower to pay.

Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,  
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

## 2

For blessed be Allah! he's old and poor,  
And my cocks and hens were his only store,  
So he kept me still, for well he knew  
If I went, that the cocks and hens went too.

Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,  
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

## 3

But I saw him pining day by day,  
As he wished his poor wife far away;  
So I went my rival home to call,  
And gave her the henhouse, and him and all.

Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,  
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

## 4

Then he tore his turban off his brow,  
And swore I never should leave him now,

Till the death-men combed his burial locks,†  
Then blessed for ever be hens and cocks.

Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,  
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

I make no apology for the simplicity of these songs. It would have been easy to have given them a more polished turn, and not very difficult to have put them into better poetry; but I preferred preserving, as much as possible, the spirit of the original, as the songs of a people afford no trifling insight into their character. \* \* \* \* \*

## MEMPHIS.

Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,  
Her grot, and sepulchres of kings,  
The exiled spirit sighing roves;  
\* \* \* \* \* Now loves  
To watch the moonlight on the wings  
Of the white pelicans that break  
The calm of Acherusia's lake.

MOOR.

MORNING found us anchored off Bedrasheen, near the site of ancient Memphis. The valued friend with whom I was fortunate enough to share my voyage had been detained at Cairo, and I preferred waiting for him at the former metropolis; although corn was growing where its palaces once stood, and palm forests were waving over the gardens in which Pharaoh's daughter used to hunt butterflies with Moses. The tent was pitched on a little lawn near the river, and in the East there is no such home as a tent supplies. It is spread with carpets, under which saddle and portmanteau duly placed, form undulations enough to be substitutes for chair or pillow; sabres, and pistols, and turban *capote*, hang from the tent-pole. A large lantern within, and a large watch-fire without, give light to you and to your people; and an Arab sleeps across the door to keep off the wild dogs.

I wandered towards the forest of palms that embosoms the lake of Acherusia, and the few traces that remain of the ancient city of the Pharaohs. The former, with its gloomy waters shadowed by dark foliage, and only broken by a promontory black with blasted and gnarled stems, was a spot that Rembrandt would have loved to paint; with the vivid sunshine here and there bursting through the gloom, like bars of burning gold. Nor would he have forgotten Charon, with his spectral passengers steering his demon ship to that vast necropolis, whose tombstones are pyramids. Some mounds among these forests are generally received as Memphis; the site of Vulcan's temple, and that where the bull Apis was kept, are supposed to be ascertained. Cambyses the tauricide, however, coming so soon after Nebuchadnezzar, and the desert, the most resistless inva-

† The Musselman's head is shaved, with the exception of one lock. This is retained for the convenience of the angel who has to pull him out of his grave. This "burial-lock" is reverently arranged by the men who prepare the corpse.

\* In the East they speak of distance by "horizons."

der of all, have left little trouble to the tourist, little harvest for the antiquarian. The only inhabitant I saw was Rhampses the Great, who lies upon his face in the mud; the benignant expression of his countenance had rather a ludicrous effect considering his attitude. He is forty feet long, and with his wife and four sons, must have formed an imposing family party in front of the Temple of Vulcan. The lady and young gentlemen have disappeared; let us hope they are gone to the Elysian fields, which ought to be somewhere in this neighborhood, but as is natural, they are much more difficult to find than the *other* place which lies yonder. The quick twilight was come and gone as I wandered and wondered in this strange and lonely scene; the last rays of light fell upon the pyramid of Cheops, just visible through a vista of gigantic palm trees that opened from the lake of Acherusia on the distant desert. I stole down to the water's edge, to get within gun-shot of some pelicans, but the solemn and thoughtful aspect of the scene converted my murderous intention into a fit of musing, and I almost thought I could hear the old trees whispering the dread prophecy—"The country shall be destitute of that whereof it was full, when I shall smite all them that dwell therein; and Noph shall be desolate." \* \* \* \* \*

The next day I was sitting at the door of my tent towards sunset, enjoying, under the rose-coloring influence of my chibouque, the mood of mind that my situation naturally superinduced. At my feet flowed the Nile, reflecting the lofty spars of our gaily painted boat; beyond the river was a narrow strip of vegetation, some palm and acacia trees; then a tract of desert bounded by the Arabian hills, all purple with the setting sun-light. Far away on the horizon the minarets and citadel of Cairo were faintly sketched against the sky; around me lay fields of corn, beneath which Memphis, with all its wonders lay buried, and farther on a long succession of pyramids towered over the dark belt of forest that led along the river. Suddenly the sleeping sailors started to their feet—a shout was heard from the wood—and I saw my long-lost friend slowly emerging from its shade, accompanied by some India-bound friends of his, who were escorting him so far upon his desert way. The tent suddenly shrank into its bag—the furniture was on board, and we four were seated round a dinner, to which, simple as it was, the four quarters of the globe had contributed. We passed the evening together, and something more, for morning blushed at finding the party then only separating—our friends for India—we for Ethiopia—allons!

## LIFTS FOR LAZY LAWYERS.

Q. What are meane incumbrances?

A. Poor relations.

Q. What is a mortgagee in possession?

A. An Uncle.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

OUTSTRETCHED beneath the leafy shade  
Of Windsor Forest's deepest glade,  
A dying woman lay;  
Three little children round her stood,  
And there went up from the greenwood  
A woful wail that day.

"O mother!" was the mingled cry,  
"O mother, mother! do not die,  
And leave us all alone."  
"My blessed babes!" she tried to say,  
But the faint accents died away  
In a low sobbing moan.

And then, life struggling hard with death,  
And fast and strong she drew her breath,  
And up she raised her head;  
And peering through the deep wood maze  
With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,  
"Will she not come?" she said.

Just then, the parting boughs between,  
A little maid's light form was seen,  
All breathless with her speed;  
And following close, a man came on,  
(A portly man to look upon)  
Who led a panting steed.

"Mother!" the little maiden cried,  
Or e'er she reached the woman's side,  
And kissed her clay-cold cheek—  
"I have not idled in the town,  
But long went wandering up and down,  
The minister to seek.

"They told me here, they told me there—  
I think they mocked me everywhere;  
And when I found his home,  
And begg'd him on my bended knee  
To bring his book, and come with me,  
Mother! he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay,  
And could not go in peace away  
Without the minister;  
I begg'd him, for dear Christ, his sake,  
But oh! my heart was fit to break—  
Mother! he would not stir.

"So, though my tears were blinding me,  
I ran back, fast as fast could be,  
To come again to you;  
And here—close by—this squire I met,  
Who asked (so mild!) what made me fret;  
And when I told him true,

"I will go with you, child," he said,  
'God sends me to this dying bed,'  
Mother, he's here, hard by."  
While thus the little maiden spoke,  
The man, his back against an oak,  
Look'd on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck hung free,  
 With quivering flank and trembling knee,  
 Press'd close his bonny bay ;  
 A statelier man,—a statelier steed,  
 Never on greensward paced, I rede,  
 Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,  
 The man, his back against an oak,  
 Look'd on with glistening eye  
 And folded arms ; and in his look,  
 Something that, like a sermon book,  
 Preached—"All is vanity."

But when the dying woman's face  
 Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,  
 He stepp'd to where she lay ;  
 And kneeling down, bent over her,  
 Saying,—“I am a minister—  
 My sister ! let us pray.”

And well, withouten book or stole,  
 (God's words were printed on his soul,)  
 Into the dying ear  
 He breathed, as 't were, an angel's strain,  
 The things that unto life pertain,  
 And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,  
 In Christ renewed—regenerate—  
 Of God's most blest decree,  
 That not a single soul should die  
 Who turns repentant with the cry  
 “Be merciful to me.”

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,  
 Endured but for a little while  
 In patience—faith—and love—  
 Sure, in God's own good time, to be  
 Exchanged for an eternity  
 Of happiness above.

Then—as the spirit ebb'd away—  
 He raised his hands and eyes to pray  
 That peaceful it might pass ;  
 And then—the orphan's sobs alone  
 Were heard, and they knelt every one  
 Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wandering eyes  
 Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,  
 Who rein'd their coursers back,  
 Just as they found the long astray,  
 Who, in the heat of chase that day,  
 Had wander'd from their track.

But each man rein'd his pawing steed,  
 And lighted down, as if agreed,  
 In silence at his side ;  
 And there, uncovered all, they stood—  
 It was a wholesome sight and good—  
 That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land  
 Was that deep hush'd, bare-headed band ;

And central in the ring,  
 By that dead pauper on the ground,  
 Her ragged orphans clinging round,  
 Knelt their anointed king.

The royal minister was George the Third. The anecdote is related on the authority of the Rev. George Crabbe.

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree,  
 The village smithy stands ;  
 The smith, a mighty man is he,  
 With large and sinewy hands ;  
 And the muscles of his brawny arms  
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
 His face is like the tan ;  
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
 He earns whate'er he can,  
 And looks the whole world in the face,  
 For he owes not any man.

Week in week out, from morn till night,  
 You can hear his bellows blow,  
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
 With measured beat and slow,  
 Like the sexton ringing the bell,  
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
 Look in at the open door ;  
 They love to see the flaming forge,  
 And hear the bellows roar,  
 And catch the burning sparks that fly  
 Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
 And sits among his boys ;  
 He hears the parson pray and preach,  
 And he hears his daughter's voice,  
 Singing in the village choir,  
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
 Singing in Paradise !  
 He needs must think of her once more,  
 How in the grave she lies,  
 And with his hard rough hand he wipes  
 The tears out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
 Onward through life he goes ;  
 Each morning sees some task begin,  
 Each evening sees it close ;  
 Something attempted, something done,  
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
 For the lesson thou hast taught !  
 Thus at the flaming forge of life  
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
 Each burning deed and thought !

NATIONAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT FOR THE PENNY POSTAGE.

EVER since the establishment of the uniform penny postage, there has been a general feeling throughout the country, that the author ought to receive some acknowledgment of his great public service: the suggestion has been repeatedly made in the provinces; and at length, a committee has been formed in London to carry it into effect; many mercantile persons of high position and influence giving the project their sanction. The *Morning Post*, a persevering, not to say spiteful, opponent of the penny postage, sneers at this commercial sanction, confessing at the same time that the influential gentlemen of the city owe to Mr. HILL a *quid pro quo*—

“The rich men in business have made a very good thing of Mr. Hill's penny mania, and *they*, at all events, have substantial cause for gratitude; though to speak of ‘national gratitude’ to Mr. Hill seems rather too ridiculous. There are very many houses in business, no doubt, receiving or sending from fifty to a hundred letters *per diem*. Take the lower figure, and a small effort of arithmetic will enable any one to see that it makes all the difference between 5s. and 50s. a day to these houses. Call it two guineas a day, or say six hundred guineas a year, leaving out Sundays and holydays: six hundred guineas a year saved are six hundred guineas a year gained; and *therefore* there cannot be the slightest question that those extensive merchants, whether in the city or elsewhere, do owe a very considerable debt of *gratitude* to Mr. Rowland Hill.” [The *Post* proceeds to calculate the amount of the compensation they might be expected to make up among them—about thirty thousand pounds.]

This admission confesses too much for the immediate purpose of the *Post*. It is not pretended that merchants are the only persons who receive letters; and if the merchant saves his six hundred guineas a year, does not the merchant's clerk save a sum, trifling perhaps in the comparison, but proportionately considerable to him? In fact, all classes save in a somewhat similar ratio. How strongly and widely felt, then, must be that service which extends a pecuniary saving to every class, of such an amount that to individuals it is as great as £630 a year! But that is not all; it is notorious that the low postage has extended the habits of correspondence to classes who never enjoyed it before. In numberless families, as many letters, mostly from relations, are brought to the kitchen as to the parlor. It is not shown, if it is even alleged, that servants perform their work at all the worse for this signal solace and safeguard to their home attachments. Similar experiences may be adduced from others of the poorer classes. Here, then, is a vast and totally new benefit conferred on the multitudinous and humble classes, deserving every comfort, and attaining only too few; a benefit that cannot be priced in a money-value. The *Post*, of all journals, will be the last to set mere financial considerations above the comforts and solaces of the poor. Is he whose inge-

nuity, patient industry, and persevering energy, procured this benefaction for the whole people, helping all classes at the expense of none, to be excepted from the rule for public service, and to be denied, not only liberal reward, but justice? Is the country to pay for every other service—military, diplomatic, administrative—general or local—for thousands of duties which one man could perform as well as another—and to say that he who has accomplished by far the best service of the day is to be put off with some paltry set of plate? On the contrary, his claim is *on the nation*, and the reward should be *national*. There is one compensation that is eminently due, and that, we believe, would be most satisfactory to the man himself—the completion of his plan. He proposed one comprehensive scheme, of which only part was adopted; and ill effects flowing from that incompleteness have, with strange disregard of sense and justice, been charged upon the scheme itself, really untried in its integrity. To adopt the whole scheme, however, would only enhance the service to the public and strengthen the title to just acknowledgment; to neglect which, would be derogatory to the country or its official managers. The nation owes it to itself, even more than to ROWLAND HILL, suitably to remunerate the author of the penny postage; and in no way can provision for the purpose be made so appropriately as by Parliament. This must be done some day, though it does not appear to be among the good deeds which are to grace Sir ROBERT PEEL's cabinet. It is rather among his blunders, that he courts a future sentence of condemnation, in leaving this gross omission to be repaired by other and rival statesmen.—*Spectator*.

From the Friendship's Offering.

THE CLIENT'S STORY.

It was late one Saturday evening in December, when I received a letter, which, on opening, I found to be from Walter Moreton: and the purport of the letter was, to request my immediate presence at Cambridge, in the capacity both of a friend and of a lawyer. The letter concluded thus: “Do not delay your journey many hours after receiving this. My urgency will be explained by the change you will perceive in yours, Walter Moreton.”

I had known Walter Moreton in youth, and in manhood: we had been intimate, without having been altogether friends; and the attraction which his company possessed for me, arose rather from the shrewdness of his remarks than from any sympathy of feeling betwixt us. Of late years, I had seen comparatively little of Moreton: I knew that he had married; that he had been in ‘strained circumstances; that his father-in-law had died, and left him a rich widower; that he had married a second time, and that he was now the father of three children. From the tenor of the letter I had received, I could scarcely doubt that Walter



Moreton had been seized with some dangerous illness, and was desirous of settling his worldly affairs. My old intimacy with Moreton would of itself have prompted me to obey his summons; but the requirement of my professional aid of course increased the celerity of my obedience. Early next morning, therefore, I put myself into the Cambridge coach; and after despatching a hasty dinner at the Hoop, I walked to Walter Moreton's house in Trumpington street.

I was prepared for a change, but not certainly such a change as that which presented itself. Walter Moreton could not have been forty, but he seemed a broken-down man; gray haired,—thin visaged,—and cadaverous. His expression, too, was changed; there was an uneasy restlessness in his eye; his lips had grown thin; and he appeared, moreover, to be under the influence of extreme nervousness.

He received me with apparent kindness; thanked me for my ready compliance with his wish; and informed me at once that he had need of my professional services in the disposal of his property; but I had no difficulty in perceiving, from a certain reserve and distractedness of manner, that something beyond the mere making of a will had brought me to Cambridge. I did not of course make any observation upon the change which I observed in his appearance; but expressed a hope that his desire for my professional assistance had not arisen from any apprehensions as to the state of his health; to which he only replied, that his health was not worse than usual, but that it was always well to be prepared; and he added, "Come, Thornton, let us to business;" and to business we went.

I need scarcely say, that I was prepared for instructions to divide the father's fortune according to some rule of division,—or, perhaps, of some capricious preference, among his children—two sons and one daughter, children yet of a tender age,—and to secure a life-rent interest to his wife. Great, therefore, was my surprise when Mr. Moreton, after mentioning a few trifling legacies, named, as the sole successors of his immense fortune, two individuals unknown to me, and of whose connexion with the testator I was entirely ignorant.

I laid down my pen, and looked up:—"Mr. Moreton," said I, hesitatingly, "you have a wife and children!"

"I have children," said he; "but God preserve them from the curse of wealth that does not belong to them."

"Moreton,—Walter Moreton," said I, "you are over-scrupulous. I know indeed, that this large fortune has come to you through your first wife; but it was hers to give; she became the sole heiress of her father, when his three sons of a former marriage were unfortunately drowned in the —"

"Hush, Thornton!" interrupted he, hastily;

and in a tone so altered and so singular that it would have startled me, had I not at the moment been looking in his face, and seen the expression that passed over it, and the convulsive shudder that shook his whole frame. I perceived there was a mystery, and I resolved to be at the bottom of it.

"Moreton," said I, rising and approaching him, and laying my hand gently on his shoulder, which slightly shrunk from my touch, "we were once companions,—almost friends; as a friend, as well as a lawyer, you have sent for me. There is some mystery here, of which I am sure it was your intention to disburden yourself. Whatever the secret be, it is safe with me. But I tell you plainly that if you are resolved to make beggars of your innocent children without giving a sufficient reason for it, some other than Charles Thornton must be the instrument of doing it.

"Thornton," said he, in a grave tone, and without raising his eyes, "there is a mystery,—a fearful mystery; and it shall be told this night. That done, neither you nor any man can be the friend of Walter Moreton; but he will have no occasion for friendship. Reach me some wine, Thornton, and pour it out for me; my nerves are shattered:—another glass,—now, sit down,—no, not there,—ay, ay,—one other glass, Thornton."

"I took my place in a large high-backed chair, as Walter Moreton directed me; and he, placing himself a little out of my view, spoke as follows:—

"It is now upwards of ten years, as you know, Thornton, since I married my first wife, the daughter of Mr. Bellenden,—old Bellenden the lawyer. She, you also know, was the child of a former marriage,—and that the large fortune of my father-in-law which in the end came—no matter how—to me, belonged to him, or rather to his three sons, in right of his second wife, who was also dead at the time of my marriage. I could not have indulged any expectation that this fortune would ever reach me; for although I knew very well that, failing my wife's three half-brothers, it came entirely into her father's power, yet there could be no ground for any reasonable expectation that three healthy boys would die off, and make way for Agnes. Mark me, Thornton, I did not marry for money; and the thought of the succession which afterwards opened, never entered my mind. I will tell you, Thornton, the first occasion on which the hope dawned upon me. There was an epidemic in this part of the country; and my father-in-law's three sons were seized with it at one time. All the three were in the most imminent danger; and one evening when the disease was at its height, and when my wife seemed greatly distressed at receiving a message that it was doubtful if any of the three would survive till morning—'And if they should die;' said I, within myself!—This supposition constantly recurred,—and was so willingly entertained that I lay awake the whole of that night, planning within myself the disposal

of this large inheritance ; forgetting, at the time, that another life, that of my father-in-law, stood betwixt us and the succession. Next morning, however, a favorable change took place, and eventually the three youths recovered : but so strong a hold had the hopes, which had been thus suddenly created, taken of my mind, that in place of their being dissipated by the event, which naturally deprived them of any foundation they ever had, I was not only conscious of the keenest disappointment, but felt as if an untoward accident had defrauded me of something that was all but within my reach. 'How near I have been to affluence,' was a constantly recurring thought ; and when I heard every morning, that this person was dead, and that person was dead, a feeling of chagrin was invariably felt. You are perhaps incapable of understanding these feelings, Thornton ; and so was I, until the events took place which gave birth to them."

Moreton paused a moment ; but I did not interrupt him ; and, after passing his hand over his forehead, and filling out with an unsteady hand another glass of wine, he proceeded :—

"You must understand, Thornton, that these were mere thoughts, feelings, fancies : if I had stood beside the sick-beds of these boys, when the flame of life was flickering, I would not have blown it out ; if two phials had stood by, one containing health and the other death, do not suppose I would have administered the latter :—no ; I was no murderer, Thornton—no murderer—then !

"You know something of the river here ; and of the passion for boating. The three boys often indulged in this exercise ; and it sometimes happened that I accompanied them. One day about the end of August, we had spent the day at Eel-pits, and it was not far from sunset when we set out to row back to Cambridge. It was a fine calm evening when we left that place, but it soon began to rain heavily ; and in the scramble for cloaks and umbrellas, which the suddenness and heaviness of the shower occasioned, the boat was all but upset ; but it righted again, and served only as matter of mirth to the boys ; though in me a very different effect was produced. More than a year had elapsed since the presence of the epidemic had given rise to the feelings I have already confessed to, and the circumstances had been nearly—but not altogether forgotten. At that moment, however, the thoughts that at that time had continually haunted me recurred with tenfold force. 'If it had upset !' I said within myself, while sitting silent in the stern,—'If it had upset !' and the prospect of wealth again opened before me. The three boys, Thornton, were sitting shouting, and laughing, and jesting, and I sat silently in the stern, putting that question to myself. But it was only a thought, a fancy, Thornton ; I knew that no one but myself could swim ; but any thing premeditated was as far from my thoughts as yours. I only contemplated the probable results of an event which was nearly taking place.

"Well,—we continued to row and it soon fell dusk,—and then the moon rose ; and we continued to ascend the river,—ours the only boat upon it,—till we were within less than two miles of Cambridge. I had occasionally taken a turn at the oar ; but at that time I sat in the stern ; and still something continually whispered to me, 'if the boat had upset !' I need not tell you, Thornton, that little things influence the greatest events ; one of those little things occurred at this moment. I had a dog in the boat, and one of the boys said something to it in Latin. 'Don't speak Latin to the dog,' said another, 'for its master does not understand Latin.' 'Yes he does,' said the eldest, 'Mr. Moreton understands dog Latin.' This was a little matter, Thornton,—but it displeased me. There was always a good deal of assumption of superiority, especially on the part of the eldest, on account of his university education : and little annoyances of this kind were frequent. It was precisely at this moment that something dark was seen floating towards us : it chanced to come just in the glimpse of the moon on the water, and was seen at once by us all ; and as it approached nearer, till it was about to pass within oar's length of the boat—You have heard the story, Thornton,—you said, if I recollect, that you knew the three boys were"—Here Moreton suddenly stopped, and hastily drained the wine he had filled out.

"Drowned in the Cam," said I :—"yes, I knew of this misfortune ; but I did not know that you were present."

"I was—I was—*present* !" said Moreton, laying a peculiar emphasis on the word. "Ay, Thornton,—you've hit the word.—I was present,—but listen : I told you the dark object floated within an oar's length of the boat ; at once the three boys made a spring to the side of the boat, extending arms and oars to intercept it ; and—in an instant the boat was keel uppermost !"

Moreton pronounced the last words rapidly, and in an under tone,—and stopped : he raised the wine decanter from the table, but let it drop again. Moreton had yet said nothing to criminate himself ; the incident appeared, from his narrative, purely accidental ; and I therefore said, "Well, Moreton—the boys were unhappily drowned ; but it was the consequence of their own imprudence."

"Thornton," said he, "you are there to hear a confession ; I am here to make it ;—'tis of no use shrinking from it : fill me a glass of wine, for my hand trembles. Now,—two of the boys, the two youngest, I never saw ; as God is my judge, I believe if I had seen the youngest, I would have done my uttermost to save him. I suppose they sank beneath the boat, and floated down below the surface. The eldest, *he* rose close to me ; we were not twenty yards from the bank ; I could have saved him. I believe I *would* have saved him, if he had cried for help. I saw him but for a moment. I think, when I struck out to swim, I kicked him beneath the

water—undesignedly, Thornton,—undesignedly : but I did not turn round to help him ; I made for the bank, and reached it—and it was then too late. I saw the ripple on the water, and the boat floating away ; but nothing else. Thornton—I am his murderer !”

When Moreton had pronounced this word, he seemed to be somewhat relieved, and paused. I imagined his communication had ended ; and I ventured to say that although it was only justice that the inheritance which had become his should revert to the heirs of those who had been deprived of it,—supposing them to have been deprived of it by his act,—it was proper to consider the matter coolly ; for there was such a thing as an over-sensitive conscience ; and it was perhaps possible that, in the peculiar circumstances attending the awful event, his mind had been incapable of judging correctly ; that he might have too much coupled the fancies which had preceded the event, with the event itself ; and that want of presence of mind might have been mistaken for something more criminal. I confess that, in speaking thus, although I believed that such reasoning might in some cases be correctly applied, I had little hope that it was so in the present case. There was a deliberateness in the mode of Moreton's confession that almost commanded belief ; and besides, Moreton was no creature of imagination. He had always been a shrewd and strong-minded man ; and was in fact, all his life, a man of realities.

“No, no, Thornton,” said he, “I am no fancier : believe it to be as I have told you. But if you ever could have doubted,—as I do not believe you do,—your doubts would have been dispelled by what you have yet to hear. I am not going to give you a narrative of my life ; and ~~shall say~~ nothing of the time that immediately followed the event I have related. The fortune became my father-in-law's ; and my wife became an heiress. But my present circumstances were nowise changed. Brighter prospects led to increased expenses ; and embarrassments thickened around me. You know something of these, Thornton ; and tried, as you recollect, ineffectually to extricate me from them. Meanwhile, my father-in-law, who speedily got over the loss he had sustained, spoke of his daughter,—of Agnes, my wife,—as a great heiress, and boasted and talked much of his wealth, though it made no difference in his mode of living. ‘Not one shilling, Walter, till I die,’—was constantly in his mouth : and not a shilling indeed did he ever offer, although he well knew the pressing difficulties in which we were placed. I once, and only once ventured to ask him for some advance ; but the answer was the same. ‘Not a shilling, Walter, till I die : patience, patience,—it must all go to Agnes.’

“Must I confess it, Thornton ? yes—I may confess any thing after what I have already confessed. The words ‘not a shilling till I die,’ were continually in my ears. The event that had

placed fortune within my power frequently recurred to my memory ; and with it, the conviction that I was in no way benefited by it : the nearer vicinity of wealth only made the want of it more tantalizing. The ‘ifs,’ and fancies, that had formerly so frequently arisen in my mind, had all been realized. The crime,—ay, Thornton, the crime—that had placed an inheritance within my view, seemed the blacker since no advantage had attended it ; and the oft-repeated ‘not a shilling till I die,’ repeated, and re-repeated with a complacent chuckle, and on occasions the most inopportune, begot within me an insatiable longing for—ay, why mince the matter ?—for the moment when the saying should be fulfilled.

“You recollect very well, Thornton, my application to you in December, 182—, six years ago. You recollect its extreme urgency, and the partial success which attended it, sufficient however to keep me from a jail. You might well, as you did, express your surprise that my wife's father should suffer such a state of things to be ; but he could suffer any thing, save parting with his money ; he was a miser ; the love of riches had grown with their possession : and I believe he would have suffered me to rot in jail rather than draw upon his coffers.

“It was just at this time, or at most a week or two subsequent to it, that Mr. Bellenden was attacked by a complaint to which he had been long subject,—one, requiring the most prompt medical aid ; but from which, on several former occasions, he had perfectly recovered. Agnes was extremely attentive to her father ; and on Christmas evening, as we were both on the way to the sick-chamber, we met the family surgeon leaving the house.

“‘You are perhaps going to spend some time with my patient ?’ said Mr. Amwell.

“‘My husband,’ said Agnes, ‘means to spend an hour or two with my father : I have a particular engagement at present,—and am only going to ask how he does.’

“‘I have some little fears of another attack,’ said Mr. Amwell ; ‘do not be alarmed, my dear madam,—we know how to treat these things ; promptness is all that is required. It will be necessary, my dear sir,’ said Mr. Amwell, addressing me, ‘to lose no time in sending for me, should Mr. Bellenden experience another attack ; all depends upon the prompt and free use of the lancet. There is no occasion for any alarm, madam. The good old gentleman may live to eat twenty Christmas dinners yet.’

“Mr. Amwell passed on, and we entered the house, and ascended to the sick-chamber. My wife remained but a few minutes,—she had some particular engagements at home ; and as she left the room, she charged me not to lose a moment in calling Mr. Amwell, should there appear to be any occasion for his aid. She shut the door, and I seated myself in a large chair near to the bed.

"Mine was a singular situation. I, who for many years had had my hopes directed towards a great inheritance—I, who had seen, and rejoiced to see, the most formidable obstacles removed, and who had myself been instrumental in removing them, was now watching the sick-bed of the only individual who stood between me and the succession,—an individual, too, whose death I had looked forward to and had allowed myself to hope for. I could not help smiling at the singular situation in which I was placed; and as I looked towards the sick-bed, and heard only the uneasy breathing of the old man in the silence of the room, I felt—very like a criminal.

"There was a table near to me with several phials upon it. I took them up one by one, and examined them. One was labelled 'laudanum.' While I held it in my hand, all the demon was within. My pecuniary difficulties seemed to augment; the excellence of wealth to increase; the love of enjoyment grew stronger; and my estimate of the value of an old man's life weaker. At this moment, the sick man asked for drink. Thornton!—need I hesitate to confess that I was strongly tempted—but I resisted the temptation; I held the fatal phial for a few moments in my hand; laid it down, pushed it from me, and assisted the old man to his needs. But no sooner had I done this, and re-seated myself, than I began to accuse myself with inconsistency. These, thought I, are distinctions without any real difference. A youth, who stood betwixt me and fortune, was drowning; and I did not stretch out my hand to save him: there are many kinds of murder, but in all the crime is the same.

"I had nearly proved to my own satisfaction that I was a fool, when certain indications that could not be mistaken assured me that Amwell's fears were about to be realized, and they instantly were, to the fullest extent. Mr. Amwell's parting words recurred to me: 'all depends upon the prompt use of the lancet.' My heart beat quick; I rose,—hesitated,—re-seated myself,—rose again,—listened,—again sat down,—pressed my fingers on my ears, that I might hear nothing,—and leaned my head forward on the table. I continued in this posture for some time, and then started up—and listened. All was silent; I rang the bell violently; opened the door, and cried out to call Mr. Amwell instantly,—and returned to the chamber—which I believed to be no longer a chamber of sickness, but of death; and re-seated myself in the chair, with a strong persuasion that the last obstacle to fortune had been removed. But,—Thornton,—again I knew that I was, a second time, a murderer!"

Here Mr. Moreton paused, and leaned back in his chair, apparently exhausted. I again thought his communication had ended; and although I could not now address him as I had addressed him before, I was beginning to say that to make absolute beggars of his children could not be an

acceptable atonement for crime,—when he interrupted me, heedless, apparently, of my having addressed him.

"In a few minutes Mr. Amwell entered the room. He approached the bed, bent over it, turned to me, and said, 'I fear it is too late, Mr. Moreton.'

" 'Perhaps not,' said I; 'at all events make the attempt.'

"Mr. Amwell did of course make the attempt; and in a few moments desisted; shook his head, and said, 'A little, and I have reason to believe only a very little too late,' and in a few minutes I was again left alone.

"Thornton, since that hour, I have been a miserable man."—Another long pause ensued, which I did not attempt to break; and Moreton at length resumed.

"Since that hour, I say, Charles Thornton, I have never known a moment's peace. My wife's tears for her father fell upon my heart like drops of fire; every look she gave me seemed to read my innermost thoughts; she never spoke that I did not imagine she was about to call me murderer. Her presence became agony to me. I withdrew from her, and from all society—for I thought every man looked suspiciously upon me; and I had no companion but conscience,—ay, conscience, Thornton,—conscience that I thought I had overcome; as well I might, for had I not seen the young and healthy sink, when I might have saved! and how could I have believed that! . . . but so it was, and is: look at me, and you will see what conscience has made of me. Agnes sickened, and as you know, died. This I felt as a relief; and for a time I breathed more freely; and I married again. But my old feelings returned, and life every day becomes more burdensome to me. Strange, that events long passed become more and more vivid,—but so it is. The evening on the Cam, and the death-chamber of old Bellenden, are alternately before me.

"Now, Thornton, you have heard all. Are you now ready to frame the will as I directed? I am possessed of a quarter of a million, and it belongs to the heirs of those for whom it was originally destined."

Some conversation here ensued, in which my object was to show that, although the large property at Moreton's disposal ought never to have been his, yet if the events which he had related had not taken place, it never could have come into the possession of those for whom he now destined it. I admitted, however, the propriety of the principle of restitution to the branches of the family in which it had originally been vested, but prevailed with Mr. Moreton, in having a competency reserved for his own children and for his wife, who married in the belief that he was able to provide for her. And upon these principles, accordingly, the testament was framed and completed the same evening.

It grew late. "Walter Moreton," said I, rising

to take leave, "let this subject drop forever. When we meet again, let there be no allusion to the transactions of this evening."

"Thornton," said he, "we shall never meet again."

"There are remedies, my friend," said I—for could I refuse to call the wretched man before me friend!—"there are remedies for the accusations of conscience: apply yourself to them; if the mind were relieved by religious consolations, bodily health would return. You are yet little past the prime of life; I trust we may meet again in happier circumstances. Conscience, Moreton, is not given to us to kill, but to cure."

Moreton faintly smiled. "Yes, Thornton," said he, "there are remedies; I know them, and will not fail to seek their aid. Good night!"

I returned to the inn, and soon after retired to bed; as may easily be believed, to think of the singular revelations of the evening. For some time these thoughts kept me awake; but at length I fell asleep. My dreams were disturbed, and all about Walter Moreton. Sometimes he was swimming in the river, or standing on the bank, pointing with his finger to a human head that was just sinking; sometimes he was sitting by the bedside of old Bellenden, examining the phials, and walking on tiptoe to the door, and listening; and sometimes the scene of the past evening was renewed, when I sat and listened to his narrative. Then again, he had a phial in his hand, and uncorked it; and in raising it to his mouth, it seemed to be a small pistol; and just at this moment I awoke.

The last scene remained forcibly and vividly on my mind. It instantly occurred to me that he might have meditated suicide, and that that was the remedy of which he spoke. I looked at my watch; it was an hour past midnight. I hastily dressed, and hurried to Trumpington Street. There was a light in one of the windows. I knocked gently at the door; and at the same time applied my hand to the knob, which yielded. I hurried up-stairs, directed by the situation of the light I had seen, and entered the room. Moreton stood near to the bed, beside a small table; a phial in his hand, which, at the moment I entered, he laid down. I sprang forward and seized it. It was already empty. "Ah, my friend!" said I—but farther speech was useless. Moreton was already in the grasp of death.

#### A SONG FOR THE MILLION.

WHEN Harry Brougham turns a Tory,  
Too late convinc'd that Whigs betray,  
What can revive his tarnish'd glory?  
What his desertion best repay?

The only robe his shame to cover,  
To hide the brand upon his back,  
And best reward this faithless lover—  
That Peel can give him is—the sack.

*Punch.*

#### "TO THE BROTHERS CHEERYBLE."

IN the *Times* of the 7th instant there was the subjoined advertisement:—

To the BROTHERS CHEERYBLE, or any who have Hearts like theirs.—A clergyman, who will gladly communicate his name and address, desires to introduce the CASE of a GENTLEMAN, equal at least to *Nickleby* in birth, worthy, like him, for refinement of character, even of the best descent, like him, of spotless integrity, and powerfully beloved by friends who cannot help him, but no longer like *Nickleby* sustained by the warm buoyancy of youthful blood. The widowed father of young children, he has spent his all in the struggles of an unsuccessful but honorable business, and has now for 18 months been vainly seeking some stipendiary employment. To all who have ever known him he can refer for commendation. Being well versed in accounts, though possessed of education, talents, and experience, which would render him invaluable as a private secretary, he would accept with gratitude even a clerk's stool and daily bread. Any communication addressed to the Rev. B. C., post-office, Cambridge, will procure full particulars, ample references, and the introduction of the party, who is now in town, and ignorant of this attempt to serve him.

Thus it is, ink-drops beget flesh and blood. Men, women, and children, as vital as the offspring of Adam, trickle down the goose-quill of genius, and become living, breathing presences in the world. Their goodness, like Heaven's air, is a thing forever; we hug them to our hearts, creatures of thew and muscle. In the dreariest as in the pleasantest seasons, by the sweet conjuration of our thoughts they are with us—they are our friends inalienable by disappointment or wrong; our fast co-mates to the grave. Wondrous, enviable privilege of genius, that out of so many ink-drops can create immortal beings, ministrant of pleasure and goodness—can people the roughest, darkest by-ways of the world with cheerful, hopeful things of life, and quicken and ennoble the spent, desponding spirit of man with the true and beautiful!

Here is an invocation to charity, made in the name of the Brothers Cheeryble—mere shadows; spectres of the press; things begotten of an ink-bottle. Such, indeed, may the foolish think them; yet has the "Rev. B. C., post-office Cambridge," truer, wiser knowledge of the brethren. He knows them to be vitally endowed by the power of genius—as such, he knows them to be still moving about the world, shaking ten thousand hands that welcome them; and so, conjuring by the benignity of their fine natures, he asks relief for his *Nickleby*. May his warm, ingenuous spirit find it!—*Punch.*

#### SPANISH INTELLIGENCE.

WE understand that the celebrated case of the two Kilkenny cats—who, shut together in a garret, fought each other until nothing of them remained but their tails—has been under the serious consideration of the Five Powers, with a view to its application to the present state of Spain. It has, consequently, been resolved upon that no foreign intercourse whatever shall be permitted with that country for the next five years. That time elapsed, it will be curious to know how much will remain of all parties of the Spanish. Bets run that nothing will be found but their moustaches!—*Punch.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

*Mémoires de Bertrand Barère*; publiés par MM. HIPPOLYTE CARNOT, Membre de la Chambre des Députés, et DAVID d'Angers, Membre de l'Institut: précédés d'une Notice Historique par H. CARNOT. 4 Tomes. Paris: 1843.

THIS book has more than one title to our serious attention. It is an appeal, solemnly made to posterity by a man who played a conspicuous part in great events, and who represents himself as deeply aggrieved by the rash and malevolent censure of his contemporaries. To such an appeal we shall always give ready audience. We can perform no duty more useful to society, or more agreeable to our own feelings, than that of making, as far as our power extends, reparation to the slandered and persecuted benefactors of mankind. We therefore promptly took into our consideration this copious apology for the life of Bertrand Barère. We have made up our minds; and we now purpose to do him, by the blessing of God, full and signal justice.

It is to be observed that the appellant in this case does not come into court alone. He is attended to the bar of public opinion by two compurgators who occupy highly honorable stations. One of these is M. David of Angers, member of the Institute, an eminent sculptor, and, if we have been rightly informed, a favorite pupil, though not a kinsman, of the painter who bore the same name. The other, to whom we owe the biographical preface, is M. Hippolyte Carnot, member of the Chamber of Deputies, and son of the celebrated Director. In the judgment of M. David and of M. Hippolyte Carnot, Barère was a deserving and an ill-used man, a man who, though by no means faultless, must yet, when due allowance is made for the force of circumstances and the infirmity of human nature, be considered as on the whole entitled to our esteem. It will be for the public to determine, after a full hearing, whether the editors have, by thus connecting their names with that of Barère, raised his character or lowered their own.

We are not conscious that, when we opened this book, we were under the influence of any feeling likely to pervert our judgment. Undoubtedly we had long entertained a most unfavorable opinion of Barère; but to this opinion we were not tied by any passion or by any interest. Our dislike was a reasonable dislike, and might have been removed by reason. Indeed our expectation was, that these Memoirs would in some measure clear Barère's fame. That he could vindicate himself from all the charges which had been brought against him, we knew to be impossible; and his editors admit that he has not done so. But we thought it highly probable that some grave accusations would be refuted, and that many offences to which he would have been forced to plead guilty would be greatly extenuated. We were not disposed to be severe. We were fully aware that temptations such as those to which the members of the

Convention and of the Committee of Public Safety were exposed must try severely the strength of the firmest virtue. Indeed our inclination has always been to regard with an indulgence, which to some rigid moralists appears excessive, those faults into which gentle and noble spirits are sometimes hurried by the excitement of conflict, by the maddening influence of sympathy, and by ill-regulated zeal for a public cause.

With such feelings we read this book, and compared it with other accounts of the events in which Barère bore a part. It is now our duty to express the opinion to which this investigation has led us.

Our opinion then is this, that Barère approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction, whether man or devil, to the idea of consummate and universal depravity. In him the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred, and the qualities which are the proper objects of contempt, preserve an exquisite and absolute harmony. In almost every particular sort of wickedness he has had rivals. His sensuality was immoderate; but this was a failing common to him with many great and amiable men. There have been many men as cowardly as he, some as cruel, a few as mean, a few as impudent. There may also have been as great liars, though we never met with them or read of them. But when we put everything together, sensuality, poltroonery, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity, the result is something which in a novel we should condemn as caricature, and to which, we venture to say, no parallel can be found in history.

It would be grossly unjust, we acknowledge, to try a man situated as Barère was by a severe standard. Nor have we done so. We have formed our opinion of him by comparing him, not with politicians of stainless character, not with Chancellor D'Aguesseau, or General Washington, or Mr. Wilberforce, or Earl Grey, but with his own colleagues of the Mountain. That party included a considerable number of the worst men that ever lived; but we see in it nothing like Barère. Compared with him, Fouché seems honest; Billaud seems humane; Hébert seems to rise into dignity. Every other chief of a party, says M. Hippolyte Carnot, has found apologists: one set of men exalts the Girondists; another set justifies Danton; a third deifies Robespierre: but Barère has remained without a defender. We venture to suggest a very simple solution of this phenomenon. All the other chiefs of parties had some good qualities, and Barère had none. The genius, courage, patriotism, and humanity of the Girondist statesmen, more than atoned for what was culpable in their conduct, and should have protected them from the insult of being compared with such a thing as Barère. Danton and Robespierre were indeed bad men; but in both of them some important parts of the mind remained sound. Danton was brave and resolute, fond of pleasure, of power, and of distinction, with vehement passions, with

lax principles, but with some kind and manly feelings, capable of great crimes, but capable also of friendship and of compassion. He, therefore, naturally finds admirers among persons of bold and sanguine dispositions. Robespierre was a vain, envious, and suspicious man, with a hard heart, weak nerves, and a gloomy temper. But we cannot with truth deny that he was, in the vulgar sense of the word, disinterested, that his private life was correct, or that he was sincerely zealous for his own system of politics and morals. He, therefore, naturally finds admirers among honest but moody and bitter democrats. If no class has taken the reputation of Barère under its patronage, the reason is plain : Barère had not a single virtue, nor even the semblance of one.

It is true that he was not, as far as we are able to judge, originally of a savage disposition ; but this circumstance seems to us only to aggravate his guilt. There are some unhappy men constitutionally prone to the darker passions, men all whose blood is gall, and to whom bitter words and harsh actions are as natural as snarling and biting to a ferocious dog. To come into the world with this wretched mental disease is a greater calamity than to be born blind or deaf. A man who, having such a temper, keeps it in subjection, and constrains himself to behave habitually with justice and humanity towards those who are in his power, seems to us worthy of the highest admiration. There have been instances of this self-command ; and they are among the most signal triumphs of philosophy and religion. On the other hand, a man who, having been blessed by nature with a bland disposition, gradually brings himself to inflict misery on his fellow-creatures with indifference, with satisfaction, and at length with a hideous rapture, deserves to be regarded as a portent of wickedness ; and such a man was Barère. The history of his downward progress is full of instruction. Weakness, cowardice, and fickleness were born with him ; the best quality which he received from nature was a good temper. These, it is true, are not very promising materials ; yet out of materials as unpromising, high sentiments of piety and of honor have sometimes made martyrs and heroes. Rigid principles often do for feeble minds what stays do for feeble bodies. But Barère had no principles at all. His character was equally destitute of natural and of acquired strength. Neither in the commerce of life, nor in books, did we ever become acquainted with any mind so unstable, so utterly destitute of tone, so incapable of independent thought and earnest preference, so ready to take impressions and so ready to lose them. He resembled those creepers which must lean on something, and which, as soon as their prop is removed, fall down in utter helplessness. He could no more stand up, erect and self-supported, in any cause, than the ivy can rear itself like the oak, or the wild vine shoot to heaven like the cedar of Lebanon. It is barely possible that, under good

guidance and in favorable circumstances, such a man might have slipped through life without discredit. But the unseaworthy craft, which even in still water would have been in danger of going down from its own rottenness, was launched on a raging ocean, amidst a storm in which a whole armada of gallant ships was cast away. The weakest and most servile of human beings found himself on a sudden an actor in a Revolution which convulsed the whole civilized world. At first he fell under the influence of humane and moderate men, and talked the language of humanity and moderation. But he soon found himself surrounded by fierce and resolute spirits, scared by no danger and restrained by no scruple. He had to choose whether he would be their victim or their accomplice. His choice was soon made. He tasted blood, and felt no loathing : he tasted it again, and liked it well. Cruelty became with him, first a habit, then a passion, at last a madness. So complete and rapid was the degeneracy of his nature, that within a very few months after the time when he had passed for a good-natured man, he had brought himself to look on the despair and misery of his fellow-creatures, with a glee resembling that of the fiends whom Dante saw watching the pool of seething pitch in Malebolge. He had many associates in guilt ; but he distinguished himself from them all by the bacchanalian exultation which he seemed to feel in the work of death. He was drunk with innocent and noble blood, laughed and shouted as he butchered, and howled strange songs and reeled in strange dances amidst the carnage. Then came a sudden and violent turn of fortune. The miserable man was hurled down from the height of power to hopeless ruin and infamy. The shock sobered him at once. The fumes of his horrible intoxication passed away. But he was now so irrecoverably depraved, that the discipline of adversity only drove him further into wickedness. Ferocious vices, of which he had never been suspected, had been developed in him by power. Another class of vices, less hateful perhaps, but more despicable, was now developed in him by poverty and disgrace. Having appalled the whole world by great crimes perpetrated under the pretence of zeal for liberty, he became the meanest of all the tools of despotism. It is not easy to settle the order of precedence among his vices ; but we are inclined to think that his baseness was, on the whole, a rarer and more marvellous thing than his cruelty.

This is the view which we have long taken of Barère's character ; but, till we read these Memoirs, we held our opinion with the diffidence which becomes a judge who has only heard one side. The case seemed strong, and in parts unanswerable : yet we did not know what the accused party might have to say for himself ; and, not being much inclined to take our fellow-creatures either for angels of light or for angels of darkness, we could not but feel some suspicion that his

offences had been exaggerated. That suspicion is now at an end. The vindication is before us. It occupies four volumes. It was the work of forty years. It would be absurd to suppose that it does not refute every serious charge which admitted of refutation. How many serious charges, then, are here refuted? Not a single one. Most of the imputations which have been thrown on Barère he does not even notice. In such cases, of course, judgment must go against him by default. The fact is, that nothing can be more meagre and uninteresting than his account of the great public transactions in which he was engaged. He gives us hardly a word of new information respecting the proceedings of the Committee of Public Safety; and, by way of compensation, tells us long stories about things which happened before he emerged from obscurity, and after he had again sunk into it. Nor is this the worst. As soon as he ceases to write trifles, he begins to write lies; and such lies! A man who has never been within the tropics does not know what a thunder storm means; a man who has never looked on Niagara has but a faint idea of a cataract; and he who has not read Barère's Memoirs may be said not to know what it is to lie. Among the numerous classes which make up the great genus *Mendacium*, the *Mendacium Vasconicum*, or Gascon lie, has, during some centuries, been highly esteemed as peculiarly circumstantial and peculiarly impudent; and among the *Mendacia Vasconica*, the *Mendacium Barerianum* is, without doubt, the finest species. It is indeed a superb variety, and quite throws into the shade some *Mendacia* which we were used to regard with admiration. The *Mendacium Wrathalianum*, for example, though by no means to be despised, will not sustain the comparison for a moment. Seriously, we think that M. Hippolyte Carnot is much to blame in this matter. We can hardly suppose him to be worse read than ourselves in the history of the Convention, a history which must interest him deeply, not only as a Frenchman, but also as a son. He must, therefore, be perfectly aware that many of the most important statements which these volumes contain are falsehoods, such as Corneille's Dorante, or Molière's Scapin, or Colin d'Harleville's Monsieur de Crac would have been ashamed to utter. We are far, indeed, from holding M. Hippolyte Carnot answerable for Barère's want of veracity. But M. Hippolyte Carnot has arranged these Memoirs, has introduced them to the world by a laudatory preface, has described them as documents of great historical value, and has illustrated them by notes. We cannot but think that, by acting thus, he contracted some obligations of which he does not seem to have been at all aware; and that he ought not to have suffered any monstrous fiction to go forth under the sanction of his name, without adding a line at the foot of the page for the purpose of cautioning the reader.

We will content ourselves at present with

pointing out two instances of Barère's wilful and deliberate mendacity; namely, his account of the death of Marie Antoinette, and his account of the death of the Girondists. His account of the death of Marie Antoinette is as follows:—"Robespierre in his turn proposed that the members of the Capet family should be banished, and that Marie Antoinette should be brought to trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal. He would have been better employed in concerting military measures which might have repaired our disasters in Belgium, and might have arrested the progress of the enemies of the Revolution in the west."—(Vol. ii., p. 312.)

Now, it is notorious that Marie Antoinette was sent before the Revolutionary Tribunal, not at Robespierre's instance, but in direct opposition to Robespierre's wishes. We will cite a single authority, which is quite decisive. Bonaparte, who had no conceivable motive to disguise the truth, who had the best opportunities of knowing the truth, and who, after his marriage with the Archduchess, naturally felt an interest in the fate of his wife's kinswoman, distinctly affirmed that Robespierre opposed the trying of the Queen.\* Who, then, was the person who really did propose that the Capet family should be banished, and that Marie Antoinette should be tried? Full information will be found in the *Moniteur*.† From that valuable record it appears that, on the first of August, 1793, an orator deputed by the Committee of Public Safety addressed the Convention in a long and elaborate discourse. He asked, in passionate language, how it happened that the enemies of the republic still continued to hope for success. "Is it," he cried, "because we have too long forgotten the crimes of the Austrian woman? Is it because we have shown so strange an indulgence to the race of our ancient tyrants? It is time that this unwise apathy should cease; it is time to extirpate from the soil of the republic the last roots of royalty. As for the children of Louis the conspirator, they are hostages for the Republic. The charge of their maintenance shall be reduced to what is necessary for the food and keep of two individuals. The public treasure shall no longer be lavished on creatures who have too long been considered as privileged. But behind them lurks a woman who has been the cause of all the disasters of France, and whose share in every project adverse to the Revolution has long been known. National justice claims its rights over her. It is to the tribunal appointed for the trial of conspirators that she ought to be sent. It is only by striking the Austrian woman that you can make Francis and George, Charles and William, sensible of the crimes which their ministers and their armies have committed." The speaker concluded by moving, that Marie Antoinette should be brought to judg-

\* O'Meara's *Voice from St. Helena*, ii, 170.

† *Moniteur*, 2d, 7th, and 9th of August, 1793.



ment, and should, for that end, be forthwith transferred to the Conciergerie; and that all the members of the house of Capet, with the exception of those who were under the sword of the law, and of the two children of Louis, should be banished from the French territory. The motion was carried without debate.

Now, who was the person who made this speech and this motion? It was Barère himself. It is clear, then, that Barère attributed his own mean insolence and barbarity to one who, whatever his crimes may have been, was in this matter innocent. The only question remaining is, whether Barère was misled by his memory, or wrote a deliberate falsehood.

We are convinced that he wrote a deliberate falsehood. His memory is described by his editors as remarkably good, and must have been bad indeed if he could not remember such a fact as this. It is true that the number of murders in which he subsequently bore a part was so great, that he might well confound one with another, that he might well forget what part of the daily hecatomb was consigned to death by himself, and what part by his colleagues. But two circumstances make it quite incredible that the share which he took in the death of Marie Antoinette should have escaped his recollection. She was one of his earliest victims. She was one of his most illustrious victims. The most hardened assassin remembers the first time that he shed blood; and the widow of Louis was no ordinary sufferer. If the question had been about some milliner, butchered for hiding in her garret her brother who had let drop a word against the Jacobin club—if the question had been about some old nun, dragged to death for having mumbled what were called fanatical words over her beads—Barère's memory might well have deceived him. It would be as unreasonable to expect him to remember all the wretches whom he slew, as all the pinches of snuff that he took. But though Barère murdered many hundreds of human beings, he murdered only one Queen. That he, a small country lawyer, who, a few years before, would have thought himself honored by a glance or a word from the daughter of so many Cæsars, should call her the Austrian woman, should send her from jail to jail, should deliver her over to the executioner, was surely a great event in his life. Whether he had reason to be proud of it or ashamed of it, is a question on which we may perhaps differ from his editors; but they will admit, we think, that he could not have forgotten it.

We, therefore, confidently charge Barère with having written a deliberate falsehood; and we have no hesitation in saying, that we never, in the course of any historical researches that we have happened to make, fell in with a falsehood so audacious, except only the falsehood which we are about to expose.

Of the proceeding against the Girondists, Barère

speaks with just severity. He calls it an atrocious injustice perpetrated against the legislators of the republic. He complains that distinguished deputies, who ought to have been readmitted to their seats in the Convention, were sent to the scaffold as conspirators. The day, he exclaims, was a day of mourning for France. It mutilated the national representation; it weakened the sacred principle, that the delegates of the people were inviolable. He protests that he had no share in the guilt. "I have had," he says, "the patience to go through the *Moniteur*, extracting all the charges brought against deputies, and all the decrees for arresting and impeaching deputies. Nowhere will you find my name. I never brought a charge against any of my colleagues, or made a report against any, or drew up an impeachment against any."\*

Now, we affirm that this is a lie. We affirm that Barère himself took the lead in the proceedings of the Convention against the Girondists. We affirm that he, on the twenty-eighth of July, 1793, proposed a decree for bringing nine Girondist deputies to trial, and for putting to death sixteen other Girondist deputies without any trial at all. We affirm that, when the accused deputies had been brought to trial, and when some apprehension arose that their eloquence might produce an effect even on the Revolutionary Tribunal, Barère did, on the 8th of Brumaire, second a motion for a decree authorizing the tribunal to decide without hearing out the defence; and, for the truth of every one of these things so affirmed by us, we appeal to that very *Moniteur* to which Barère has dared to appeal.†

What M. Hippolyte Carnot, knowing, as he must know, that this book contains such falsehoods as those which we have exposed, can have meant, when he described it as a valuable addition to our stock of historical information, passes our comprehension. When a man is not ashamed to tell lies about events which took place before hundreds of witnesses, and which are recorded in well-known and accessible books, what credit can we give to his account of things done in corners? No historian who does not wish to be laughed at will ever cite the unsupported authority of Barère as sufficient to prove any fact whatever. The only thing, as far as we can see, on which these volumes throw any light, is the exceeding baseness of the author.

So much for the veracity of the Memoirs. In a literary point of view, they are beneath criticism. They are as shallow, flippant, and affected, as Barère's oratory in the Convention. They are also, what his oratory in the Convention was not, utterly insipid. In fact, they are the mere dregs and rinsings of a bottle, of which even the first froth was but of very questionable flavor.

\* Vol. ii., 407.

† *Moniteur*, 31st of July, 1793, and *Nonidi*, first Decade of Brumaire, in the year 2.

We will now try to present our readers with a sketch of this man's life. We shall, of course, make very sparing use indeed of his own Memoirs; and never without distrust, except where they are confirmed by other evidence.

Bertrand Barère was born in the year 1755, at Tarbes in Gascony. His father was the proprietor of a small estate at Vieuzac, in the beautiful vale of Argeles. Bertrand always loved to be called Barère de Vieuzac, and flattered himself with the hope that, by the help of this feudal addition to his name, he might pass for a gentleman. He was educated for the bar at Toulouse, the seat of one of the most celebrated parliaments of the kingdom, practised as an advocate with considerable success, and wrote some small pieces, which he sent to the principal literary societies in the south of France. Among provincial towns, Toulouse seems to have been remarkably rich in indifferent versifiers and critics. It gloried especially in one venerable institution, called the Academy of the Floral Games. This body held every year a grand meeting, which was a subject of intense interest to the whole city, and at which flowers of gold and silver were given as prizes for odes, for idyls, and for something that was called eloquence. These bounties produced of course the ordinary effect of bounties, and turned people who might have been thriving attorneys and useful apothecaries into small wits and bad poets. Barère does not appear to have been so lucky as to obtain any of these precious flowers; but one of his performances was mentioned with honor. At Montauban he was more fortunate. The Academy of that town bestowed on him several prizes, one for a panegyric on Louis the Twelfth, in which the blessings of monarchy and the loyalty of the French nation were set forth; and another for a panegyric on poor Franc de Pompignan, in which, as may easily be supposed, the philosophy of the eighteenth century was sharply assailed. Then Barère found an old stone inscribed with three Latin words, and wrote a dissertation upon it, which procured him a seat in a learned assembly, called the Toulouse Academy of Sciences, Inscriptions, and Polite Literature. At length the doors of the Academy of the Floral Games were opened to so much merit. Barère, in his thirty-third year, took his seat as one of that illustrious brotherhood, and made an inaugural oration which was greatly admired. He apologizes for recounting these triumphs of his youthful genius. We own that we cannot blame him for dwelling long on the least disgraceful portion of his existence. To send in declamations for prizes offered by provincial academies, is indeed no very useful or dignified employment for a bearded man; but it would have been well if Barère had always been so employed.

In 1785, he married a young lady of considerable fortune. Whether she was in other respects qualified to make a home happy, is a point respecting

which we are imperfectly informed. In a little work, entitled *Melancholy Pages*, which was written in 1797, Barère avers that his marriage was one of mere convenience, that at the altar his heart was heavy with sorrowful forebodings, that he turned pale as he pronounced the solemn "Yes," that unbidden tears rolled down his cheeks, that his mother shared his presentiment, and that the evil omen was accomplished. "My marriage," he says, "was one of the most unhappy of marriages." So romantic a tale, told by so noted a liar, did not command our belief. We were, therefore, not much surprised to discover that, in his Memoirs, he calls his wife a most amiable woman, and declares that, after he had been united to her six years, he found her as amiable as ever. He complains, indeed, that she was too much attached to royalty and to the old superstition; but he assures us that his respect for her virtues induced him to tolerate her prejudices. Now Barère, at the time of his marriage, was himself a Royalist and a Catholic. He had gained one prize by flattering the throne, and another by defending the church. It is hardly possible, therefore, that disputes about politics or religion should have embittered his domestic life till some time after he became a husband. Our own guess is, that his wife was, as he says, a virtuous and amiable woman, and that she did her best to make him happy during some years. It seems clear that, when circumstances developed the latent atrocity of his character, she could no longer endure him, refused to see him, and sent back his letters unopened. Then it was, we imagine, that he invented the fable about his distress on his wedding day.

In 1788, Barère paid his first visit to Paris, attended reviews, heard Laharpe at the Lyceum, and Condorcet at the Academy of Sciences, stared at the envoys of Tippoo Saib, saw the royal family dine at Versailles, and kept a journal, in which he noted down adventures and speculations. Some parts of this journal are printed in the first volume of the work before us, and are certainly most characteristic. The worst vices of the writer had not yet shown themselves; but the weakness which was the parent of those vices appears in every line. His levity, his inconsistency, his servility, were already what they were to the last. All his opinions, all his feelings, spin round and round like a weathercock in a whirlwind. Nay, the very impressions which he receives through his senses are not the same two days together. He sees Louis the Sixteenth, and is so much blinded by loyalty as to find his majesty handsome. "I fixed my eyes," he says, "with a lively curiosity on his fine countenance, which I thought open and noble." The next time that the king appears, all is altered. His majesty's eyes are without the smallest expression; he has a vulgar laugh which seems like idiocy, an ignoble figure, an awkward gait, and the look of a

big boy ill brought up. It is the same with more important questions. Barère is for the parliaments on the Monday and against the parliaments on the Tuesday, for feudality in the morning and against feudality in the afternoon. One day he admires the English constitution: then he shudders to think that, in the struggles by which that constitution had been obtained, the barbarous islanders had murdered a king, and gives the preference to the constitution of Bearn. Bearn, he says, has a sublime constitution, a beautiful constitution. There the nobility and clergy meet in one house and the Commons in another. If the houses differ, the king has the casting vote. A few weeks later we find him raving against the principles of this sublime and beautiful constitution. To admit deputies of the nobility and clergy into the legislature is, he says, neither more nor less than to admit enemies of the nation into the legislature.

In this state of mind, without one settled purpose or opinion, the slave of the last word, royalist, aristocrat, democrat, according to the prevailing sentiment of the coffee-house or drawing-room into which he had just looked, did Barère enter into public life. The States-General had been summoned. Barère went down to his own province, was there elected one of the representatives of the Third Estate, and returned to Paris in May, 1789.

A great crisis, often predicted, had at last arrived. In no country, we conceive, have intellectual freedom and political servitude existed together so long as in France, during the seventy or eighty years which preceded the last convocation of the Orders. Ancient abuses and new theories flourished in equal vigor side by side. The people, having no constitutional means of checking even the most flagitious misgovernment, were indemnified for oppression by being suffered to luxuriate in anarchical speculation, and to deny or ridicule every principle on which the institutions of the state reposed. Neither those who attribute the downfall of the old French institutions to the public grievances, nor those who attribute it to the doctrines of the philosophers, appear to us to have taken into their view more than one half of the subject. Grievances as heavy have often been endured without producing a revolution; doctrines as bold have often been propounded without producing a revolution. The question, whether the French nation was alienated from its old polity by the follies and vices of the Viziers and Sultanas who pillaged and disgraced it, or by the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau, seems to us as idle as the question whether it was fire or gunpowder that blew up the mills at Hounslow. Neither cause would have sufficed alone. Tyranny may last through ages where discussion is suppressed. Discussion may safely be left free by rulers who act on popular principles. But combine a press like that of London, with a government like that of St. Petersburg, and the inevitable effect will be an explosion that will shake the world. So it

was in France. Despotism and License, mingling in unblended union, engendered that mighty revolution in which the lineaments of both parents were strangely blended. The long gestation was accomplished; and Europe saw, with mixed hope and terror, that agonizing travail and that portentous birth.

Among the crowd of legislators which at this conjuncture poured from all the provinces of France into Paris, Barère made no contemptible figure. The opinions which he for the moment professed were popular, yet not extreme. His character was fair; his personal advantages are said to have been considerable; and, from the portrait which is prefixed to these Memoirs, and which represents him as he appeared in the Convention, we should judge that his features must have been strikingly handsome, though we think that we can read in them cowardice and meanness very legibly written by the hand of God. His conversation was lively and easy; his manners remarkably good for a country lawyer. Women of rank and wit said he was the only man who, on his first arrival from a remote province, had that indescribable air which it was supposed that Paris alone could give. His eloquence, indeed, was by no means so much admired in the capital as it had been by the ingenious academicians of Montauban and Toulouse. His style was thought very bad; and very bad, if a foreigner may venture to judge, it continued to the last. It would, however, be unjust to deny that he had some talents for speaking and writing. His rhetoric, though deformed by every imaginable fault of taste, from bombast down to buffoonery, was not wholly without force and vivacity. He had also one quality which, in active life, often gives fourth-rate men an advantage over first-rate men. Whatever he could do, he could do without effort, at any moment, in any abundance, and on any side of any question. There was, indeed, a perfect harmony between his moral character and his intellectual character. His temper was that of a slave; his abilities were exactly those which qualified him to be a useful slave. Of thinking to purpose, he was utterly incapable; but he had wonderful readiness in arranging and expressing thoughts furnished by others.

In the National Assembly he had no opportunity of displaying the full extent either of his talents or of his vices. He was indeed eclipsed by much abler men. He went, as was his habit, with the stream, spoke occasionally with some success, and edited a journal called the *Point du Jour*, in which the debates of the Assembly were reported.

He at first ranked by no means among the violent reformers. He was not friendly to that new division of the French territory which was among the most important changes introduced by the revolution, and was especially unwilling to see his native province dismembered. He was entrusted with the task of framing Reports on the Woods and Forests. Louis was exceedingly anxious

about this matter; for his majesty was a keen sportsman, and would much rather have gone without the Veto, or the prerogative of making peace and war, than without his hunting and shooting. Gentlemen of the royal household were sent to Barère, in order to intercede for the deer and pheasants. Nor was this intercession unsuccessful. The reports were so drawn, that Barère was afterwards accused of having dishonestly sacrificed the interests of the public to the tastes of the court. To one of these reports he had the inconceivable folly and bad taste to prefix a punning motto from Virgil, fit only for such essays as he had been in the habit of composing for the Floral Games—

“Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.”

This literary foppery was one of the few things in which he was consistent. Royalist or Girondist, Jacobin or Imperialist, he was always a Trissotin.

As the monarchical party became weaker and weaker, Barère gradually estranged himself more and more from it, and drew closer and closer to the republicans. It would seem that, during this transition, he was for a time closely connected with the family of Orleans. It is certain that he was entrusted with the guardianship of the celebrated Pamela, afterwards Lady Edward Fitzgerald; and it was asserted that he received during some years a pension of twelve thousand francs from the Palais Royal.

At the end of September, 1791, the labors of the National Assembly terminated, and those of the first and last Legislative Assembly commenced.

It had been enacted that no member of the National Assembly should sit in the Legislative Assembly; a preposterous and mischievous regulation, to which the disasters which followed must in part be ascribed. In England, what would be thought of a parliament, which did not contain one single person who had ever sat in parliament before! Yet it may safely be affirmed, that the number of Englishmen, who, never having taken any share in public affairs, are yet well qualified, by knowledge and observation, to be members of the legislature, is at least a hundred times as great as the number of Frenchmen who were so qualified in 1791. How, indeed, should it have been otherwise! In England, centuries of representative government have made all educated people in some measure statesmen. In France, the National Assembly had probably been composed of as good materials as were then to be found. It had undoubtedly removed a vast mass of abuses; some of its members had read and thought much about theories of government; and others had shown great oratorical talents. But that kind of skill which is required for the constructing, launching, and steering of a polity was lamentably wanting, for it is a kind of skill to which practice contributes more than books. Books are indeed useful to the politician, as they are useful to the navigator and to the surgeon. But the real navigator is formed on

the waves; the real surgeon is formed at bedsides; and the conflicts of free states are the real school of constitutional statesmen. The National Assembly had, however, now served an apprenticeship of two laborious and eventful years. It had, indeed, by no means finished its education; but it was no longer, as on the day when it met, altogether rude to political functions. Its later proceedings contain abundant proof that the members had profited by their experience. Beyond all doubt, there was not in France any equal number of persons possessing in an equal degree the qualities necessary for the judicious direction of public affairs; and, just at this moment, these legislators, misled by a childish wish to display their own disinterestedness, deserted the duties which they had half learned, and which nobody else had learned at all, and left their hall to a second crowd of novices, who had still to master the first rudiments of political business. When Barère wrote his Memoirs, the absurdity of this Self-denying Ordinance had been proved by events, and was, we believe, acknowledged by all parties. He accordingly, with his usual mendacity, speaks of it in terms implying that he had opposed it. There was, he tells us, no good citizen who did not regret this fatal vote. Nay, all wise men, he says, wished the National Assembly to continue its sittings as the first Legislative Assembly. But no attention was paid to the wishes of the enlightened friends of liberty; and the generous but fatal suicide was perpetrated. Now the fact is, that Barère, far from opposing this ill-advised measure, was one of those who most eagerly supported it; that he described it from the tribune as wise and magnanimous; and that he assigned, as his reasons for taking this view, some of those phrases in which orators of his class delight, and which, on all men who have the smallest insight into politics, produce an effect very similar to that of ipecacuanha. “Those,” he said, “who have framed a constitution for their country, are, so to speak, out of the pale of that social state of which they are the authors; for creative power is not in the same sphere with that which it has created.”

M. Hippolyte Carnot has noticed this untruth, and attributes it to mere forgetfulness. We leave it to him to reconcile his very charitable supposition with what he elsewhere says of the remarkable excellence of Barère's memory.

Many members of the National Assembly were indemnified for the sacrifice of legislative power, by appointments in various departments of the public service. Of these fortunate persons Barère was one. A high Court of Appeal had just been instituted. This court was to sit at Paris; but its jurisdiction was to extend over the whole realm, and the departments were to choose the judges. Barère was nominated by the department of the Upper Pyrenees, and took his seat in the Palace of Justice. He asserts, and our readers may, if they choose, believe, that it was about this time in con-

temptation to make him Minister of the Interior, and that, in order to avoid so grave a responsibility, he obtained permission to pay a visit to his native place. It is certain that he left Paris early in the year 1792, and passed some months in the south of France.

In the mean time, it became clear that the constitution of 1791 would not work. It was, indeed, not to be expected, that a constitution new both in its principles and its details would at first work easily. Had the chief magistrate enjoyed the entire confidence of the people, had he performed his part with the utmost zeal, fidelity, and ability, had the representative body included all the wisest statesmen of France, the difficulties might still have been found insuperable. But, in fact, the experiment was made under every disadvantage. The king, very naturally, hated the constitution. In the Legislative Assembly were men of genius and men of good intentions, but not a single man of experience. Nevertheless, if France had been suffered to settle her own affairs without foreign interference, it is possible that the calamities which followed might have been averted. The king who, with many good qualities, was sluggish and sensual, might have found compensation for his lost prerogatives in his immense civil list, in his palaces and hunting grounds, in soups, Perigord pies, and champagne. The people, finding themselves secure in the enjoyment of the valuable reforms which the National Assembly had, in the midst of all its errors, effected, would not have been easily excited by demagogues to acts of atrocity; or, if acts of atrocity had been committed, those acts would probably have produced a speedy and violent reaction. Had tolerable quiet been preserved during a few years, the constitution of 1791 might perhaps have taken root, might have gradually acquired the strength which time alone can give, and might, with some modifications which were undoubtedly needed, have lasted down to the present time. The European coalition against the Revolution extinguished all hope of such a result. The deposition of Louis was, in our opinion, the necessary consequence of that coalition. The question was now no longer, whether the king should have an absolute Veto or a suspensive Veto, whether there should be one chamber or two chambers, whether the members of the representative body should be re-eligible or not; but whether France should belong to the French. The independence of the nation, the integrity of the territory, were at stake; and we must say plainly, that we cordially approve of the conduct of those Frenchmen who, at that conjuncture, resolved, like our own Blake, to play the men for their country, under whatever form of government their country might fall.

It seems to us clear that the war with the Continental coalition was, on the side of France, at first a defensive war, and therefore a just war. It was not a war for small objects, or against despi-

cable enemies. On the event were staked all the dearest interests of the French people. Foremost among the threatening powers appeared two great and martial monarchies, either of which, situated as France then was, might be regarded as a formidable assailant. It is evident that, under such circumstances, the French could not, without extreme imprudence, entrust the supreme administration of their affairs to any person whose attachment to the national cause admitted of doubt. Now, it is no reproach to the memory of Louis to say, that he was not attached to the national cause. Had he been so, he would have been something more than man. He had held absolute power, not by usurpation, but by the accident of birth and by the ancient polity of the kingdom. That power he had, on the whole, used with lenity. He had meant well by his people. He had been willing to make to them, of his own mere motion, concessions such as scarcely any other sovereign has ever made except under duress. He had paid the penalty of faults not his own, of the haughtiness and ambition of some of his predecessors, of the dissoluteness and baseness of others. He had been vanquished, taken captive, led in triumph, put in ward. He had escaped; he had been caught; he had been dragged back like a runaway galley-slave to the oar. He was still a state prisoner. His quiet was broken by daily affronts and lampoons. Accustomed from the cradle to be treated with profound reverence, he was now forced to command his feelings, while men who, a few months before, had been hackney writers or country attorneys, sat in his presence with covered heads, and addressed him in the easy tone of equality. Conscious of fair intentions, sensible of hard usage, he doubtless detested the Revolution; and, while charged with the conduct of the war against the confederates, pined in secret for the sight of the German eagles and the sound of the German drums. We do not blame him for this. But can we blame those who, being resolved to defend the work of the National Assembly against the interference of strangers, were not disposed to have him at their head in the fearful struggle which was approaching? We have nothing to say in defence or extenuation of the insolence, injustice, and cruelty, with which, after the victory of the republicans, he and his family were treated. But this we say, that the French had only one alternative, to deprive him of the powers of first magistrate, or to ground their arms and submit patiently to foreign dictation. The events of the tenth of August sprang inevitably from the league of Pillnitz. The king's palace was stormed; his guards were slaughtered. He was suspended from his regal functions; and the Legislative Assembly invited the nation to elect an extraordinary Convention, with the full powers which the conjuncture required. To this Convention the members of the National Assembly were eligible; and Barère was chosen by his own department.

The Convention met on the twenty-first of September, 1792. The first proceedings were unanimous. Royalty was abolished by acclamation. No objections were made to this great change, and no reasons were assigned for it. For certainly we cannot honor with the name of reasons such apophthegms, as that kings are in the moral world what monsters are in the physical world; and that the history of kings is the martyrology of nations. But though the discussion was worthy only of a debating-club of schoolboys, the resolution to which the Convention came seems to have been that which sound policy dictated. In saying this, we do not mean to express an opinion that a republic is, either in the abstract the best form of government, or is, under ordinary circumstances, the form of government best suited to the French people. Our own opinion is, that the best governments which have ever existed in the world have been limited monarchies; and that France, in particular, has never enjoyed so much prosperity and freedom as under a limited monarchy. Nevertheless, we approve of the vote of the Convention which abolished kingly government. The interference of foreign powers had brought on a crisis which made extraordinary measures necessary. Hereditary monarchy may be, and we believe that it is, a very useful institution in a country like France. And masts are very useful parts of a ship. But, if the ship is on her beam-ends, it may be necessary to cut the masts away. When once she has righted, she may come safe into port under jury rigging, and there be completely repaired. But, in the mean time, she must be hacked with unsparing hand, lest that which, under ordinary circumstances, is an essential part of her fabric, should, in her extreme distress, sink her to the bottom. Even so there are political emergencies in which it is necessary that governments should be mutilated of their fair proportions for a time, lest they be cast away forever; and with such an emergency the Convention had to deal. The first object of a good Frenchman should have been to save France from the fate of Poland. The first requisite of a government was entire devotion to the national cause. That requisite was wanting in Louis; and such a want, at such a moment, could not be supplied by any public or private virtues. If the king were set aside, the abolition of kingship necessarily followed. In the state in which the public mind then was, it would have been idle to think of doing what our ancestors did in 1688, and what the French Chamber of Deputies did in 1830. Such an attempt would have failed amidst universal derision and execration. It would have disgusted all zealous men of all opinions; and there were then few men who were not zealous. Parties fatigued by long conflict, and instructed by the severe discipline of that school in which alone mankind will learn, are disposed to listen to the voice of a mediator. But when they are in their first heady youth, devoid of experience, fresh

for exertion, flushed with hope, burning with animosity, they agree only in spurning out of their way the daysman who strives to take his stand between them and to lay his hand upon them both. Such was in 1792 the state of France. On one side was the great name of the heir of Hugh Capet, the thirty-third king of the third race; on the other side was the great name of the republic. There was no rallying-point save these two. It was necessary to make a choice; and those, in our opinion, judged well who, waving for the moment all subordinate questions, preferred independence to subjugation, the natal soil to the emigrant camp.

As to the abolition of royalty, and as to the vigorous prosecution of the war, the whole Convention seemed to be united as one man. But a deep and broad gulf separated the representative body into two great parties.

On one side were those statesmen who are called, from the name of the department which some of them represented, the Girondists, and, from the name of one of their most conspicuous leaders, the Brissotines. In activity and practical ability, Brissot and Gensonné were the most conspicuous among them. In parliamentary eloquence, no Frenchman of that time can be considered as equal to Vergniaud. In a foreign country, and after the lapse of half a century, some parts of his speeches are still read with mournful admiration. No man, we are inclined to believe, ever rose so rapidly to such a height of oratorical excellence. His whole public life lasted barely two years. This is a circumstance which distinguishes him from our own greatest speakers, Fox, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Windham, Canning. Which of these celebrated men would now be remembered as an orator, if he had died two years after he first took his seat in the House of Commons? Condorcet brought to the Girondist party a different kind of strength. The public regarded him with justice as an eminent mathematician, and, with less reason, as a great master of ethical and political science; the philosophers considered him as their chief, as the rightful heir, by intellectual descent and by solemn adoption, of their deceased sovereign, D'Alembert. In the same ranks were found Guadet, Isnard, Barbaroux, Buzot, Louvet, too well known as the author of a very ingenious and very licentious romance, and more honorably distinguished by the generosity with which he pleaded for the unfortunate, and by the intrepidity with which he defied the wicked and powerful. Two persons whose talents were not brilliant, but who enjoyed a high reputation for probity and public spirit, Pétion and Roland, lent the whole weight of their names to the Girondist connexion. The wife of Roland brought to the deliberations of her husband's friends masculine courage and force of thought, tempered by womanly grace and vivacity. Nor was the splendor of a great military reputation wanting to this celebrated party. Du-

mourier, then victorious over the foreign invaders, and at the height of popular favor, must be reckoned among the allies of the Gironde.

The errors of the Brissotines were undoubtedly neither few nor small; but when we fairly compare their conduct with the conduct of any other party which acted or suffered during the French Revolution, we are forced to admit their superiority in every quality except that single quality which, in such times, prevails over every other, decision. They were zealous for the great social reform which had been effected by the National Assembly; and they were right. For though that reform was, in some respects, carried too far, it was a blessing well worth even the fearful price which has been paid for it. They were resolved to maintain the independence of their country against foreign invaders; and they were right. For the heaviest of all yokes is the yoke of the stranger. They thought that, if Louis remained at their head, they could not carry on with the requisite energy the conflict against the European coalition. They therefore concurred in establishing a republican government; and here, again, they were right. For in that struggle for life and death, it would have been madness to trust a hostile or even a half-hearted leader.

Thus far they went along with the revolutionary movement. At this point they stopped; and, in our judgment, they were right in stopping, as they had been right in moving. For great ends, and under extraordinary circumstances, they had concurred in measures which, together with much good, had necessarily produced much evil; which had unsettled the public mind; which had taken away from government the sanction of prescription; which had loosened the very foundations of property and law. They thought that it was now their duty to prop what it had recently been their duty to batter. They loved liberty, but liberty associated with order, with justice, with mercy, and with civilization. They were republicans; but they were desirous to adorn their republic with all that had given grace and dignity to the fallen monarchy. They hoped that the humanity, the courtesy, the taste, which had done much in old times to mitigate the slavery of France, would now lend additional charms to her freedom. They saw with horror crimes, exceeding in atrocity those which had disgraced the infuriated religious factions of the sixteenth century, perpetrated in the name of reason and philanthropy. They demanded, with eloquent vehemence, that the authors of the lawless massacre which, just before the meeting of the Convention, had been committed in the prisons of Paris, should be brought to condign punishment. They treated with just contempt the pleas which have been set up for that great crime. They admitted that the public danger was pressing; but they denied that it justified a violation of those principles of morality on which all society rests. The independence and honor of France

were indeed to be vindicated, but to be vindicated by triumphs and not by murders.

Opposed to the Girondists was a party, which, having been long execrated throughout the civilized world, has of late—such is the ebb and flow of opinion—found not only apologists, but even eulogists. We are not disposed to deny that some members of the Mountain were sincere and public-spirited men. But even the best of them, Carnot for example and Cambon, were far too unscrupulous as to the means which they employed for the purpose of attaining great ends. In the train of these enthusiasts followed a crowd, composed of all who, from sensual, sordid, or malignant motives, wished for a period of boundless license.

When the Convention met, the majority was with the Girondists, and Barère was with the majority. On the king's trial, indeed, he quitted the party with which he ordinarily acted, voted with the Mountain, and spoke against the prisoner with a violence such as few members even of the Mountain showed.

The conduct of the leading Girondists on that occasion was little to their honor. Of cruelty, indeed, we fully acquit them; but it is impossible to acquit them of criminal irresolution and disingenuousness. They were far, indeed, from thirsting for the blood of Louis; on the contrary, they were most desirous to protect him. But they were afraid that, if they went straight forward to their object, the sincerity of their attachment to republican institutions would be suspected. They wished to save the king's life, and yet to obtain all the credit of having been regicides. Accordingly, they traced out for themselves a crooked course, by which they hoped to attain both their objects. They first voted the king guilty. They then voted for referring the question respecting his fate to the whole body of the people. Defeated in this attempt to rescue him, they reluctantly, and with ill-suppressed shame and concern, voted for the capital sentence. Then they made a last attempt in his favor, and voted for respiting the execution. These zigzag politics produced the effect which any man conversant with public affairs might have foreseen. The Girondists, instead of attaining both their ends, failed of both. The Mountain justly charged them with having attempted to save the king by underhand means. Their own consciences told them, with equal justice, that their hands had been dipped in the blood of the most inoffensive and most unfortunate of men. The direct path was here, as usual, the path not only of honor but of safety. The principle on which the Girondists stood as a party was, that the season for revolutionary violence was over, and that the reign of law and order ought now to commence. But the proceeding against the king was clearly revolutionary in its nature. It was not in conformity with the laws. The only plea for it was, that all ordinary rules of jurisprudence and morality were suspended by the extreme

public danger. This was the very plea which the Mountain urged in defence of the massacre of September, and to which, when so urged, the Girondists refused to listen. They, therefore, by voting for the death of the king, conceded to the Mountain the chief point at issue between the two parties. Had they given a manful vote against the capital sentence, the regicides would have been in a minority. It is probable that there would have been an immediate appeal to force. The Girondists might have been victorious. In the worst event, they would have fallen with unblemished honor. Thus much is certain, that their boldness and honesty could not possibly have produced a worse effect than was actually produced by their timidity and their stratagems.

Barère, as we have said, sided with the Mountain on this occasion. He voted against the appeal to the people, and against the respite. His demeanor and his language also were widely different from those of the Girondists. Their hearts were heavy, and their deportment was that of men oppressed by sorrow. It was Vergniaud's duty to proclaim the result of the roll-call. His face was pale, and he trembled with emotion, as in a low and broken voice he announced that Louis was condemned to death. Barère had not, it is true, yet attained to full perfection in the art of mingling jests and conceits with words of death; but he already gave promise of his future excellence in this high department of Jacobin oratory. He concluded his speech with a sentence worthy of his head and heart. "The tree of liberty," he said, "as an ancient author remarks, flourishes when it is watered with the blood of all classes of tyrants." M. Hippolyte Carnot has quoted this passage, in order, as we suppose, to do honor to his hero. We wish that a note had been added to inform us from what ancient author Barère quoted. In the course of our own small reading among the Greek and Latin writers, we have not happened to fall in with trees of liberty and watering-pots full of blood; nor can we, such is our ignorance of classical antiquity, even imagine an Attic or Roman orator employing imagery of that sort. In plain words, when Barère talked about an ancient author, he was lying, as he generally was when he asserted any fact, great or small. Why he lied on this occasion we cannot guess, unless indeed it was to keep his hand in.

It is not improbable that, but for one circumstance, Barère would, like most of those with whom he ordinarily acted, have voted for the appeal to the people and for the respite. But, just before the commencement of the trial, papers had been discovered which proved that, while a member of the National Assembly, he had been in communication with the Court respecting his Reports on the Woods and Forests. He was acquitted of all criminality by the Convention; but the fiercer Republicans considered him as a tool of the fallen monarch; and this reproach was long

repeated in the journal of Marat, and in the speeches at the Jacobin club. It was natural that a man like Barère should, under such circumstances, try to distinguish himself among the crowd of regicides by peculiar ferocity. It was because he had been a royalist that he was one of the foremost in shedding blood.

The king was no more. The leading Girondists had, by their conduct towards him, lowered their character in the eyes both of friends and foes. They still, however, maintained the contest against the Mountain, called for vengeance on the assassins of September, and protested against the anarchical and sanguinary doctrines of Marat. For a time they seemed likely to prevail. As publicists and orators they had no rivals in the Convention. They had with them, beyond all doubt, the great majority both of the deputies and of the French nation. These advantages, it should seem, ought to have decided the event of the struggle. But the opposite party had compensating advantages of a different kind. The chiefs of the Mountain, though not eminently distinguished by eloquence or knowledge, had great audacity, activity, and determination. The Convention and France were against them; but the mob of Paris, the clubs of Paris, and the municipal government of Paris, were on the other side.

The policy of the Jacobins, in this situation, was to subject France to an aristocracy infinitely worse than that aristocracy which had emigrated with the Count of Artois—to an aristocracy not of birth, not of wealth, not of education, but of mere locality. They would not hear of privileged orders; but they wished to have a privileged city. That twenty-five millions of Frenchmen should be ruled by a hundred thousand gentlemen and clergymen, was insufferable; but that twenty-five millions of Frenchmen should be ruled by a hundred thousand Parisians, was as it should be. The qualification of a member of the new oligarchy was simply that he should live near the hall where the Convention met, and should be able to squeeze himself daily into the gallery during a debate, and now and then to attend with a pike for the purpose of blockading the doors. It was quite agreeable to the maxims of the Mountain, that a score of draymen from Santerre's brewery, or of devils from Hébert's printing-house, should be permitted to drown the voices of men commissioned to speak the sense of such cities as Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Lyons; and that a rabble of half-naked porters from the Faubourg St. Antoine, should have power to annul decrees for which the representatives of fifty or sixty departments had voted. It was necessary to find some pretext for so odious and absurd a tyranny. Such a pretext was found. To the old phrases of liberty and equality were added the sonorous watchwords, unity and indivisibility. A new crime was invented, and called by the name of federalism. The object of the Girondists, it was asserted, was to



break up the great nation into little independent commonwealths, bound together only by a league like that which connects the Swiss cantons or the United States of America. The great obstacle in the way of this pernicious design was the influence of Paris. To strengthen the influence of Paris ought therefore to be the chief object of every patriot.

The accusation brought against the leaders of the Girondist party was a mere calumny. They were undoubtedly desirous to prevent the capital from domineering over the republic, and would gladly have seen the Convention removed for a time to some provincial town, or placed under the protection of a trusty guard, which might have overawed the Parisian mob; but there is not the slightest reason to suspect them of any design against the unity of the state. Barère, however, really was a federalist, and, we are inclined to believe, the only federalist in the Convention. As far as a man so unstable and servile can be said to have felt any preference for any form of government, he felt a preference for federal government. He was born under the Pyrenees; he was a Gascon of the Gascons, one of a people strongly distinguished by intellectual and moral character, by manners, by modes of speech, by accent, and by physiognomy, from the French of the Seine and of the Loire; and he had many of the peculiarities of the race to which he belonged. When he first left his own province he had attained his thirty-fourth year, and had acquired a high local reputation for eloquence and literature. He had then visited Paris for the first time. He had found himself in a new world. His feelings were those of a banished man. It is clear also that he had been by no means without his share of the small disappointments and humiliations so often experienced by men of letters who, elated by provincial applause, venture to display their powers before the fastidious critics of a capital. On the other hand, whenever he revisited the mountains among which he had been born, he found himself an object of general admiration. His dislike of Paris, and his partiality to his native district, were therefore as strong and durable as any sentiments of a mind like his could be. He long continued to maintain, that the ascendancy of one great city was the bane of France; that the superiority of taste and intelligence which it was the fashion to ascribe to the inhabitants of that city was wholly imaginary; and that the nation would never enjoy a really good government till the Alsatian people, the Breton people, the people of Bearn, the people of Provence, should have each an independent existence, and laws suited to its own tastes and habits. These communities he proposed to unite by a tie similar to that which binds together the grave Puritans of Connecticut, and the dissolute slave-drivers of New Orleans. To Paris he was unwilling to grant even the rank which Washington holds in

the United States. He thought it desirable that the congress of the French federation should have no fixed place of meeting, but should sit sometimes at Rouen, sometimes at Bordeaux, sometimes at his own Toulouse.

Animated by such feelings, he was, till the close of May, 1793, a Girondist, if not an ultra-Girondist. He exclaimed against those impure and bloodthirsty men who wished to make the public danger a pretext for cruelty and rapine. "Peril," he said, "could be no excuse for crime. It is when the wind blows hard, and the waves run high, that the anchor is most needed; it is when a revolution is raging, that the great laws of morality are most necessary to the safety of a state." Of Marat he spoke with abhorrence and contempt; of the municipal authorities of Paris with just severity. He loudly complained that there were Frenchmen who paid to the Mountain that homage which was due to the Convention alone. When the establishment of the Revolutionary Tribunal was first proposed, he joined himself to Vergniaud and Buzot, who strongly objected to that odious measure. "It cannot be," exclaimed Barère, "that men really attached to liberty will imitate the most frightful excesses of despotism!" He proved to the Convention, after his fashion, out of Sallust, that such arbitrary courts may indeed, for a time, be severe only on real criminals, but must inevitably degenerate into instruments of private cupidity and revenge. When, on the tenth of March, the worst part of the population of Paris made the first unsuccessful attempt to destroy the Girondists, Barère eagerly called for vigorous measures of repression and punishment. On the second of April, another attempt of the Jacobins of Paris to usurp supreme dominion over the republic, was brought to the knowledge of the Convention; and again Barère spoke with warmth against the new tyranny which afflicted France, and declared that the people of the departments would never crouch beneath the tyranny of one ambitious city. He even proposed a resolution to the effect, that the Convention would exert against the demagogues of the capital the same energy which had been exerted against the tyrant Louis. We are assured that, in private as in public, he at this time uniformly spoke with strong aversion of the Mountain.

His apparent zeal for the cause of humanity and order had its reward. Early in April came the tidings of Dumourier's defection. This was a heavy blow to the Girondists. Dumourier was their general. His victories had thrown a lustre on the whole party; his army, it had been hoped, would, in the worst event, protect the deputies of the nation against the ragged pikemen of the garrrets of Paris. He was now a deserter and an exile; and those who had lately placed their chief reliance on his support were compelled to join with their deadliest enemies in execrating his treason. At this perilous conjuncture, it was re-

solved to appoint a Committee of Public Safety, and to arm that committee with powers, small indeed when compared with those it afterwards drew to itself, but still great and formidable. The moderate party, regarding Barère as a representative of their feelings and opinions, elected him a member. In his new situation he soon began to make himself useful. He brought to the deliberations of the Committee, not indeed the knowledge or the ability of a great statesman, but a tongue and a pen which, if others would only supply ideas, never paused for want of words. His mind was a mere organ of communication between other minds. It originated nothing; it retained nothing; but it transmitted everything. The post assigned to him by his colleagues was not really of the highest importance; but it was prominent, and drew the attention of all Europe. When a great measure was to be brought forward, when an account was to be rendered of an important event, he was generally the mouthpiece of the administration. He was therefore not unnaturally considered, by persons who lived at a distance from the seat of government, and above all by foreigners who, while the war raged, knew France only from Journals, as the head of that administration of which, in truth, he was only the secretary and the spokesman. The author of the History of Europe, in our own Annual Registers, appears to have been completely under this delusion.

The conflict between the hostile parties was meanwhile fast approaching to a crisis. The temper of Paris grew daily fiercer and fiercer. Delegates appointed by thirty-five of the forty-eight wards of the city appeared at the bar of the Convention, and demanded that Vergniaud, Brissot, Guadet, Gensonné, Barbaroux, Buzot, Pétion, Louvet, and many other deputies, should be expelled. This demand was disapproved by at least three-fourths of the Assembly, and, when known in the departments, called forth a general cry of indignation. Bordeaux declared that it would stand by its representatives, and would, if necessary, defend them by the sword against the tyranny of Paris. Lyons and Marseilles were animated by a similar spirit. These manifestations of public opinion gave courage to the majority of the Convention. Thanks were voted to the people of Bordeaux for their patriotic declaration, and a commission consisting of twelve members was appointed for the purpose of investigating the conduct of the municipal authorities of Paris; and was empowered to place under arrest such persons as should appear to have been concerned in any plot against the authority of the Convention. This measure was adopted on the motion of Barère.

A few days of stormy excitement and profound anxiety followed; and then came the crash. On the thirty-first of May the mob of Paris rose; the palace of the Tuileries was besieged by a vast array of pikes; the majority of the deputies, after vain struggles and remonstrances, yielded to vio-

lence, and suffered the Mountain to carry a decree for the suspension and arrest of the deputies whom the wards of the capital had accused.

During this contest, Barère had been tossed backwards and forwards between the two raging factions. His feelings, languid and unsteady as they always were, drew him to the Girondists; but he was awed by the vigor and determination of the Mountain. At one moment he held high and firm language, complained that the Convention was not free, and protested against the validity of any vote passed under coercion. At another moment he proposed to conciliate the Parisians by abolishing that commission of twelve which he had himself proposed only a few days before; and himself drew up a paper condemning the very measures which had been adopted at his own instance, and eulogizing the public spirit of the insurgents. To do him justice, it was not without some symptoms of shame that he read this document from the tribune, where he had so often expressed very different sentiments. It is said that, at some passages, he was even seen to blush. It may have been so; he was still in his novitiate of infamy.

Some days later he proposed that hostages for the personal safety of the accused deputies should be sent to the departments, and offered to be himself one of those hostages. Nor do we in the least doubt that the offer was sincere. He would, we firmly believe, have thought himself far safer at Bordeaux or Marseilles than at Paris. His proposition, however, was not carried into effect; and he remained in the power of the victorious Mountain.

This was the great crisis of his life. Hitherto he had done nothing inexpiable, nothing which marked him out as a much worse man than most of his colleagues in the Convention. His voice had generally been on the side of moderate measures. Had he bravely cast in his lot with the Girondists, and suffered with them, he would, like them, have had a not dishonorable place in history. Had he, like the great body of deputies who meant well, but who had not the courage to expose themselves to martyrdom, crouched quietly under the dominion of the triumphant minority, and suffered every motion of Robespierre and Billaud to pass unopposed, he would have incurred no peculiar ignominy. But it is probable that this course was not open to him. He had been too prominent among the adversaries of the Mountain, to be admitted to quarter without making some atonement. It was necessary that, if he hoped to find pardon from his new lords, he should not be merely a silent and passive slave. What passed in private between him and them cannot be accurately related; but the result was soon apparent. The Committee of Public Safety was renewed. Several of the fiercest of the dominant faction, Couthon for example, and St. Just, were substituted for more moderate politicians; but Barère was suffered to retain his seat at the Board.

The indulgence with which he was treated excited the murmurs of some stern and ardent zealots. Marat, in the very last words that he wrote, words not published till the dagger of Charlotte Corday had avenged France and mankind, complained that a man who had no principles, who was always on the side of the strongest, who had been a royalist, and who was ready, in case of a turn of fortune, to be a royalist again, should be entrusted with an important share in the administration.\* But the chiefs of the Mountain judged more correctly. They knew indeed, as well as Marat, that Barère was a man utterly without faith or steadiness; that, if he could be said to have any political leaning, his leaning was not towards them; that he felt for the Girondist party that faint and wavering sort of preference of which alone his nature was susceptible; and that, if he had been at liberty to make his choice, he would rather have murdered Robespierre and Danton, than Vergniaud and Gensonné. But they justly appreciated that levity which made him incapable alike of earnest love and of earnest hatred, and that meanness which made it necessary to him to have a master. In truth, what the planters of Carolina and Louisiana say of black men with flat noses and woolly hair, was strictly true of Barère. The curse of Canaan was upon him. He was born a slave. Baseness was an instinct in him. The impulse which drove him from a party in adversity to a party in prosperity, was as irresistible as that which drives the cuckoo and the swallow towards the sun when the dark and cold months are approaching. The law which doomed him to be the humble attendant of stronger spirits resembled the law which binds the pilot-fish to the shark. "Ken ye," said a shrewd Scotch lord, who was asked his opinion of James the First, "Ken ye a John Ape? If I have Jacko by the collar, I can make him bite you; but if you have Jacko, you can make him bite me." Just such a creature was Barère. In the hands of the Girondists he would have been eager to proscribe the Jacobins; he was just as ready, in the gripe of the Jacobins, to proscribe the Girondists. On the fidelity of such a man, the heads of the Mountain could not, of course, reckon; but they valued their conquest as the very easy and not very delicate lover in Congreve's lively song valued the conquest of a prostitute of a different kind. Barère was, like Chloe, false and common; but he was, like Chloe, constant while possessed; and they asked no more. They needed a service which he was perfectly competent to perform. Destitute as he was of all the talents both of an active and of a speculative statesman, he could with great facility draw up a report, or make a speech on any subject and on any side. If other people would furnish facts and thoughts, he could always furnish phrases; and this talent was absolutely at the

command of his owners for the time being. Nor had he excited any angry passion among those to whom he had hitherto been opposed. They felt no more hatred to him than they felt to the horses which dragged the cannon of the Duke of Brunswick and of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg. The horses had only done according to their kind, and would, if they fell into the hands of the French, drag with equal vigor and equal docility the guns of the republic, and therefore ought not merely to be spared, but to be well fed and curried. So was it with Barère. He was of a nature so low, that it might be doubted whether he could properly be an object of the hostility of reasonable beings. He had not been an enemy; he was not now a friend. But he had been an annoyance; and he would now be a help.

But though the heads of the Mountain pardoned this man, and admitted him into partnership with themselves, it was not without exacting pledges such as made it impossible for him, false and fickle as he was, ever again to find admission into the ranks which he had deserted. That was truly a terrible sacrament by which they admitted the apostate into their communion. They demanded of him that he should himself take the most prominent part in murdering his old friends. To refuse was as much as his life was worth. But what is life worth when it is only one long agony of remorse and shame? These, however, are feelings of which it is idle to talk, when we are considering the conduct of such a man as Barère. He undertook the task, mounted the tribune, and told the Convention that the time was come for taking the stern attitude of justice, and for striking at all conspirators without distinction. He then moved that Buzot, Barbaroux, Pétion, and thirteen other deputies, should be placed out of the pale of the law, or, in other words, beheaded without a trial; and that Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, and six others, should be impeached. The motion was carried without debate.

We have already seen with what effrontery Barère has denied, in these Memoirs, that he took any part against the Girondists. This denial, we think, was the only thing wanting to make his infamy complete. The most impudent of all lies was a fit companion for the foulest of all murders.

Barère, however, had not yet earned his pardon. The Jacobin party contained one gang which, even in that party, was preëminent in every mean and every savage vice, a gang so low-minded and so inhuman, that, compared with them, Robespierre might be called magnanimous and merciful. Of these wretches Hébert was perhaps the best representative. His favorite amusement was to torment and insult the miserable remains of that great family which, having ruled France during eight hundred years, had now become an object of pity to the humblest artisan or peasant. The influence of this man, and of men like him, induced the Committee of Public Safety to determine that

\* See the *Publiciste* of the 14th of July, 1793. Marat was stabbed on the evening of the 13th.

Marie Antoinette should be sent to the scaffold. Barère was again summoned to his duty. Only four days after he had proposed the decrees against the Girondist deputies he again mounted the tribune, in order to move that the queen should be brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. He was improving fast in the society of his new allies. When he asked for the heads of Vergniaud and Pétion, he had spoken like a man who had some slight sense of his own guilt and degradation; he had said little, and that little had not been violent. The office of expatiating on the guilt of his old friends he had left to St. Just. Very different was Barère's second appearance in the character of an accuser. He now cried out for blood in the eager tones of the true and burning thirst, and raved against the Austrian woman with the virulence natural to a coward who finds himself at liberty to outrage that which he has feared and envied. We have already exposed the shameless mendacity with which, in these Memoirs, he attempts to throw the blame of his own guilt on the guiltless.

On the day on which the fallen queen was dragged, already more than half dead, to her doom, Barère regaled Robespierre and some other Jacobins at a tavern. Robespierre's acceptance of the invitation caused some surprise to those who knew how long and how bitterly it was his nature to hate. "Robespierre of the party!" muttered St. Just. "Barère is the only man whom Robespierre has forgiven." We have an account of this singular repast from one of the guests. Robespierre condemned the senseless brutality with which Hébert had conducted the proceedings against the Austrian woman, and, in talking on that subject, became so much excited that he broke his plate in the violence of his gesticulation. Barère exclaimed that the guillotine had cut a diplomatic knot which it might have been difficult to untie. In the intervals between the Beaune and the Champagne, between the ragout of thrushes and the partridge with truffles, he fervently preached his new political creed. "The vessel of the revolution," he said, "can float into port only on waves of blood. We must begin with the members of the National Assembly and of the Legislative Assembly. That rubbish must be swept away."

As he talked at table he talked in the Convention. His peculiar style of oratory was now formed. It was not altogether without ingenuity and liveliness. But, in any other age or country, it would have been thought unfit for the deliberations of a grave assembly, and still more unfit for state papers. It might, perhaps, succeed at a meeting of a Protestant Association in Exeter Hall, at a Repeal dinner in Ireland, after men had well drunk, or in an American oration on the fourth of July. No legislative body would now endure it. But in France, during the reign of the Convention, the old laws of composition were held

in as much contempt as the old government or the old creed. Correct and noble diction belonged, like the etiquette of Versailles and the solemnities of Notre Dame, to an age which had passed away. Just as a swarm of ephemeral constitutions, democratic, directorial, and consular, sprang from the decay of the ancient monarchy; just as a swarm of new superstitions, the worship of the Goddess of Reason, and the fooleries of the Theo-philanthropists, sprang from the decay of the ancient church; even so, out of the decay of the ancient French eloquence, sprang new fashions of eloquence, for the understanding of which new grammars and dictionaries were necessary. The same innovating spirit which altered the common phrases of salutation, which turned hundreds of Johns and Peters into Scævolas and Aristogitons, and which expelled Sunday and Monday, January and February, Lady-day and Christmas, from the calendar, in order to substitute Decadi and Primidi, Nivose and Pluviöse, Feasts of Opinion and Feasts of the Supreme Being, changed all the forms of official correspondence. For the calm, guarded, and sternly courteous language which governments had long been accustomed to employ, were substituted puns, interjections, Ossianic rants, rhetoric worthy only of a schoolboy, scurrility worthy only of a fishwife. Of the phraseology which was now thought to be peculiarly well suited to a report or a manifesto, Barère had a greater command than any man of his time; and, during the short and sharp paroxysm of the revolutionary delirium, passed for a great orator. When the fit was over, he was considered as what he really was, a man of quick apprehension and fluent elocution, with no originality, with little information, and with a taste as bad as his heart. His reports were popularly called Carmagnoles. A few months ago, we should have had some difficulty in conveying to an English reader an exact notion of the state papers to which this appellation was given. Fortunately a noble and distinguished person, whom her majesty's ministers have thought qualified to fill the most important post in the empire, has made our task easy. Whoever has read Lord Ellenborough's proclamations is able to form a complete idea of a Carmagnole.

The effect which Barère's discourses at one time produced is not to be wholly attributed to the perversion of the national taste. The occasions on which he rose were frequently such as would have secured to the worst speaker a favorable hearing. When any military advantage had been gained, he was generally deputed by the Committee of Public Safety to announce the good news. The hall resounded with applause as he mounted the tribune, holding the despatches in his hand. Deputies and strangers listened with delight while he told them that victory was the order of the day; that the guineas of Pitt had been vainly lavished to hire machines six feet high, carrying guns; that the flight of the English

leopard deserved to be celebrated by Tyrtæus; and that the saltpetre dug out of the cellars of Paris had been turned into thunder, which would crush the Titan brethren, George and Francis.

Meanwhile, the trial of the accused Girondists, who were under arrest at Paris, came on. They flattered themselves with a vain hope of escape. They placed some reliance on their innocence, and some reliance on their eloquence. They thought that shame would suffice to restrain any man, however violent and cruel, from publicly committing the flagrant iniquity of condemning them to death. The Revolutionary Tribunal was new to its functions. No member of the Convention had yet been executed; and it was probable that the boldest Jacobin would shrink from being the first to violate the sanctity which was supposed to belong to the representatives of the people.

The proceedings lasted some days. Gensonné and Brissot defended themselves with great ability and presence of mind against the vile Hébert and Chaumette, who appeared as accusers. The eloquent voice of Vergniaud was heard for the last time. He pleaded his own cause, and that of his friends, with such force of reason and elevation of sentiment that a murmur of pity and admiration rose from the audience. Nay, the court itself, not yet accustomed to riot in daily carnage, showed signs of emotion. The sitting was adjourned, and a rumor went forth that there would be an acquittal. The Jacobins met, breathing vengeance. Robespierre undertook to be their organ. He rose on the following day in the Convention, and proposed a decree of such atrocity, that even among the acts of that year it can hardly be paralleled. By this decree the tribunal was empowered to cut short the defence of the prisoners, to pronounce the case clear, and to pass immediate judgment. One deputy made a faint opposition. Barère instantly sprang up to support Robespierre—Barère, the federalist; Barère, the author of that Commission of Twelve which was among the chief causes of the hatred borne by Paris to the Girondists; Barère, who in these Memoirs denies that he ever took any part against the Girondists; Barère, who has the effrontery to declare that he greatly loved and esteemed Vergniaud. The decree was passed; and the tribunal, without suffering the prisoners to conclude what they had to say, pronounced them guilty.

The following day was the saddest in the sad history of the Revolution. The sufferers were so innocent, so brave, so eloquent, so accomplished, so young. Some of them were graceful and handsome youths of six or seven and twenty. Vergniaud and Gensonné were little more than thirty. They had been only a few months engaged in public affairs. In a few months the fame of their genius had filled Europe; and they were to die for no crime but this, that they had wished to combine order, justice, and mercy with freedom. Their great fault was want of courage. We mean want

of political courage—of that courage which is proof to clamor and obloquy, and which meets great emergencies by daring and decisive measures. Alas! they had but too good an opportunity of proving, that they did not want courage to endure with manly cheerfulness the worst that could be inflicted by such tyrants as St. Just, and such slaves as Barère.

They were not the only victims of the noble cause. Madame Rowland followed them to the scaffold with a spirit as heroic as their own. Her husband was in a safe hiding-place, but could not bear to survive her. His body was found on the high-road, near Rouen. He had fallen on his sword. Condorcet swallowed opium. At Bordeaux, the steel fell on the necks of the bold and quick-witted Guadet, and of Barbaroux, the chief of those enthusiasts from the Rhone whose valor, in the great crisis of the tenth of August, had turned back the tide of battle from the Louvre to the Tuileries. In a field near the Garonne was found all that the wolves had left of Pétion, once honored, greatly indeed beyond his deserts, as the model of republican virtue. We are far from regarding even the best of the Girondists with unmixed admiration; but history owes to them this honorable testimony, that, being free to choose whether they would be oppressors or victims, they deliberately and firmly resolved rather to suffer injustice than to inflict it.

And now began that strange period known by the name of the Reign of Terror. The Jacobins had prevailed. This was their hour, and the power of darkness. The Convention was subjugated, and reduced to profound silence on the highest questions of state. The sovereignty passed to the Committee of Public Safety. To the edicts framed by that Committee, the representative assembly did not venture to offer even the species of opposition which the ancient Parliament had frequently offered to the mandates of the ancient kings. Six persons held the chief power in the small cabinet which now domineered over France—Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, Collot, Billaud, and Barère.

To some of these men, and of those who adhered to them, it is due to say, that the fanaticism which had emancipated them from the restraints of justice and compassion, had emancipated them also from the dominion of vulgar cupidity and of vulgar fear; that, while hardly knowing where to find an assignat of a few francs to pay for a dinner, they expended with strict integrity the immense revenue which they collected by every art of rapine; and that they were ready, in support of their cause, to mount the scaffold with as much indifference as they showed when they signed the death-warrants of aristocrats and priests. But no great party can be composed of such materials as these. It is the inevitable law, that such zealots as we have described shall collect around them a multitude of slaves, of cowards, and of libertines, whose savage tempers and licentious appetites, withheld

only by the dread of law and magistracy from the worst excesses, are called into full activity by the hope of impunity. A faction which, from whatever motive, relaxes the great laws of morality, is certain to be joined by the most immoral part of the community. This has been repeatedly proved in religious wars. The war of the Holy Sepulchre, the Albigensian war, the Huguenot war, the 'Thirty Years' war, all originated in pious zeal. That zeal inflamed the champions of the church to such a point, that they regarded all generosity to the vanquished as a sinful weakness. The infidel, the heretic, was to be run down like a mad dog. No outrage committed by the Catholic warrior on the miscreant enemy could deserve punishment. As soon as it was known that boundless license was thus given to barbarity and dissoluteness, thousands of wretches who cared nothing for the sacred cause, but who were eager to be exempted from the police of peaceful cities, and the discipline of well-governed camps, flocked to the standard of the faith. The men who had set up that standard were sincere, chaste, regardless of lucre, and perhaps, where only themselves were concerned not unforgiving; but round that standard were assembled such gangs of rogues, ravishers, plunderers, and ferocious bravoos, as were scarcely ever found under the flag of any state engaged in a mere temporal quarrel. In a very similar way was the Jacobin party composed. There was a small nucleus of enthusiasts; round that nucleus was gathered a vast mass of ignoble depravity; and in all that mass, there was nothing so depraved and so ignoble as Barère.

Then came those days, when the most barbarous of all codes was administered by the most barbarous of all tribunals; when no man could greet his neighbors, or say his prayers, or dress his hair, without danger of committing a capital crime; when spies lurked in every corner; when the guillotine was long and hard at work every morning; when the jails were filled as close as the hold of a slave-ship; when the gutters ran foaming with blood into the Seine; when it was death to be great-niece of a captain of the royal guards, or half-brother of a doctor of the Sorbonne, to express a doubt whether assignats would not fall, to hint that the English had been victorious in the action of the First of June, to have a copy of one of Burke's pamphlets locked up in a desk, to laugh at a Jacobin for taking the name of Cassius or Timoleon, or to call the Fifth Sans-culottide by its old superstitious name of St. Matthew's-Day. While the daily waggon-loads of victims were carried to their doom through the streets of Paris, the Proconsuls whom the sovereign Committee had sent forth to the departments, revelled in an extravagance of cruelty unknown even in the capital. The knife of the deadly machine rose and fell too slow for their work of slaughter. Long rows of captives were mowed down with grape-shot. Holes were made in the bottom of crowded barges. Ly-

ons was turned into a desert. At Arras even the cruel mercy of a speedy death was denied to the prisoners. All down the Loire, from Saumur to the sea, great flocks of crows and kites feasted on naked corpses, twined together in hideous embraces. No mercy was shown to sex or age. The number of young lads and of girls of seventeen who were murdered by that execrable government, is to be reckoned by hundreds. Babies torn from the breast were tossed from pike to pike along the Jacobin ranks. One champion of liberty had his pockets well stuffed with ears. Another swagged about with the finger of a little child in his hat. A few months had sufficed to degrade France below the level of New Zealand.

It is absurd to say, that any amount of public danger can justify a system like this, we do not say on Christian principles, we do not say on the principles of a high morality, but even on principles of Machiavelian policy. It is true that great emergencies call for activity and vigilance; it is true that they justify severity which, in ordinary times, would deserve the name of cruelty. But indiscriminate severity can never, under any circumstances, be useful. It is plain that the whole efficacy of punishment depends on the care with which the guilty are distinguished. Punishment which strikes the guilty and the innocent promiscuously operates merely like a pestilence or a great convulsion of nature, and has no more tendency to prevent offences, than the cholera, or an earthquake like that of Lisbon, would have. The energy for which the Jacobin administration is praised was merely the energy of the Malay who maddens himself with opium, draws his knife, and runs a-muck through the streets, slashing right and left at friends and foes. Such has never been the energy of truly great rulers; of Elizabeth, for example, of Oliver, or of Frederick. They were not, indeed, scrupulous. But had they been less scrupulous than they were, the strength and amplitude of their minds would have preserved them from crimes such as those which the small men of the Committee of Public Safety took for daring strokes of policy. The great Queen who so long held her own against foreign and domestic enemies, against temporal and spiritual arms; the great Protector who governed with more than regal power, in despite both of royalists and republicans; the great King, who, with a beaten army and an exhausted treasury, defended his little dominions to the last against the united efforts of Russia, Austria, and France; with what scorn would they have heard that it was impossible for them to strike a salutary terror into the disaffected, without sending school-boys and school-girls to death by cart-loads and boat-loads!

The popular notion is, we believe, that the leading Terrorists were wicked men, but, at the same time, great men. We can see nothing great about them but their wickedness. That their policy was daringly original is a vulgar error. Their policy

is as old as the oldest accounts which we have of human misgovernment. It seemed new in France, and in the eighteenth century, only because it had been long disused, for excellent reasons, by the enlightened part of mankind. But it has always prevailed, and still prevails, in savage and half savage nations, and is the chief cause which prevents such nations from making advances towards civilization. Thousands of deys, of beys, of pachas, of rajahs, of nabobs, have shown themselves as great masters of statecraft as the members of the Committee of Public Safety. Djeddar, we imagine, was superior to any of them in their own line. In fact, there is not a petty tyrant in Asia or Africa so dull or so unlearned as not to be fully qualified for the business of Jacobin police and Jacobin finance. To behead people by scores without caring whether they are guilty or innocent; to wring money out of the rich by the help of jailers and executioners; to rob the public creditor, and to put him to death if he remonstrates; to take loaves by force out of the bakers' shops; to clothe and mount soldiers by seizing on one man's wool and linen, and on another man's horses and saddles, without compensation, is of all modes of governing the simplest and most obvious. Of its morality we at present say nothing. But surely it requires no capacity beyond that of a barbarian or a child. By means like those which we have described, the Committee of Public Safety undoubtedly succeeded, for a short time, in enforcing profound submission, and in raising immense funds. But to enforce submission by butchery, and to raise funds by spoliation, is not statesmanship. The real statesman is he who, in troubled times, keeps down the turbulent without unnecessarily harassing the well-affected; and who, when great pecuniary resources are needed, provides for the public exigencies without violating the security of property, and drying up the sources of future prosperity. Such a statesman, we are confident, might, in 1793, have preserved the independence of France, without shedding a drop of innocent blood, without plundering a single warehouse. Unhappily, the Republic was subject to men who were mere demagogues, and in no sense statesmen. They could declaim at a club. They could lead a rabble to mischief. But they had no skill to conduct the affairs of an empire. The want of skill they supplied for a time by atrocity and blind violence. For legislative ability, fiscal ability, military ability, diplomatic ability, they had one substitute, the guillotine. Indeed their exceeding ignorance, and the barrenness of their invention, are the best excuse for their murders and robberies. We really believe that they would not have cut so many throats, and picked so many pockets, if they had known how to govern in any other way.

That, under their administration, the war against the European Coalition was successfully conducted, is true. But that war had been successfully conducted before their elevation, and con-

tinued to be successfully conducted after their fall. Terror was not the order of the day when Brussels opened its gates to Dumourier. Terror had ceased to be the order of the day when Piedmont and Lombardy were conquered by Bonaparte. The truth is, that France was saved, not by the Committee of Public Safety, but by the energy, patriotism, and valor of the French people. Those high qualities were victorious in spite of the incapacity of rulers whose administration was a tissue, not merely of crimes, but of blunders.

We have not time to tell how the leaders of the savage faction at length began to avenge mankind on each other; how the craven Hébert was dragged wailing and trembling to his doom; how the nobler Danton, moved by a late repentance, strove in vain to repair the evil which he had wrought, and half redeemed the great crime of September, by manfully encountering death in the cause of mercy.

Our business is with Barère. In all those things he was not only consenting, but eagerly and joyously forward. Not merely was he one of the guilty administration. He was the man to whom was especially assigned the office of proposing and defending outrages on justice and humanity, and of furnishing to atrocious schemes an appropriate garb of atrocious rodomontade. Barère first proclaimed from the tribune of the Convention, that terror must be the order of the day. It was by Barère that the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris was provided with the aid of a public accuser worthy of such a court, the infamous Fouquier Tinville. It was Barère who, when one of the old members of the National Assembly had been absolved by the Revolutionary Tribunal, gave orders that a fresh jury should be summoned. "Acquit one of the National Assembly!" he cried. "The tribunal is turning against the Revolution." It is unnecessary to say that the prisoner's head was soon in the basket. It was Barère who moved that the city of Lyons should be destroyed. "Let the plough," he cried from the tribune, "pass over her. Let her name cease to exist. The rebels are conquered; but are they all exterminated? No weakness. No mercy. Let every one be smitten. Two words will suffice to tell the whole. Lyons made war on liberty; Lyons is no more." When Toulon was taken Barère came forward to announce the event. "The conquest," said the apostate Brissotine, "won by the Mountain over the Brissotines, must be commemorated by a mark set on the place where Toulon once stood. The national thunder must crush the house of every trader in the town." When Camille Desmoulins, long distinguished among the republicans by zeal and ability, dared to raise his eloquent voice against the Reign of Terror, and to point out the close analogy between the government which then oppressed France and the government of the worst of the Cæsars, Barère rose to complain of the weak compassion which tried to

revive the hopes of the aristocracy. "Whoever," he said, "is nobly born, is a man to be suspected. Every priest, every frequenter of the old court, every lawyer, every banker, is a man to be suspected. Every person who grumbles at the course which the Revolution takes, is a man to be suspected. There are whole castes already tried and condemned. There are callings which carry their doom with them. There are relations of blood which the law regards with an evil eye. Republicans of France!" yelled the renegade Girondist, the old enemy of the Mountain—"Republicans of France! the Brissotines led you by gentle means to slavery. The Mountain leads you by strong measures to freedom. Oh! who can count the evils which a false compassion may produce!" When the friends of Danton mustered courage to express a wish that the Convention would at least hear him, in his own defence, before it sent him to certain death, the voice of Barère was the loudest in opposition to their prayer. When the crimes of Lebon, one of the worst, if not the very worst, of the vicegerents of the Committee of Public Safety, had so maddened the people of the Department of the North, that they resorted to the desperate expedient of imploring the protection of the Convention, Barère pleaded the cause of the accused tyrant, and threatened the petitioners with the utmost vengeance of the government. "These charges," he said, "have been suggested by wily aristocrats. The man who crushes the enemies of the people, though he may be hurried by his zeal into some excesses, can never be a proper object of censure. The proceedings of Lebon may have been a little harsh as to form." One of the small irregularities thus gently censured was this: Lebon kept a wretched man a quarter of an hour under the knife of the guillotine, in order to torment him, by reading to him, before he was dispatched, a letter, the contents of which were supposed to be such as would aggravate even the bitterness of death. "But what," proceeded Barère, "is not permitted to the hatred of a republican against aristocracy? How many generous sentiments atone for what may perhaps seem acrimonious in the prosecution of public enemies? Revolutionary measures are always to be spoken of with respect. Liberty is a virgin whose veil it is not lawful to lift."

After this, it would be idle to dwell on facts which would indeed, of themselves, suffice to render a name infamous, but which make no perceptible addition to the great infamy of Barère. It would be idle, for example, to relate how he, a man of letters, a member of an Academy of Inscriptions, was foremost in that war against learning, art, and history, which disgraced the Jacobin government; how he recommended a general conflagration of libraries; how he proclaimed that all records of events anterior to the Revolution ought to be destroyed; how he laid waste the abbey of St. Denis, pulled down monuments consecrated by

the veneration of ages, and scattered on the wind the dust of ancient kings. He was, in truth, seldom so well employed as when he turned for a moment from making war on the living to make war on the dead.

Equally idle would it be to dilate on his sensual excesses. That in Barère, as in the whole breed of Neros, Caligulas, and Domitians, whom he resembled, voluptuousness was mingled with cruelty; that he withdrew, twice in every decade, from the work of blood to the smiling gardens of Clichy, and there forgot public cares in the madness of wine, and in the arms of courtesans, has often been repeated. M. Hippolyte Carnot does not altogether deny the truth of these stories, but justly observes that Barère's dissipation was not carried to such a point as to interfere with his industry. Nothing can be more true. Barère was by no means so much addicted to debauchery as to neglect the work of murder. It was his boast that, even during his hours of recreation, he cut out work for the Revolutionary Tribunal. To those who expressed a fear that his exertions would hurt his health, he gaily answered that he was less busy than they thought. "The guillotine," he said, "does all; the guillotine governs." For ourselves, we are much more disposed to look indulgently on the pleasures which he allowed to himself, than on the pain which he inflicted on his neighbors.

*"Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset  
Tempora sævitæ, claras quibus abstulit urbi  
Illustresque animas, impune ac vindice nullo."*

An immoderate appetite for sensual gratifications is undoubtedly a blemish on the fame of Henry the Fourth, of Lord Somers, of Mr. Fox. But the vices of honest men are the virtues of Barère.

And now Barère had become a really cruel man. It was from mere pusillanimity that he had perpetrated his first great crimes. But the whole history of our race proves that the taste for the misery of others is a taste which minds not naturally ferocious may too easily acquire, and which, when once acquired, is as strong as any of the propensities with which we are born. A very few months had sufficed to bring this man into a state of mind in which images of despair, wailing, and death, had an exhilarating effect on him, and inspired him as wine and love inspire men of free and joyous natures. The cart creaking under its daily freight of victims, ancient men, and lads, and fair young girls—the binding of the hands, the thrusting of the head out of the little national sash-window, the crash of the axe, the pool of blood beneath the scaffold, the heads rolling by scores in the panier—these things were to him what Lalage and a cask of Falernian were to Horace, what Rosette and a bottle of iced champagne are to De Béranger. As soon as he began to speak of slaughter, his heart seemed to be enlarged, and his fancy to become unusually fertile of conceits



and gasconades. Robespierre, St. Just, and Billaud, whose barbarity was the effect of earnest and gloomy hatred, were, in his view, men who made a toil of a pleasure. Cruelty was no such melancholy business, to be gone about with an austere brow and a whining tone : it was a recreation, fitly accompanied by singing and laughing. In truth, Robespierre and Barère might be well compared to the two renowned hangmen of Louis the Eleventh. They were alike insensible of pity, alike bent on havoc. But, while they murdered, one of them frowned and canted, the other grinned and joked. For our own part, we prefer *Jean qui pleure* to *Jean qui rit*.

In the midst of the funereal gloom which overhung Paris, a gaiety stranger and more ghastly than the horrors of the prison and the scaffold distinguished the dwelling of Barère. Every morning a crowd of suitors assembled to implore his protection. He came forth in his rich dressing-gown, went round the antechamber, dispensed smiles and promises among the obsequious crowd, addressed himself with peculiar animation to every handsome woman who appeared in the circle, and complimented her in the florid style of Gascony on the bloom of her cheeks and the lustre of her eyes. When he had enjoyed the fear and anxiety of his suppliants he dismissed them, and flung all their memorials unread into the fire. This was the best way, he conceived, to prevent arrears of business from accumulating. Here he was only an imitator. Cardinal Dubois had been in the habit of clearing his table of papers in the same way. Nor was this the only point in which we could point out a resemblance between the worst statesman of the monarchy and the worst statesman of the republic.

Of Barère's peculiar vein of pleasantry a notion may be formed from an anecdote which one of his intimate associates, a juror of the revolutionary tribunal, has related. A courtesan, who bore a conspicuous part in the orgies of Clichy, implored Barère to use his power against a head-dress which did not suit her style of face, and which a rival beauty was trying to bring into fashion. One of the magistrates of the capital was summoned, and received the necessary orders. Aristocracy, Barère said, was again rearing its front. These new wigs were counter-revolutionary. He had reason to know that they were made out of the long fair hair of handsome aristocrats who had died by the national chopper. Every lady who adorned herself with the relics of criminals might justly be suspected of incivism. This ridiculous lie imposed on the authorities of Paris. Female citizens were solemnly warned against the obnoxious ringlets, and were left to choose between their head-dresses and their heads. Barère's delight at the success of this facetious fiction was quite extravagant ; he could not tell the story without going into such convulsions of laughter as made his hearers hope that he was about to choke. There was some-

thing peculiarly tickling and exhilarating to his mind in this grotesque combination of the frivolous with the horrible, of false locks and curling-irons with spouting arteries and reeking hatchets.

But though Barère succeeded in earning the honorable nicknames of the Witling of Terror, and the Anacreon of the Guillotine, there was one place where it was long remembered to his disadvantage, that he had, for a time, talked the language of humanity and moderation. That place was the Jacobin Club. Even after he had borne the chief part in the massacre of the Girondists, in the murder of the queen, in the destruction of Lyons, he durst not show himself within that sacred precinct. At one meeting of the society, a member complained that the committee to which the supreme direction of affairs was entrusted, after all the changes which had been made, still contained one man who was not trustworthy. Robespierre, whose influence over the Jacobins was boundless, undertook the defence of his colleague, owned there was some ground for what had been said, but spoke highly of Barère's industry and aptitude for business. This seasonable interposition silenced the accuser ; but it was long before the neophyte could venture to appear at the club.

At length a masterpiece of wickedness, unique, we think, even among Barère's great achievements, obtained his full pardon even from that rigid conclave. The insupportable tyranny of the Committee of Public Safety had at length brought the minds of men, and even of women, into a fierce and hard temper, which defied or welcomed death. The life which might be any morning taken away, in consequence of the whisper of a private enemy, seemed of little value. It was something to die after smiting one of the oppressors ; it was something to bequeath to the surviving tyrants a terror not inferior to that which they had themselves inspired. Human nature, hunted and worried to the utmost, now turned furiously to bay. Fouquier Tinville was afraid to walk the streets ; a pistol was snapped at Collot D'Herbois ; a young girl, animated apparently by the spirit of Charlotte Corday, attempted to obtain an interview with Robespierre. Suspicions arose ; she was searched ; and two knives were found about her. She was questioned, and spoke of the Jacobin domination with resolute scorn and aversion. It is unnecessary to say that she was sent to the guillotine. Barère declared from the tribune that the cause of these attempts was evident. Pitt and his guineas had done the whole. The English Government had organized a vast system of murder, had armed the hand of Charlotte Corday, and had now, by similar means, attacked two of the most eminent friends of liberty in France. It is needless to say, that these imputations were not only false, but destitute of all show of truth. Nay, they were demonstrably absurd ; for the assassins to whom Barère referred rushed on certain death,

a sure proof that they were not hirelings. The whole wealth of England would not have bribed any sane person to do what Charlotte Corday did. But when we consider her as an enthusiast, her conduct is perfectly natural. Even those French writers who are childish enough to believe that the English Government contrived the infernal machine, and strangled the Emperor Paul, have fully acquitted Mr. Pitt of all share in the death of Marat and in the attempt on Robespierre. Yet on calumnies so futile as those which we have mentioned, did Barère ground a motion at which all Christendom stood aghast. He proposed a decree that no quarter should be given to any English or Hanoverian soldier.\* His Carnagole was worthy of the proposition with which it concluded. "That one Englishman should be spared, that for the slaves of George, for the human machines of York, the vocabulary of our armies should contain such a word as generosity, this is what the National Convention cannot endure. War to the death against every English soldier. If last year, at Dunkirk, quarter had been refused to them when they asked it on their knees, if our troops had exterminated them all, instead of suffering them to infest our fortresses by their presence, the English Government would not have renewed its attack on our frontiers this year. It is only the dead man who never comes back. What is this moral pestilence which has introduced into our armies false ideas of humanity? That the English were to be treated with indulgence was the philanthropic notion of the Brissotines; it was the patriotic practice of Dumourier. But humanity consists in exterminating our enemies. No mercy to the execrable Englishman. Such are the sentiments of the true Frenchman; for he knows that he belongs to a nation revolutionary as nature, powerful as freedom, ardent as the saltpetre which she has just torn from the entrails of the earth. Soldiers of liberty, when victory places Englishmen at your mercy, strike! None of them must return to the servile soil of Great Britain; none must pollute the free soil of France."

The convention, thoroughly tamed and silenced, acquiesced in Barère's motion without debate.

\* M. Hippolyte Carnot does his best to excuse this decree. His abuse of England is merely laughable. England has managed to deal with enemies of a very different sort from either himself or his hero. One disgraceful blunder, however, we think it right to notice.

M. Hippolyte Carnot asserts that a motion similar to that of Barère was made in the English Parliament by the late Lord Fitzwilliam. This assertion is false. We defy M. Hippolyte Carnot to state the date and terms of the motion of which he speaks. We do not accuse him of intentional misrepresentation; but we confidently accuse him of extreme ignorance and temerity. Our readers will be amused to learn on what authority he has ventured to publish such a fable. He quotes, not the *Journals of the Lords*, not the *Parliamentary Debates*; but a ranting message of the Executive Directory to the Five Hundred, a message, too, the whole meaning of which he has utterly misunderstood.

And now at last the doors of the Jacobin Club were thrown open to the disciple who had surpassed his masters. He was admitted a member by acclamation, and was soon selected to preside.

For a time he was not without hope that his decree would be carried into full effect. Intelligence arrived from the seat of war of a sharp contest between some French and English troops, in which the republicans had the advantage, and in which no prisoners had been made. Such things happen occasionally in all wars. Barère, however, attributed the ferocity of this combat to his darling decree, and entertained the Convention with another Carnagole.

"The Republicans," he said, "saw a division in red uniform at a distance. The red-coats are attacked with the bayonet. Not one of them escapes the blows of the republicans. All the red-coats have been killed. No mercy, no indulgence, has been shown towards the villains. Not an Englishman whom the Republicans could reach is now living. How many prisoners should you guess that we have made! One single prisoner is the result of this great day."

And now this bad man's craving for blood had become insatiable. The more he quaffed, the more he thirsted. He had begun with the English; but soon he came down with a proposition for new massacres. "All the troops," he said, "of the coalesced tyrants in garrison at Condé, Valenciennes, Le Quesnoy, and Landrecies, ought to be put to the sword unless they surrender at discretion in twenty-four hours. The English, of course, will be admitted to no capitulation whatever. With the English we have no treaty but death. As to the rest, surrender at discretion in twenty-four hours, or death, these are our conditions. If the slaves resist, let them feel the edge of the sword." And then he waxed facetious. "On these terms the Republic is willing to give them a lesson in the art of war." At that jest, some hearers, worthy of such a speaker, set up a laugh. Then he became serious again. "Let the enemy perish," he cried; "I have already said it from this tribune. It is only the dead man who never comes back. Kings will not conspire against us in the grave. Armies will not fight against us when they are annihilated. Let our war with them be a war of extermination. What pity is due to slaves whom the Emperor leads to war under the cane; whom the king of Prussia beats to the shambles with the flat of the sword; and whom the Duke of York makes drunk with rum and gin!" And at the rum and gin the Mountain and the galleries laughed again.

If Barère had been able to effect his purpose, it is difficult to estimate the extent of the calamity which he would have brought on the human race. No government, however averse to cruelty, could, in justice to its own subjects, have given quarter to enemies who gave none. Retaliation would have been, not merely justifiable but a sacred duty.

It would have been necessary for Howe and Nelson to make every French sailor whom they took walk the plank. England has no peculiar reason to dread the introduction of such a system. On the contrary, the operation of Barère's new law of war would have been more unfavorable to his countrymen than to ours; for we believe that, from the beginning to the end of the war, there never was a time at which the number of French prisoners in England was not greater than the number of English prisoners in France; and so, we apprehend, it will be in all wars while England retains her maritime superiority. Had the murderous decree of the Convention been in force from 1791 to 1815, we are satisfied that, for every Englishman slain by the French, at least three Frenchmen would have been put to the sword by the English. It is, therefore, not as Englishmen, but as members of the great society of mankind, that we speak with indignation and horror of the change which Barère attempted to introduce. The mere slaughter would have been the smallest part of the evil. The butchering of a single unarmed man in cold blood, under an act of the legislature, would have produced more evil than the carnage of ten such fields as Albuera. Public law would have been subverted from the foundations; national enmities would have been inflamed to a degree of rage which happily it is not easy for us to conceive; cordial peace would have been impossible. The moral character of the European nations would have been rapidly and deeply corrupted; for in all countries those men whose calling is to put their lives in jeopardy for the defence of the public weal, enjoy high consideration, and are considered as the best arbitrators on points of honor and manly bearing. With the standard of morality established in the military profession, the general standard of morality must to a great extent sink or rise. It is, therefore, a fortunate circumstance, that during a long course of years, respect for the weak, and clemency towards the vanquished, have been considered as qualities not less essential to the accomplished soldier than personal courage. How long would this continue to be the case, if the slaying of prisoners were a part of the daily duty of the warrior? What man of kind and generous nature would, under such a system, willingly bear arms? Who, that was compelled to bear arms, would long continue kind and generous? And is it not certain that, if barbarity towards the helpless became the characteristic of military men, the taint must rapidly spread to civil and to domestic life, and must show itself in all the dealings of the strong with the weak, of husbands with wives, of employers with workmen, of creditors with debtors?

But, thank God, Barère's decree was a mere dead letter. It was to be executed by men very different from those who, in the interior of France, were the instruments of the Committee of Public Safety, who prated at Jacobin Clubs, and ran to

Fouquier Tinville with charges of incivism against women whom they could not seduce, and bankers from whom they could not extort money. The warriors who, under Hoche, had guarded the walls of Dunkirk, and who, under Kleber, had made good the defence of the wood of Monceaux, shrank with horror from an office more degrading than that of the hangman. "The Convention," said an officer to his men, "has sent orders that all the English prisoners shall be shot." "We will not shoot them," answered a stout-hearted sergeant. "Send them to the Convention. If the deputies take pleasure in killing a prisoner, they may kill him themselves, and eat him too, like savages as they are." This was the sentiment of the whole army. Bonaparte, who thoroughly understood war, who at Jaffa and elsewhere gave ample proof that he was not unwilling to strain the laws of war to their utmost rigor, and whose hatred of England amounted to a folly, always spoke of Barère's decree with loathing, and boasted that the army had refused to obey the Convention.

Such disobedience on the part of any other class of citizens would have been instantly punished by wholesale massacre; but the Committee of Public Safety was aware that the discipline which had tamed the unwarlike population of the fields and cities might not answer in camps. To fling people by scores out of a boat, and, when they catch hold of it, to chop off their fingers with a hatchet, is undoubtedly a very agreeable pastime for a thorough-bred Jacobin, when the sufferers are, as at Nantes, old confessors, young girls, or women with child. But such sport might prove a little dangerous if tried upon grim ranks of grenadiers, marked with the scars of Hondschoote, and singed by the smoke of Fleurus.

Barère, however, found some consolation. If he could not succeed in murdering the English and the Hanoverians, he was amply indemnified by a new and vast slaughter of his own countrymen and countrywomen. If the defence which has been set up for the members of the Committee of Public Safety had been well founded, if it had been true that they governed with extreme severity only because the republic was in extreme peril, it is clear that the severity would have diminished as the peril diminished. But the fact is, that those cruelties for which the public danger is made a plea, became more and more enormous as the danger became less and less, and reached the full height when there was no longer any danger at all. In the autumn of 1793, there was undoubtedly reason to apprehend that France might be unable to maintain the struggle against the European coalition. The enemy was triumphant on the frontiers. More than half the departments disowned the authority of the Convention. But at that time eight or ten necks a day were thought an ample allowance for the guillotine of the capital. In the summer of 1794, Bordeaux, Toulon, Caen,

Lyons, Marseilles, had submitted to the ascendancy of Paris. The French arms were victorious under the Pyrenees and on the Sambre. Brussels had fallen. Prussia had announced her intention of withdrawing from the contest. The republic, no longer content with defending her own independence, was beginning to meditate conquest beyond the Alps and the Rhine. She was now more formidable to her neighbors than ever Louis the Fourteenth had been. And now the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris was not content with forty, fifty, sixty heads in a morning. It was just after a series of victories which destroyed the whole force of the single argument which has been urged in defence of the system of Terror, that the Committee of Public Safety resolved to infuse into that system an energy hitherto unknown. It was proposed to reconstruct the Revolutionary Tribunal, and to collect in the space of two pages the whole revolutionary jurisprudence. Lists of twelve judges and fifty jurors were made out from among the fiercest Jacobins. The substantive law was simply this, that whatever the tribunal should think pernicious to the republic was a capital crime. The law of evidence was simply this, that whatever satisfied the jurors was sufficient proof. The law of procedure was of a piece with everything else. There was to be an advocate against the prisoner, and no advocate for him. It was expressly declared that, if the jurors were in any manner convinced of the guilt of the prisoner, they might convict him without hearing a single witness. The only punishment which the court could inflict was death.

Robespierre proposed this decree. When he had read it, a murmur rose from the Convention. The fear which had long restrained the deputies from opposing the Committee was overcome by a stronger fear. Every man felt the knife at his throat. "The decree," said one, "is of grave importance. I move that it be printed, and that the debate be adjourned. If such a measure were adopted without time for consideration, I would blow my brains out at once." The motion for adjournment was seconded. Then Barère sprang up. "It is impossible," he said, "that there can be any difference of opinion among us as to a law like this, a law so favorable in all respects to patriots; a law which insures the speedy punishment of conspirators. If there is to be an adjournment, I must insist that it shall not be for more than three days." The opposition was overawed; the decree was passed; and, during the six weeks which followed, the havoc was such as had never been known before.

And now the evil was beyond endurance. That timid majority which had for a time supported the Girondists, and which had, after their fall, contented itself with registering in silence the decrees of the Committee of Public Safety, at length drew courage from despair. Leaders of bold and firm character were not wanting, men such as

Fouché and Tallien, who, having been long conspicuous among the chiefs of the Mountain, now found that their own lives, or lives still dearer to them than their own, were in extreme peril. Nor could it be longer kept secret that there was a schism in the despotic committee. On one side were Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon; on the other, Collot and Billaud. Barère leaned towards these last, but only leaned towards them. As was ever his fashion when a great crisis was at hand, he fawned alternately on both parties, struck alternately at both, and held himself in readiness to chant the praises or to sign the death-warrant of either. In any event his Carmagnole was ready. The tree of liberty, the blood of traitors, the dagger of Brutus, the guineas of perfidious Albion, would do equally well for Billaud and for Robespierre.

The first attack which was made on Robespierre was indirect. An old woman named Catharine Théot, half maniac, half impostor, was protected by him, and exercised a strange influence over his mind; for he was naturally prone to superstition, and, having abjured the faith in which he had been brought up, was looking about for something to believe. Barère drew up a report against Catharine, which contained many facetious conceits, and ended as might be expected, with a motion for sending her and some other wretched creatures of both sexes to the Revolutionary Tribunal, or, in other words, to death. This report, however, he did not dare to read to the Convention himself. Another member, less timid, was induced to father the cruel buffoonery; and the real author enjoyed in security the dismay and vexation of Robespierre.

Barère now thought that he had done enough on one side, and that it was time to make his peace with the other. On the seventh of Thermidor, he pronounced in the Convention a panegyric on Robespierre. "That representative of the people," he said, "enjoys a reputation for patriotism, earned by five years of exertion, and by unalterable fidelity to the principles of independence and liberty." On the eighth of Thermidor, it became clear that a decisive struggle was at hand. Robespierre struck the first blow. He mounted the tribune, and uttered a long invective on his opponents. It was moved that his discourse should be printed; and Barère spoke for the printing. The sense of the Convention soon appeared to be the other way, and Barère apologized for his former speech, and implored his colleagues to abstain from disputes which could be agreeable only to Pitt and York. On the next day, the ever-memorable ninth of Thermidor, came the real tug of war. Tallien, bravely taking his life in his hand, led the onset. Billaud followed; and then all that infinite hatred which had long been kept down by terror burst forth, and swept every barrier before it. When at length the voice of Robespierre, drowned by the president's bell, and by shouts of "Down with the tyrant!" had died away in hoarse gasping, Barère

arose. He began with timid and doubtful phrases, watched the effect of every word he uttered, and, when the feeling of the Assembly had been unequivocally manifested, declared against Robespierre. But it was not till the people out of doors, and especially the gunners of Paris, had espoused the cause of the Convention, that Barère felt quite at ease. Then he sprang to the tribune, poured forth a *Carmagnole* about Pisistratus and Catiline, and concluded by moving that the heads of Robespierre and Robespierre's accomplices should be cut off without a trial. The motion was carried. On the following morning the vanquished members of the Committee of Public Safety and their principal adherents suffered death. It was exactly one year since Barère had commenced his career of slaughter, by moving the proscription of his old allies the Girondists. We greatly doubt whether any human being has ever succeeded in packing more wickedness into the space of three hundred and sixty-five days.

The ninth of Thermidor is one of the great epochs in the history of Europe. It is true that the three members of the Committee of Public Safety who triumphed, were by no means better men than the three who fell. Indeed, we are inclined to think that of these six statesmen the least bad were Robespierre and St. Just, whose cruelty was the effect of sincere fanaticism operating on narrow understandings and acrimonious tempers. The worst of the six was, beyond all doubt, Barère, who had no faith in any part of the system which he upheld by persecution; who, while he sent his fellow-creatures to death for being the third consins of royalists, had not in the least made up his mind that a republic was better than a monarchy; who, while he slew his old friends for federalism, was himself far more a federalist than any of them; who had become a murderer merely for his safety, and who continued to be a murderer merely for his pleasure.

The tendency of the vulgar is to embody everything. Some individual is selected, and often selected very injudiciously, as the representative of every great movement of the public mind, of every great revolution in human affairs; and on this individual are concentrated all the love and all the hatred, all the admiration and all the contempt, which he ought rightfully to share with a whole party, a whole sect, a whole nation, a whole generation. Perhaps no human being has suffered so much from this propensity of the multitude as Robespierre. He is regarded not merely as what he was, an envious, malevolent zealot; but as the incarnation of Terror, as Jacobinism personified. The truth is, that it was not by him that the system of terror was carried to the last extreme. The most horrible days in the history of the revolutionary tribunal of Paris, were those which immediately preceded the ninth of Thermidor. Robespierre had then ceased to attend the meetings of the sovereign Committee; and the direction of

affairs was really in the hands of Billaud, of Collot, and of Barère.

It had never occurred to those three tyrants, that in overthrowing Robespierre, they were overthrowing that system of Terror to which they were more attached than he had ever been. Their object was to go on slaying even more mercilessly than before. But they had misunderstood the nature of the great crisis which had at last arrived. The yoke of the Committee was broken forever. The Convention had regained its liberty, had tried its strength, had vanquished and punished its enemies. A great reaction had commenced. Twenty-four hours after Robespierre had ceased to live, it was moved and carried, amidst loud bursts of applause, that the sittings of the Revolutionary Tribunal should be suspended. Billaud was not at that moment present. He entered the hall soon after, learned with indignation what had passed, and moved that the vote should be rescinded. But loud cries of "No, no!" rose from those benches which had lately paid mute obedience to his commands. Barère came forward on the same day, and adjured the Convention not to relax the system of terror. "Beware, above all things," he cried, "of that fatal moderation which talks of peace and of clemency. Let aristocracy know, that here she will find only enemies sternly bent on vengeance, and judges who have no pity." But the day of the *Carmagnoles* was over: the restraint of fear had been relaxed; and the hatred with which the nation regarded the Jacobin dominion broke forth with ungovernable violence. Not more strongly did the tide of public opinion run against the old monarchy and aristocracy, at the time of the taking of the Bastille, than it now ran against the tyranny of the Mountain. From every dungeon the prisoners came forth, as they had gone in, by hundreds. The decree which forbade the soldiers of the republic to give quarter to the English, was repealed by an unanimous vote, amidst loud acclamations; nor, passed as it was, disobeyed as it was, and rescinded as it was, can it be with justice considered as a blemish on the fame of the French nation. The Jacobin club was refractory. It was suppressed without resistance. The surviving Girondist deputies, who had concealed themselves from the vengeance of their enemies in caverns and garrets, were readmitted to their seats in the Convention. No day passed without some signal reparation of injustice; no street in Paris was without some trace of the recent change. In the theatre, the bust of Marat was pulled down from its pedestal and broken in pieces, amidst the applause of the audience. His carcass was ejected from the Pantheon. The celebrated picture of his death, which had hung in the hall of the Convention, was removed. The savage inscriptions with which the walls of the city had been covered disappeared; and in place of death and terror, humanity, the watchword of the new rulers, was everywhere to be seen. In

the mean time, the gay spirit of France, recently subdued by oppression, and now elated by the joy of a great deliverance, wanted in a thousand forms. Art, taste, luxury, revived. Female beauty regained its empire—an empire strengthened by the remembrance of all the tender and all the sublime virtues which women, delicately bred and reputed frivolous, had displayed during the evil days. Refined manners, chivalrous sentiments, followed in the train of love. The dawn of the Arctic summer day after the Arctic winter night, the great unsealing of the waters, the awakening of animal and vegetable life, the sudden softening of the air, the sudden blooming of the flowers, the sudden bursting of whole forests into verdure, is but a feeble type of that happiest and most genial of revolutions, the revolution of the ninth of Thermidor.

But, in the midst of the revival of all kind and generous sentiments, there was one portion of the community against which mercy itself seemed to cry out for vengeance. The chiefs of the late government and their tools were now never named but as the men of blood, the drinkers of blood, the cannibals. In some parts of France, where the creatures of the Mountain had acted with peculiar barbarity, the populace took the law into its own hands, and meted out justice to the Jacobins with the true Jacobin measure; but at Paris the punishments were inflicted with order and decency, and were few when compared with the number, and lenient when compared with the enormity, of the crimes. Soon after the ninth of Thermidor, two of the vilest of mankind, Fouquier Tinville, whom Barère had placed at the Revolutionary Tribunal, and Lebon, whom Barère had defended in the Convention, were placed under arrest. A third miscreant soon shared their fate, Carrier, the tyrant of Nantes. The trials of these men brought to light horrors surpassing anything that Suetonius and Lampridius have related of the worst Cæsars. But it was impossible to punish subordinate agents who, bad as they were, had only acted in accordance with the spirit of the government which they served, and, at the same time, to grant impunity to the heads of the wicked administration. A cry was raised, both within and without the Convention, for justice on Collot, Billaud, and Barère.

Collot and Billaud, with all their vices, appear to have been men of resolute natures. They made no submission; but opposed to the hatred of mankind, at first a fierce resistance, and afterwards a dogged and sullen endurance. Barère, on the other hand, as soon as he began to understand the real nature of the revolution of Thermidor, attempted to abandon the Mountain, and to obtain admission among his old friends of the moderate party. He declared everywhere that he had never been in favor of severe measures; that he was a Girondist; that he had always condemned and lamented the manner in which the

Brissotine deputies had been treated. He now preached mercy from that tribune from which he had recently preached extermination. "The time," he said, "has come at which our clemency may be indulged without danger. We may now safely consider temporary imprisonment as an adequate punishment for political misdemeanors." It was only a fortnight since, from the same place, he had declaimed against the moderation which dared even to talk of clemency; it was only a fortnight since he had ceased to send men and women to the guillotine of Paris, at the rate of three hundred a week. He now wished to make his peace with the moderate party at the expense of the Terrorists, as he had, a year before, made his peace with the Terrorists at the expense of the moderate party. But he was disappointed. He had left himself no retreat. His face, his voice, his rants, his jokes, had become hateful to the Convention. When he spoke he was interrupted by murmurs. Bitter reflections were daily cast on his cowardice and perfidy. On one occasion Carnot rose to give an account of a victory, and so far forgot the gravity of his character, as to indulge in the sort of oratory which Barère had affected on similar occasions. He was interrupted by cries of "No more Carmagnoles!" "No more of Barère's puns!"

At length, five months after the revolution of Thermidor, the Convention resolved that a committee of twenty-one members should be appointed to examine into the conduct of Billaud, Collot, and Barère. In some weeks the report was made. From that report we learn that a paper had been discovered, signed by Barère, and containing a proposition for adding the last improvement to the system of terror. France was to be divided into circuits; itinerant revolutionary tribunals, composed of trusty Jacobins, were to move from department to department; and the guillotine was to travel in their train.

Barère, in his defence, insisted that no speech or motion which he had made in the Convention could, without a violation of the freedom of debate, be treated as a crime. He was asked how he could resort to such a mode of defence, after putting to death so many deputies on account of opinions expressed in the Convention. He had nothing to say, but that it was much to be regretted that the sound principle had ever been violated.

He arrogated to himself a large share of the merit of the revolution of Thermidor. The men who had risked their lives to effect that revolution, and who knew that, if they had failed, Barère would, in all probability, have moved the decree for beheading them without a trial, and have drawn up a proclamation announcing their guilt and their punishment to all France, were by no means disposed to acquiesce in his claims. He was reminded that, only forty-eight hours before the decisive conflict, he had, in the tribune, been

profuse of adulation to Robespierre. His answer to this reproach is worthy of himself. "It was necessary," he said, "to dissemble. It was necessary to flatter Robespierre's vanity, and, by panegyric, to impel him to the attack. This was the motive which induced me to load him with those praises of which you complain. Who ever blamed Brutus for dissembling with Tarquin?"

The accused triumvirs had only one chance of escaping punishment. There was severe distress at that moment among the working people of the capital. This distress the Jacobins attributed to the reaction of Thermidor, to the lenity with which the aristocrats were now treated, and to the measures which had been adopted against the chiefs of the late administration. Nothing is too absurd to be believed by a populace which has not breakfasted, and which does not know how it is to dine. The rabble of the Faubourg St. Antoine rose, menaced the deputies, and demanded with loud cries the liberation of the persecuted patriots. But the Convention was no longer such as it had been, when similar means were employed too successfully against the Girondists. Its spirit was roused. Its strength had been proved. Military means were at its command. The tumult was suppressed, and it was decreed that same evening that Corlot, Billaud, and Barère should instantly be removed to a distant place of confinement.

The next day the order of the Convention was executed. The account which Barère has given of his journey is the most interesting and the most trustworthy part of these Memoirs. There is no witness so infamous that a court of justice will not take his word against himself; and even Barère may be believed when he tells us how much he was hated and despised.

The carriage in which he was to travel passed, surrounded by armed men, along the street of St. Honoré. A crowd soon gathered round it, and increased every moment. On the long flight of steps before the church of St. Roch stood rows of eager spectators. It was with difficulty that the coach could make its way through those who hung upon it, hooting, cursing, and striving to burst the doors. Barère thought his life in danger, and was conducted at his own request to a public office, where he hoped that he might find shelter till the crowd should disperse. In the mean time, another discussion on his fate took place in the Convention. It was proposed to deal with him as he had dealt with better men, to put him out of the pale of the law, and to deliver him at once without any trial to the headsman. But the humanity which, since the ninth of Thermidor, had generally directed the public counsels, restrained the deputies from taking this course.

It was now night; and the streets gradually became quiet. The clock struck twelve; and Barère, under a strong guard, again set forth on his journey. He was conducted over the river to the place where the Orleans road branches off

from the southern boulevard. Two travelling carriages stood there. In one of them was Billaud, attended by two officers; in the other, two more officers were waiting to receive Barère. Collet was already on the road.

At Orleans, a city which had suffered cruelly from the Jacobin tyranny, the three deputies were surrounded by a mob bent on tearing them to pieces. All the national guards of the neighborhood were assembled; and this force was not greater than the emergency required; for the multitude pursued the carriages far on the road to Blois.

At Amboise the prisoners learned that Tours was ready to receive them. The stately bridge was occupied by a throng of people, who swore that the men under whose rule the Loire had been choked with corpses, should have full personal experience of the nature of a *noyade*. In consequence of this news, the officers who had charge of the criminals made such arrangements that the carriages reached Tours at two in the morning, and drove straight to the post-house. Fresh horses were instantly ordered, and the travellers started again at full gallop. They had in truth not a moment to lose; for the alarm had been given; lights were seen in motion; and the yells of a great multitude, disappointed of its revenge, mingled with the sound of the departing wheels.

At Poitiers there was another narrow escape. As the prisoners quitted the post-house, they saw the whole population pouring in fury down the steep declivity on which the city is built. They passed near Niort, but could not venture to enter it. The inhabitants came forth with threatening aspect, and vehemently cried to the postilions to stop; but the postilions urged the horses to full speed, and soon left the town behind. Through such dangers the men of blood were brought in safety to Rochelle.

Oléron was the place of their destination, a dreary island beaten by the raging waves of the Bay of Biscay. The prisoners were confined in the castle; each had a single chamber, at the door of which a guard was placed; and each was allowed the ration of a single soldier. They were not allowed to communicate either with the garrison or with the population of the island; and soon after their arrival they were denied the indulgence of walking on the ramparts. The only place where they were suffered to take exercise was the esplanade where the troops were drilled.

They had not been long in this situation when news came that the Jacobins of Paris had made a last attempt to regain ascendancy in the state, that the hall of the Convention had been forced by a furious crowd, that one of the deputies had been murdered and his head fixed on a pike, that the life of the President had been for a time in imminent danger, and that some members of the legislature had not been ashamed to join the rioters. But troops had arrived in time to prevent the

massacre. The insurgents had been put to flight; the inhabitants of the disaffected quarters of the capital had been disarmed; the guilty deputies had suffered the just punishment of their treason; and the power of the Mountain was broken forever. These events strengthened the aversion with which the system of Terror and the authors of that system were regarded. One member of the Convention had moved that the three prisoners of Oléron should be put to death; another, that they should be brought back to Paris, and tried by a council of war. These propositions were rejected. But something was conceded to the party which called for severity. A vessel, which had been fitted out with great expedition at Rochefort, touched at Oléron, and it was announced to Collot and Billaud that they must instantly go on board. They were forthwith conveyed to Guiana, where Collot soon drank himself to death with brandy. Billaud lived many years, shunning his fellow-creatures and shunned by them: and diverted his lonely hours by teaching parrots to talk. Why a distinction was made between Barère and his companions in guilt, neither he nor any other writer, as far as we know, has explained. It does not appear that the distinction was meant to be at all in his favor; for orders soon arrived from Paris, that he should be brought to trial for his crimes before the criminal court of the department of the Upper Charente. He was accordingly brought back to the continent, and confined during some months at Saintes, in an old convent which had lately been turned into a jail.

While he lingered here, the reaction which had followed the great crisis of Thermidor met with a temporary check. The friends of the house of Bourbon, presuming on the indulgence with which they had been treated after the fall of Robespierre, not only ventured to avow their opinions with little disguise, but at length took arms against the Convention, and were not put down till much blood had been shed in the streets of Paris. The vigilance of the public authorities was therefore now directed chiefly against the Royalists, and the rigor with which the Jacobins had lately been treated was somewhat relaxed. The Convention, indeed, again resolved that Barère should be sent to Guiana. But this decree was not carried into effect. The prisoner, probably with the connivance of some powerful persons, made his escape from Saintes and fled to Bordeaux, where he remained in concealment during some years. There seems to have been a kind of understanding between him and the government, that, as long as he hid himself, he should not be found, but that, if he obtruded himself on the public eye, he must take the consequences of his rashness.

While the constitution of 1795, with its Executive Directory, its Council of Elders, and its Council of Five Hundred, was in operation, he continued to live under the ban of the law. It was in vain that he solicited, even at moments when the

politics of the Mountain seemed to be again in the ascendant, a remission of the sentence pronounced by the Convention. Even his fellow-regicides, even the authors of the slaughter of Vendémiaire and of the arrests of Fructidor, were ashamed of him.

About eighteen months after his escape from prison, his name was again brought before the world. In his own province he still retained some of his early popularity. He had, indeed, never been in that province since the downfall of the monarchy. The mountaineers of Gascony were far removed from the seat of government, and were but imperfectly informed of what passed there. They knew that their countryman had played an important part, and that he had on some occasions promoted their local interests; and they stood by him in his adversity and in his disgrace, with a constancy which presents a singular contrast to his own abject fickleness. All France was amazed to learn that the department of the Upper Pyrenees had chosen the proscribed tyrant a member of the Council of Five Hundred. The council which, like our House of Commons, was the judge of the election of its own members, refused to admit him. When his name was read from the roll, a cry of indignation rose from the benches. "Which of you," exclaimed one of the members, "would sit by the side of such a monster!"—"Not I, not I!" answered a crowd of voices. One deputy declared, that he would vacate his seat if the hall were polluted by the presence of such a wretch. The election was declared null, on the ground that the person elected was a criminal skulking from justice; and many severe reflections were thrown on the lenity which suffered him to be still at large.

He tried to make his peace with the Directory, by writing a bulky libel on England, entitled, *The Liberty of the Seas*. He seems to have confidently expected that this work would produce a great effect. He printed three thousand copies, and, in order to defray the expense of publication, sold one of his farms for the sum of ten thousand francs. The book came out; but nobody bought it, in consequence, if Barère is to be believed, of the villany of Mr. Pitt, who bribed the Directory to order the Reviewers not to notice so formidable an attack on the maritime greatness of perfidious Albion.

Barère had been about three years at Bordeaux when he received intelligence that the mob of the town designed him the honor of a visit on the ninth of Thermidor, and would probably administer to him what he had, in his defence of his friend Lebon, described as substantial justice under forms a little harsh. It was necessary for him to disguise himself in clothes such as were worn by the carpenters of the dock. In this garb, with a bundle of wood shavings under his arm, he made his escape into the vineyards which surround the city, lurked during some days in a peasant's hut, and,



when the dreaded anniversary was over, stole back into the city. A few months later he was again in danger. He now thought that he should be nowhere so safe as in the neighborhood of Paris. He quitted Bordeaux, hastened undetected through those towns where four years before his life had been in extreme danger, passed through the capital in the morning twilight, when none were in the streets except shop-boys taking down the shutters, and arrived safe at the pleasant village of St. Ouen on the Seine. Here he remained in seclusion during some months. In the mean time Bonaparte returned from Egypt, placed himself at the head of a coalition of discontented parties, covered his designs with the authority of the Elders, drove the Five Hundred out of their hall at the point of the bayonet, and became absolute monarch of France under the name of First Consul.

Barère assures us that these events almost broke his heart; that he could not bear to see France again subject to a master; and that, if the representatives had been worthy of that honorable name, they would have arrested the ambitious general who insulted them. These feelings, however, did not prevent him from soliciting the protection of the new government, and from sending to the First Consul a handsome copy of the *Essay on the Liberty of the Seas*.

The policy of Bonaparte was to cover all the past with a general oblivion. He belonged half to the Revolution and half to the reaction. He was an upstart, and a sovereign; and had therefore something in common with the Jacobin, and something in common with the Royalist. All, whether Jacobins or Royalists, who were disposed to support his government, were readily received—all, whether Jacobins or Royalists, who showed hostility to his government, were put down and punished. Men who had borne a part in the worst crimes of the Reign of Terror, and men who had fought in the army of Condé, were to be found close together, both in his antechambers and in his dungeons. He decorated Fouché and Maury with the same cross. He sent Aréna and Georges Cadoudal to the same scaffold. From a government acting on such principles, Barère easily obtained the indulgence which the Directory had constantly refused to grant. The sentence passed by the Convention was remitted, and he was allowed to reside at Paris. His pardon, it is true, was not granted in the most honorable form; and he remained, during some time, under the special supervision of the police. He hastened, however, to pay his court at the Luxembourg palace, where Bonaparte then resided, and was honored with a few dry and careless words by the master of France.

Here begins a new chapter of Barère's history. What passed between him and the Consular government cannot, of course, be so accurately known to us as the speeches and reports which he made in the Convention. It is, however, not difficult,

from notorious facts, and from the admissions scattered over these lying Memoirs, to form a tolerably accurate notion of what took place. Bonaparte wanted to buy Barère: Barère wanted to sell himself to Bonaparte. The only question was one of price; and there was an immense interval between what was offered and what was demanded.

Bonaparte, whose vehemence of will, fixedness of purpose, and reliance on his own genius, were not only great, but extravagant, looked with scorn on the most effeminate and dependent of human minds. He was quite capable of perpetrating crimes under the influence either of ambition or of revenge; but he had no touch of that accursed monomania, that craving for blood and tears, which raged in some of the Jacobin chiefs. To proscribe the Terrorists would have been wholly inconsistent with his policy; but of all the classes of men whom his comprehensive system included, he liked them the least; and Barère was the worst of them. This wretch had been branded with infamy, first by the Convention, and then by the Council of Five Hundred. The inhabitants of four or five great cities had attempted to tear him limb from limb. Nor were his vices redeemed by eminent talents for administration or legislation. It would be unwise to place in any honorable or important post a man so wicked, so odious, and so little qualified to discharge high political duties. At the same time, there was a way in which it seemed likely that he might be of use to the government. The First Consul, as he afterwards acknowledged, greatly overrated Barère's powers as a writer. The effect which the Reports of the Committee of Public Safety had produced by the camp-fires of the Republican armies had been great. Napoleon himself, when a young soldier, had been delighted by those compositions, which had much in common with the rhapsodies of his favorite poet, Macpherson. The taste, indeed, of the great warrior and statesman was never very pure. His bulletins, his general orders, and his proclamations, are sometimes, it is true, masterpieces in their kind; but we too often detect, even in his best writing, traces of Fingal, and of the Carmagnoles. It is not strange, therefore, that he should have been desirous to secure the aid of Barère's pen. Nor was this the only kind of assistance which the old member of the Committee of Public Safety might render to the Consular government. He was likely to find admission into the gloomy dens in which those Jacobins whose constancy was to be overcome by no reverse, or whose crimes admitted of no expiation, hid themselves from the curses of mankind. No enterprise was too bold or too atrocious for minds crazed by fanaticism, and familiar with misery and death. The government was anxious to have information of what passed in their secret councils; and no man was better qualified to furnish such information than Barère.

For these reasons the First Consul was disposed to employ Barère as a writer and as a spy. But

Barère—was it possible that he would submit to such a degradation? Bad as he was, he had played a great part. He had belonged to that class of criminals who fill the world with the renown of their crimes; he had been one of a cabinet which had ruled France with absolute power, and made war on all Europe with signal success. Nay, he had been, though not the most powerful, yet, with the single exception of Robespierre, the most conspicuous member of that cabinet. His name had been a household word at Moscow and at Philadelphia, at Edinburgh and at Cadiz. The blood of the Queen of France, the blood of the greatest orators and philosophers of France, was on his hands. He had spoken; and it had been decreed that the plough should pass over the great city of Lyons. He had spoken again; and it had been decreed that the streets of Toulon should be razed to the ground. When depravity is placed so high as his, the hatred which it inspires is mingled with awe. His place was with great tyrants, with Critias and Sylla, with Eccelesio and Borgia; not with hireling scribblers and police runners.

"Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;  
But shall the dignity of vice be lost?"

So sang Pope; and so felt Barère. When it was proposed to him to publish a Journal in defence of the Consular government, rage and shame inspired him for the first and last time with something like courage. He had filled as large a space in the eyes of mankind as Mr. Pitt or General Washington; and he was coolly invited to descend at once to the level of Mr. Lewis Goldsmith. He saw, too, with agonies of envy, that a wide distinction was made between himself and the other statesmen of the Revolution who were summoned to the aid of the government. Those statesmen were required, indeed, to make large sacrifices of principle; but they were not called on to sacrifice what, in the opinion of the vulgar, constitutes personal dignity. They were made tribunes and legislators, ambassadors and counsellors of state, ministers, senators, and consuls. They might reasonably expect to rise with the rising fortunes of their master; and, in truth, many of them were destined to wear the badge of his Legion of Honor and of his order of the Iron Crown; to be arch-chancellors and arch-treasurers, counts, dukes, and princes. Barère, only six years before, had been far more powerful, far more widely renowned, than any of them; and now, while they were thought worthy to represent the majesty of France at foreign courts, while they received crowds of suitors in gilded ante-chambers, he was to pass his life in measuring paragraphs, and scolding correctors of the press. It was too much. Those lips which had never before been able to fashion themselves to a No, now murmured expostulation and refusal. "I could not"—these are his own words—"abase myself to such a point as to serve the First Consul merely in the capacity

of a journalist, while so many insignificant, low, and servile people, such as the Treilhards, the Roderers, the Lebruns, the Marcets, and others whom it is superfluous to name, held the first place in this government of upstarts."

This outbreak of spirit was of short duration. Napoleon was inexorable. It is said indeed that he was, for a moment, half inclined to admit Barère into the Council of State; but the members of that body remonstrated in the strongest terms, and declared that such a nomination would be a disgrace to them all. This plan was therefore relinquished. Thenceforth Barère's only chance of obtaining the patronage of the government was to subdue his pride, to forget that there had been a time when, with three words, he might have had the heads of the three Consuls, and to betake himself, humbly and industriously, to the task of composing lampoons on England and panegyrics on Bonaparte.

It has been often asserted, we know not on what grounds, that Barère was employed by the government, not only as a writer, but as a censor of the writings of other men. This imputation he vehemently denies in his Memoirs; but our readers will probably agree with us in thinking, that his denial leaves the question exactly where it was.

Thus much is certain, that he was not restrained from exercising the office of censor by any scruple of conscience or honor; for he did accept an office, compared with which that of censor, odious as it is, may be called an august and beneficent magistracy. He began to have what are delicately called relations with the police. We are not sure that we have formed, or that we can convey, an exact notion of the nature of Barère's new calling. It is a calling unknown in our country. It has indeed often happened in England, that a plot has been revealed to the government by one of the conspirators. The informer has sometimes been directed to carry it fair towards his accomplices, and to let the evil design come to full maturity. As soon as his work is done, he is generally snatched from the public gaze, and sent to some obscure village, or to some remote colony. The use of spies, even to this extent, is in the highest degree unpopular in England; but a political spy by profession, is a creature from which our island is as free as it is from wolves. In France the race is well known, and was never more numerous, more greedy, more cunning, or more savage, than under the government of Bonaparte.

Our idea of a gentleman in relations with the Consular and Imperial police may perhaps be incorrect. Such as it is, we will try to convey it to our readers. We image to ourselves a well-dressed person, with a soft voice and affable manners. His opinions are those of the society in which he finds himself, but a little stronger. He often complains, in the language of honest indignation, that what passes in private conversation finds its way strangely to the government, and

cautions his associates to take care what they say when they are not sure of their company. As for himself, he owns that he is indiscreet. He can never refrain from speaking his mind; and that is the reason that he is not prefect of a department.

In a gallery of the Palais Royal he overhears two friends talking earnestly about the king and the Count of Artois. He follows them into a coffee-house, sits at the table next to them, calls for his half-dish and his small glass of cognac, takes up a Journal, and seems occupied with the news. His neighbors go on talking without restraint, and in the style of persons warmly attached to the exiled family. They depart, and he follows them half round the boulevards till he fairly tracks them to their apartments, and learns their names from the porters. From that day every letter addressed to either of them is sent from the post-office to the police, and opened. Their correspondents become known to the government, and are carefully watched. Six or eight honest families, in different parts of France, find themselves at once under the frown of power, without being able to guess what offence they have given. One person is dismissed from a public office; another learns with dismay that his promising son has been turned out of the Polytechnic school.

Next, the indefatigable servant of the state falls in with an old republican, who has not changed with the times, who regrets the red cap and the tree of liberty, who has not unlearned the *Thee* and *Thou*, and who still subscribes his letters with "Health and Fraternity." Into the ears of this sturdy politician our friend pours forth a long series of complaints. What evil times! What a change since the days when the Mountain governed France! What is the First Consul but a king under a new name? What is this Legion of Honor but a new aristocracy? The old superstition is reviving with the old tyranny. There is a treaty with the Pope, and a provision for the clergy. Emigrant nobles are returning in crowds, and are better received at the Tuileries than the men of the tenth of August. This cannot last. What is life without liberty! What terrors has death to the true patriot! The old Jacobin catches fire, bestows and receives the fraternal hug, and hints that there will soon be great news, and that the breed of Harmodius and Brutus is not quite extinct. The next day he is close prisoner, and all his papers are in the hands of the government.

To this vocation,—a vocation compared with which the life of a beggar, of a pickpocket, of a pimp, is honorable,—did Barère now descend. It was his constant practice, as often as he enrolled himself in a new party, to pay his footing with the heads of old friends. He was at first a Royalist; and he made atonement by watering the tree of liberty with the blood of Louis. He was then a Girondist; and he made atonement by murdering Vergniaud and Gensonné. He fawned on Robespierre up to the eighth of Thermidor; and he made

atonement by moving, on the ninth, that Robespierre should be beheaded without a trial. He was now enlisted in the service of the new monarchy; and he proceeded to atone for his republican heresies by sending republican throats to the guillotine.

Among his most intimate associates was a Gascon named Demerville, who had been employed in an office of high trust under the Committee of Public Safety. This man was fanatically attached to the Jacobin system of politics, and, in conjunction with other enthusiasts of the same class, formed a design against the First Consul. A hint of this design escaped him in conversation with Barère. Barère carried the intelligence to Lannes, who commanded the Consular Guards. Demerville was arrested, tried, and beheaded; and among the witnesses who appeared against him was his friend Barère.

The account which Barère has given of these transactions is studiously confused and grossly dishonest. We think, however, that we can discern, through much falsehood and much artful obscurity, some truths which he labors to conceal. It is clear to us that the government suspected him of what the Italians call a double treason. It was natural that such a suspicion should attach to him. He had, in times not very remote, zealously preached the Jacobin doctrine, that he who smites a tyrant deserves higher praise than he who saves a citizen. Was it possible that the member of the Committee of Public Safety, the king-killer, the queen-killer, could in earnest mean to deliver his old confederates, his bosom friends, to the executioner, solely because they had planned an act which, if there were any truth in his own Cannagnoles, was in the highest degree virtuous and glorious? Was it not more probable that he was really concerned in the plot, and that the information which he gave was merely intended to lull or mislead the police? Accordingly spies were set on the spy. He was ordered to quit Paris, and not to come within twenty leagues till he received further orders. Nay, he ran no small risk of being sent, with some of his old friends, to Madagascar.

He made his peace, however, with the government so far, that he was not only permitted, during some years, to live unmolested, but was employed in the lowest sort of political drudgery. In the summer of 1803, while he was preparing to visit the south of France, he received a letter which deserves to be inserted. It was from Duroc, who is well known to have enjoyed a large share of Napoleon's confidence and favor.

"The First Consul, having been informed that citizen Barère is about to set out for the country, desires that he will stay at Paris.

"Citizen Barère will every week draw up a report on the state of public opinion on the proceedings of the government, and generally on everything which, in his judgment, it will be interesting to the First Consul to learn.

"He may write with perfect freedom.

"He will deliver his reports under seal into General Duroc's own hand, and General Duroc will deliver them to the First Consul. But it is absolutely necessary that nobody should suspect that this species of communication takes place; and, should any such suspicion get abroad, the First Consul will cease to receive the reports of citizen Barère.

"It will also be proper that citizen Barère should frequently insert in the journals articles tending to animate the public mind, particularly against the English."

During some years Barère continued to discharge the functions assigned to him by his master. Secret reports, filled with the talk of coffee-houses, were carried by him every week to the Tuileries. His friends assure us that he took especial pains to do all the harm in his power to the returned emigrants. It was not his fault if Napoleon was not apprized of every murmur and every sarcasm which old marquesses who had lost their estates, and old clergymen who had lost their benefices, uttered against the imperial system. M. Hippolyte Carnot, we grieve to say, is so much blinded by party spirit, that he seems to reckon this dirty wickedness among his hero's titles to public esteem.

Barère was, at the same time, an indefatigable journalist and pamphleteer. He set up a paper directed against England, and called the *Mémorial Antibritannique*. He planned a work entitled, "France made great and illustrious by Napoleon." When the Imperial government was established, the old regicide made himself conspicuous even among the crowd of flatterers by the peculiar fulsomeness of his adulation. He translated into French a contemptible volume of Italian verses, entitled, "The Poetic Crown, composed on the glorious accession of Napoleon the First, by the Shepherds of Arcadia." He commenced a new series of *Carmagnoles* very different from those which had charmed the Mountain. The title of Emperor of the French, he said, was mean; Napoleon ought to be Emperor of Europe. King of Italy was too humble an appellation; Napoleon's style ought to be King of Kings.

But Barère labored to small purpose in both his vocations. Neither as a writer nor as a spy was he of much use. He complains bitterly that his paper did not sell. While the *Journal des Débats*, then flourishing under the able management of Geoffroy, had a circulation of at least twenty thousand copies, the *Mémorial Antibritannique* never, in its most prosperous times, had more than fifteen hundred subscribers; and these subscribers were, with scarcely an exception, persons residing far from Paris, probably Gascons, among whom the name of Barère had not yet lost its influence.

A writer who cannot find readers, generally attributes the public neglect to any cause rather than to the true one; and Barère was no exception

to the general rule. His old hatred to Paris revived in all its fury. That city, he says, has no sympathy with France. No Parisian cares to subscribe to a journal which dwells on the real wants and interests of the country. To a Parisian nothing is so ridiculous as patriotism. The higher classes of the capital have always been devoted to England. A corporal from London is better received among them than a French general. A journal therefore, which attacks England, has no chance of their support.

A much better explanation of the failure of the *Mémorial*, was given by Bonaparte at St. Helena. "Barère," said he to Barry O'Meara, "had the reputation of being a man of talent, but I did not find him so. I employed him to write; but he did not display ability. He used many flowers of rhetoric, but no solid argument; nothing but *coglionerie* wrapped up in high-sounding language."

The truth is, that though Barère was a man of quick parts, and could do with ease what he could do at all, he had never been a good writer. In the day of his power, he had been in the habit of haranguing an excitable audience on exciting topics. The faults of his style passed uncensured; for it was a time of literary as well as of civil lawlessness, and a patriot was licensed to violate the ordinary rules of composition as well as the ordinary rules of jurisprudence and of social morality. But there had now been a literary as well as a civil reaction. As there was again a throne and a court, a magistracy, a chivalry, and a hierarchy, so was there a revival of classical taste. Honor was again paid to the prose of Pascal and Massillon, and to the verse of Racine and La Fontaine. The oratory which had delighted the galleries of the Convention, was not only as much out of date as the language of Villehardouin and Joinville, but was associated in the public mind with images of horror. All the peculiarities of the Anacreon of the guillotine, his words unknown to the Dictionary of the Academy, his conceits and his jokes, his Gascon idioms and his Gascon hyperboles, had become as odious as the cant of the Puritans was in England after the restoration.

Bonaparte, who had never loved the men of the Reign of Terror, had now ceased to fear them. He was all-powerful and at the height of glory; they were weak and universally abhorred. He was a sovereign, and it is probable that he already meditated a matrimonial alliance with sovereigns. He was naturally unwilling, in his new position, to hold any intercourse with the worst class of Jacobins. Had Barère's literary assistance been important to the government, personal aversion might have yielded to considerations of policy; but there was no motive for keeping terms with a worthless man who had also proved a worthless writer. Bonaparte, therefore, gave loose to his feelings. Barère was not gently dropped, nor sent into an honorable retirement, but spurned and scourged

away like a troublesome dog. He had been in the habit of sending six copies of his journal, on fine paper, daily to the Tuileries. Instead of receiving the thanks and praises which he expected, he was dryly told that the great man had ordered five copies to be sent back. Still he toiled on; still he cherished a hope that at last Napoleon would relent, and that at last some share in the honors of the state would reward so much assiduity and so much obsequiousness. He was bitterly undeceived. Under the Imperial constitution the electoral colleges of the departments did not possess the right of choosing senators or deputies, but merely that of presenting candidates. From among these candidates the Emperor named members of the senate, and the senate named members of the legislative body. The inhabitants of the Upper Pyrenees were still strangely partial to Barère. In the year 1805, they were disposed to present him as a candidate for the senate. On this Napoleon expressed the highest displeasure; and the president of the electoral college was directed to tell the voters, in plain terms, that such a choice would be disgraceful to the department. All thought of naming Barère a candidate for the senate was consequently dropped. But the people of Argèdes ventured to name him a candidate for the legislative body. The body was altogether destitute of weight and dignity; it was not permitted to debate; its only function was to vote in silence for whatever the government proposed. It is not easy to understand how any man, who had sat in free and powerful deliberative assemblies, could condescend to bear a part in such a mummary. Barère, however, was desirous of a place even in this mock legislature; and a place even in this mock legislature was refused to him. In the whole senate he had not a single vote.

Such treatment was sufficient, it might have been thought, to move the most abject of mankind to resentment. Still, however, Barère cringed and fawned on. His Letters came weekly to the Tuileries till the year 1807. At length, while he was actually writing the two hundred and twenty-third of the series, a note was put into his hands. It was from Duroc, and was much more perspicuous than polite. Barère was requested to send no more of his Reports to the palace, as the Emperor was too busy to read them.

Contempt, says the Indian proverb, pierces even the shell of the tortoise; and the contempt of the Court was felt to the quick even by the callous heart of Barère. He had humbled himself to the dust; and he had humbled himself in vain. Having been eminent among the rulers of a great and victorious state, he had stooped to serve a master in the vilest capacities; and he had been told that, even in those capacities, he was not worthy of the pittance which had been disdainfully flung to him. He was now degraded below the level even of the hirelings whom the government employed in the

most infamous offices. He stood idle in the market-place, not because he thought any office too infamous, but because none would hire him.

Yet he had reason to think himself fortunate; for, had all that is avowed in these Memoirs been then known, he would have received very different tokens of the Imperial displeasure. We learn from himself, that while publishing daily columns of flattery on Bonaparte, and while carrying weekly budgets of calumny to the Tuileries, he was in close connexion with the agents whom the Emperor Alexander, then by no means favorably disposed towards France, employed to watch all that passed at Paris; was permitted to read their secret despatches; was consulted by them as to the temper of the public mind and the character of Napoleon; and did his best to persuade them that the government was in a tottering condition, and that the new sovereign was not, as the world supposed, a great statesman and soldier. Next, Barère, still the flatterer and talebearer of the Imperial Court, connected himself in the same manner with the Spanish envoy. He owns that with that envoy he had relations which he took the greatest pains to conceal from his own government; that they met twice a-day, and that their conversation chiefly turned on the vices of Napoleon, on his designs against Spain, and on the best mode of rendering those designs abortive. In truth, Barère's baseness was unfathomable. In the lowest depths of shame he found out lower depths. It is bad to be a sycophant; it is bad to be a spy. But even among sycophants and spies there are degrees of meanness. The vilest sycophant is he who privily slanders the master on whom he fawns; the vilest spy is he who serves foreigners against the government of his native land.

From 1807 to 1814 Barère lived in obscurity, railing as bitterly as his craven cowardice would permit against the Imperial administration, and coming sometimes unpleasantly across the police. When the Bourbons returned, he, as might have been expected, became a royalist, and wrote a pamphlet setting forth the horrors of the system from which the Restoration had delivered France, and magnifying the wisdom and goodness which had dictated the charter. He who had voted for the death of Louis, he who had moved the decree for the trial of Marie Antoinette, he whose hatred of monarchy had led him to make war even upon the sepulchres of ancient monarchs, assures us with great complacency, that "in this work monarchical principles and attachment to the House of Bourbon are nobly expressed." By this apostasy he got nothing, not even any additional infamy; for his character was already too black to be blackened.

During the hundred days he again emerged for a very short time into public life; he was chosen by his native district a member of the Chamber of Representatives. But though that assembly was

composed in a great measure of men who regarded the excesses of the Jacobins with indulgence, he found himself an object of general aversion. When the President first informed the Chamber that M. Barère requested a hearing, a deep and indignant murmur ran round the benches. After the battle of Waterloo, Barère proposed that the Chamber should save France from the victorious enemy, by putting forth a proclamation about the pass of Thermopylæ, and the Lacedæmonian custom of wearing flowers in times of extreme danger. Whether this composition, if it had then appeared, would have stopped the English and Prussian armies, is a question respecting which we are left to conjecture. The Chamber refused to adopt this last of the Carmagnoles.

The Emperor had abdicated. The Bourbons returned. The Chamber of Representatives, after burlesquing during a few weeks the proceedings of the National Convention, retired with the well-earned character of having been the silliest political assembly that had met in France. Those dreaming pedants and praters never for a moment comprehended their position. They could never understand that Europe must be either conciliated or vanquished; that Europe could be conciliated only by the restoration of Louis, and vanquished only by means of a dictatorial power entrusted to Napoleon. They would not hear of Louis; yet they would not hear of the only measures which could keep him out. They incurred the enmity of all foreign powers by putting Napoleon at their head; yet they shackled him, thwarted him, quarrelled with him about every trifle, abandoned him on the first reverse. They then opposed declamations and disquisitions to eight hundred thousand bayonets; played at making a constitution for their country, when it depended on the indulgence of the victor whether they should have a country; and were at last interrupted in the midst of their babble about the rights of man and the sovereignty of the people, by the soldiers of Wellington and Blücher.

A new Chamber of Deputies was elected, so bitterly hostile to the Revolution, that there was no small risk of a new Reign of Terror. It is just, however, to say that the king, his ministers, and his allies, exerted themselves to restrain the violence of the fanatical royalists, and that the punishments inflicted, though in our opinion unjustifiable, were few and lenient when compared with those which were demanded by M. de Labouderie and M. Hyde de Neuville. We have always heard, and are inclined to believe, that the government was not disposed to treat even the regicides with severity. But on this point the feeling of the Chamber of Deputies was so strong, that it was thought necessary to make some concession. It was enacted, therefore, that whoever, having voted in January, 1793, for the death of Louis the Sixteenth, had in any manner given in an adhesion to the government of Bonaparte during the hundred

days, should be banished for life from France. Barère fell within this description. He had voted for the death of Louis; and he had sat in the Chamber of Representatives during the hundred days.

He accordingly retired to Belgium, and resided there, forgotten by all mankind, till the year 1830. After the revolution of July he was at liberty to return to France, and he fixed his residence in his native province. But he was soon involved in a succession of lawsuits with his nearest relations—"three fatal sisters and an ungrateful brother," to use his own words. Who was in the right, is a question about which we have no means of judging, and certainly shall not take Barère's word. The courts appear to have decided some points in his favor and some against him. The natural inference is, that there were faults on all sides. The result of this litigation was, that the old man was reduced to extreme poverty, and was forced to sell his paternal house.

As far as we can judge from the few facts which remain to be mentioned, Barère continued Barère to the last. After his exile he turned Jacobin again, and, when he came back to France joined the party of the extreme left in railing at Louis Philippe and at all Louis Philippe's ministers. M. Casimir Périer, M. De Broglie, M. Guizot and M. Thiers, in particular, are honored with his abuse; and the king himself is held up to execration as a hypocritical tyrant. Nevertheless, Barère had no scruple about accepting a charitable donation of a thousand francs a-year from the privy purse of the sovereign whom he hated and reviled. This pension, together with some small sums occasionally doled out to him by the department of the Interior, on the ground that he was a distressed man of letters, and by the department of Justice, on the ground that he had formerly held a high judicial office, saved him from the necessity of begging his bread. Having survived all his colleagues of the renowned Committee of Public Safety, and almost all his colleagues of the Convention, he died in January, 1841. He had attained his eighty-sixth year.

We have now laid before our readers what we believe to be a just account of this man's life. Can it be necessary for us to add anything for the purpose of assisting their judgment of his character? If we were writing about any of his colleagues in the Committee of Public Safety, about Carnot, about Robespierre, or St. Just, nay, even about Couthon, Collot, or Billaud, we might feel it necessary to go into a full examination of the arguments which have been employed to vindicate or to excuse the system of Terror. We could, we think, show that France was saved from her foreign enemies, not by the system of Terror, but in spite of it; and that the perils which were made the plea for the violent policy of the Mountain, were to a great extent created by that very policy. We could, we think, also show that the evils produced by the Jacobin administration did not terminate when it

fell : that it bequeathed a long series of calamities to France and to Europe ; that public opinion, which had during two generations been constantly becoming more and more favorable to civil and religious freedom, underwent, during the days of Terror, a change of which the traces are still to be distinctly perceived. It was natural that there should be such a change, when men saw that those who called themselves the champions of popular rights had compressed into the space of twelve months more crimes than the kings of France, Merovingian, Carlovingian, and Capetian, had perpetrated in twelve centuries. Freedom was regarded as a great delusion. Men were willing to submit to the government of hereditary princes, of fortunate soldiers, of nobles, of priests ; to any government but that of philosophers and philanthropists. Hence the imperial despotism, with its enslaved press and its silent tribune, its dungeons stronger than the old Bastille, and its tribunals more obsequious than the old parliaments. Hence the restoration of the Bourbons and of the Jesuits, the Chamber of 1815, with its categories of proscription, the revival of the feudal spirit, the encroachments of the clergy, the persecution of the Protestants, the appearance of a new breed of De Montforts and Dominics in the full light of the nineteenth century. Hence the admission of France into the Holy Alliance, and the war waged by the old soldiers of the tricolor against the liberties of Spain. Hence, too, the apprehensions with which, even at the present day, the most temperate plans for widening the narrow basis of the French representation are regarded by those who are especially interested in the security of property and the maintenance of order. Half a century has not sufficed to obliterate the stain which one year of depravity and madness has left on the noblest of causes.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the manner in which writers like M. Hippolyte Carnot defend or excuse the Jacobin administration, while they declaim against the reaction which followed. That the reaction has produced and is still producing much evil, is perfectly true. But what produced the reaction ? The spring flies up with a force proportioned to that with which it has been pressed down. The pendulum which is drawn far in one direction swings as far in the other. The joyous madness of intoxication in the evening is followed by languor and nausea on the morrow. And so, in politics, it is the sure law that every excess shall generate its opposite ; nor does he deserve the name of a statesman who strikes a great blow without fully calculating the effect of the rebound. But such calculation was infinitely beyond the reach of the authors of the Reign of Terror. Violence, and more violence, blood and more blood, made up their whole policy. In a few months these poor creatures succeeded in bringing about a reaction, of which none of them saw, and of which none of us may see, the close ; and, having brought it about, they marvelled at it ;

they bewailed it ; they execrated it : they ascribed it to everything but the real cause—their own immorality and their own profound incapacity for the conduct of great affairs.

These, however, are considerations to which, on the present occasion, it is hardly necessary for us to advert ; for, be the defence which has been set up for the Jacobin policy good or bad, it is a defence which cannot avail Barère. From his own life, from his own pen, from his own mouth, we can prove that the part which he took in the work of blood is to be attributed, not even to sincere fanaticism, not even to misdirected and ill-regulated patriotism, but either to cowardice, or to delight in human misery. Will it be pretended that it was from public spirit that he murdered the Girondists ? In these very Memoirs he tells us that he always regarded their death as the greatest calamity that could befall France. Will it be pretended that it was from public spirit that he raved for the head of the Austrian woman ? In these very Memoirs he tells us that the time spent in attacking her was ill spent, and ought to have been employed in concerting measures of national defence. Will it be pretended that he was induced by sincere and earnest abhorrence of kingly government to butcher the living and to outrage the dead ; he who invited Napoleon to take the title of King of Kings, he who assures us, that after the Restoration he expressed in noble language his attachment to monarchy, and to the house of Bourbon ? Had he been less mean, something might have been said in extenuation of his cruelty. Had he been less cruel, something might have been said in extenuation of his meanness. But for him, regicide and court-spy, for him who patronized Lebon and betrayed Demerville, for him who wantoned alternately in gasconades of Jacobinism, and gasconades of servility, what excuse has the largest charity to offer ?

We cannot conclude, without saying something about two parts of his character, which his biographer appears to consider as deserving of high admiration. Barère, it is admitted, was somewhat fickle ; but in two things he was consistent, in his love of Christianity, and in his hatred to England. If this were so, we must say that England is much more beholden to him than Christianity.

It is possible that our inclinations may bias our judgment ; but we think that we do not flatter ourselves when we say, that Barère's aversion to our country was a sentiment as deep and constant as his mind was capable of entertaining. The value of this compliment is indeed somewhat diminished by the circumstance, that he knew very little about us. His ignorance of our institutions, manners and history, is the less excusable, because, according to his own account, he consorted much, during the peace of Amiens, with Englishmen of note, such as that eminent nobleman Lord Greaten, and that not less eminent philosopher Mr. Mackenzie. For this, in spite, however, of his con-

nexion with these well-known ornaments of our country, he was so ill-informed about us as to fancy that our government was always laying plans to torment him. If he was hooted at Saintes, probably by people whose relations he had murdered, it was because the cabinet of St. James's had hired the mob. If nobody would read his bad books, it was because the cabinet of St. James's had secured the Reviewers. His accounts of Mr. Fox, of Mr. Pitt, of the Duke of Wellington, of Mr. Canning, swarm with blunders, surpassing even the ordinary blunders committed by Frenchmen who write about England. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, he tells us, were ministers in two different reigns. Mr. Pitt's sinking fund was instituted in order to enable England to pay subsidies to the powers allied against the French republic. The Duke of Wellington's house in Hyde Park was built by the nation, which twice voted the sum of £200,000 for the purpose. This, however, is exclusive of the cost of the frescoes, which were also paid for out of the public purse. Mr. Canning was the first Englishman whose death Europe had reason to lament; for the death of Lord Ward, a relation, we presume, of Lord Greaton and Mr. Cœffhis, had been an immense benefit to mankind.

Ignorant, however, as Barère was, he knew enough of us to hate us; and we persuade ourselves that, had he known us better, he would have hated us more. The nation which has combined, beyond all example and all hope, the blessings of liberty with those of order, might well be an object of aversion to one who had been false alike to the cause of order and to the cause of liberty. We have had amongst us intemperate zeal for popular rights; we have had amongst us also the intemperance of loyalty. But we have never been shocked by such a spectacle as the Barère of 1794, or as the Barère of 1804. Compared with him, our fiercest demagogues have been gentle; compared with him, our meanest courtiers have been manly. Mix together Thistlewood and Bubb Dodington, and you are still far from having Barère. The antipathy between him and us is such, that neither for the crimes of his earlier, nor for those of his later life, does our language, rich as it is, furnish us with adequate names. We have found it difficult to relate his history without having perpetual recourse to the French vocabulary of horror, and to the French vocabulary of baseness. It is not easy to give a notion of his conduct in the Convention, without using those emphatic terms, *guillotinate*, *noyade*, *fusillade*, *mitraille*. It is not easy to give a notion of his conduct under the Consulate and the Empire, without borrowing such words as *mouchard* and *mouton*.

We therefore like his invectives against us much better than anything else that he has written; and dwell on them not merely with complacency, but with a feeling akin to gratitude. It was but little that he could do to promote the honor of our country; but that little he did stren-

uously and constantly. Renegade, traitor, slave, coward, liar, slanderer, murderer, hack writer, police-spy—the one small service which he could render to England, was to hate her: and such as he was may all who hate her be!

We cannot say that we contemplate with equal satisfaction that fervent and constant zeal for religion, which, according to M. Hippolyte Carnot, distinguished Barère; for, as we think that whatever brings dishonor on religion is a serious evil, we had, we own, indulged a hope that Barère was an atheist. We now learn, however, that he was at no time even a sceptic, that he adhered to his faith through the whole Revolution, and that he has left several manuscript works on divinity. One of these is a pious treatise, entitled, “Of Christianity and of its Influence.” Another consists of meditations on the Psalms, which will doubtless greatly console and edify the Church.

This makes the character complete. Whatsoever things are false, whatsoever things are dishonest, whatsoever things are unjust, whatsoever things are impure, whatsoever things are hateful, whatsoever things are of evil report, if there be any vice, and if there be any infamy, all these things, we knew, were blended in Barère. But one thing was still wanting, and that M. Hippolyte Carnot has supplied. When to such an assemblage of qualities a high profession of piety is added, the effect becomes overpowering. We sink under the contemplation of such exquisite and manifold perfection; and feel, with deep humility, how presumptuous it was in us to think of composing the legend of this beatified athlete of the faith, Saint Bertrand of the Carnagnoles.

Something more we had to say about him. But let him go. We did not seek him out, and will not keep him longer. If those who call themselves his friends had not forced him on our notice, we should never have vouchsafed to him more than a passing word of scorn and abhorrence, such as we might fling at his brethren, Hébert and Fouquier Tinville, and Carrier and Lebon. We have no pleasure in seeing human nature thus degraded. We turn with disgust from the filthy and spiteful Yahoos of the fiction; and the filthiest and most spiteful Yahoo of the fiction was a noble creature when compared with the Barère of history. But what is no pleasure, M. Hippolyte Carnot has made a duty. It is no light thing, that a man in high and honorable public trust, a man who, from his connexions and position, may not unnaturally be supposed to speak the sentiments of a large class of his countrymen, should come forward to demand approbation for a life, black with every sort of wickedness, and unredeemed by a single virtue. This M. Hippolyte Carnot has done. By attempting to enshrine this Jacobin carrion, he has forced us to gibbet it: and we venture to say that, from the eminence of infamy on which we have placed it, he will not easily take it down.



## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AMERICAN CRIMINAL TRIALS, Vol. 2. T. H. Carter & Co., Boston.

We have received this handsomely printed volume, and cannot better express our opinions than in the words of the London Spectator and Examiner, and the Christian Examiner, when reviewing the first volume:—

The plan and execution of the *American Criminal Trials* are rather peculiar. They are not a mere servile copy or dry abridgment of existing reports, where the only merit of the compiler consists in calling public attention to certain proceedings and facilitating their perusal by collecting the scattered records in a series; nor are they merely a skilful and elaborate description of singular trials, suppressing what is formal or subordinate and bringing out the more striking points. Although skilful in his treatment and often graphic in his effects, Mr. Chandler, by accident or design, has generally chosen such American criminal trials as throw a light upon American Colonial history, or exhibit the phases of public opinion—it may be of public madness. Hence there is frequently an interest over and above that of the facts of the trials themselves, from the public events with which they were connected, or the singular and criminal public delusion which they record; whilst Mr. Chandler, by introductory notices or observations intermixed with the text, makes the reader sufficiently acquainted with the period to follow the trials with advantage, and by judicious observations at their close, he often points to the moral which they illustrate.—*Spectator*.

It is extremely well done; on the plan of the *Causes Célèbres*; and published in a very creditable way. We are glad to see that each trial is left to suggest its own style of narrative; any formal settled method greatly detracting from the value as well as interest of books of this nature.—*London Examiner*.

We lament our want of space to notice, in a proper manner, the work whose title is given above. It strikes us as one of the most interesting publications of the day, and admirably calculated to make deep, as well as just, impressions on the mind of the student of American History. The peculiar advantage of this form of history is,—and history it eminently is,—that it imparts to its subjects the lively charms of reality. Events read in the drier form of the classical historian, and soon forgotten, or dimly remembered, here live before the mind, and leave traces as indelible as if they had been actually witnessed.

These trials, it is scarcely necessary to add, are divested of all unintelligible and repulsive legal technicalities, and made agreeable to the general reader. The press has done its office uncommonly well.—*Christian Examiner*.

The more list of the contents of the present volume will excite the interest of all readers of American History:—

Trial of Bathsheba Spooner and others before the Superior Court of Judicature, for the murder of Joshua Spooner, of Brookfield, Massachusetts, 1778.

Trial of Colonel David Henley, before a General Court Martial, for improper conduct as an officer of the American Army, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1778.

Proceedings of a Board of General Officers, held by order of General George Washington, respecting Major John André, charged with being a spy, New York, 1780.

Trial of Joshua Hett Smith, before a Court Martial, on a charge of aiding and assisting Benedict Arnold, New York, 1780.

Proceedings of the General Assembly of Rhode Island, against the Judges of the Superior Court of Judicature, for their judgment in the case of Trevett against Wheelen, on information and complaint for refusing paper bills for butcher's meat. Rhode Island, 1786.

Trials of John Hauer and others, before the Court of Oyer and Terminer, for the murder of Francis Stutz, Pennsylvania, 1798.

## APPENDIX.

TRIAL OF MRS. SPOONER AND OTHERS.—Indictment. Death Warrant. Petition for a reprieve. Reprieve. Writ de ventre inspiciendo. Return of the sheriff. Opinion of midwives. Final return of the sheriff.

MAJOR ANDRÉ.—Remarks of Sir Samuel Romilly. Remarks of Lieutenant Colonel Simcoe. Remarks of Mr. J. F. Cooper.

## NOTES.

Timothy Ruggles. William Cushing. Levi Lincoln. William Tudor. Henry Marchant. James M. Varnum. William Channing.

A Select Collection of ORIGINAL SCOTTISH AIRS, for the Voice; with introductory and concluding Symphonies and Accompaniments, to each Air, for the Piano-Forte, Violin, or Flute, &c., composed for this Work by Pleyel, Haydn, Weber, Beethoven, &c., with all the most admired Songs, both ancient and modern, Scottish and English, adapted to the Airs, and including upwards of one hundred Songs by Burns. The whole collected and published in five volumes, by G. Thomson, F. A. S., Edinburgh.

Mr. Dobson, of Philadelphia, has issued four numbers of the American edition of this work. Price 50 cents a number. We have listened to a scarce Edinburgh copy for a quarter of a century; and our eyes dim for auld lang syne as we write down the names of the airs contained in these numbers:—

The Birks of Invermay—Here awa', there awa'—Tweedside—My Nanie, O—The bush aboon Traquair—I'll never leave thee—Corn Rigs—The Eve-Bughts—My apron, deary—Lochaber—Galla Water—The Braes of Yarrow—The Yellow Hair'd Laddie—Roshin Castle—Donald—The Waeft' Heart—Auld Rob Morris—Gramachree—Waly, Waly—Gilderooy—Open the Door—The Mill, Mill O!—She rose and let me in—Sweet Annie—The Banks of Banna—Locherroch side—The Flowers of Edinburgh—The seventh of November—O Jean, I love thee—Donald and Flora.

It may be doubted whether there are now such clear voices, or such bright faces, as we used to look and listen at during their accompaniment of the said Edinburgh copy; but we recommend the encouragement of this enterprise to all lovers of Scottish music.

It is sold in Boston, by Jordan & Co., and in New York, by Mr. Alhuan, and the music Stores.

THE PICTURE GALLERY, once a week, 12½ cents. Mowatt & Co., New York.

This is a very spirited attempt to establish a Journal similar to the London Illustrated News. It is said to have been highly successful already, and, if it can gain a permanent position, will afford a field for wood engravers, and for designers, who are much wanted in the United States. No pains have been spared in these numbers, and much capital must have been employed in getting them up.

No. 1. contains, General Morgan Lewis—a view of his funeral—London Royal Exchange—New York Merchant's Exchange—The opening of the Parliament by Queen Victoria—The king of the French opening the chambers—Views of Paris and of Hong Kong—The Polka Dance—Portrait of Mr. Harper, the new Mayor of New York; (may he reign a thousand years and fulfil all the expectations of the Native Americans)—a Landscape by the new system of engraving by means of a chemical agency, called Glyptography—Some caricatures, and the fashions for April.

No. 2. A Birds-eye view of the Bastille—May Day in New York; illustrating the horror of the general breaking up of house-keeping. (By the way the observance of such a custom as making all changes of houses to take place on the same day, is incomprehensible to a stranger. It is, perhaps, like the self-inflicted tortures of the Hindoos, connected in some way with the religion of the people)—Louis Philippe's annual visit to the chamber of Deputies—Dr. Mott—Mr. Frélinghuysen, and the University of New York—An Equestrian Statue of George IV., and a portrait of the invaluable French minister Guizot—And concluding with Whitworth's Street-sweeping machine, which interests us more than George IV., as being at the same time more useful and more dignified.

We wish success to this valuable popular contribution to the Arts. It is sold in Boston by Redding & Co., and in Philadelphia by Clause & Canning.

# THE LIVING AGE.

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No. 3.—1 JUNE, 1844.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

TIME treads so closely on our heel, that before one number has been entirely sent away, we have half done another, and are obliged to take care that we do not comment on No. 4 while closing No. 3. After our machinery (and we comprise bodies and souls under this head) shall have come to work smoothly, this will not be unpleasant; but it is yet rather more laborious than we should desire, and obliges us again to ask that the execution of our plan may not be judged of until we shall have completed the first volume.

In this number we have increased our *variety*, but have hardly been able to begin our *Scientific*, *Literary* or General Intelligence—and our labors in *Art* have only produced the single article upon Church Needlework.

The English papers are discussing which is most to blame in the duel—and so we get an accidental glance behind the scenes, at the unutterable misery of Col. Fawcett during the night which preceded his duel. The British ministry refused to grant to his widow the pension usually given to the families of officers dying in the service, and Punch applies the scourge to them personally at page 160.

We hope that all who may read the *Freethinker*, will take the trouble to read also the able article on Hume, and his influence upon History.

We are not willing to begin articles which must be continued from number to number—but we cannot lay down any rule on the subject, feeling bound to give to our readers all that is very good in the foreign Magazines and Reviews, let it come in what shape it may. So we have begun Mr. Hood's tale, *Our Family*—not doubting that it will contain much profitable to old and young. Poor Mr. Hood, whose wit and genius delight so many in both hemispheres, is sinking under pulmonary disease, and is yet obliged to go on with unintermitting toil. Would that some friend to the human race had the heart as well as the ability to send him a useful acknowledgment for his late poem—the *Song of the Shirt*! By the way, this has been set to music in England, and we hope soon to be able to copy it. It is consoling to see that the hardship of Mr. Hood's lot has only made his heart the more tender;—his own wants have only made him feel more sensibly the wants of his fellow-men. We cannot choose our own destiny, but if we humbly and trustfully submit it to Divine Providence, we shall be cared for, sustained, preserved. And we have reason to hope that in the case of which we are speaking light and joy are springing from sorrow and darkness. "Trust on—trust on."

The condition of the *miserable class* in England, appears to be exciting intense feeling there. The article on the New Faith, and the Pauper's Christmas Carol, are specimens of it. It was reported that Sir Robert Peel had said, that upon the ten-hour clause in the factory bill, "ministers had been defeated by the Christian feeling of the house."

We were the more struck with the article upon the First Offence, from having ourselves had exactly the same experience, in the case of a colored boy, in whose way we carelessly left temptation. It was as much our fault as his, and we had reason to confide in him entirely afterwards.

By the article "*Polécats of the Press*," our readers will be very much puzzled. It would appear from it that in England there are some editors of newspapers who do not properly fulfil their task of public teachers. Here, matters are so very different, that we shall hardly be able to imagine the possibility of a newspaper being a nuisance.

"*Railways for the Million*" reminds us of the course of the Railroad Company between New York and Philadelphia. They are occasionally in the habit of selling excursion tickets, entitling the bearers to go to New York (but not to land there) and return—for three dollars: the regular price for *going* to one city from the other being *four* dollars.

A *third* edition of No. 1 is just published.

*Church Needlework*; with Practical Remarks on its arrangement. By Miss LAMBERT, Authoress of "*The Handbook of Needlework*." Illustrated with engravings.

This handsome volume treats of a class of objects for needleworkers to exercise their skill and ingenuity upon, that has been but little regarded since the Reformation, and now is engaging the attention of both Anglicans and Roman Catholics,—namely, the drapery of church-furniture. Miss Lambert's volume, being apparently intended for Protestant ladies, only alludes to sacerdotal vestments incidentally as a part of the history of the subject; her particular attention being bestowed on altar-cloths and carpets, and coverings for desks, stools, and cushions. For these, various designs are given, with patterns of appropriate borders, ciphers, and symbolical devices; and directions as to the nature and hues of the materials employed, and the method of working them: in short, all the information necessary to guide the taste of ladies desirous of contributing to the embellishment of the altar by their handiwork, is here given, beyond those particular instructions contained in the *Handbook of Needlework*.—SPECTATOR.

From Chambers's Journal.

## THE FIRST OFFENCE.

IN the cheerful dining-room of my bachelor-friend Stevenson, a select party was assembled to celebrate his birthday. A very animated discussion had been carried on for some time, as to whether the first deviation from integrity should be treated with severity or leniency. Various were the opinions, and numerous the arguments brought forward to support them. The majority appeared to lean to the side of "crush all offences in the bud," when a warm-hearted old gentleman exclaimed, "Depend upon it, more young people are lost to society from a first offence being treated with injudicious severity, than from the contrary extreme. Not that I would pass over even the slightest deviation from integrity, either in word or deed; that would certainly be mistaken kindness; but, on the other hand, neither would I punish with severity an offence committed, perhaps, under the influence of temptation—temptation, too, that we ourselves may have thoughtlessly placed in the way, in such a manner as to render it irresistible. For instance, a lady hires a servant; the girl has hitherto borne a good character, but it is her first place; her honesty has never yet been put to the test. Her mistress, without thinking of the continual temptation to which she is exposing a fellow-creature, is in the habit of leaving small sums of money, generally copper, lying about in her usual sitting-room. After a time, she begins to think that these sums are not always found exactly as she left them. Suspicion falls upon the girl, whose duty is to clean the room every morning. Her mistress, however, thinks she will be quite convinced before she brings forward her accusation. She counts the money carefully at night, and the next morning some is missing. No one has been in the room but the girl; her guilt is evident. Well, what does her mistress do? Why, she turns the girl out of her house at an hour's notice; cannot, in conscience, give her a character; tells all her friends how dreadfully distressed she is; declares there is nothing but ingratitude to be met with among servants; laments over the depravity of human nature; and never dreams of blaming herself for her wicked—yes it is wicked—thoughtlessness in thus constantly exposing to temptation a young ignorant girl; one most likely whose mind, if not enveloped in total darkness, has only an imperfect twilight knowledge whereby to distinguish right from wrong. At whose door, I ask," continued he, growing warmer, "will the sin lie, if that girl sink into the lowest depths of vice and misery? Why, at the door of her who, after placing temptation in her very path, turned her into the pitiless world, deprived of that which constituted her only means of obtaining an honest livelihood—her character; and that without one effort to reclaim her—without affording a single opportunity of retrieving the past, and regaining by future good conduct the confidence of her employer."

"There is, I fear, too much truth in what you say," remarked our benevolent host, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation; "and it reminds me of a circumstance that occurred in the earlier part of my life, which, as it may serve to illustrate the subject you have been discussing, I will relate." There was a general movement

of attention; for it was a well-known fact, that no manufacturer in the town of—— was surrounded with so many old and faithful servants as our friend Stevenson.

"In the outset of my business career," said he, "I took into my employment a young man to fill the situation of under clerk; and, according to a rule I had laid down, whenever a stranger entered my service, his duties were of a nature to involve as little responsibility as possible, until sufficient time had been given to form a correct estimate of his character. This young man, whom I shall call Smith, was of a respectable family. He had lost his father, and had a mother and sisters in some measure dependent upon him. After he had been a short time in my employment, it happened that my confidential clerk, whose duty it was to receive the money from the bank for the payment of wages, being prevented by an unforeseen circumstance from attending at the proper time, sent the sum required by Smith. My confidence was so great in my head clerk, who had been long known to me, that I was not in the habit of regularly counting the money when brought to me; but as, on this occasion, it had passed through other hands, I thought it right to do so. Therefore calling Smith back as he was leaving my counting-house, I desired him to wait a few minutes, and proceeded to ascertain whether it was quite correct. Great was my surprise and concern on finding that there was a considerable deficiency.

"From whom," said I, "did you receive this money?"

"He replied, 'From Mr. ——,' naming my confidential clerk.

"It is strange," said I, looking steadily at him. 'But this money is incorrect, and it is the first time I have found it so.' He changed countenance, and his eye fell before mine; but he answered, with tolerable composure, 'that it was as he had received it.'

"It is in vain," I replied, 'to attempt to impose upon me, or to endeavor to cast suspicion on one whose character for the strictest honesty and undeviating integrity is so well established. Now, I am perfectly convinced that you have taken this money, and that it is at this moment in your possession; and I think the evidence against you would be thought sufficient to justify me in immediately dismissing you from my service. But you are a very young man; your conduct has, I believe, been hitherto perfectly correct, and I am willing to afford you an opportunity of redeeming the past. All knowledge of this matter rests between ourselves. Candidly confess, therefore, the error of which you have been guilty; restore what you have so dishonestly taken; endeavor, by your future good conduct, to deserve my confidence and respect, and this circumstance shall never transpire to injure you.' The poor fellow was deeply affected. In a voice almost inarticulate with emotion he acknowledged his guilt, and said that, having frequently seen me receive the money without counting it, on being intrusted with it himself, the idea had flashed across his mind that he might easily abstract some without incurring suspicion, or at all events without there being sufficient evidence to justify it; that, being in distress, the temptation had proved stronger than his power of resistance, and he had yielded. 'I cannot now,' he continued, 'prove, how deeply your forbearance has touched me; time

alone can show that it has not been misplaced.' He left me to resume his duties.

"Days, weeks, and months passed away, during which I scrutinized his conduct with the greatest anxiety, whilst at the same time I carefully guarded against any appearance of suspicious watchfulness; and with delight I observed that so far my experiment had succeeded. The greatest regularity and attention—the utmost devotion to my interests—marked his business habits; and this without any display; for his quiet and humble deportment was from that time remarkable. At length, finding his conduct invariably marked by the utmost openness and plain-dealing, my confidence in him was so far restored, that, on a vacancy occurring in a situation of greater trust and increased emolument than the one he had hitherto filled, I placed him in it; and never had I the slightest reason to repent of the part I had acted towards him. Not only had I the pleasure of reflecting that I had, in all probability, saved a fellow-creature from a continued course of vice, and consequent misery, and afforded him the opportunity of becoming a respectable and useful member of society, but I had gained for myself an indefatigable servant—a faithful and constant friend. For years he served me with the greatest fidelity and devotion. His character for rigid, nay, even scrupulous honesty, was so well known, that 'as honest as Smith,' became a proverb amongst his acquaintances. One morning I missed him from his accustomed place, and upon inquiry, learnt that he was detained at home by indisposition. Several days elapsed, and still he was absent; and upon calling at his house to inquire after him, I found the family in great distress on his account. His complaint had proved typhus fever of a malignant kind. From almost the commencement of his attack, he had, as his wife (for he had been some time married) informed me, lain in a state of total unconsciousness, from which he had roused only to the ravings of delirium, and that the physician gave little hope of his recovery. For some days he continued in the same state: at length a message was brought me, saying that Mr. Smith wished to see me; the messenger adding, that Mrs. Smith hoped I would come as soon as possible, for she feared her husband was dying. I immediately obeyed the summons.

"On entering his chamber, I found the whole of his family assembled to take farewell of him they so tenderly loved. As soon as he perceived me, he motioned for me to approach near to him, and taking my hand in both of his, he turned towards me his dying countenance, full of gratitude and affection, and said, 'My dear master, my best earthly friend, I have sent for you that I may give you the thanks and blessing of a dying man for all your goodness to me. To your generosity and mercy I owe it, that I have lived useful and respected, that I die lamented and happy. To you I owe it, that I leave to my children a name unsullied by crime, that in after years the blush of shame shall never tinge their cheeks at the memory of their father. O God!' he continued, 'Thou who hast said, "blessed are the merciful," bless him. According to the measure he has meted to others, do thou mete unto him.' Then turning to his family, he said, 'My beloved wife and children, I intrust you, without fear, to the care of that heavenly parent who has said, "Leave thy fatherless children to me, and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." And you, my dear master, will, I know, be to them as you

have been to me—guide, protector, and friend.' That," continued the kind old man, looking round upon us with ghastly eyes, "though mixed with sorrow, was one of the happiest moments of my life. As I stood by the bedside of the dying man, and looked around upon his children growing up virtuous, intelligent, and upright, respecting and honoring, as much as they loved their father; when I saw his wife, though overcome with grief for the loss of a tender and beloved husband, yet sorrowing not as one without hope, but even in that moment of agony deriving comfort from the belief that she should meet him again in that world where

'Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;'

when I listened to his fervent expressions of gratitude, and saw him calmly awaiting the inevitable stroke, trusting in the mercy of God, and at peace with his fellow-men; and when I thought of what the reverse of all this might have been—crime, misery, a disgraceful and dishonored life, perhaps a shameful and violent death—had I yielded to the first impulse of indignation, I felt a happiness which no words can express. We are told that there is more joy amongst the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance. With such a joy as we may imagine theirs, did I rejoice over poor Smith, as I closed his eyes, and heard the attendant minister in fervent tones exclaim, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; yea, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.' My friends, I am an old man. During a long and eventful career in business, I have had intercourse with almost every variety of temper and disposition, and with many degrees of talent, but I have never found reason to swerve from the principle with which I set out in life, to 'temper justice with mercy.'"

Such was the story of our friend. And I believe not one in that company but returned home more disposed to judge leniently of the failings of his fellow-creatures, and, as far as lay in his power, to extend to all who might fall into temptation that mercy which, under similar circumstances, he would wish shown to himself, feeling "that it is more blessed to save than to destroy."\*

#### HEARTLESS SPOILIATION.

PERHAPS the whole history of burglary—and we appeal to MR. AINSWORTH to corroborate the speculation—never displayed a more cruel and heartless robbery than that—according to the *Morning Post*—lately committed in the house of the Reverend JOHN CAMPBELL, Selkirk House, in the county of Selkirk. That house was entered on the 21st ult., and the reverend gentleman despoiled, among other precious things, of "a silver chased toddy jug!" Milton asks—

—"Who would rob a hermit of his beads,  
His maple dish?"

Possibly, not even Selkirk thieves. We therefore recommend to the REV. JOHN CAMPBELL henceforth to drink his toddy out of a wooden vessel, maple or other; for what, asks FATHER MATHEW, "has any churchman to do with toddy jugs of chased silver?"—*Punch*.

\*It may not be superfluous to remark, that this little paper describes events of actual occurrence.

From Hood's Magazine.

DOMESTIC VERSES, BY DELTA.

We have taken the following beautiful stanzas from a little volume, at first privately distributed, and now given to the public, by the amiable author. It is verily a book which no family should be without that calls itself domestic, or professes a taste for poetry.

CASA WAPPY.\*

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,  
Our fond, dear boy—  
The realms where sorrow dare not come,  
Where life is joy!  
Pure at thy death, as at thy birth,  
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth,  
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,  
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,  
As closed thine eye;  
Tears of our anguish may not tell,  
When thou didst die;  
Words may not paint our grief for thee,  
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea  
Of our unfathomed agony;  
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight  
To bless us given;  
Beauty embodied to our sight—  
A type of heaven:  
So dear to us thou wert, thou art  
Even less thine own self, than a part  
Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,  
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline—  
'T was cloudless joy;  
Sunrise and night alone were thine,  
Beloved boy!  
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay;  
That found thee prostrate in decay;  
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,  
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,  
Earth's undefiled,  
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,  
Our dear, sweet child!  
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;  
Yet had we hoped that Time should see  
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,  
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,  
Thou meet'st my sight;  
There dost thou glide before me still—  
A form of light!  
I feel thy breath upon my cheek—  
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—  
Till oh! my heart is like to break,  
Casa Wappy!

Methinks, thou smil'st before me now,  
With glance of stealth;  
The hair thrown back from thy full brow  
In buoyant health:  
I see thine eyes' deep violet light—  
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright—  
Thy clasping arms so round and white—  
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,  
Thy hat—thy bow—

\* The self-appellative of a beloved child.

Thy cloak and bonnet—club and ball:

But where art thou?  
A corner holds thine empty chair,  
Thy playthings idly scattered there  
But speak to us of our despair,  
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word—  
To glad—to grieve—  
Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird  
On summer's eve;  
In outward beauty undecayed,  
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,  
And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade,  
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind, blank night  
The chamber fills;  
We pine for thee, when morn's first light  
Reddens the hills:  
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,  
All—to the wall-flower and wild-pea—  
Are changed,—we saw the world through thee,  
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam  
Of casual mirth,  
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,  
An inward birth:  
We miss thy small step on the stair;—  
We miss thee at thine evening prayer;—  
All day we miss thee—everywhere—  
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go  
In life's spring-bloom,  
Down to the appointed house below—  
The silent tomb.  
But now the green leaves of the tree  
The cuckoo, and the "busy bee,"  
Return—but with them bring not thee,  
Casa Wappy!

'T is so; but can it be—(while flowers  
Revive again)—  
Man's doom, in death that we and ours  
For aye remain!  
Oh! can it be, that, o'er the grave,  
The grass renewed should yearly wave,  
Yet God forget our child to save!—  
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so  
Thus man could die,  
Life were a mockery—Thought were woe—  
And Truth a lie;—  
Heaven were a coinage of the brain—  
Religion frenzy—Virtue vain—  
And all our hopes to meet again,  
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!  
With beam of love,  
A star, death's uncongenial wild  
Smiling above!  
Soon, soon, thy little feet have trode  
The skyward path, the seraph's road,  
That led thee back from man to God,  
Casa Wappy!

Yet, 't is sweet balm to our despair,  
Fond, fairest boy,  
That heaven is God's, and thou art there,  
With him in joy;  
There past are death and all its woes;—  
There beauty's stream forever flows;—  
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,  
Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—  
 Pride of my heart!  
 It cannot be that long we dwell,  
 Thus torn apart:  
 Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;  
 And dark, how'er life's night may be,  
 Beyond the grave, I'll meet with thee,  
 Casa Wappy!

#### NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON.

ASSUREDLY the fact is not so well known as it deserves to be, that Napoleon,—who by the act showed himself a miserable dwarf indeed—bequeathed, in a codicil to his will, the sum of 10,000 francs (400*l.*) to a man charged with an attempt to murder the Duke of Wellington. We subjoin the extract from the will, which may be seen at Doctors' Commons on the payment of one shilling. The codicil bears date, April 25, 1821, and the magnanimous testator died on the 5th of May, ten days afterwards; dying, as he declared in the preamble to his last testament, "in the Apostolical and Catholic Church!" Here is the proof of his Christianity,—

"5. *idem* (10,000) Dix mille francs au sous-officier Cantillon, qui a essayé un procès comme prévenu d'avoir voulu assassiner Lord Wellington, ce dont il a été déclaré innocent. Cantillon avait autant de droit d'assassiner cet oligarque, que celui-ci à m'envoyer pour périr sur le rocher de Sainte-Hélène. Wellington, qui a proposé cet attentat, cherchait à le justifier sur l'intérêt de la Grande-Bretagne. Cantillon, si vraiment il eût assassiné le lord, se serait couvert et aurait été justifié par les mêmes motifs: l'intérêt de la France de se défaire d'un général, qui d'ailleurs avait violé la capitulation de Paris, et par là s'était rendu responsable du sang des martyrs Ney, Labédoyère, &c. &c., et du crime d'avoir dépouillé les musées, contre le texte des traités."

We subjoin a translation:—

"Ten thousand francs to the subaltern Cantillon, who underwent a trial charged with an attempt to assassinate Lord Wellington, and of which he was declared innocent. Cantillon had as good right to assassinate the oligarch, as he himself to send me to perish on the rock of St. Helena. Wellington, who proposed this iniquity, sought to justify it by the interests of Great Britain. Cantillon, if he had really assassinated his lordship, would have been excused and justified by the like motives—the interest of France to rid herself of a general who had violated the treaty of the capitulation of Paris, and by that act had rendered himself responsible for the blood of the martyrs Ney, Labédoyère, &c. &c.; and for the crime of despoiling the museums, contrary to the text of treaties!"

Is there not Dwarf—miserable *homunculus*—in every line of this? We subjoin, by way of contrast, the reply of the Duke of Wellington, when the death of Napoleon was proposed to his grace.

"—— wishes to kill him; but I have told him that I shall remonstrate: I have likewise said that, as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with so foul a transaction; and that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in those transactions to become executioners; and that I was determined that, if the sovereigns wished to put him to death, they should appoint an executioner, which should not be me."—*Vide Lieut.-Colonel Gurnwood's Selections*

from the Duke of Wellington's Dispatches, No. 965, p. 870.

Be it understood that we are not blind idolators of the Duke of Wellington. He has made his political blunders, and in his time talked political nonsense as well as his inferiors. Moreover, he exhibits a defective sympathy with the people; as the *Examiner* has admirably said of him, he looks upon them as a mere *appanage* to the Crown. Certainly, the "iron Duke" wants a little kindly expansion towards the masses. Nevertheless, contrasting Wellington's answer to the proposed death of the ex-Emperor, with Napoleon's reward of the would-be assassin of the General, need we ask which is the Giant, and which the Dwarf!—*Punch*.

#### ANECDOTE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REAL RANDOM RECORDS."

THE consort of our gracious Queen is, as every body knows, a prince of the House of Saxe Gotha: whether the famous Marshal Saxe was a member of the same family I cannot trace; but the place is celebrated for its well-known Almack. Not that it was the first work of the kind by any means. Poor Richard's Almanack preceded it by many years. So did Francis or Frances Moore's; and there was a popular one called Partridge's. One of his descendants is a Professor of Astrology, or Astronomy, or Anatomy, at any rate of something beginning with A, at one of our Universities or Colleges. I am not sure that the name was not Woodcock; but it reminded one of some wild bird of the kind. That notorious sporting character, Colonel Thornville of Thornton Royal, once shot sixty brace of them on the same day. Another celebrated sporting character was Sir John Lade or Ladd: I forget how much he betted to drive some sort of vehicle with two, or four, or six horses a certain number of miles in a certain number of hours, and whether he won or lost. But it was reckoned a great feat. Then there was Merlin's Carriage, without any horses at all. I am sure, at least, it went without horses; but am not positive, if it was moved by springs or steam. Perhaps steam was not then invented. There are still carriages in the present day called Merlins or Berlins—which is it!—but they are drawn by horses. The last invented vehicles, I believe, are called Broughams, or Brooms. But to return to Prince Albert of Prussia, the son or brother—no, the cousin of the present King. There are some curious particulars about the Court of Prussia, and Frederick the Great in the Memoirs of his aunt, the Margravine of Anspach and Bareuth. I remember reading them in the original French—who, by the way, excel in their biographies. The only thing we have to compare with them is the Life, by himself, of Lord Herbert of Cherburg. A noted place in war-time for harboring the enemy's privateers. They did a great deal of damage to our export, and picked up some very rich prizes in the Channel. One of them, called the Jones Paul, or some such name, terribly infested the Scotch and English coasts, till, according to a memorandum now lying before me, she was driven ashore in Kent, by Commodore G. P. R. James, and the pirates were taken prisoners at Severndroog Tower on Shooter's Hill.

## THE NIGHT BEFORE THE DUEL.

THE *Times* publishes a letter from Major D. K. Fawcett, the uncle of the late Colonel Lynar Fawcett, dated "Ballinlass House, Ballinamon Bridge, 10th April," enclosing another, written at his instance by the Colonel's widow, Mrs. Anne Frances Fawcett, in reply to Lieutenant Munro's statement respecting the origin of the duel. Mrs. Fawcett was the only person present at the first dispute; which she agrees with Mr. Munro in ascribing to a difference about the terms obtained from a Mrs. Smith for the purchase of a house. Mrs. Fawcett was making tea:—

"Colonel Fawcett, folding up the papers which were on the table, said, 'Well, it can't be helped now; but I must say that Mrs. Smith has bamboozled us both most thoroughly; though, had I been acting for you, I should most probably have acted as you have done.' To which Lieutenant Munro replied, 'I tell you what, you have several times insinuated that I mismanaged your affairs; but I have attended to your interests as I never did to my own, and I say I will not stand it.' My husband observed, 'No, Munro, I never said or thought that you mismanaged my affairs.' 'I say you did.' 'I did not, Sir.' 'You did,' again rejoined Lieutenant Munro. Colonel Fawcett then rose for the first time, and ringing the bell, said, 'A flat contradiction I will take from no man; and, Sir, I must request you will leave my house.'"

Much more passed; Mr. Munro taunting and sneering, the Colonel being cool and self-possessed. Mrs. Fawcett only spoke once, pointing out to Mr. Munro, Colonel Fawcett's admission that he himself should probably have acted in the same way about the house. Next morning Mr. Grant called—

"Mr. Grant remained, I think, about ten minutes; and when he left, my husband returned to me and said, 'Why, what do you think it is!—why, a challenge from Munro!' 'Nonsense,' I cried. 'It is, indeed,' he replied. To which I rejoined, 'But you surely won't go out?' 'I don't know that,' he said. I replied, 'Why, you could never fire at each other.' 'At any rate,' he observed, 'I must be off to the Club, and get Daubeney's opinion, (a Major in the Fifty-fifth Regiment,) and I will come back and tell you as soon as anything is agreed upon.' But before he left, he requested of me to tell him candidly, if, in my opinion, he had acted temperately the night before, or not: to which I replied, 'Why, in the first instance I think you were a little hot, but in the second I was astonished at your temperance.' He then quitted the house, and returning about two o'clock, told me it was not yet settled; and showed me the copy of a letter he had written for his friend. 'Munro,' he said, 'still demands a meeting; but Cuddy will see Mr. Grant again.' 'Cuddy?' I exclaimed, 'Oh dear, I am sorry you fixed upon so young a man.' 'He is young,' said my husband, 'but he is a peacemaker, and is more cool and clearheaded than many an older man: besides, Daubeney is so much engaged in arranging his family affairs, that I did not wish to trouble him, and I like to have one of my own regiment to act for me.' I then remarked, that I thought he might have written a more conciliatory letter, without leaving it in any one's power to say that he submitted tamely to insult: to which he remarked, 'that I was perhaps right, and that it was not then too late to do so.' He again went

to the Club; and on his return read me a copy of a second letter, in which he said he never intended to insult Mr. Munro, but that he turned him out of his house for grossly insulting him. [I write this also from recollection, as the copies of those letters, the contents of which are already known to the public, are not in my possession.] He then remarked, that I looked very dull and low-spirited: to which I replied, 'How can I help feeling dull while this business is pending?' 'Oh,' he said, 'as to that business, I consider it as settled: my last note must have satisfied them; it must have settled it.'"

Mr. Cuddy called in the evening, and said that Mr. Munro still insisted on a meeting; and then went away again to see Mr. Grant once more. On Mrs. Fawcett's observing that she wished the affair were amicably settled, her husband exclaimed, with a sigh, "that he wished to Heaven it was."

"He did not hear from Lieutenant Cuddy till near midnight; when he received a note, a few lines of which I read over his shoulder; and when I saw that their purport was, that Lieutenant Cuddy had failed in his endeavors to effect an arrangement, and that they were to go out, I fell back on my chair, nearly fainting; when my husband said, in a displeased manner, 'Oh, this is just what I feared—that you would fail me when I most required your firmness and obedience.' He then went to order a carriage to come early the next morning; desiring me to get the servants to bed; but observed, that as it was already so late, it would be better for us both to sit up. He soon came back, and lay down on the sofa, whilst I sat by his side. Thus passed the remainder of that sad night. He occasionally dozed; but I saw he watched me strictly, and was uneasy if I attempted to quit him. However, I had no idea whatever of endeavoring to give information, for I well knew my husband's character: although he never had any concealments from me, and was kind, affectionate, and indulgent in the highest degree, yet he would never have forgiven the slightest interference on my part in a matter of honor and duty. I also never thought that Lieutenant Munro would fire at him; and as I knew his own resolve not to discharge his pistol, I was assured all would terminate happily; though I had a feeling of terror I could not then account for. \* \*

"Shortly after my husband had dressed and breakfasted, the carriage arrived, (I think it was near five o'clock,) and he sent me down to unfasten the hall-door, lest the ringing should rouse the servants: which I did. He then said, on taking leave of me, 'God bless you, my beloved Annie! you have shown yourself this night to be a true and devoted wife; and remember, whatever happens, I go out with a clear conscience; for they have forced me into this, and I will never fire at your sister's husband.' He then ran down the stairs, and let himself out."

Mrs. Fawcett declares that she had never heard the Colonel mention Mr. Munro's name with the slightest acrimony, and that she herself never said anything to produce that feeling. Neither she nor her friends can comprehend what Mr. Munro means by Colonel Fawcett's entertaining "suspicions of a most unhappy nature." The reason why Colonel Fawcett was anxious to go to the Continent was the expected benefit to his wife's health; her spirits having suffered from the loss of her mother-in-law, who died in the previous April.—*Spectator*.



## POLE-CATS OF THE PRESS.

A MR. WELLS has told a moving tale to the LORD MAYOR of the sorrows and hardships of BARNARD GREGORY, prisoner in Newgate. "He is compelled to associate with felons," says Mr. WELLS—doubtless, a dreadful indignity to the late editor of the *Satirist*, whose co-mates and fellow-laborers in the vineyard were men of the nicest sense of honor; gentlemen "of the first house, the very first house." Moreover, the said GREGORY "sleeps on an iron bedstead, with rope mattress and rug covering,"—a shocking circumstance, when we remember the beds of roses that the said GREGORY was wont to spread in the columns of his newspaper for certain sufferers. "Mr. GREGORY is only allowed the prison diet!" Considering the extreme delicacy of his appetite, that for years fed upon lying and slandering,—a most cruel punishment! "Mr. GREGORY's health is suffering," and therefore Mr. WELLS will "call a public meeting to address the QUEEN" upon the matter. We know nothing of the state of Mr. GREGORY's health; but this we know—men, on board the hulks, who, it may be, have only wronged society to the amount of a few shillings, fall ill, and find no sympathy in their sickness from the Home-Office. How, then, is the late editor of the *Satirist* to claim any indulgence, denied to the late abstractor (to use a soft word) of pocket-handkerchiefs! Mr. SHERIFF MCGROVE "regretted to declare that Mr. GREGORY's health was declining." Has the Sheriff no sympathy for the declining health of many a wretched convict at Woolwich? Can he only find compassion for the convicted slanderer that turned his venom to profit—has he no touch of tenderness for the declining footpad, the wasting housebreaker? Let GREGORY's ill-health plead successfully for his pardon; but let the same pardon be awarded to sick culprits of every denomination.—*Punch*.

## RAILWAYS "FOR THE MILLION."

RAILWAY-COMPANIES have discovered a way of being liberal with profit to themselves; and their speculative trading has secured a boon for the hard-working population of the Metropolis—one means of relieving "the Wen" by at least some temporary dispersion. On Easter Monday and the two following days, what are called "return-tickets," giving the purchaser the right to conveyance out of town and back again, were issued by several railway companies at greatly reduced fares. Shopkeepers, clerks, mechanics, and the fifty varieties of the Londoner race, were enabled for once to taste the delights of railway-travelling, and to visit even the sea-coast! The favorite resort was Brighton—attractive from its associations with royalty, fashion, and old repute for gayety: the *extra* receipts on that railway amounted, in the three days, to 1,943*l*. Traditions of Julius Cæsar, of the ancient Castle, and Shakespeare's Cliff, also drew great numbers to Dover; and the result of the *reduced* fares for the three days was seen in *extra* receipts to the amount of 700*l*.

Must these mutual benefits be confined to Easter week? If it has paid the Brighton Railway proprietors to sell "return-tickets" at half-price for those three days in April, would it not pay to do so on every Saturday, Sunday, and Monday throughout the summer and early autumn? Without at-

tempting to rival an economical arithmetician who has lately distinguished himself on cotton-mills, it may safely be calculated that to sell "return-tickets" on such a purely pleasure-line as that to Brighton, would be as great a boon to the proprietors as to the public. The fixed capital invested in the formation of a railway bears a much greater proportion to the cost of working than the build-ings and machinery of a cotton-mill to the circulating capital; and the railway-proprietor is therefore far more interested in increasing the returns of his circulating capital by increasing the rapidity of its circulation.

Railways have created a new class of travellers, a great locomotive population that could alone people some European states; yet to a considerable extent "the masses" are debarred from the use of the railway by the outlay. The rich man finds it cheaper than the old method of post-chaises, or even stage-coaches with the frequent inn-expenses; but the poor man can ill muster the requisite amount of gold. Cheapness would beget still newer and more numerous classes; just as the cheap and accessible omnibus has converted half the passengers in London streets to riders. At present the Londoner is content to steam up to Richmond, and eat eel-pies, or down to Gravesend, and dabble, like the eel, in half-salt-water: but give the opportunity, and thousands might pour out weekly to the very sea-coasts, to the immense profit of the railways, of the sea-side tradespeople, and the incalculable benefit and delight of the town-bred folks. To many there is no delight so great as that of loitering on a sea-beach; but to the inlander it is a pleasure as rare as it is great: it might be one for every week.—*Spectator*.

## WHAT SHALL I HAVE FOR BREAKFAST?

TASTE and Invention, oh! celestial pair,  
Descend, and aid me in this hour of woe:  
What shall I have for breakfast? Pray declare,  
Kind nymphs; for may I perish if I know!

Expanding buds the forest trees adorn,  
The pastures now again are robed in green;  
Yet still my table, at the meal of morn,  
Presents, I grieve to say, a wintry scene.

On mossy banks Spring's early Violets bloom;  
But Spring's young Radishes, ah! where are they?  
The vernal Primrose bursts its earthy tomb;  
Where are the vernal Onions? Flora, say.

Of Steaks I'm tired, and so I am of Chops:  
Of Kidneys, Bacon, Tongue, in short, of Meat.  
And vainly have I roam'd amid the shops,  
In quest of something that was good to eat.

Thy Bloaters, Yarmouth, even thine, are dry,  
Dry as statistics. Kipper'd Salmon, too,  
Which yesterday I was induced to try,  
Turn'd out, I found, to be a thorough "do."

Must I put up, then, with the simple roll?  
Muffin, or bread and butter, with my tea?  
Come, then, sole solace, Sausage of my soul—  
The Poet finds he must fall back on thee!

*Punch*.

From Hood's Magazine.

## OUR FAMILY: A DOMESTIC NOVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER I.—WE ARE BORN.

THE clock struck seven——

But the clock was a story-teller; for the true time was one, as marked by the short hand on the dial. The truth was, our family clock—an old-fashioned machine, in a tall mahogany case, and surmounted by three golden balls, as if it had belonged to the Lombards—was apt to chime very capriciously.

However it struck seven just as my father came down stairs from the bed-room, rubbing his hands, and whistling in a whisper, as his custom was when he was well pleased, and walking along the passage somewhat more than usual on his tiptoes, with a jaunty gait, he stepped into the sitting-room to communicate the good news. But there was nobody in the parlor except the little fairy-like gentleman, who walked jauntily to meet him, rubbing his hands, and silently whistling, in the old mirror,—a large circular one, presided over by some bronze bird, sacred perhaps to Esculapius, and therefore carrying a gilt bolus, attached by a chain to his beak.

From the parlor my father went to the surgery: but there was nobody there; so he repaired, perforce, for sympathy into the kitchen, where he found the maid, Kezia, sitting on a wooden chair, backed close against the whitewashed wall, her hands clasped in her lap, and her apron thrown over her head, apparently asleep and snoring, but in reality praying half aloud.

"Well, Kizzy, it's all happily over."

Kezia jumped up on her legs, and having acknowledged, by a bob, her master's presence, inquired eagerly "which sects?"

"Doublets, Kizzy, doublets. A brace of boys."

"What, twins! O, gimini!" exclaimed the overjoyed Kezia, her cheeks for a while glowing both of the same color. "And all doing well, missis and babes?"

"Bravely—famously—mother and all!"

"The Lord preserve her!" said Kezia with emphatic fervor—"the Lord preserve her and her progeny," pronouncing the last word so that it would have rhymed with mahogany.

"Progeny—with a soft g,"—muttered my father, who had once been a schoolmaster, and had acquired the habit of correcting "cakeology."

"Well, prodge, then," murmured Kezia, her cheeks again looking, but only for a moment, both of a color. For, by a freak of nature, one side of her face, from her eye to the corner of her mouth, was blotched with what is called a claret-mark—a large irregular patch of deep crimson, which my father, fond of odd coincidences, declared was of the exact shape of *Florida* in the map. Be that as it might, her face, except when she blushed, exhibited a diversity of color quite allegorical, one side as sanguine as Hope, and the other as pallid as Fear.

Now, a claret-mark is generally supposed to be "born with the individual;" whereas Kezia attributed her disfigurement to a juvenile face-ache, to relieve which, she had applied to the part a hot cabbage-leaf, but gathered unluckily from the red pickling brassica instead of the green one, and so by sleeping all night on it, her cheek had extracted the color. An explanation, offered in perfect

good faith; for Kezia had no personal vanity to propitiate. She had no more charms, she knew, than a cat—not any cat, but our own old shabby tabby, with her scrubby skin, a wall eye, and a docked tail. But in moral Beauty—if ever there had been an annual Book of it—Kezia might have had her portrait at full length.

Her figure and face were of the commonest human clay, cast in the plainest mould. Her clumsy feet and legs, her coarse red arms and hands, and dumpy fingers, her ungainly trunk, and hard features, were admirably adapted for that rough drudgery to which she unsparingly devoted them, as if only fit to be scratched, chapped, burnt, sodden, sprained, frost-bitten, and stuck with splinters. And if sometimes her joints stiffened, her back ached, and her limbs flagged under the severity of her labors, was it not all for the good of that family to which she sacrificed herself with the feudal devotion of a Highlander to his clan? In short, she combined in one ungainly bundle of household virtues, all the best qualities of our domestic animals and beasts of burthen—loving and faithful as the dog, strong as a horse, patient as an ass, and temperate as a camel. At nineteen years of age she had engaged herself to my mother as a servant of all work; and truly, from that hour, no kind of labor, hot or cold, wet or dry, clean or dirty, had she shunned: never inquiring whether it belonged to her place, but toiling, a voluntary slave, in all departments; nay, as if her daily work were not enough, sleep-walking by night into parlor and kitchen, to clean knives, wash up crockery, dust chairs, or polish tables!

To female servants in general, and to those in particular who advertise for small families, where a footman is kept, the advent of two more children would have been an unwelcome event: perhaps equivalent to a warning. Not so with Kezia. Could one have looked through her homely bosom into her heart, or through her plain forehead into her brain, they would have been found rejoicing beforehand in the double, double toil and trouble of attending on the twins. My father's thoughts were turned in the same direction, but with a gravity that put an end to his sub-whistling, and led him, half in jest and half in earnest, to moralize aloud.

"Two at once, Kizzy, two at once—there will be sharp work for us all. Two to nurse—two to suckle—two to wean—two to vaccinate (he was sure not to forget that!)—two to put to their feet—"

"Bless them!" ejaculated Kezia.

"Two to cut their teeth—two to have measles, and hooping-cough—"

"Poor things!" murmured Kezia.

"Ay, and what's worse, two more backs to clothe; and two more bellies to fill—and I can't ride on two horses, and pay two visits at once."

"You must double your fees, master."

"No, no, Kizzy, that won't do. My patients grumble at them already."

"Then I'd double their physicking, and order two draughts, and two powders, and two boxes of pills, instead of one."

"But how will they like such double drugging, Kizzy—supposing that their constitutions are strong enough to stand it?"

Kezia was silent. She had thrown out her suggestion for the benefit of the family; and beyond that limited circle her mind never revolved. Her sympathies began, and, like Domestic Charity, ended at home. Society, and the large family of human kind in general, she left to shift for themselves.

The conversation having thus dropped, my father crept up stairs again, to see how matters were going on overhead; whilst the maid proceeded to answer a muffled knock at the front door, followed by an attempt to ring the night bell, but which had been completely dumb-founded by Kezia with paper and rag. The appellant was Mr. Postle, the medical assistant.

"A nice night for a ride through the Fens," grumbled the deputy-doctor, shaking himself in his great coat, like a wet water-dog, before he followed the maid into the kitchen, where he seated himself in his steaming clothes before the fire.

"Mr. Postle!"

Mr. Postle looked up to the speaker, and saw her hard features convulsively struggling into what bore some distant resemblance to a smile.

"Mr. Postle!" and her voice broke into a sort of hysterical chuckle. "You don't ask the news?"

"What news?"

"What! Why, there's an increase of the family!" said Kezia, her face crimson on both sides with the domestic triumph. "We've got twins!"

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Postle. "Better one strong one, than two weakly ones."

"Weakly!" exclaimed Kezia; "why, they're little Herculeses. Our babbies always are."

A suppressed laugh caused the assistant and Kezia to look round, and they beheld, close beside them, the nurse, Mrs. Prideaux. It was one of her peculiarities that she never shuffled about slipshod, or in creaking leather; but crept along, noiselessly as a ghost, in a pair of list mocassins: and thus taking advantage of my father's visit to the bed-chamber, she had descended for a little change to the kitchen.

A very superior woman was Mrs. Prideaux: quite the attendant for an aristocratic invalid, lying in down, beneath an embroidered quilt, and on a laced pillow. She was never seen in that slovenly dishabille, so characteristic of females of her profession; no, you never saw *her* in a slatternly colored cotton gown, drawn up through the pocket-holes, and disclosing a greasy nankeen petticoat with ticking pockets—nor in a yellow nightcap, tied over the head and under the chin with a blue and white birds-eye handkerchief—looking like a Hybrid, between a washerwoman and a watchman. A pure white dimity robe, tied with pale green ribands, was her undress. Her personal advantages were very great. Her figure was tall and genteel; her features were small and regular—so different to those dowdy Dodo-like creatures, bloated, and ugly as sin, who are commonly called "nusses." Then she did not take snuff; nor ever drank gin or rum, neat or diluted: a glass of foreign wine or liqueur, or brandy, if genuine Cognac, she would accept; but beer, never. No one ever heard her sniff, or saw her spit, or trim the candle-snuff with her fingers. And if ever she dozed in her chair, as nurses sometimes must, she never snored: but was lady-like even in her sleep. Her language was not only free from vulgarisms and provincialisms, but so choice as to be generally described as "book English." You never heard Mrs. Prideaux blessing her stars, or invoking Goody Gracious, or asking Lawk to have mercy on her, or asseverating by Jingo. She would have died ere she would have complained of her lines, her rheumatiz, her lumbargo, or the molligrubs. Such broad coarse words could never pass those thin compressed lips. But perhaps the best test

of her refined phraseology was, that though the word was so current with mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, gossips, and servants of both sexes, that it rang in her ears, at least once in every five minutes, she never said—babby.

In nothing, however, was Mrs. Prideaux more distinguished from the sisterhood, than the tone of her manners: so affable, yet so dignified—and above all, that serene self-possession under any circumstances, supposed to accompany high breeding and noble birth. Thus, nobody ever saw her flustered, or non-plush'd or at her wit's ends, or all in a twitter, or nervous, or ready to jump out of her skin; but always calm, cool, and correct. She hinted, indeed, that she was a reduced gentlewoman, deterred by an independent spirit from accepting the assistance of wealthy and titled connexions. In short, she was a superior woman, so superior, that many a calculating visitor who would have tipped another nurse with a shilling, felt compelled to present a half-crown, if not a whole one, to Mrs. Prideaux, and even then with some anxiety as to her reception of the offering.

Such was the prepossessing person, whose presence notwithstanding was so unwelcome to the medical assistant, that her appearance in the kitchen seemed the signal for his departure. He rose up instantly from his chair, but halted a moment to ask Kezia if there had been any applications at the surgery in his absence.

"Yes, the boy from the curate's, for some more of the paradoxical lozenges: he says he can't preach without em."

"Paregorical. Well!"

"And widow Wakeman with a complaint——."

"Ah! in her hip."

"No, in her mouth, that she have tried the Scouring Drops, and they won't clean marble."

"I should think not—they're for sheep. Well!"

"Only a prescription to make up. Pulv. something—aqua, something—summon'd, and cock-leary."

"Anything else?"

"O yes, a message from the great house about the Brazen monkey."

"Curse the Brazil monkey!" and snatching up a candle, Mr. Postle yawned a good night apiece to the females, and with half-closed eyes stumbled off to bed.

"A quick-tempered person," observed Mrs. Prideaux, as soon as the subject of her comment was beyond earshot.

"Yes, rather caloric," she meant choleric. As an exception to her simple habits Kezia was fond of hard words, perhaps because they were hard, just as she liked hard work.

"Well, Kezia, you observed the clock?"

"The clock, Ma'am!"

"Yes. The precise date of birth is of vast importance to human destiny."

"O, for their fortune telling! I never thought of it—never!" And the shocked Kezia began to heap on herself, and her sieve of a head, the most bitter reproaches.

"No matter," said the nurse. "I *did* mark the time exactly." And as she spoke she drew from her bosom, and gazed at, a handsome enamelled watch, with a gold dial, and a hand that marked the seconds.

"You are aware that one of the twin infants was born before, and the other after, the hour of midnight?"

"No, really!" exclaimed Kezia, her dull eyes

brightening at the prospect of a double festival. "Why, then, there will be two celebrated birth-days!"

"The natal hour involves matters of much deeper importance than the keeping of birth days," replied the nurse, with a startling solemnity of tone and manner. "Look here, Kezia," and returning the watch to her bosom, she drew forth a little blue morocco pocket-book, from which she extracted a paper inscribed with various signs and a diagram. "Do you know what this is?"

"I suppose," said Kezia, turning the paper upside down, after having looked at it in every other direction, "it is some of Harry O'Griffis's characters."

"Not precisely hieroglyphics," said the nurse. "It is a scheme for casting nativities. See, here are the Twelve Houses—the first, the house of Life; the second, of Riches; the third, of Brethren; the fourth, of Parents; the fifth of Children; the sixth, of Health; the seventh, of Marriage; the eighth, of Death; the ninth, of Religion; the tenth, of Dignities; the eleventh, of Friends; and the twelfth, of Enemies."

"And in which of those houses were our two dear babbies born?" eagerly asked Kezia.

Mrs. Prideaux looked grave, sighed, and shook her head so ominously, that Kezia turned as pale as marble, her very claret-mark fading into a scarcely perceptible tinge of pink.

"Don't say it—don't say it!" she stammered, while the big tears gathered in her eyes: "What! cut off precociously like blighted spring buds!"

"I did not say death," replied the nurse. "But there are other malignant signs and sinister aspects, that foretell misfortunes of another kind—for instance, poverty. But hush——" and she held up a warning forefinger whilst her voice subsided into a whisper.

"I hear your master. Leave your door ajar, and I will come to you presently in your own room." So saying, she rose and glided spectre-like from the kitchen—where she left Kezia staring through a haze, damp as a Scotch mist, at a vision of two little half-naked and half-famished babes turning away, loathingly, from a dose of parish gruel, administered by a pauper nurse, with a work-house spoon.

#### CHAPTER II.—OUR HOROSCOPE.

A LONE hour had worn away, and still Kezia sat in her attic with the door ajar, anxiously expecting the promised visit from the mysterious nurse. Too excited to sleep, she had not undressed, but setting up a rushlight, seated herself on the bed, and gave full scope to her foreboding fancies, till all the round bright spots, projected from the night shade on the walls and ceiling, appeared like so many evil planets portending misfortunes to the new-born. From these reveries she was roused by a very low, but very audible whisper, every syllable clear and distinct as the sound of a bell.

"Whose room is that in front?"

"Mr. Postle's."

"Can he overhear us through the partition?"

"No, not a word."

"You are certain of it?"

"Yes, I have tried it."

"Very good." And Mrs. Prideaux having first carefully closed the door, seated herself beside the other female on the bed. "I have left the mother and her lovely twins in a sound sleep."

"The little cherubs!" exclaimed Kezia. "And must they, will they, sink so low in the world, poor things! Are they unrevocably marked out for such unprosperous fortunes in life?"

"They must—they will—they are. Listen, Kezia! I have not been many days, not many hours under this roof; but my art tells me that the wolf already has more than looked in at the door—that the master of this house knows, by experience, the bitter trials of a poor professional man—the difficulties, the cruel difficulties, of one who has to keep up a respectable appearance with very limited means."

"The Lord knows we have!" exclaimed Kezia, quite thrown off her guard. "The struggles we have had to keep up our genteelity! The shifts we have been obligated to make—as well as our neighbors," she added hastily, and not without a twinge of mortification at having let down the family by her disclosures.

"I understand you," said Mrs. Prideaux, with a series of significant little nods. "Harassed, worried to death, for the means to meet the tradesmen's bills, or to take up overdue acceptances. I know it all. The best china, and linen parted with to help to make up a sum, (Kezia uttered a low inward groan,) the plate in pledge, (another moan from Kezia,) and the head of the family even obliged to absent himself, to avoid personal arrest."

"She is a witch, sure enough," said Kezia to herself. "She knows about the baileys."

"Yes—there have been sheriff's officers in this very house," continued the nurse, as if reading the secret thought of the other. "Nor are the circumstances of your master much mended even at the present time,"—and she fixed her dark eyes on the pale blue ones, that seemed to contract under their gaze like the feline organ under excess of light—"at this moment, when there are not six bottles of what, by courtesy, we will call sherry, in his cellar, nor as many guineas in his bureau."

"Why, as to the wine," stammered Kezia, "we have had company lately, and I would not answer for a whole dozen; but as regards the pecuniary, I feel sure—I know—I'm positive there's nigh a score of golden guineas in the house, at this blessed moment—let alone the silver and the copper."

"Your own, perhaps?"

Kezia's face seemed suddenly suffused all over with claret, and felt as hot too as if the wine had been mulled, at being thus caught out in an equivocation, invented purely for the credit of the family.

"In a word," said the nurse, "your master is a needy man; and the addition of two children to his burthens will hardly improve his finances."

"But our practice may increase," said Kezia. "We may have money left to us in a legacy—or win a grand prize in the lottery."

"I wish it was on the horoscope," said Mrs. Prideaux, looking up at the ceiling, as if appealing through it to the planetary bodies. "But the stars say otherwise. Rash speculations—heavy losses by bad debts—and a ruinous Chancery suit, as indicated by the presence of Saturn in the twelfth house."

"Satan!" ejaculated Kezia, with a visible shudder. "If he's in the house, there'll be chancery suits no doubt, for he is in league they say with all the lawyers, from the judges down to the 'turneys.'"

"And with litigation," said the nurse, "will come rags and poverty, ay, down to the second and third generations."

"What, common begging—from door to door?"

"Alas, yes—mendicancy and pauperism."

"Never!" said Kezia, with energy, starting up from the bed, and holding forth her clumsy, coarse hands, with their ruddy digits, like two bunches of radishes to tempt a purchaser—"Never! whilst I can work with these ten fingers!"

"Of course not, my worthy creature, only don't be quite so vehement—of course not. And, as far as my own humble means extend, you shall not want my poor coöperation. I have already devoted my nursing fee and perquisites, whatever may be the amount, towards a scheme that will help to secure the little innocents from absolute want. There is a society, a sort of masonic society of benevolent individuals, privately established for the endowment of such unfortunate little mortals. For a small sum at the birth of a child, they undertake to pay him, after a certain age, a yearly annuity in proportion to the original deposit—a heavenly plan, devised by a few real practical Christians, who delight in doing good by stealth; and especially to such forlorn beings as are born under the influence of a malignant star. Now the year that threatens our dear darling twins is the seventh; a tender age, Kezia, to be left to the charity of the wide world!"

Poor Kezia turned as white as ashes; and for some minutes sat speechless, writhing her body and wringing her hands, as if to wring tears out of her finger ends. At last, in a faltering voice, she inquired how much seventeen guineas would grow into, per annum, in seven years.

"Why, let me see;" and Mrs. Prideaux began to calculate by the help of a massive silver pencil-case and her tablets; "seventeen guineas, for seven years, with interest—and interest upon interest—simple and compound—with the bonus, added by the society—why, it would positively be a little fortune—a good twenty pounds a year—enough at any rate to secure one, or even two persons, from absolute starvation."

Kezia made no reply, but darted off to a large iron-bound trunk which she unlocked, and then drew from it a little round wooden box, the construction of which, every one who has swallowed Ching's worm medicine, so celebrated some thirty or forty years ago, will very readily remember. Unscrewing one half of this box with a shrill screeching sound, that jarred the nerves of Mrs. Prideaux, and set all her small white teeth on edge, Kezia poured into her own lap, from a compartment formerly occupied by oval white lozenges, ten full weight guineas of the coinage of King George the Third; then turning the box, and opening the opposite half, with a similar *skreek*, and a fresh shock to the nerves and teeth of the genteel nurse, she emptied from the division, once filled with oval brown lozenges, eight half guineas, and nine seven shilling pieces, in all, seventeen guineas, the sum total of her hoarded savings since she had been at service.

"Then, take them," she said, holding out her apron by the corners, with the precious glittering contents, towards the nurse.

"Bless you—bless you, for a true Samaritan!" replied Mrs. Prideaux, passing her hand lightly across her eyelashes—whilst something like a tear glistened upon one of her fingers, but the radiance came from a brilliant ring. "I will add this bauble to the stock," said the nurse, drawing it off,

and throwing it into Kezia's apron. "But, my good girl, I am afraid you have contributed your all. You ought to consider yourself a little—you may be ill—or out of place. At any rate, reserve a trifle against a rainy day."

"No, no—don't consider me—take it all—all, every penny of it," sobbed Kezia. "The poor dear innocents! they are as welcome to it as my own little ones—at least, if I had any."

"To be sure it is for *them*,—one, two, three," said the nurse, counting the pieces separately into a stout green silk purse with gilt rings: "seventeen guineas exactly. With my own poor mite, and the ring, say twenty, or five and twenty, to be invested for the dear twins in the Benevolent Endowment Society, for children born under Malignant Planets."

"Oh! I do wish," exclaimed Kezia, with the abruptness of a sudden inspiration, "I do wish I knew the fortune-teller that prophesies for Moore's Almanack!"

The nurse turned her keen dark eyes on the speaker, and for a minute regarded her, as if, in the popular phrase, she would have looked her through and through. But the scrutiny satisfied her; for she said in a calm tone, that the name in question was very well known, as Francis Moore, physician.

"But people say," objected Kezia, "that Francis Moore is only his alibi," she meant, alias.

"It is *not* her name," replied Mrs. Prideaux, with a marked staccato emphasis on the negative and the pronoun. "But that is a secret. And now, mark me, Kezia—not a syllable of this matter to any one, and least of all to the parents. The troubles we know are burthensome enough to bear, without an insight into futurity. And to foresee such a melancholy prospect predestined to the offspring of their own loins."

"Oh! not for the world!" exclaimed Kezia, clasping her hands together. "It would kill them outright—it would break both their hearts! As for me, it don't signify. I'm used to fretting. Oh! if you knew the wretched sleepless hours I've enjoyed, night after night, when master was in his commercial crises with unaccommodating bills—he'd have had that money long and long ago, if I had had the courage to offer it to him; but he's as proud on some points as Lucifer. And, to be sure, we've not been reduced more than our betters, perhaps, at a chance time, when they could not get in their rents, or the steward absconded with them, or the stocks fell suddenly, or the bank was short of cash for the dividends, or the key of the bureau——"

She stopped short, for Mrs. Prideaux had vanished. So, after an exclamation of surprise and a thoughtful turn or two up and down her chamber, the devoted Kezia threw herself on her knees beside the bed, and prayed fervently for her master, her mistress, and the dear little progeny, till in that devout posture she fell asleep.

#### CHAPTER III.—WE ARE NAMED.

It is assuredly a mercy for humankind that we are born into this world of folly as we are, mere purblind, sprawling, oysterly squabs, with no more nous than a polypus, instead of coming into it with our wits ready sharpened, and wide awake as young weasels! Above all, it is providential that we are so much more accessible to lachrymose than ludicrous impressions; more prone to tears, squallings, sobs, sighs, and blubberings, than to broad grins or crowing like chanticleer. For,

while at a royal or imperial establishment, one Fool has generally been deemed sufficient; at the court of a Lilliputian Infant or Infanta, it seems to be held indispensable that every person who enters the presence must play the zany or buffoon, and act, talk, sing, cut, and pull, such antics, gibberish, nonsense, capers, and grimaces, that nine tenths of the breed of babies, if their fancies were at all ticklesome, must needs die of ruptured spleen, bursten blood-vessels, split sides, or shattered diaphragms. Yes, nine tenths of the species would go off in a guffaw, like the ancient who lost his breath in a cachinnation, at seeing an ass eating figs. For truly that donkey was nothing to the donkeys, nor his freak worth one of his figs, compared to the farcialities exhibited by those he and she animals who congregate around the cots and cradles of the nursery.

Thus, had our own little vacant goggle eyes at all appreciated, or our ignorant sealed ears at all comprehended, the absurdities that were perpetrated, said and sung, daily and hourly, before and around us, my Twin-Brother and myself must inevitably, in the first week, have choked in our pap, and died, strangled in convulsion fits of inextinguishable laughter, or perhaps jaw-locked by a collapse of the overstrained risible muscles.

It would have been quite enough to shatter the tender lungs and midriff of a precocious humorist, to have only seen that ungainly figure which so constantly hung over us, with that strange variegated face, grotesquely puckering, twisting, screwing its refractory features to produce such indescribable cacklings, chucklings, and chirrupings;—to have heard her drilling that impracticable peacocky voice, with its rebellious falsetto, and all its mazy wanderings, from nasal to guttural, from guttural to pectoral, and even to ventral, with all its involuntary quaverings, gugglings, and gratings,—into a soothing lullaby, or cradle hymn. It must have asphyxiated an infant, with any turn for the comic, to have seen and heard that lo-like creature with her pied red and white face, lowering—

"There's no ox a-near thy bed!"

or that astounding flourish of tune, accompanied by an appropriate brandishing of the mottled upper limbs, with which she warbled—

"Tis thy Kizzy sits beside thee,  
And her harms shall be thy guard."

It was ten thousand mercies, I say, that the stolid gravity of babyhood was proof against such sounds and spectacles; not to forget that domestic conclave, with its notable debate as to the names to be given to us in our baptism.

"For my own part," said my mother, enthroned in a huge dimity covered easy chair, "I should like some sort of names we are accustomed to couple together, so as to make them out for a pair of twins."

"Nothing more easy," said my father.  
"There's Castor and Pollux."

"Was Castor the inventor of castor oil?" inquired my mother, in the very simplicity of her heart.

"Why, not exactly," replied my fatherly, suddenly rubbing his nose as if something had tickled him. "He was invented himself." An answer, by the way, which served my other parent as a riddle for the rest of the day.

"And what was their persuasion?"

"Heathen, of course."

"Then they shall never stand sponsors for children of mine," said my mother, whose religious sentiments were strictly orthodox. "But are there no other twin brothers celebrated in history?"

"Yes," replied my father. "Valentine and Orson."

"Why one—one—one of them," exclaimed Kezia, stuttering in her eagerness—"one of them was a savage, like Peter the Wild Boy, and sucked a she-bear!"

"Then they won't do," said my mother, in a tone of great decision.

"And Romulus and Remus are equally ineligible," said my father, "for they were suckled by a she-wolf."

"Bless me!" exclaimed my mother, lifting up her hands, "the ferocious beasts in those days must have been much tamer and gentler than in ours. I should be sorry to trust flesh and blood of mine to such succedaneums for wet-nurses."

"And what would be your choice, Kizzy?" inquired my father, turning towards the maid of all work, who, by way of employing both hands and feet, had volunteered to rock the cradle, whilst she worked at the duplicate baby-linen, so unexpectedly required.

"Why then," said Kezia, rising up to give more weight to the recommendation, "if that precious pair of infants was mine, I'd christen them Jachin and Boaz."

"The pillars of the temple"—said my father. "But suppose, Kizzy, the boys chose to go into the army and navy?"

"They would fight none the worse," said Kezia, reddening, "for having Bible names!"

"Nor better," said my father, *sotto voce*. "And now, perhaps Mrs. Prideaux will favor us with her opinion!"

But the genteel nurse, with a sweet smile, and in her silvery voice, declined advising in such a delicate matter; only hinting, as regarded her private taste, that she preferred the select and euphonious, as a prefix. Her own son was named Algernon Marmaduke Prideaux.

"Perhaps," said my father, leaning his head thoughtfully on one side, and scratching his ear, "perhaps Postle could suggest something. His head's like an Encyclopedia."

"He have," said Kezia, suspending for a moment her needlework and the rocking of the cradle.

"He's for Demon and Pithy."

"For what!" exclaimed my mother, —

"Demon and Pithy."

"Phoo, phoo—Damon and Pythias," said my father, "famous for their friendship, like David and Jonathan, in the classical times."

"Then they're heathens, too," said my mother, "and won't do for godfathers to little Christians."

A dead pause ensued for some minutes, during which nothing was audible but my father's ghost of a whistle, and the gentle creak, creak, of the wicker cradle. The expression of my mother's face, in the meantime, changed every moment for the worse; from puzzled to anxious, from anxious to fretful.

"Well, I do wish," she exclaimed at last, just at the tail of a long sigh, "I do wish, George, that you would think of some name for our twins. For, of course, you don't wish them to grow up anonymous like Tobit's dog!"

"Of course not," replied my father. "But I

can hit on only one more suggestion. Supposing the infants to be remarkably fine ones —"

"And so they are!" put in Kezia.

"And of an uncommon size for twins —"

"They're perfect Herculeuses," cried Kezia.

"What think you of Gog and Magog?"

"Fiddle and fiddlestick!" exclaimed my mother in great indignation. "But I believe you would joke on your death-bed."

"Rabelais did," said my father. "But come," he added in his genuine serious voice, for he had two, a real and a sham Abraham one, "it is my decided opinion that we could not do better than to name the children after your brother. He is wealthy, and a bachelor; and it might be to the advantage of the boys to pay him the compliment."

"I have thought of that too," said my mother.

"But my brother does n't shorten well. Jinkins Rumbold is well enough; but you wouldn't like to hear me, when I wanted the children, calling for Jin and Rum."

"Pshaw!" said my father, "I am philosopher enough to bear that for the chance of a thumping legacy to our sons."

The genteel nurse, Mrs. Prideaux, backing this worldly policy of my father's with a few emphatic words, my mother concurred; and, accordingly, it was decided that we should be called after Jinkins Rumbold; the Jinkins being assigned to my twin brother, the first-born, and the Rumbold to my "crying self."

It is usual, however, in dedicating works, whether of Art or Nature, in one or two volumes, to ask previously the permission of the dedicatee. To obtain this consent, it was necessary to write to our Godfather Elect: and accordingly my father retired to the parlor, and seated himself, on epistolary deeds intent, at the old escritoire. But my parent was an indifferent letter-writer at the best; and the task was even more perplexing than such labors usually are. His brother-in-law was a formalist of the old school; an antiquarian in dress, speech, manners, sentiments, and prejudices, whom it would not be prudent to address in the current and familiar style of the day. The request, besides, involved delicate considerations, as difficult to touch safely, as impossible to avoid. In this extremity, after spoiling a dozen sheets of paper and as many pens, my father had recourse, as usual, to Mr. Postle, who came, characteristically at his summons, with a graduated glass in one hand, and a bottle of vitriolic acid in the other. It was indeed one of his merits, that he identified himself, soul and body, with his business: so much so, that he was reported to have gone to an evening party with his handkerchief scented with spirits of camphor.

"Mr. Postle," said my father, "I want your opinion on a new case. Suppose a rich old hunk of a bachelor uncle, whom you wished to stand godfather to your twins, what would be your mode of treatment, by way of application to him?"

The assistant, thus called in to consultation, at once addressed himself, seriously, to the consideration of the case. But in vain he stared at the Esculapian bronze bird with the gilt bolus suspended from its beak, and from the bird, at the framed sampler, and thence to the water-color view of some landscape in Wales, and then at the stuffed woodpecker, and in turn at each of the black profiles that flanked the mirror. There was no inspiration in any of them. At last he spoke.

"If it's all the same to you, sir, I think if we

were to adjourn to the surgery, I could make up my mind on the subject. Like the authors, who write best, as I have heard, in their libraries, with their books about them, my ideas are always most confluent, when, in looking for them, my eyes rest on the drawers, and bottles, and gallipots. It's an idiosyncrasy, I believe, but so it is."

"So be it," said my father, gathering up his rough composing drafts, and hurrying, with Postle at his heels, into the surgery, where he established himself at the desk. The assistant in the mean time took a deliberate survey of all the wooden earthenware, and glass repositories for drugs, acid, salt, bitter, or saccharine; liquid, solid, or in powder.

"Now then, Postle," said my father, "how would you set to work to ask a rich old curmudgeon to stand sponsor to your children?"

"Why, then, sir," replied Postle, "in the first place, I would disclaim all idea of drawing upon him"—(and he glanced at a great bottle apparently filled with green tinsel, but marked "cantharides")—"or of bleeding him. Next I would throw in gentle stimulants, such as an appeal to family pride, and reminding him of your matrimonial mixture. Then I would exhibit the babies—in as pleasant a vehicle as possible—flavored, as it were, with cinnamon"—(he looked hard at a particular drawer)—"and scented with rose water. As sweet as honey"—(he got that hint from a large white jar)—"and as lively as leeches." (He owed that comparison to a great fact on the counter.)

"Very good," said my father.

"After that," continued Mr. Postle, "I would recommend change of air and exercise, namely, by coming down to the christening: with an unrestricted diet. I would also promise to make up a spare bed for him, according to the best prescriptions; with a draught of something comforting to be taken the last thing at night. Say, diluted alcohol, sweetened with sugar. Add a little essential oil of flummery; and in case of refusal, hint at a mortification."

"Capital!—Excellent!" exclaimed my father. And on this medical model he actually constructed a letter, before dinner time, which might otherwise have puzzled him for a week!

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE bed in the spare bed-room had been aired for my father: who between his attendance on my mother, and another lady in the same predicament, had never been out of his clothes for three successive nights. But the time for repose had arrived at last; he undressed hastily, and was standing in his night-gown and night-cap, his hand, with the extinguisher, just hovering over the candle, when he heard, or thought he heard, his name called from without. He stopped his hand and listened—not a sound. It had been only the moaning of the wind, or the creaking of the great poplar at the end of the house; and the hollow cone was again descending over the flame when his name was shouted out in a peremptory tone by somebody close under the window. There could be no mistake. With a deep sigh he put down the extinguisher—opened the casement, and put forth his head. Through the gloom he could just perceive the dark figure of a man on horseback.

"Who is there?"

"Why the devil," grumbled the fellow, "have you muffled the night-bell! I've rung a dozen times."

"Why?"—replied my father—"why, because my mistress is confined."

"I wish mine was," growled the man, "in a madhouse. You're wanted."

"To-night?"

"Yes: I'm sent express for you. You're to come directly."

"Where?"

"At the great house to be sure."

"Well, I'll come—or at any rate Mr. Postle—"

"No—you must come yourself."

My father groaned in spirit, and shuddered as if suddenly struck to the lungs by the night-air.

"Who is ill?" he asked; "is it Prince George?"

"No—it's the little"—the rest was lost in the sound of the horse's heels as the messenger turned and rode off.

My father closed the casement with a slam that nearly broke the jingling glass; and for some minutes stood ruefully looking from the candle to the bed, and from the bed to the chair with his clothes. But there was no remedy; with his rapidly increasing family he could not afford to slight a patient at the great house. So he plucked off his nightcap, threw it on the floor, and with both hands harrowed and raked at his hair, till every drowsy organ under it was thoroughly wakened up; then he dressed hastily, crept down stairs, wiped a bandana round his throat, struggled into his great coat, thrust on his worst hat, and, pocketing the door-key, stepped forth into the dark, damp, chill air. He thought he never felt so uncomfortable a night in his life, or encountered worse weather; but he thought a mistake. He had met with inferior qualities by fifty degrees. However there were disagreeables enough, wind and fog, and his road lay for half a mile on the border of a Lincolnshire river, and through a dreary neighborhood,—for out of Holland or Flanders, there was not such another village, so low and flat, with so much water, running and stagnant, in canals and ditches, amidst swampy fields growing the plant cannabis, or hemp—or with so many windmills, and bulrushes, and long rows of stunted willows, relieved here and there by an aspen, that seemed shivering with the ague. On he went, yawning and stumbling, past the lock, and over the bridge, and along by the row of low cottages, all as dark as death except one, and that was as dark as death too, in spite of its solitary bright window. For the doctor stopped as he went by to peep in at the narrow panes, and saw one of those sights of misery, that the eye of Providence, a parish doctor, a clergyman occasionally, and a parliamentary commissioner still more rarely, have to look upon. On the bed, if bed it might be called, for it was a mere heap of straw, matting, rushes, and rags, covered by a tattered rug, sat the mother, rocking herself to and fro, over the dead child, wasted to a skeleton, that was lying stark across her lap. Beside her sat her husband, staring steadfastly, stupid with grief at the frame of the rushlight, his hollow cheeks showing yellow, even by the candle light, from recent jaundice. Neither moved their lips. On the floor lay an empty phial, with the untasted medicine beside it in a broken tea-cup; there was a little green rush basket near the mother's feet, with a few faded butter-cups—the last toys. My father saw no more, for the light that had been flickering suddenly went out, and added Darkness to Sorrow and Silence.

In spite of his medical acquaintance with similar scenes of wretchedness, he was shocked at this startling increase of desolation; and for a moment was tempted to step in and offer a few words of consolation to the afflicted couple. But before his hand touched the latch, reflection reminded him from his experience, how inefficacious such verbal comfort had ever been with the poor, except from sympathizers of their own condition. In the emphatic words of one of his pauper patients, "When a poor man or woman, as low down in life as myself, talks to me about heaven above, it sounds as sweet-like as a promise of going back some day to my birth-place, and my father's house, the home of my childhood; but when rich people speak to me of heaven, it sounds like saying, now you're old and worn out, and sick, and past work, and come to rags, and beggary, and starvation, there's heaven for you—just as they say to one, at the last pinch of poverty—by way of comforting—there's the parish."

So my father sighed and walked on: those two wretched, sickly, sorrow-stricken faces, and the dead one, seeming to flash fitfully upon him out of the darkness, as they had appeared and vanished again by the light of the flickering candle. And with this picture of human misery in his mind's eye, he arrived at the Great House: and still carrying the dolorous images on his retina, across the marble hall, and up the painted staircase, and through the handsome antechamber, stepped with it, still vivid, into the luxurious drawing-room, that presented a new and very different scene of distress.

On her knees, beside the superb sofa, was the weeping lady of the mansion, bending over the little creature that lay shivering on the chintz cushion, with its arms hugging its own diminutive body, and the knees drawn up to the chest. Its dark almond-shaped eyes rolled restlessly to and fro: its tiny mouth seemed puckered up by suffering, and its cheeks and forehead were deeply wrinkled, as if by premature old age. The nurse, a young woman, was in attendance, so exhausted by watching that she was dozing on her feet.

As my father advanced into the room, he could distinguish the low moaning of the afflicted lady, intermixed with all those fond doting epithets which a devoted mother lavishes on her sick child. The moment she became aware of his presence she sprang up, with a slight hysterical shriek, and running to meet him, exclaimed,

"Oh! doctor, I am so glad you are come! I have been in agonies! My poor dear darling, Florio, is ill—going—dying;" and she sobbed aloud, and buried her face in her handkerchief.

My father hastily stepped past her, to the sofa, to look at the patient: and, at the risk of bursting, suppressed an oath that tingled at the very tip of his tongue. A single glance had filled up the hiatus in the groom's communication—the sufferer was a little Brazilian monkey.

My father's surprise was equal to his disgust, aggravated as it was by a vivid remembrance of the domestic distress he had so recently witnessed through the cottage window. His head, filled with that human bereavement, he had totally forgotten the circumstance that once before he had been summoned to the Great House on a similar errand—to prescribe for a sick lap-dog, named after an illustrious personage, at that time very popular, as Prince George. But the whispers of Prudence stifled the promptings of Indignation, reminding him just in time, that he was a poor



country practitioner, the father, within the last eight and forty hours, of a pair of twins. Accordingly he proceeded with all gravity to feel the pulse and examine the skin of the dwarf animal; laying his hand on the chest to estimate the action of the heart; and even ascertaining, at the expense of a small bite, the state of the tongue.

The weeping lady in the mean time looked on with intense anxiety, uttering incoherent ejaculations, and putting questions with unanswerable rapidity. "Oh, the darling!—my precious pet!—is he hot!—is he feverish? My little beauty!—Is n't he very, very ill? He don't eat, doctor—he don't drink—he don't sleep—he don't do anything—poor dear! Look, how he shivers! Can you—can you—do anything for him—my little love of loves! If he dies I shall go distracted—I know I shall—but you'll save him—you will, won't you? Oh do, do, do prescribe—there's a dear good doctor. What do you think of him—my suffering sweet one—tell me, tell me, pray tell me—let me know the worst—but don't say he'll die! He'll get over it, won't he—with a strong constitution!—Say it's a strong constitution. Oh, mercy! look how he twists about!—my own, poor, dear, darling little Flora!"

My father, during this farrago, felt horribly vexed and annoyed, and even looked so in spite of himself; but the contrast was too great between the silent, still, deep, sorrow—still waters are deep—for a lost child, and these garrulous lamentations over a sick brute. But the hard, cold, severe expression of his face gradually thawed into a milder one, as the idea dawned upon him of a mode of extracting good out of evil, which he immediately began to put into practice.

"This little animal,"—he intended to have said my little patient, but it stuck in his throat—"this little animal has no disease at present, whatever affection may hereafter be established unless taken in time. It is suffering solely from cold and change of climate. The habitat of the species is the Brazils; and he misses the heat of a tropical sun."

"Of course he does—poor thing!" exclaimed the lady. "But it is not my fault—I thought the Brazils were in France. He shall have a fire in his bed-room."

"It will do no harm, madam," said the doctor. "But he would derive infinitely more benefit from animal heat—the warmth of the human body."

"He shall sleep with Cradock!" exclaimed the lady, looking towards the drowsy young woman, who bit her lips and pouted: "and mind, Cradock, you cuddle him."

"I should rather recommend, madam," said my father, "a much younger bed-fellow. There is something in the natural glow of a young child peculiarly restorative to the elderly or infirm who suffer from a defect of the animal warmth—a fact well known to the faculty: and some aged persons even are selfish enough to sleep with their grandchildren, on that very account. I say selfish, for the benefit they derive is at the expense of the juvenile constitution, which suffers in proportion."

"But where is one to get a child from?" inquired the lady, perfectly willing to sacrifice the health of a human little one to that of her pet brute.

"I think I can manage it, madam," said my father, "amongst my pauper patients with large families. Indeed, I have a little girl in my eye."

"Can she come to night?" asked the lady.

"I fear not," said my father. "But to-morrow, ma'am, as early as you please."

"Then for to-night, poor dear, he must make shift with Cradock," said the lady, "with a good tropical fire in the room, and heaps of warm blankets."

(Poor Cradock looked hot, at the very thought of it.)

"And about his diet!" asked the lady—"it's heart-breaking to see his appetite is so delicate. He don't eat for days together."

"Perhaps he will eat," said my father, "for monkeys, you know, madam, are very imitative, when the child sets him the example."

"I'll stuff her!" said the lady.

"It can do her no harm," said my father; "on the contrary, good living will tend to keep up her temperature. And as her animal warmth is the desideratum, she must be carefully guarded against any chill."

"I'll clothe her with warm things," said the lady, "from head to foot."

"And make her take exercise, madam," added my father: "exercise in the open air, in fine weather, to promote the circulation of the blood, and a fine glow on the skin."

"Cradock shall play with her in the garden," said the lady; "they shall both have skipping-ropes."

"I can think of nothing else," said my father; "and if such careful treatment and tender nursing will not cure and preserve her, I do not know what will."

"Oh, it must, it will, it shall cure her, the darling precious!" exclaimed the delighted lady, clapping her jewelled hands. "What a nice clever doctor you are! A hundred, thousand, million thanks! I can never, never, never repay you; but, in the mean time, accept a slight token of my gratitude," and she thrust her purse into my father's hand.

For an instant he hesitated; but, on second thoughts, he pocketed her bounty, and with due thanks took his leave. "After all," he thought, as he stepped through the antechamber, "I am glad I was called in. The monkey may live or die; but, at any rate, poor little Betty Hopkins is provided for one while with a roof over her, and food, and raiment."

The night was finer; the weather, as he stepped into it, was wonderfully improved: at least he thought so, which was the same thing. With a light brisk step he walked homewards, whistling much above his usual pitch, till he came abreast of the cottage of mourning. There he stopped, and his sibilation sunk into silence, as the three melancholy faces, the yellow, the pale, and the little white one, again flashed on his memory. Then came the faces of his own twin children, but fainter, and soon vanishing. His hand groped warily for the latch, his thumb stealthily pressed it down; the door was softly pushed a little ajar, and the next instant, something fell inside with a chinking sound on the cottage floor. The door silently closed again, the latch quietly sunk into the catch; and my father set off again, walking twice as fast, and whistling thrice as loud as before. A happy man was he, for all his poverty, as he let himself in with the house key to his own home, and remembered that he had under its roof two living children, instead of one dead one. Quickly, quickly he undressed, and got into bed: and, oh! how soundly he slept, and how richly he deserved to sleep so, with that delicious dream that visited him in his slumbers, and gave him a foretaste of the joys of heaven!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE FREETHINKER.

"With us ther was a DOCTOUR OF PRISKE,  
In all this world ne was ther non him like  
To speke of phisike and of surgerie:

\* \* \*  
He knew the cause of every maladis,  
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,  
And wher engendered, and of what humour,  
He was a vera parfitte practitioner—

\* \* \*  
His studie was but litel on the Bible."

CHAUCER.

It was in the year 18—that I completed my professional education in England, and decided upon spending in Paris the two years which had still to elapse, before my engagement with my guardians would require me to present myself for examination and approval at the Royal College of Surgeons in London. The medical schools and hospitals of Paris were then, as now, famous for their men of science, and for the useful discoveries which clinical instruction—bedside ingenuity and industry—is morally certain to carry along with it. Whatever may be said of the French practitioners as a body—and my professional brethren, I know, bring against them, as a national reproach, the charge of inefficiency in the treatment of disease, (remarkable for acuteness and truth as their diagnosis is allowed to be)—still I think it will not be denied, that chiefly to the Parisian physicians, and to the untiring energy of particular individuals among them, whom it would not be difficult to name, are we indebted at this moment for some of the most important knowledge, that we possess—knowledge, be it understood, derived altogether from investigations diligently pursued at the patient's bedside, and obtained with the greatest judgment, difficulty, and pains. As I write, the honorable and European reputation of *Louis* occurs to my mind—an instance of universal acknowledgment rendered to genius and talents wholly or principally devoted to the alleviation of human suffering, and to the acquisition of wisdom in the form and by the method to which I have adverted.

A mere attempt to refer to the many and various obligations which the continental professors of medicine have laid upon mankind during the last half century, would fill a book. They were well known and spoken of in my youth, and the names of many learned foreigners were at that period associated in my bosom with sentiments of awe and veneration. It was some time after I had once resolved to go abroad, before I fixed upon Paris as my destination. *Langenbeck*, the greatest operator of his day, the *Liston* of Germany, was performing miracles in Hanover. *Tiedemann*, a less nimble operator, but a far more learned surgeon, had already made the medical schools of Heidelberg famous by his lectures and still valuable publications; while the lamented and deeply penetrating *Stromeyer*—the tutor of our own amiable and early lost Edward Turner—had established himself already in *Gottingen*, and drawn around him a band of enthusiastic students who have since done honor to their teacher, and in their turn become eminent among the first chemists of the day. With such and similar temptations from many quarters, it was not easy to arrive at a steady determination. I had hardly thought of Paris, when—as it often happens—a thing of a moment relieved me from difficulty and doubt, and helped me at once to a decision. A letter one morning by

the post induced me to set out for the giddiest and yet most fascinating of European cities. James M'Linnie—who, by the way, died only the other day of dysentery at Hong-Kong, a few hours after landing with the troops upon that luckless island—was an old hospital acquaintance, and, like me, cutting and heaving his way to fame and fortune. He had distinguished himself at Guy's, and quitted that school with every reasonable prospect of success in his profession. He had not only passed muster before the high and mighty court of examiners, but had received on the occasion the personal warm congratulations of Abernethy and Sir Astley Cooper; the former of whom, indeed, before he asked M'Linnie a question, gave him confidence in his peculiar way, by requesting him "not to be a frightened fool, for Mr. Abernethy was not the brute the world was pleased to make him out;" and after a stiff and rough examination shook the student heartily by the hand, and pronounced him "not an ass, like all the world, but a sensible shrewd fellow, who, instead of muddling his head with books, had passed his days, very properly, where real life was only to be met with"—*videlicet*, in the dead-house.

James M'Linnie was, at the time of which I speak, himself in Paris, and enthusiastic in his devotion to the indefatigable and highly-gifted teachers among whom he lived. He wrote to me, in the letter to which I have above adverted—the first I received from him after his departure from England—in the most glowing terms respecting them; and conjured me by the love I bore our glorious profession—by my ardent aspirations after fame, and by the strong desire which, he believed, I entertained with myself and the majority of men to serve and benefit my fellow-creatures—not to waste my precious hours in England, but to join him instantly "in the finest field of operations that the world presented." "We are pigmies in London," he continued in his own ardent fashion—"boys, children, infants—they are giants here. Such anatomists! such physicians! Fancy one of our first men, C—, for instance, standing for nearly one hour at the bed-side of a laboring man, and tracing the fellow's history step by step, patiently and searchingly, in order to arrive at the small beginnings of disease, its earliest indications, and first causes. I saw it done yesterday by one to whom C— could not hold a candle—a man whose reputation is continental—whose practice does not leave him a moment in the day for personal recreation—who is loaded with honors and distinctions. The students listen to him as to an oracle; and with cause. He leaps to no conclusions—his sterling mind satisfies itself with nothing but truth, and is content to labor after mere glimpses and intimations, which it secures for future comparison and study. Remind me when you come out—for come out you must—of the story of the baker. I will tell it you then in full. It is a capital instance of the professor's acuteness and ability. A patient came into the hospital a month ago; his case puzzled every one; nothing could be done for him, and he was about to be discharged. The professor saw him, visited him regularly for a week—watched him—noted every trifling symptom—prescribed for him;—in vain. The man did not rally—and the professor could not say what ailed him. One morning the latter came to the patient's bed-side and said, 'You tell me, *mon enfant*, that you have been a porter. Were you never in any other occupation?' 'Yes,' groaned

the poor fellow; I drove a cabriolet for a year or two——'Go on,' said the professor encouragingly. 'And then,' continued the man, 'and then I was at a boot-maker's; afterward at a saddler's—and at last a porter.' 'You have never worked at any other trade?' 'Never, sir.' 'Think again—be quite sure.' 'No—never, sir.' 'Have you never been a baker?' 'Oh, yes, sir—that was twenty years ago—and only for a few months; but I was so ill at the oven that I was obliged to give it up.' 'That will do, *mon enfant*—don't tire yourself, try and go to sleep.' In the lecture-room afterward, the professor addressed the students thus: 'Gentlemen—once in the course of my practice, I have met with the case of the porter, and only once. It is now eighteen years since. The patient was a baker—and I examined the subject after death. This man will die.' The lecturer then proceeded to describe minutely and lucidly the seat of the disease, its nature, and best treatment. He told them what might be done by way of alleviation, and directed them to look for such and such appearances after death. The man lingered a few days, and then departed. At the *post mortem*, the professor was found to be correct in every particular. What say you to this by way of memory and quick intelligence?' The letter went on to speak of the facility of procuring subjects—as cheap and plentiful, to use M'Linnie's phrase, "as herrings in England;" of the daily exhibition in the dissecting room of disease of all kinds, in all stages; of the enthusiastic natures of both teachers and pupils; or the earnest and inspiring character of hospital practice; and at last, wound up its flattering history with a peroration, that extinguished in an instant every spark of hesitation that lingered in my mind. In less than a fortnight after M'Linnie's summons, I was one of a mixed party in a diligence and eight, galloping over the high-road to Paris, at the rate of five statute miles an hour.

I had taken care to carry abroad with me an introduction to one influential member of the profession. I say *one*, because I refused, with deliberation, to *encumber* myself, as Doctor Johnson has it, with more help than was actually necessary to my well-doing. A travelling student, with a key to the confidence of one man of power and kindred spirit, has all that he can desire for every professional purpose. If his happiness depend upon social enjoyments, and he must needs journey with a messenger's bag, or be utterly miserable, let him by all means save his travelling expenses, and visit his natural acquaintances. My letter of credit was obtained from my friend H——, who at the time filled the anatomical chair at Guy's, and to whom I am grateful for more acts of real kindness than he is willing to allow. To this letter of credit, and to the acquaintance formed by its means, the reader is indebted for the curious history I am about to relate. That the former was likely to lead to something original and unusual, I certainly suspected when H—— placed the document in my hands, with his last words of caution and advice. I could hardly dream of half that was to follow.

"Pray, take care of yourself, Mr. Walpole," said my good friend; "you are going to a very dangerous and seductive city, and you will require all your firmness and good principles to save you from the force of evil example. Don't be led away—don't be led away—that is all, I beg of you."

"I shall be careful, sir."

"You will see in the medical students of Paris a different set of men to that which you have been accustomed to mix with here. There are some fine fellows among them—hard-working, bold, enterprising young men; but they are a strange body taken as a whole. Don't cotton too quickly with any one of them."

"Very well, sir."

"I am afraid you will find many highly improper notions prevalent among them—immoral, shocking, disgraceful. Pray, don't assume the manners of a Frenchman, Mr. Walpole—much less his vices. There are very few medical students in Paris who do not lead, I am sorry to say, a very disreputable life; and make it a boast to live in open shame. You must not learn to approve of conduct in Paris which you would have no hesitation in pronouncing criminal in London."\*

"Certainly not, sir."

"And let me, as a friend, entreat you, my dear sir, at no time forget that you are a Christian and a Protestant gentleman. Be sober and rational, and, if there be any truth in religion at all, do not make a mockery of it, by converting the Lord's day into a monstrous Saturnalia. Here is your letter."

I took the document, bowed, and read the superscription. It was addressed to Baron F——, chief surgeon at the Hotel Dieu, &c., &c., &c.

"I introduce you, Mr. Walpole," continued the anatomist, "to one of the most extraordinary men in Europe—and, what is more to the purpose, to one of the best. Warmer benevolence, a more eager anxiety to relieve and benefit his fellow-mortals, never burned in the heart of man. He is, unquestionably, incontestably the first surgeon of the day; as a man of science he is appealed to by the whole learned world—his practice is enormous, and the fortune he has amassed by his unwearied industry and perseverance immense; especially considered in reference to the career of the most successful surgeons in Paris, who, if I mistake not, have lived and died comparatively poor. Looked up to, however, as he is by the learned and the great, you will, I think, when you know him, agree with me in regarding his kindness to the helpless—his earnest solicitude for the disabled poor who come under his care—his unremitting attention to their complaints and wants, as constituting the worthy baron's chief excellence. We are old friends; and for my sake I am sure he will receive you well, and afford you all the assistance and information in his power. He will put you on your mettle; and you must be no lie-a-bed if you would profit by his instruction. At six in the morning you will find him daily at his post in the hospital; and, while sluggards are turning in their beds, he has prescribed for a hundred sick, and put them in spirits for the day by his words of tenderness and support."

"Did you study under the baron?" I inquired.

"I attended his lectures some years ago with the greatest advantage. I never in my life was more struck by the amount of knowledge possessed by one man. I attached myself to the

\* It was not until a few weeks after my arrival in Paris that I became acquainted with the fact, thus delicately pointed at by my modest friend Mr. H——. It would appear that no Parisian student of medicine can pursue his studies at home without assistance. A female friend, tutor, or whatever else she may be called, graced the lodgings of every one of my hospital friends.

professor, and he was pleased to admit me to his friendship. I have lately been surprised to hear his manners pronounced rough and even brutal, and his temper morose. For my own part—and I watched him closely—I saw nothing but gentleness, and an active disposition to do good at all times. The poor women and children in the hospital loved him as a father, and I have seen their pale cheeks flush, and dull eyes glisten as he approached their beds. This, I thought, bespoke anything but roughness and brutality in the surgeon. What say you?"

"It would seem so."

"Well—I have written the baron a long letter concerning myself and my own pursuits, believing that it will serve your interests better than a mere formal letter of introduction. He will, I am sure, be pleased to see you. Remember, Mr. Walpole, an opportunity like the present may never occur to you again. Be wise, and make the most of it."

Thus spoke my friend, and thus I received from him my credentials. My only object in Paris was the ostensible one for which I came; and accordingly, therefore, having secured a comfortable home with Madame Bichat, a worthy motherly person residing in the "*Rue Richelieu, vis-à-vis le Palais Royal*"—and having spent one long and gossiping evening with my ancient chum M'Linnie—I buckled at once to my work. Postponing all recreation and amusement until the time should arrive which would make them lawful and give them zest, I left my lodgings the second morning after my appearance in Paris, and made my way straight to the dwelling-house of my future patron. It was eleven o'clock, the hour at which the baron usually returned from the Hotel Dieu; five hours, viz., from six till eleven, A. M., being, as M'Linnie assured me, the time allotted daily to the poor by the conscientious and distinguished practitioner.

The baron was a bachelor, and he lived in first-rate style; that is to say, he had magnificent apartments, in which it was his delight to collect occasionally the united wit and learning of the capital, and a handsome table for his friends at all times; for his hospitality was unbounded. And yet his own daily habits were as simple and primitive as might be. When at home, he passed his hours in the library, and slept in the small bedroom adjoining it. The latter, like all dormitories in France, was without a carpet, and altogether no better furnished than a private ward in an English hospital. There was a small iron bedstead just large enough for a middle-sized bachelor in one corner—a washing apparatus in another—and a table and two chairs at some distance from both. The naked and even uncomfortable aspect of this apartment had an absolutely chilling effect upon me, as I passed through it on my way to the great man himself; for, strange to say, the only road to the library was through this melancholy chamber. Great men as well as small have their "whims and oddities." The baron was reported to have taken pains to make, what appeared to me, a very inconvenient arrangement. A door which had conducted to the library upon the other side of it had been removed, and the aperture in which it had stood blocked up, while the wall on this side had been cut away in order to effect an entrance. And what was the reason assigned for so much unnecessary labor? The baron had risen from nothing—had spent his early days in poverty and even misery; and he wished to perpetuate the remembrance of his early struggles, lest he should

grow proud in prosperity, and forgetful of his duties. The frequent sight of the few articles of furniture which had been his whole stock twenty years before, was likely, more than anything else, to keep the past vividly before his eyes, and he placed them therefore, to use his own words, as attributed to him by my informant, "between the flattery of the dazzling world without, and the silence of his chamber of study and meditation." They no doubt answered their object, in rendering the possessor at times low-spirited, since they were certainly likely to have that effect even upon a stranger. On the day of my introduction, however, I had little time for observation. My name had been announced, and I passed rapidly on to the *sanctum sanctorum*.

There is an aristocracy of MIND as well as an aristocracy of wealth and social station; and, unless you be a soulless Radical, you cannot approach a distinguished member of the order without a glow of loyal homage, as honorable to its object as it is grateful to your own self-respect. I entered the library of the far-famed professor with a reverent step; he was seated at a large table, which was literally covered with books, *brochures*, and letters opened and sealed. He was dressed very plainly, wearing over a suit of mourning a dark colored dressing-gown, which hung loosely about him. He was, without exception, the finest man I had ever seen, and I stopped involuntarily to look at and admire him. As he sat, I judged him to be upward of six feet in height—(I afterward learned that he stood six feet two)—he was stout and well proportioned—his chest broad and magnificent—his frame altogether muscular and sinewy. The face was full of authority and command—every feature handsome, including even the well drawn lip, in which there seemed to lurk scorn enough to wither you, if roused. The brow was full, prominent, and overhanging—the eye small, blue, and beaming with benevolence. Nature was mischievous when she brought that eye and lip in company for life. A noble forehead, made venerable by gray hairs above it—gray, although the baron was hardly in the vale of years—completed the picture which presented itself to my eye, and which I noted in detail in less time than I have drawn it here—imperfectly enough. The baron, who had received my letter of introduction on the preceding day, rose to welcome me. His first inquiries were concerning my friend H—, the next were in reference to my own plans—and he had much to say of the different professors of London, with whose works and merits he appeared thoroughly acquainted. I remained an hour with him; and some time before we parted I felt myself quite at home with my new acquaintance. During the conversation that took place upon this memorable morning, the name Z— occurred. The baron praised him highly: "his attainments as a surgeon," he said, "were very great;" and in other respects, he looked upon him as one of the most original and wisest men of the age. It will be remembered by my professional readers that Z—, although esteemed in England one of her finest surgeons, acquired an unenviable notoriety through the publication of certain physiological lectures, in which the doctrines of materialism and infidelity were supported, it must be allowed, with all the eloquence and power of a first-rate mind. With my own settled views of Christianity, early inculcated by a beloved mother—now alas! no more—I could not but regard the

highly gifted Z—— as an enemy to his species, who had unhappily abused the talents which Providence had given him for a better purpose. Such being the case, it was with some pain and great surprise that I listened to the encomiums from the lips of the baron; and I ventured to hint that the speaker had, in all probability, not heard of the infamous publication which had given so much sorrow and alarm to all well-governed minds in England.

"Le voila!" said the baron in reply, taking up a book from the table—"The noblest work of the age! Free from prejudice and bigotry of every kind—I found my opinion of the man upon this book. Had he done nothing else, he would have immortalized his name. Philosophy and science have hitherto borne him out in all his theories—will continue to bear him out, and eventually compel posterity to regard him as nothing short of the prophet and seer of nature. You may rely upon it, Z—— has, by the very force of intellect, arrived at conclusions which the discoveries of centuries will duly make good and establish."

I speak the simple truth when I aver that these words of the baron gave me infinite distress, and for a moment deprived me of speech. I hardly knew what to say or do. At first I suspected that I had made some unaccountable mistake, and brought my letter to the wrong individual. H——, who was almost a Puritan in religious matters, could never have spoken of his friend in such favorable terms, if he had been aware of the views which he so unscrupulously supported. A little reflection, however, convinced me that a mistake was impossible. There is nothing in this world more embarrassing than to sit in the presence of a superior, and be compelled to listen to statements which you feel to be false, and yet know not how with propriety to repel. My own youth, and the baron's profound learning and attainments, were barriers to the free expression of my thoughts; and yet I was ashamed to remain silent, and, as it were, a consenting party to the utterance of sentiments which I abhorred.

"I cannot hope," I managed to say at last, "that science will ultimately uphold his arguments, and prevent our relying as strongly as ever upon our old foundations."

"And why?" replied the baron quickly. "Why should we always be timid and blind followers of the blind? Is it a test of wisdom to believe what is opposed to reason, upon the partial evidence of doubtful witnesses? Is it weakness to engage all the faculties of the mind in the investigation of the laws by which this universe is governed? And if the perception of such immutable and eternal laws crushes and brings to nothing the fables of men whom you are pleased to call *writers by inspiration*, are we to reject them because our mothers and fathers, who were babes and sucklings at the breast of knowledge, were ignorant of their existence?"

"Newton, sir," I ventured to answer, "made great discoveries, and he revered these fables."

"Bah! Newton directed his gaze upward into a mighty and stupendous region, and he was awestricken—as who shall not be!—by what he there beheld. He worshipped the unseen power, so does this man; he believed in Revelation, so does he; but with him, it is the revelation which is made in that wondrous firmament above, and in the earth beneath, and in the glories that surround us. What knowledge had Newton of geology? what of

chemistry? what of the facts which they have brought to light?"

"Little, perhaps—yet!"——

"My good friend," continued the surgeon, interrupting me, "in the days of your grand *philosophie*—would that he were alive now!—there were no physical phenomena to reduce an ancient system of cosmogony to a mere absurdity—no palpable evidences of the existence of this earth thousands of years prior to its formation—you perceive?"

"I hear you, sir," I answered, gaining courage, "but I should, indeed, be sorry to adopt your views."

"Of course you would!" said the baron, curling his inauspicious lip, and giving expression to a feeling that looked very like one of contempt and ridicule. "You come from the land of melaacholy and bile—where your holidays are fasts, and your day of rest is one of unmitigated toil. You would be sorry to forego, no doubt, the prospect of everlasting torture and eternal condemnation. Mr. Z—— is too far advanced for you, I am afraid."

At this moment there was a knock at the door leading into the bedchamber. The servant-man of the baron presented himself, and announced a patient.

"Admit him," said the surgeon, and at the same time I rose to depart.

"Adieu!" said the baron, with an unpleasant smile; "we shall be very good friends notwithstanding your piety. I shall look after you. Remember six o'clock to-morrow morning at the Hotel Dieu. Be punctual, and do you hear, Mr. Walpole, think of me in your prayers."

This last expression, accompanied as it was by a very significant look, amounted to a positive insult; and I quitted the library and house of the baron, fully resolved never to set foot in either of them again. What an extraordinary delusion did poor H—— labor under, in respect to the character of his friend! Here was a Mentor to form the opinions, and regulate the conduct of a young gentleman stepping into life! Great as were his talents and acquirements, and much as I might lose by neglecting to cultivate his friendship, I resigned gladly every advantage rather than purchase the greatest, with the sacrifice of the principles which had been so anxiously implanted in my bosom, even from my cradle. I was hurt and vexed at the result of my interview. Everything had promised so well at first. I had been won by the appearance of the baron; I had been charmed with his discourse, and gratified by the terms in which he spoke of my future studies, and the help he hoped to afford me in the prosecution of them. Why had this unfortunate Mr. Z——, and his still more unfortunate book, turned up to discompose the pleasant vision? But for the mention of his name, and the introduction of his book, I might have remained forever in ignorance of the atheistical opinions which, in my estimation, derogated materially from the grace which otherwise adorned the teacher's cultivated mind. It is impossible for communion and hearty fellowship to subsist between individuals, whose notions on life's most important point, lie "far as the poles asunder." I did not expect, desire, or propose to seek that they should.

In the evening I joined M'Linnie at his lodgings, and gave him an account of the meeting. He laughed at me for my scruples.

"I knew all about it," said Mac, "but hardly thought it worth while to let you know it. H——

was quite right, too : the baron is not the man to-day that he was a dozen years ago. He is a rank infidel now ; he makes no secret of the thing, but boasts of it right and left : it is his great fault. He is an inconsistent fellow. If any one talks about religion, no matter how proper and fitting the time, he is down upon him at once with a sneer and a joke ; and yet he drags in his own opinions by the neck, at all seasons, on all occasions, and expects you to say *amen* to every syllable he utters."

"He must be very weak," said I.

"Must he?—very well. Then wait till you see him cut for *calculus*, or perform for *hernia*. Sit with him at the bedside, and hear him at his lectures. If you think him weak then, you shall be good enough to tell me what you call *strong*."

"But his principles——"

"Are certainly not in accordance with the Thirty-nine Articles ; but the baron does not profess to teach theology—nor did I come here to take his creed. So long as he is orthodox in surgery, I make no complaint against him. I have my own views ; and if they are relaxed and out of order now and then, why, the parson is the man to apply to, and not the baron. I must say one requires a dose of steel now and then, to keep right and tight in this bewitching capital."

There was worldly wisdom in the remarks of M'Linnie ; and before I quitted him I was satisfied of the propriety of paying every attention to the professional instruction of the surgeon, without committing myself, by visiting him as a friend, to an approval of his detestable principles ; and accordingly, at two minutes to six o'clock, I presented myself at the hospital on the following morning. Many students were already in attendance, and precisely at six o'clock the baron himself appeared. He bowed to the students as a body, and honored me with a particular notice.

"Eh bien, jeune Chrétien !" he said, shaking me by the hand, "have you prayed for my reformation ? It is very remiss of you if you have not done so. You know I made you yesterday my father-confessor."

There was immediately a general laugh from the students—medical students being, it should be known, the most unblushing parasites on record.

These words were spoken under the low portico of the building which forms, with its long ascent of steps, one side of the square in which the Cathedral of Notre-Dame has its principal entrance, and is certainly not one of the least interesting adjuncts of that magnificent edifice. We passed without further speech through the range of buildings within, the professor in our van, and in a minute or two found ourselves in a spacious, clean, and well-filled ward.

The surgeon took his seat at the foot of the first bed in the sick chamber, and the students crowded eagerly around him, evidently anxious not to lose a syllable that should fall from his lips. I shall never forget the lesson of that morning. The judgment, the penetration, the unflinching collectedness, and consummate skill of the surgeon, compelled my warmest admiration. I forgot our ground of disagreement in the transcendent ability that I beheld. His heart, and mind, and soul, were given up to his profession ; and his success was adequate to the price paid for its purchase. The baron was, however, a mass of contradiction. I discovered this before we had been an hour in the ward. It was clear that he had risen by the

sheer strength of great natural genius, and that he was lamentably wanting in all the agreeable qualities which spring from early cultivation and sound training. He was violent, sudden, and irregular in his temper and mode of speaking—when his temper and speech were directed against any but his patients. He had no regard for the feelings of men of his own rank ; and his language towards them was rather emphatic, than delicate and well-chosen. In his progress round the ward, he came to the bed of a man suffering from a diseased leg. He removed the bandage from the part, and asked, "what fool had tied it up so clumsily ;" *the fool*, as he well knew, being the house-surgeon at his side. Again, another practitioner at the hospital recommended a particular treatment in a particular case. This gentleman, the baron's colleague, was referred to as—"a child who had yet to learn the alphabet of surgery—who would have been laughed at twenty years ago, had he prescribed such antiquated nostrums—a weak child—a mere baby, gentlemen."—"How much !" I exclaimed mentally, time after time, "must this man have altered since H—— parted with him as his respected friend !" And yet in some regards he was not altered at all. There was the same consideration for the poor sufferers—the same attention to their many complaints and wants—the same tenderness and kind disposition to humor and pacify them, which H—— had dwelt upon with so much commendation. There was no hurrying from case to case—no sign of impatience at the reiterated unmeaning queries of the patients—no coarse jest at *their* expense—not a syllable that could wound the susceptibility of the most sensitive. Did one poor fellow betray an anxiety to take up as little of the baron's time as possible, and, speaking hurriedly, almost exhaust his little stock of feeble breath—it was absolutely touching to mark the happy mode in which the surgeon put the hurried one at his ease. Had these creatures, paupers as they were, been rich and noble—had they, strangers as they were, been brothers every one, he could not have evinced a tenderer interest on their behalf—a stronger disposition to do them service. In spite of myself, I loved the baron for condescending to these men of low estate.

It will not be necessary to dwell upon the proceedings of the place : I could extract from my notebook pages that would delight the medical reader, necessarily dry and tedious to the uninitiated. Suffice it to say, that many hours were spent in the surgical wards by this indefatigable surgeon : every individual case received his best attention, and was prescribed for as carefully as though a noble fee waited upon each. The ceremony being at an end, I was about to retire, agreeably surprised and gratified with all that I had seen.

"Arrêtez donc," said the baron, noticing my movement, and touching me upon the arm. "You are not fatigued ?"

"Not in the least," I answered.

"Come with me, then."

The baron, full of life and spirits, and with the air of a man whose day's work was only about to commence, bowed to the students, and tripped quickly down stairs. I followed as commanded, and the next moment I was in the baron's cabriolet, driving with that gentleman rapidly through the streets of Paris.

"Have you courage !" inquired the baron, suddenly.

"For what, sir !" I replied.

"To see an operation."

"I have been present at many, sir," said I—"some bad enough, too; and, I confess, I have been less womanish and weak beholding them than I felt this morning, witnessing your kindness to those poor creatures."

"Ah, poor creatures, indeed!" repeated the baron in a softer tone than any I had heard him use. "The poor need kindness, Mr. Walpole. It is all we can do for them. God help them! it is little of that they get. Poverty is a frightful thing, sir."

There were two circumstances that especially struck me in the delivery of this short speech. One was, that the eyes of an intrepid operator filled with tears while he adverted to a very commonplace subject; the other, that a confirmed atheist was inconsistent enough to invoke the Deity whose very existence he denied.

We drove on, and arrived at the hotel of one of the richest and most influential noblemen of France. The cabriolet stopped, and the gates of the hotel were thrown open at the same instant. A lackey, in the hall of the mansion, was already waiting for the baron, and we were bowed with much ceremony up the gilded staircase; we reached, at last, a sumptuously furnished chamber, where we found three gentlemen in earnest conversation. They were silent upon our entrance, and advanced, one and all, with great cordiality to salute the baron. The latter returned their salute with a distant and haughty politeness, which I thought very unbecoming.

"We were thinking——" began one of the party.

"How is the patient?" asked the baron, suddenly interrupting him.

The other shook his head despondingly, and the baron, as it were instinctively, unlocked a case of instruments, which he had brought into the room with him from his cabriolet.

"The inflammation has not subsided, then?"

"No."

"All the symptoms as before?"

"All."

"Let us see him."

The gentleman and the baron opened a door and passed into another room. As the door closed after them, I heard a loud and dismal groan. One of the two remaining gentlemen then asked me if I had been long in Paris.

I told him.

"Ah, you have n't seen the new opera, then?" said he—just as we should say, when put to it for conversation, What frightful, or what beautiful weather this is! Before I could reply, there was another fearful groan from the adjoining room, but my new acquaintance proceeded without noticing it.

"You have nothing like our *Académie* in London, I believe?"

I was about to vindicate the Italian Opera, when the two surgeons again appeared. The baron in a few words said, that there was nothing to be done but to operate, and at once, if the life of the patient were to be spared at all. The three practitioners—for such they were—bowed in acquiescence, and the baron prepared his instruments.

It is the fashion to speak of medical men slightly, if not reproachfully; to accuse them of practising solemn impositions, and of being, at the best, so many legalized charlatans. It is especially the mode of speaking among those who will

give "the doctor" no rest, and are not satisfied until they make that functionary the most constant visitor at their abodes. No one would have dared to breathe against the surgeon's sacred office, who could have seen, as I did, the operation which the baron performed this day. It has been done successfully three times within the memory of man; twice by himself, who first attempted it. It was grand to mark his calm and intellectual face—to see the hand—armed with the knife that cut for life or death—firm and unshaken as the mind that urged, the eye that followed, its unerring course. I could understand the worship that was paid to this incomparable master, by all that knew him. Within five minutes by the clock, and in the sight of men whose breathless admiration made them oblivious of the throes of the poor sufferer, the process was completed, and the endangered life restored. The baron left the fainting invalid, retired for a few seconds, and prescribed. He returned and felt his pulse—and then, turning to the man to whom he had first spoken, said:

"Should anything arise, sir, you will acquaint me with it."

"Unquestionably. He will do well!"

"No doubt of it. Good morning."

"Good morning baron," said the gentleman, obsequiously. "His excellency bore it wonderfully."

"Pretty well for an excellency. We don't notice these things in paupers. Now, Mr. Walpole."

And thereupon the baron turned upon his heels with such manifest disdain, that he lost half the credit which he had gained by his previous performance.

We sat for some time silent in the cabriolet. I was bursting to praise the baron, and yet fearful to speak, lest I should be insulted for my pains. At last, I became so excited that I could hold out no longer.

"Baron," said I, "I beg your pardon—it was the grandest thing I ever saw."

"I have seen a grander," said the surgeon, frowning, and pursing those unhappy lips of his again, "much grander, Mr. Walpole. I have seen a nobleman rolling in riches, flattered by his dogs, renowned for his Christian piety, refusing the supplications of a poor boy, who asked only a few coins to carry him through a cold and killing winter. The refusal might have been the lad's death—but he was refused. It was, as you say, a grand thing, but the lad has had his revenge to-day."

The baron drove to his own home. At his request I entered his library with him. He placed some books in my hand, which he believed would be of service to me; and, as we parted, he said kindly:

"Don't mind my rough ways, Mr. Walpole; I was educated in a rough school. I shall be glad to see you often. I have been disturbed. The father of that man, whose life, I verily believe, I have saved this day, hunted me many years ago from his door when I begged from him—condescended to beg from him—alms which his meanest servant would not have missed, and which I wanted, to save me from absolute starvation. I have never forgotten or forgiven him for the act—but I have had my revenge. This great man's son owes his life to the beggar after all. A good revenge, *n'est-ce pas?*"

I was very much disposed to consider the baron



subject to fits of temporary derangement: but I was wise enough to do nothing more than nod my head in answer to this appeal, leaving my questioner to interpret the action as he in his madness might think proper.

There was a hearty shake of the hand, another general invitation to his house, and a particular invitation to the hospital, where, as the baron very reasonably observed, "All the knowledge that could serve a man in after life was hoarded up"—and then I made my bow, and took my departure.

Three months passed like so many days, in the midst of occupation at once the most inspiring and satisfactory; and during the whole of that period, I am bound to acknowledge the treatment of the baron toward me to have been most generous and kind. In spite of my own resolutions, I had attached myself to the professor by a feeling of gratitude, which it was not easy to extinguish or control. His wish to advance me in the knowledge and understanding of my profession was so earnest, the pains he took to communicate the most important results of his own hard-earned experience so untiring, that, had I not felt a heavy debt of obligation, I must have been a senseless underserving wretch indeed. The baron was manifestly well-disposed toward me, and in spite (it might have been with so strange a character, by very reason) of our religious differences, he lost no opportunity of bringing me to his side, and of loading me while there with precious gifts. I attended the professor at the hospital, at the houses of his patients, in his own private study.

He was flattering enough to say that he liked to have me about him—that he was pleased with my straightforward character, and with the earnestness with which I worked. I trust it was not his good opinion alone that induced me, in opposition to my first resolution, by degrees to associate with the baron, until at length we became intimate and almost inseparable friends. I would not acknowledge this to my own conscience, which happily never suffered me to violate a principle, or yield an inch of righteous ground. The baron persevered in his attacks upon our sacred religion. I, grown bolder by long familiar acquaintance, acted as firmly upon the defensive: and I must do myself the justice to assert, that the soundness of fair argument suffered no injury from the light weapon of wit and ridicule which my friend had ever at command.

It was a fine morning in the early spring, and I sat with the baron as usual in his library. On this occasion I was helping him in the completion of a series of plates, which he was about to publish, in connection with a work on cancer—a book that has since made a great sensation upon the continent. The engraver had worked from the professor's preparations under the eye of the latter; but a few slight inaccuracies had crept into the drawings, and the baron employed me in the detection of them. We were both fully occupied; I with the engravings; he with his lecture of the day—and we were both very silent, when we heard a loud ringing of the porter's bell. The baron at the same time looked at his watch, and resumed his pen. A note was then brought to him by his servant. It was read, and an answer given.

"Say I will be there at four o'clock."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the servant, "but the prince's chasseur who gave me the note, desired me to add that the prince wished to see you immediately."

"Very well, sir," answered the baron haughtily. "He has delivered his master's message—do you deliver mine. I am busy, very busy—and cannot see the prince till four o'clock. That is the answer."

The servant knew his master, and left the room immediately.

"These insufferable nobles!" exclaimed the baron; "they imagine that mankind was invented for their pleasure and amusement—to be their footballs. Does this man think we have nothing better to do than to humor his fancies, and attend to every ailment that waits upon his gross appetite. He makes a god of his belly, is punished for his idolatry, and then whines by the hour to his doctor."

"Is he not ill, then?" I inquired.

"He may be—but that is no reason why my students are to be neglected for a prince. He must come in his turn, with all the rest. I allow no distinctions in my practice. Suffering is suffering—the pain of the peasant is as acute as the smart of the king. Proceed with the drawings, Mr. Walpole."

In less than a quarter of an hour, there was a fresh disturbance. The servant knocked softly at the door, and entered timidly.

"Here is a dirty woman at the gate, sir," began the man. "I have told her that you were engaged and could n't speak to her, but she would not move until I had brought you this letter. She is a dirty creature, sir."

"Well, you have said that once before," answered the baron, taking the note—if a soiled strip of paper, with blots, erasures, and illegible characters may deserve that title. The baron endeavored to read it; but failing, requested François to show the poor woman up.

She appeared, and justified the repetition of François. She was indeed very far from being clean; she had scarcely a rag upon her back—and seemed, in every way, much distressed.

"Now, my good woman," said the professor very tenderly, "tell me what it is you want, as quickly as you are able to do it, and I will help you if it be in my power."

The woman, bursting into tears, proceeded to say that "she resided in the Quartier St. Jacques—that her husband was a water-carrier."

"A what?" asked the professor quickly, as if he had missed the word.

"A water-carrier, sir."

"Go on."

"That he had come from Auvergne—had fallen into a dreadful state of disease through want of nourishment and fuel during the winter—that he was now lying without a crust of bread or a particle of fire—and that she was sure he must die, leaving her and her children to be thrown into the world. She filled up her short narrative with many harrowing details, and finished by imploring the surgeon to come and save her husband if he could. "We will pay you, sir, all that we are able—if he gets to work again: and if he should n't, God, I am sure, will not listen to your prayers the less because you have helped the unfortunate and the poor."

Before the woman had told her story, the cheeks of the baron were as pale as her own—his eyes scarcely less moist. He had put his hand to his pocket, and when the woman ceased—he drew it out again, and presented her with a crown-piece.

"Go home," said he, "with that. Buy bread



and fuel. I will be at your lodging this afternoon."

The woman was about to exclaim.

"Not a syllable!" said her benefactor, preventing her. "If you thank me, I will do nothing for you. Go your ways now. I cannot accompany you—for you see I am very busy; but before the day is out, I will prescribe for your goodman. Good-by to you—good-by."

The woman went away without another word.

Before she reached the bottom of the stairs, the baron spoke.

"Mr. Walpole—pray be kind enough to call her back!"

She came:

"You must not think me harsh now," proceeded the baron, by way of apology, "I did not wish to be so. I shall do all I can for you, and your husband will no doubt be soon quite well again. There, keep your spirits up, and go home and cheer the good fellow. I shall see you by-and-by—*Adieu, ma chère*."

The professor continued his lecture; but not for five minutes before he appeared to be very uneasy at his work. He put his pen down, and sat for a time full of thought; then he rose and paced the room, and then took up his pen again; at last, he started from his chair and pulled the bell.

"François," said he to the servant, "let the cabriolet be here immediately. Yes," he continued, as if speaking to himself, "it will be better to go at once; the man may be seriously ill. His life may be in danger. It can be done in an hour—there is plenty of time still for the lecture. We must go and see this poor fellow, Mr. Walpole," added the professor, addressing me. "Come, you shall give me your opinion of the case."

And the lecture and the engravings were neglected, and we dashed through the streets toward the Quartier St. Jacques, with every chance of breaking our own necks as well as that of the spirited animal that flew before the whip of the excited practitioner.

"Well," said I to myself as we alighted, "it may be, monsieur le baron, as you state it, '*the pain of the peasant is as acute as the smart of a king*.' It is, however, very certain that you do not hold to the converse of the position."

The water-carrier was in truth alarmingly ill, and he was not likely to remain so much longer, if left to himself; for it was already the eleventh hour with him. He was living in a filthy hole—lying on a bed of straw, without the commonest necessities of life. The man had become diseased through want and confinement—that cause and origin of half the complaints to which the human frame is subject; lack of wholesome food and pure air. The baron perceived instantly that nothing could be done for the unhappy fellow in his present abode, and he therefore insisted upon his being removed at once to a *maison de santé*.

"I can't walk," said the man gruffly.

"No, but you can be carried in a coach, I suppose," replied the baron in a similar tone, "if I wish it. Let him be dressed," he continued, turning to the wife. "I will send a coach for him in half an hour—and take charge of him until he is better. That will buy you some bread for the present," and he gave another crown and hastened away. In the afternoon the baron attended the patient again at the *maison de santé*. He ordered him a bath, and prescribed medicines. For a

month he visited him daily; and he did not quit him until he was convalescent. Nor then—for upon the day of the poor fellow's discharge, he presented him with a horse and water-cart, and a purse containing five louis-d'or.

"Take care of the money," said the charitable donor, "do not be extravagant. If you are ill—come to me always."

The water-carrier—a bluff, sturdy fellow in his way—would have thanked the baron could he have kept quiet; but he stood roaring like a child, perfectly overcome with the kindness he had received. It was some months afterward that François announced two visitors. When they appeared I recognized my old acquaintance the water-carrier, grown hale and hearty, accompanied by a stranger, of the same condition in life as himself, and looking very ill.

"*Ah! mon ami!*" exclaimed the baron, shaking him by the hand, "how does the world use you?"

"Look at me," answered the carrier—"just look at me."

"Ay, ay," said the baron. "Flesh enough upon you now! Who is your friend?"

"Ah, it's about him I came! He is very ill, isn't he? He is a water-carrier, too. He was going to another doctor, but I would n't allow it. No, no—that would n't have been the thing after all you have done for me. I hope I know better. He is very bad, and has n't got a sixpence in the world."

I could not help laughing at the original display of gratitude—and the baron laughed outright; his heart grew glad within him as he answered, pressing the honest carrier's hardy hand—

"Right—right—quite right! *Mon enfant*, bring them all to me!"

M'Linnie, who was not honored by the baron's confidence, seemed to be well acquainted with his peculiarities. I mentioned to him his extraordinary treatment of the water-carriers, and attributed it all, without hesitation, to downright insanity.

"Not that exactly," said Mac. "It is caprice, and the inconsistency of human nature. He is strongly attached to all *Auvergnats*, and to water-carriers in particular. His predilection that way is well known in Paris. Perhaps his father was a water-carrier—or his first love a girl from Auvergne. Who can tell what gave rise to the partiality in a mind that is full of bias and contradiction?"

Contradiction indeed! I had remarked enough, and yet nothing at all in comparison to that which was to follow. Up to the present time I had been only puzzled and amused by the frolics and irregularities of the baron. I had yet to be staggered and confounded by the most palpable and barefaced act of inconsistency that ever lunatic conceived and executed. The winter and spring had passed, and summer came, placing our time more at our disposal. Summer is the dissector's long vacation. I permitted myself to take recreation, and to seek amusement in the many public resorts of this interesting capital. One morning I attended the baron at the hospital, and returned with him to his abode. We sat together for an hour, and I distinctly remember that on this occasion the unbeliever was even more witty than usual on the subject which he was ever ready to introduce, with, I am sorry to say, no better object than that of turning it into ridicule and contempt. I left him, irritated and annoyed at his behavior, and

tried to forget it in the crowds of people who were thronging the gay streets on one of the gayest mornings of the year. I hardly know why I directed my steps toward the *Place St. Sulpice*, or why, having reached it, I lingered, gazing at the church which has its site there. I had a better reason for quitting it with precipitation; for while I stood musing, I became suddenly aware of the presence of my friend the baron. He did not see me, and I was not anxious to begin *de novo* the disagreeable discussion of the morning. As I turned away from the church, however, I looked instinctively back, and was much surprised to behold the baron glancing very suspiciously about him, and appearing most anxious to avoid public observation. I was mentally debating whether such was really the fact, or whether the idea was suggested by my own clandestine movement, when to my unaffected astonishment the baron put an end to all doubt by making one rapid march toward the church, and then rushing in—looking neither to the right nor left, behind nor before him. This was truly too extraordinary a circumstance to witness without further inquiry. I immediately retraced my steps, and followed the atheist into the house, where surely he could have no business to transact. If my surprise had been great without the sacred edifice, what was it within, and at that particular portion of it known by the designation of the *Chapel of the Virgin Mary*, at which I beheld, questioning my own senses, my unaccountable friend, this exceedingly erratic baron—upon his knees—in solemn prayer! Yes, kneeling in low humility, and praying audibly, with a devotion and awful earnestness that could not be surpassed. He remained upon his knees, and persevered in his prayers until the conclusion of the service, and then he bestowed his alms—performing all things with an expression of countenance and gravity of demeanor, such as I knew him to wear only at the table upon which he had achieved the most celebrated of his surgical victories.

"Mad, mad!" I exclaimed aloud, "nothing short of it." Why, such glaring wholesale hypocrisy had not been committed since Satan first introduced the vice into Paradise. What atrocity, what barefaced blasphemy! It was the part of a Christian and a friend to attribute the extravagant proceedings of the baron to absolute insanity, and to nothing else; and I did so accordingly, alarmed for the safety of the unfortunate professor, and marvelling what unheard-of act would next be perpetrated, rendering it incumbent upon society to lock the lunatic up for life. Why, his lips were hardly relieved of the pollution which had fallen from them in my presence; and could he in his senses, with his reason not unhinged, dare to offend his Maker doubly by the mockery of such prayers as he could offer up! What was his motive—what his end? That he was anxious for concealment was evident. Had he courted observation, I might have supposed him actuated by some far-sighted scheme of policy; and yet his rash and straightforward temperament rendered him incapable of any stratagem whatever. No, no—look at the thing as I would, there was no accounting for this most perplexing anomaly except on the ground of mental infirmity. Alas, poor baron!

When the service was at an end, I took up a position in the street near the church, in order to observe the next movement of the devotee, quite prepared for anything that might happen. I was

disappointed. The baron, looking very cheerful and very happy, made his appearance from the temple which he had so recently profaned, and walked steadily and quietly away. I followed him, and in the excitement of the moment was about to approach and accost him, when he suddenly turned into a narrow lane, and I lost sight of him.

Before I saw the baron again, I had made up my mind to keep my own counsel, and to give him no hint of my having discovered and watched him. The reasons for silence were twofold. First, I hoped, by keeping my eye on the professor, to learn more of his character than I yet knew; and, in the second place, I did not wish to be regarded as a spy by an individual of violent passions, whom I could not conscientiously consider responsible for his actions.

It so happened that on the evening of this very day, the baron held a *conversazione* in his rooms, to which the first people of Paris, both in rank and talent, were invited. I, who had the *entrée*, was present of course, and I was likewise among the first of the arrivals. With me, the chief physician of the Hotel Dieu entered the *salon*.

The surgeon and the physician shook hands; and, after a word or two, the latter asked abruptly—

"By the way, baron, what were you doing at St. Sulpice this morning? I saw you quitting the church."

"Oh!" said the baron, without changing color or moving a muscle, although I blushed at his side to my very forehead; "Oh! a sick priest placed under my care by the Duchess d'Angoulême—nothing more."

"Well, I could hardly believe that you had turned saint—that is the truth."

"Not yet—not yet!" added the baron, laughing out. "This is to be the saint," he continued, tapping me on the shoulders. "St. Walpole! That will look very fine in the calendar! However, my friend, if they attempt to canonize you while I live, I'll act the part of devil's advocate, and contest your right of admission, if it is only to punish you for your opposition to me in this world. So take care of yourself, and read up your divinity."

And with these words the unmitigated hypocrite, chuckling at my apparent confusion, advanced to the door, and welcomed his crowding visitors.

Upon the following day, I repaired to St. Sulpice—but I did not see the baron. I went again and again, with no better success. For a week I attended the service daily—still no baron. Afterward I went twice a-week. At the end of two months I contented myself with one visit weekly; still no baron. I did not like to give up the watch. I could not tell *why* I felt sure of meeting with him again; yet so I felt, and I was curious to know how far he carried his madness, and what object he proposed to himself in the prosecution and indulgence of his monomania. Three months elapsed, and I was at length paid for my perseverance. For a second time I saw the baron enter the church—assist devoutly at the celebration of mass at the chapel of the Virgin Mary—repeat his prayers, and offer up his alms. There was the same solemnity of bearing during the ceremony, the same cheerful self-possession at its completion. A more methodical madness there could not be! I was determined this time not to lose sight of my

gentleman, without obtaining at least a clue to his extraordinary behavior. As soon as the service was over, he prepared for his departure. Before he could quit the church, however, I crossed it unperceived by him, and walked straight up to the sacristan.

"Who is that gentleman?" I asked, pointing to the surgeon.

"Monsieur F——," he answered readily enough—so readily, that I hardly knew what to ask next. "A regular attendant, sir," the sacristan continued, in an impressive tone of approbation.

"Indeed!" said I.

"Ay. I have been here twelve years next Easter, and four times regularly every year has monsieur come to hear this mass."

"It is very strange!" I said speaking to myself.

"Not at all," said the sacristan. "It is very natural, seeing that he is himself *the founder of it*."

Worse and worse! The inconsistency of the reviler of things sacred was becoming more barefaced and unpardonable. "Let him taunt me again!" I exclaimed, walking homeward! "Let him mock me for my childish notions, as he calls them, and attempt to be facetious at the expense of all that is holy, and good, and consolatory in life. Let him attempt it, and I will annihilate him with a word!" When, however, I grew more collected, I began to understand how, by such proceeding, I might shoot very wide of my mark, and gave my friend an advantage after all. He had explained his presence at the church to his colleague by attributing it to a visit paid to a sick priest there. He should have no opportunity to prevaricate, if I once challenged him. Now, he might have the effrontery to deny what I had seen with my own eyes, and could swear to. By lying in wait for him again, and accosting him while he was in the very act of perpetrating his solemn farce, I should deprive him of all power of evasion and escape. And so I determined it should be.

In the mean while I kept my own counsel, and went on as usual. I learned from the sacristan, when the baron was next expected at the mass, and, until that day, did not present myself again at the Place St. Sulpice. Before that time arrived, there arose a touching incident, which, as leading to important consequences, deserves especial notice.

It was growing late one evening of this same summer—the surgeon was fatigued with the labors of the day—I was on the point of leaving him—he of retiring to rest, when François announced a stranger. An old man appeared. He was short, and very thin; his cheeks were pale—his hair hoary. Benignity beamed in his countenance, on which traces of suffering lingered, not wholly effaced by piety and resignation. There was an air of sweetness and repose about the venerable stranger, that at the first sight gained your respect, if not regard. When he entered the apartment he bowed with ceremony—and then waited timidly for countenance from the baron.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the surgeon, roughly.

"Allow me to be seated," said the stranger, drawing his breath with difficulty, and speaking with a weak and tremulous voice. "I am very tired."

The baron, as if rebuked, rose instantly and gave his visitor a chair.

"I am very old," continued the latter, "and my poor legs are weary."

"What ails you?"

"Permit me," said the stranger. "I am the priest of a small village very far from Paris."

"Humph!" ejaculated the surgeon.

"Two years ago I had a swelling in my neck, which the doctor of our village thought of no importance; but it burst at last, and for a long time I was kept to my bed, a useless, idle man. With four parishes and no assistant, there lay a heavy weight upon my conscience—but God is good, sir—"

"Show me your throat!" exclaimed the baron, interrupting him.

"And my people, too," proceeded the old man, preparing to obey the surgeon's command—"my people were very considerate and kind. When I got a little better, they offered, in order to lighten my labors, to come to one church every Sunday. But it was not fair, sir. They are working men, and have much to do, and Sunday is their only day of rest. It was not right that so many should resign their comfort for the sake of one; and I could not bear to think of it."

All this was uttered with such perfect natural simplicity, that it was impossible not to feel at once great interest in the statement of the speaker. My attention was riveted. Not so the baron's, who answered with more impatience than he had ever used toward the water-carriers—

"Come to the point, sir."

"I was coming, sir," replied the old priest, mildly; "I trust I don't fatigue you. While I was in doubt as to what it was best to do, a friend strongly recommended me to come to Paris, and to consult you. It was a thing to consider, sir. A long journey, and a great expense! We have many poor in our district, and it is not lawful to cast away money that rightfully belongs to them. But, when I became reduced as you see me, I could not regard the money as thrown away on such an errand; and so I came. I arrived only an hour ago, and have not delayed an instant."

The surgeon, affecting not to listen to the plaintive recital of the poor priest, proceeded very carefully to examine his disease. It was an alarming one; indeed, of so aggravated a character, that it was astonishing to see the sufferer alive after all that he must have undergone in its progress.

"This disease must kill you," said the baron—brutally, I thought, considering the present condition of the man, his distance from home, friends, and all the natural ties that render calamity less frightful and insupportable. I would gladly have said a word to soften the pain which the baron had inflicted; but it would have been officious, and might have given offence.

The old priest, however, expressed no anxiety or regret upon hearing the verdict pronounced against him. With a firm and quiet hand he replaced the bandages, and he then drew a coarse bag from his pocket, from which he extracted a five franc piece.

"This is," he said calmly, "a very trifling fee, indeed, for the opinion of so celebrated a surgeon; but, as I have told you, sir, the necessities of my poor are great. I cannot afford to spend more upon this worthless carcass. I am very grateful to you for your candor, sir. It will be my own fault now, if I die unprepared."

"It is the profession of a priest," said the baron, "to affect stoicism. You do not feel it."

"I do not, sir," replied the man respectfully. "I did not hear the awful truth you just now told me as a stoic would. Pardon me for saying, that it might have been communicated less harshly and abruptly to a weak old man; I do not wish to speak offensively?"

The baron blushed for shame.

"I am a human being, sir," continued the priest, "and must feel as other men. Death is a terrible abyss between earth and heaven; but the land is not the less lovely beyond it."

"You speak as you were taught?" said the baron.

"Yes."

"And as you teach?"

"Yes."

"And you profess to feel all this?"

"I profess to be an humble minister of Christ—imperfect enough, Heaven knows, sir! I ask your pardon for complaining at your words. They did not shock me very much. How should they, when I came expecting them! Farewell, sir; I will return to Auvergne, and die in the midst of my people."

"Stay!" exclaimed the baron, touched and softened by one magical word. "Come back! I admire your calmness—I respect your powers of endurance. Can you trust them to the end?"

"I am frail, and very weak, sir," replied the priest. "I would bear much to save my life. I do not wish to die. I have many things unfinished yet."

"Listen to me. There is but one means of saving you; and mark—that perhaps may fail—a long, painful, and, it may be, unsuccessful operation. Are you prepared to run the risk?"

"Is there a chance, sir?"

"Yes—but a remote one. Were I the priest of Auvergne I would take that chance."

"It is enough, sir," said the old man. "Let it be done. I will undergo it, with the help of God, as their pastor should, for the sake of my dear children in Auvergne."

The baron sat at his desk, and wrote a few lines—

"Present this note," said he, "at the *Salle St. Agnes* in the *Hotel Dieu*. Go at once. The sisters there will see that you want for nothing. Take rest for a day or two, and I will see what afterward may be done for you."

The priest thanked the baron many times for his kindness—bowed respectfully, and retired. The free-thinking surgeon sat for a few minutes after his departure, silent and thoughtful.

"Happy man!" he exclaimed at last, sighing as the words escaped him.

"Happy, sir?" said I, inquiringly.

"Yes! happy, Mr. Walpole. False and fabulous as the system is on which he builds, is he not to be envied for the faith that buoys him up so well through the great sea of trouble, as your poet justly calls this pitiable world! Could one purchase this all-powerful faith, what price would be too dear for such an acquisition? Who would not give all that he possesses here to grasp that hope and anchor?"

"And yet, sir, you might have it. The gift is freely offered, and you spurn it."

"No such thing!" replied the surgeon hastily. "I may not have it. This weak yet amiable priest is content to take for granted what every rational mind rejects without fair proofs. He re-

ceives as a postulate that which I must have demonstrated. I try to solve the problem, and the first links of the argument lead to an absurdity."

"The weak man, then, has reason to be thankful?" said I.

"Ay, ay! I grant you that. He cannot tell how much!"

"How differently, sir, do things appear to different men! The very endurance of this old man, founded as it is upon his faith, is to me proof sufficient of the truth and heavenly origin of that faith."

"You talk, Mr. Walpole, like a schoolboy, who knows nothing of religion out of his catechism—and nothing out of the world beyond his school walls. If the ability to bear calamity with fortitude shall decide the genuineness of the creed, then is your North American Indian or Hindoo nearer truth and heaven than the Christian. So much for your '*proof sufficient*,' as you term it."

This discussion, like all the rest, for all useful purposes, ended as it began, leaving us both just where it had found us—our tempers rather than our views suffering in the conflict. Two or three times I was tempted to rattle out a volley of indignation at his amazing and unparalleled effrontery, and of calling him to an account for his turpitude; but my better judgment withheld me, bidding me reserve my blows until they should fall unerringly and fatally upon his defenceless head.

In the mean while the good old priest carried his mild and resigned spirit with him into the hospital. He was received with kindness, and treated with especial care, chiefly on account of the recommendation of the baron, who was interested in the unfortunate pastor to a greater extent than he cared to acknowledge. The day for the operation—postponed from time to time—at length arrived. It was performed. The process was long and painful, but the patient never uttered a complaint; his cries were wrung from him in the extremity of torture and physical helplessness. The result was successful. One knew not which to admire the most—the Christian magnanimity of the patient, or the triumphant skill of the operator; both were perfect. When the anxious scene was over, the surgeon shook the priest by the hand tenderly and encouragingly, and with his handkerchief wiped the sweat-drops from his aged brow. He saw him afterward carefully removed to his bed, and for half an hour watched at his side, until, exhausted, the sufferer fell asleep. During the slow recovery of the invalid, his bed was the first visited by the surgeon in his daily rounds. He lingered there long after his services were needed, and listened with the deepest attention to the accounts which the priest gave of his mode of life, and of the condition of his dear flock, far away in Auvergne. When at length the convalescent man was able to quit his bed, the baron, to the surprise of all who knew him, would take him by the arm, and give him his support, as the enfeebled creature walked slowly up and down the ward. It was the feeling act of an affectionate son. Then the surgeon made eager inquiries, which the priest as eagerly answered; and they grew as friendly as though they had been well acquainted from their infancy. Weeks passed away; the priest was at last discharged, cured; and, with prayers mingling with tears of gratitude, he took leave of his benefactor, and returned in joy to his native village.

It was exactly a week after his departure, that the day arrived upon which the sacristan led me to

expect a meeting with the baron at the church of Saint Sulpice. Resolved to confront this incarnation of contradiction at the very scene of his unseemly vagaries, I did not fail to be punctual. As I entered the street, I espied the baron a few yards before me, walking briskly toward the entrance of the sacred building. I followed him. He hurried into the church, and took his accustomed place. I kept close upon him; and, with a fluttering heart, seated myself at his side. My cheek burned with nervous agitation, but I did not look toward my adversary. His eye, however, was upon me. I felt it, and was sensible of his steady, long, and, as it seemed, passionless gaze. He did not move, or betray any symptom of surprise. As on the previous occasions, he proceeded solemnly to prayer; and when the ceremony was completed, he, as usual, offered up his alms. As the service drew to its close, my own anxiety became intense, and my situation almost insupportable. He rose—I did the same;—he walked leisurely away—I, giddy with the excitement, reeled after him. I was not to be shaken from my purpose, and I accosted him on the church's threshold.

"Baron!" I exclaimed.

"Mr. Walpole!" he replied, perfectly unmoved.

"I am surprised to see you here, sir."

"You are *not*," answered the baron, still more placidly; "you came expressly to meet me; you have been here twice before. Why do you desire to hide that fact? Can a Christian, Mr. Walpole, play the hypocrite as well as other men?"

"I cannot understand you," I said, bewildered by his imperturbable coolness; "you laugh at religion—you mock me for respecting it, and yet you come here for prayer. You do not believe in God, and you assist devoutly at mass!"

"It is a lovely morning, Mr. Walpole—we have half an hour to spare—give me your arm!"

Perfectly puzzled and confounded by the collected manner of the baron, I placed my arm mechanically in his, and suffered him to conduct me whithersoever he would. We walked in silence for some distance, passed into the meanest quarter of the city, and reached a miserable and squalid street. The baron pointed to the most wretched house in the lane, and bade me direct my eye especially to its sixth story.

"Mark it well," said he; "you see a window there to which a line is fixed with recently washed linen!"

"I do," I answered.

"In the room—the small close hole to which that window hardly brings air and light, I passed months of my life. The mass at which you have three times watched me, is connected with it, and with occurrences that had their rise there. I was the occupant of that garret—it seems but yesterday since I wanted bread there."

The surgeon was unmanned. He kept his eye upon the melancholy window until emotion blinded it, and permitted him to see no longer. He stood transfixed for a second or two, and then spoke quickly.

"Mr. Walpole, poverty is horrible! I have courage for any extremity but that. Pain I have borne—shrieks and groans I have listened to unmoved, while I stood by laboring to remove them; but when I recall the moments in which I have languished for a crust of bread, and known mankind to be my enemy—as though being poor, I was a felon—all hearts steeled against me—all

hearts, did I say!" added the speaker, suddenly checking himself—"I lie; had it been so, I should not have been here to tell the tale."

The baron paused, and then resumed.

"High as the rank is, Mr. Walpole, to which I have attained; brilliant as my career has been, and I acknowledge my success with gratitude—believe me, there is not a famished wretch who crawls through the sinks of this overgrown metropolis, that suffers more than I have suffered, has bitterer hours than I have undergone. In this city of splendor and corruption, at whose extremes are experienced the most exquisite enjoyment and the most crushing and bitter endurance, I have passed through trials which have before now overborne and killed the stoutest hearts, and would have annihilated mine, but for the unselfish love of him whose business took me to the church this day. Misery, in all its aggravated forms, has been mine. Want of money—of necessary clothing—hunger—thirst; such things have been familiar to me. In that room, and in the depth of the hard winter, I have for hours given warmth to my benumbed fingers with the breath which absolute want enabled me to draw only with difficulty and pain."

"Is it possible!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"You believe that human strength is unequal to such demands. It is natural to think so; and yet I speak the truth. My parents, Mr. Walpole, humble and poor, but good and loving, sent me to Paris with all the money they could afford for my education. I was ambitious, and deemed it more than enough for my purpose. When half my time was spent here, unhappily for me both father and mother were carried off by a malignant fever. It was a heavy blow, and threatened my destruction; threatened it, however, but for a moment. I had determined to arrive at eminence; and when does the determination give way in the breast of him who feels and knows his power equal to his aim? I had a brother, to whom I wrote, telling him of my situation, and asking him for the loan of a few louis-d'or until my studies were completed, when I promised to repay the debt with interest. He sent me the quarter of the sum for which I had begged, with a long cold letter of remonstrance, bidding me give up my profession, and apply myself to the humbler pursuits of my family. I returned to my brother both money and letter, and the day on which I did so, saw me without a meal. I had not a farthing in the world. Had not a woman who lodged in a room below given me a crust of bread, I must have committed crime to assuage the cries of nature. How I existed for days, I no longer remember. But I remember well hearing of a rich nobleman, renowned for his wealth and piety, and for all the virtues which the world confers upon the possessor of vast estates. In a moment of enthusiasm and mistaken reliance, I sat down and penned a petition to this great personage. I spoke as an intellectual man to an intellectual man; as one working his difficult way through obscurity and trouble to usefulness and honor—and requiring only a few crumbs from the rich man's table to be at ease, and happy at his toil. I begged in abject humility for those crumbs, and received a lying and cold-blooded excuse instead of them. I crouched at his gate with a spirit worn by anxiety and apprehension, and his slaves hunted me away from it. You have passed through that same gate with me; you were witness of my triumph at the bedside of his child!"

"You mean his excellency—the operation?"

"I do."

"How little the rich," said I, "know of the misery, the privations, endured by those who in poverty acquire the knowledge that is to benefit mankind so largely. How ignorant are they of their trials!"

"If you would know of the ignorance, the folly, and the vice of the rich," proceeded the baron, always at home upon this his favorite subject, "you must listen to an endless tale. Ever willing and eager to detract from the merits of the man of science, and to attribute to him the assumption of powers beyond human grasp—and ever striving to drag down the results of his long and patient study to the level of their own brutish ignorance—they are made the sport, the tools, and playthings of every charlatan and trickster, as they should be. You shall be satisfied, Mr. Walpole, when you see the men who treat you with scorn and contumely, pulled like puppets by a wire, and made to dance to any tune the piper listeth. Hope nothing from the rich."

"And from the poor, sir?"

"Everything," replied the baron, almost solemnly. "From their hearts shall spring the gratitude that will cheer you in your course, and solace you in your gloom. Fame, and the grateful attachment of my humble friends, have furnished me with a victory which the gold of the king could not purchase. But we forget Saint Sulpice. I am not a hypocrite, as you judge me, Mr. Walpole. Be witness yourself if my presence there this day has proved me one. Refused and cast away by this nobleman, I had nothing to do but to dispose for a trifle of a few articles of linen which were still in my possession. I sold them for a song, and believing failure to be impossible, still struggled on. In that room I dwelt, living for days upon nothing richer than bread and water, and regarding my little money with the agony of a miser, as every demand diminished the small store. From morn till night I labored. I almost passed my life among the dead. Well was it for me, as it proved, that my necessities drove me to the dead-house to forget hunger, and obtain eleemosynary warmth. Dismissed at dusk from this temporary home, I returned to the garret for my crust, and carried the book which I had borrowed to the common passage of the house, from whose dim lamp I received the glimmer that served me to read, and to sustain the incensed ambitious spirit that would not quell within me. The days glanced by quicker than the lightning. I could not read enough; I could not acquire knowledge sufficient, in that brief interval of days, between the acquisition of my little wealth and the spending of my last farthing. The miserable moment came. I was literally penniless, and without the means of realizing anything. For a week I retained possession of my room through the charity of my landlord, and I was furnished with two loaves by a good fellow who lived in the same house, and who proffered his assistance so kindly, so generously, and well, that I received his benefaction only that I might not give him pain by a refusal. The second week of charity had already begun, when, entering my cold and hapless room in my return from the hospital, I was detained at the door by hearing my name pronounced in a loud and angry tone. I listened with a sickening earnestness, and recognized the voice of my landlord and that of the good neighbor in high discussion. Something had been said which much

offended the latter; for the words which I caught from him were those of remonstrance and reproach.

"For shame, for shame!" said he, 'you have children of your own, and they may need a friend one day. Think of them before you do so hard a thing.'

"I do think of them," replied the landlord sharply; 'and, that they may n't starve, I must keep my matters straight.'

"Give him another week or two. You will not feel it. I'll undertake to keep him. It is n't much, Heaven knows! that I can do for him; but at a pinch, man should make shift for a man. Say you'll do it!"

"I have told you he must go. I do not say one thing and mean another."

"Yes, you do, Lagarde," continued the persevering lodger. 'You say your prayers daily, and tell Heaven how thankful you are for all it does for you. Now, that you cannot mean, if you turn a helpless brother from your doors, who must die of want if you and I desert him. Come, think again of it. Recollect how the poor lad works—how he is striving and striving day after day. He will do well at last, and pay us back for all.'

"There was no doubt as to the individual—the subject of this argument. He stood listening to his doom, and far, far more grateful to the good creature who pleaded his cause, than distressed by the obstinacy which pronounced his banishment. I was not kept long in suspense. I retreated to my den, and sat down in gloomy despair. A loud knock at the door roused me, and the indignant pride which possessed me melted at once into humility and love when I beheld the faithful Sebastian—my sympathizing neighbor.

"You are to go," he said bluntly; 'you are to leave this house to-morrow.'

"I know it," I answered; 'I am prepared to go this instant.'

"And whither?"

"Into the street," said I; 'anywhere—it matters not.'

"Oh yes! it matters much," replied my visitor; 'it would not matter to me, or to your landlord. We are but day-laborers, whom nobody would miss. You have great things before you: you will do, if you are not crushed on the way. I am sure of it, and you shall not be deserted.'

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Listen to me. Don't be offended. I am a poor man, and an ignorant one; but I respect learning, and feel for the distressed. You leave this house to-morrow; so do I. You seem to have no friends; I am friendless too. I am a foundling. I never knew either father or mother. I am a water-carrier, and I came from Auvergne. This is my history. Why should we not seek a lodging together? You don't regret leaving this place; no more do I. I won't disturb you. You shall study as long as you like, and have me to talk to when you are tired; that is—if it is quite agreeable, and you won't be ashamed of me.'

"You know," said I, 'that I am in a state of beggary.'

"I know," he answered, 'that you are not flush of capital just now; but I have a little in my pocket, and can work for more. If you are not too proud to borrow a trifle from me now, I shan't be too proud to have it back again when you get rich. Don't let me prate, for I am rough and unhandy at it; but give me your hand like an hon-

est man, and say, "Sebastian, I will do as you wish me."

"My heart glowed with a trembling fire, and I grasped the extended palm of my preserver. 'Sebastian,' I exclaimed, 'I will do as you wish me. I will do more. I will make you independent. I will slave to make you happy. It can be done—I feel it can—and you may trust me.'

"'You'll do your best, I know,' he answered; 'and you'll do wonders, or I am much mistaken.'

"Upon the following morning we wandered through the city, and before nightfall obtained shelter. To this unselfish creature, and to the sacrifices which he made for me, I owe everything. We had been together but a few days when he drew from me a statement of my position and future prospects—drew it with a delicacy and tenderness that looked lovely indeed from beneath his ragged robes. Now this poor fellow, like me—like all of us—had his ambition, and a darling object in the far distance, to attain. He had for months stunted himself of many comforts, that he might add weekly to a sum which he had saved for the purchase of a horse and water-cart. He was already master of a few hundred francs; and his earnings, small as they were, permitted him to keep up the hope which had supported him through many hardships. No sooner, however, did he gather from my words the extent of my necessities, than he determined to forego the dearest wish of his life in order to secure my advancement and success. I remonstrated with him; but I might as well have spoken to a stone. He would not suffer me to speak; but threatened, if I refused him, to throw his bag of savings without delay into the *Seine*. I ceased to oppose him, accepted his noble offer, and vowed to devote myself from that time forward to the raising up of my deliverer. The money of Sebastian supplied me with books, enabled me to pass my examinations. Be sure I did not slacken in my exertions. Idleness was fraud while the sweat from the brow of the water-carrier poured so freely for my sake. I revered him as a father, not before I had myself become the object of his affections—the recipient of the love which he had never been conscious of before, founding that he was, and without another human tie! He grew proud of me, prouder and prouder every day—I must be well-dressed—I must want for nothing; no, though he himself wanted all things. He was assured of my future eminence, and this was enough for him; and my spirit well responded to his own. I knew my capacity; I felt my strength. I was aware of the ability that floated in the world, and did not fear to bring my own among it. What could a mind undertake from which mine would shrink? What application could be demanded to which I was not equal—prepared—eager to submit? Where lay my difficulty? I saw none: or if I did for an instant, it was exterminated before the imperious resolution I had formed to exalt and enrich my beloved and loving benefactor. Tender as a parent to me, this incomparable man was at the same time diligent and attentive as a domestic. He would permit me to do nothing to impede the easy and natural course of study. He shamed me by his affectionate assiduity, but silenced me ever by referring to the *Future*, when we looked, he confessed, for a repayment for all his care and love. What could I say or do in answer to this appeal? What but reiterate the vow which I had taken, never to desert him, and to fight my way upward that he

might share the glory he had earned. A day arrived when I was compelled for a time to leave him; for I had been received as *interne* at the Hotel Dieu. It was a hard parting, especially for the poor water-carrier, who dreaded losing sight of me forever. I gave him an assurance of my constancy; and consoled him by the information that another and last examination yet awaited me, for which a certain sum of money would be required. He promised to have it ready by the hour, and conjured me to take all care of myself—and to learn to love religion; for I must tell you, Sebastian was a pious man—a conscientious Christian.

"Once at the hospital, I sought profitable employment, and obtained it. In the course of a few months I had earned a sum—dearer, more valuable to me than all I have since acquired. It was insignificant in itself, but it purchased for my Sebastian his long wished for treasure—the horse and water-cart. I took it to him; and when I approached him, I had not a word to say, for my grateful heart was in my throat strangling my utterance. He threw his arms about my neck, cried, laughed, thanked, scolded, blessed, and reproached me, all in the wildness and delirium of his delight. 'Why did you do it?' said he, 'oh, it was kind and loving in you!—very kind and foolish—and wrong, and generous, and extravagant—dear, good, naughty boy! I am very angry with you; but I love you for it dearly. How you are getting on! I knew you would. I said so from the first. You will do wonders—you will be rich at last. You want no man's help—you have done it all yourself.'

"'No, Sebastian!' I exclaimed, 'you have done it for me.'

"'Don't deceive me—don't flatter me,' he answered. 'I have been able to do very little for you—not half what I wished. You would have been great without me. I have looked upon you, and loved you as my own boy, and all that was selfishness.'

"We dined and spent the evening of the day together. Life has had no hours like those before or since. They were real, fresh, substantial—such as youth remembers vividly when death and suffering have shaken the foundations of the world, and covered the past with mistiness and cloud. The excitement of the time, or the privations of former years—or I know not what—threw the good Sebastian shortly after this day upon a bed of sickness. He never rose from it again. He was not rewarded as he should have been for all his sacrifices—for all the love he had expended upon his grateful foster-child. He did not live to witness my success—he did not see the completion of the work he had begun. In spite of all my efforts to save his precious life, he sank, and drew his latest breath in these devoted arms. I lost more than a father."

The baron paused, his lips were borne down by a tremulous motion: he took my arm, and urged me gently from the spot. We walked for some distance in silence. Collecting himself again, he proceeded:—

"Sebastian, as I have told you, was a pious man. In truth, his faith was boundless. He worshipped and adored the Virgin Mary, as he would have loved his own natural mother, had he known her. He was aware of my unbelief, and had often spoke to me on the subject as a father might, in accents of entreaty and regret. While he was ill he gave me all the money he had, and earnestly requested me to spare nothing to secure for him

the consolations of the church. I obeyed him. I caused masses to be said for him. I procured for him the visits of his priest. I left nothing undone to give him peace and joy. Would it not have been monstrous had I acted otherwise? He was morbidly anxious for the future: he, righteous man, who was as pure in spirit, as guileless, as an infant! I alone followed him to the grave; and after I had seen his sacred dust consigned to earth, I crawled home with a heart almost broken with its grief. I hid myself in my room for the day; and before I quitted it again, devised a mode of testifying my gratitude to the departed—one most acceptable to his wishes had he lived to express them. I remembered that he had neither friend nor relation—that I lived his representative. He had spoken during his illness of the masses which are said to the repose of the souls of the dead—spoken of them with a solemn belief as to their efficacy and power. His gentle humanity forbade his imposing upon me as a duty that which I might not easily perform. My course was clear. I saved money sufficient for the purpose, and then I founded the masses which are celebrated four times yearly in the church of Saint Sulpice. The fulfilment of his pious desire is the only offering I can make to the memory of my dear foster-father. Upon the days on which the masses are said, I attend, and in his name repeat the prayers that are required. This is all that a man with my opinions can undertake; and this is no hypocrisy, nor can the Omniscient—if that great spirit of nature be indeed capable of human passions—feel anger at the act, when I solemnly declare that all I have on earth—and more than I could wish of earthly happiness—I would this instant barter for the meek inviolable faith of Jean Sebastian."

The words were spoken at the door of the baron's residence, which we had already reached. My hand was in that of the speaker. He had taken it in the act of wishing me farewell. I grasped his palm affectionately, and answered—

"Why then, my friend, should you not possess this enviable blessing?"

"Because I cannot struggle against conviction: because *faith* is not subject to the *will*: because I know too little and too much: because I cannot grasp a shadow, or palpably discern by day an evanescent, albeit a lovely, dream of night. These are my reasons. Let us dismiss the subject."

And the subject *was* dismissed, never to be taken up again. From this time forward, our theological disputations ceased. The baron forbore his wit, and the good cause was spared my feeble advocacy. Whether the baron suspected that, after all, there might be inconsistency in continuing to laugh at religion, while he persevered in visiting the church, or whether the seeds of a new and better growth of things began already to take root within him, I cannot take upon me to decide. To my relief and comfort, the solemn argument was never again profaned by ribaldry and unbecoming mirth; and, to my unfeigned delight, the teacher and the pupil were without one let or hindrance to their perfect sympathy and friendship.

A year had elapsed since, in the manner shown, I received the key to so many of the baron's seeming inconsistencies—when, as we were passing one morning into the *Salle St. Agnes* at the *Hotel*

*Dieu*, we were surprised to find, standing at the door of the ward—the venerable and humble minister of Auvergne. His face brightened at the approach of the baron, and he bowed respectfully in greeting him.

"What brings you here again, old friend?" inquired the surgeon; "no relapse, I trust?"

"Gratitude," replied the priest. A large basket was on his arm—his shoes were covered with dust—he had journeyed far on foot. "It is a year since I left this roof with my life restored to me, under God's blessing, by you. I could not let the anniversary slip away without paying you a visit, and bringing you a trifling present. It is scarcely worth your acceptance—but it is the best my grateful heart can offer, and I thought you would receive it kindly. A few chickens from the poultry yard, and a little fruit from the orchard."

The baron received the gift with a better grace than I had seen him accept a much handsomer fee. He invited the priest to his house, detained him there for some hours, and dismissed him with many presents for the poor among his flock at Auvergne.

And thus stood matters when the last stroke of my two years was sounded, and I was summoned home. I left the baron, need I say, with real regret; he was not pleased at my departure. I engaged to write to him, and to pay another visit to Paris as soon as my affairs permitted me. I have never trod French soil since; I never saw the baron afterward. My curiosity, however, did not suffer me to be in ignorance of my friend's proceedings; and what I have now to add is gathered from a communication, received shortly after the baron's death, from his faithful and attached *François*.

For seven years the priest came annually with his gifts to the *Hotel Dieu*, and on each occasion was the baron's visitor; at first for a day or two, but afterward for a week—and then longer still. During the second visitation, it was discovered that the minister was related distantly to the baron's former friend, *Sebastian*. As soon as this was known, the surgeon offered the good man a home and an annuity. The former he modestly declined: the latter he accepted, distributing it in alms among the needy who abounded in his parish. The surgeon and the priest became great friends and frequent correspondents. The temper of the baron altered. He grew less morose; less violent; less self-indulgent; less bigoted. He became the pupil of the simple priest, and profited by his instruction and example. Seven years after my departure from Paris, the baron fell ill; and the priest of Auvergne, summoned to his bedside, ministered there, and gave his blessing to a meek, obedient child. He died, and the priest, shedding tears of sorrow and of joy commingled, closed his glassy eyes. What passed between them in his latest moments may not be repeated. *François* heard but a sentence as he knelt at his master's pillow. It was among the last he uttered.

"*François*, love the Auvergnais: they have saved your poor master—body and soul!"

That body was borne to the grave by the students of the *Hotel Dieu*—the grayheaded priest following in the train; and the *soul*—Heaven in its infinite mercy hath surely not forgotten.



## ON DUELLING AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

PUNCH TO SIR ROBERT PEEL.

SIR ROBERT PEEL,

In the *Times* of the 29th ult., MR. TURNER is reported to have asked you whether Her Majesty's Government intended to bring in a bill for the more effectual suppression of duelling; and you, in reply to this question, are reported to have answered, in your place in the House of Commons, in the negative.

You are further reported to have said, that you "thought that Her Majesty's Government had sufficiently evinced their willingness to exert their legitimate power and influence against the practice of duelling."

Furthermore you are reported, in exemplification of your own and your colleagues' willingness to suppress duelling, to have spoken to the effect following:—

"COLONEL FAWCETT was a man of great military reputation, and had distinguished himself in the service of his country. He was unfortunately killed in a duel, and when his widow applied for that pension to which she would have been entitled had he lost his life in any other way than by the hand of his adversary, Her Majesty's Government felt themselves compelled to refuse to grant that pension."

In the said *Times*, of the date aforesaid, it is likewise alleged that MR. SMITH, your Attorney-General for Ireland, did, in his place in open Court, deliver to MR. FITZGIBBON, one of the opposing counsel on the trial of DANIEL O'CONNELL, a challenge to fight a duel, and that you have not only taken no notice of the conduct of the said SMITH, but have rather made much of him, as of one who has done the state service.

Having asserted these facts, the *Times* proceeds to comment on them in a manner by no means complimentary to you; and if the facts were true, you would not only deserve all that is said of you, but, I will candidly tell you, a great deal more.

But surely the facts cannot be true. The *Times* for once has been hoaxed; "*Aliquando bonus*"—but you are a classic, Sir Robert, and I need not complete the quotation.

What! Can I believe, in the first place, that you said that the Ministry, of which you are at the head, had no intention of bringing in a bill to prevent duelling, when such a bill is so much wanted, and whereas it would be so easy to frame one? Is it not obvious that a law which made any one guilty of sending a challenge, fighting a duel, or being in any way a party to either transaction, liable to be sent for six months to the treadmill, would have the desired effect. Am I to think you an ass, SIR ROBERT PEEL! Pooh! You took honors at Oxford.

In the next place, will any one tell me that you allowed a barrister, whose business was wrangling,

whose profession must have habituated him to give and take insults, and for whom, therefore, provocation was a trumpery excuse, to commit—at least, attempt to commit, at least, which comes to the same thing—such a crime as that imputed to MR. SMITH, with utter impunity, and at the same time visited the like offence in a soldier on the person of his poor widow! Nonsense! Putting the widow out of the question, is it possible that you could permit a lawyer to break the law which he had no vocation to break, without animadversion even; and dream of punishing an officer for a crime which, under military regulations, for whose maintenance you are responsible, is actually in the way of his business! Stuff! When, too, the officer was one who had fought and bled for his country, and the lawyer merely a political partisan! Fiddle-de-dee! I would not believe you guilty of such villainous partiality, such inconsistent meanness, for a moment.

But, to think that you, with such an opportunity of discountenancing a great wickedness presented you, as its public perpetration by an officer of the Crown, should have neglected it, to inflict a vicarious punishment on an unfortunate lady, whose situation claimed your every sympathy, is monstrous. You could have done no such thing, and even could you have been so base, surely the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, recollecting his affair with LORD WINCHELSEA, never would have agreed to it.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, I will not, I cannot believe that you have acted the part which has been ascribed to you. Why, in a melodrama, at the Surrey Theatre, had an unjust vizier behaved in such a manner, the gallery would have cried "Yah!" upon him. Forgive me one quotation, not classical, but to the point. "The man who could injure a defenceless female is unworthy the name of a Briton."

I have been daily expecting to see a letter from you to the *Times*, denying the charges contained in it. But self-confident innocence, the "*mens conscia recti*"—you know what that means, SIR ROBERT, has restrained you, I suppose. I do not believe those charges; but other people do; wherefore have I felt called upon thus to step forward in your vindication.

"Pudet hæc opprobria vobis  
Et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli."

Your sincere well-wisher,

PUNCH.

## LIFTS FOR LAZY LAWYERS.

Q. WHAT is an Original Bill?

A. Don't know, but should think that Shakespeare is the most "*Original Bill*" on record.

Q. Is a next friend moveable, and how?

A. Yes, by asking him to accept a Bill for you.

Q. What are the privileges of the peerage?

A. Stealing knockers and fighting duels with impunity.

From the Quarterly Review.

## HUME AND HIS INFLUENCE UPON HISTORY.

*Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands.* Par Augustin Thierry, de l'Institut Royal de France. Quatrième édition. Bruxelles. 1842.

THIERRY, largely and approvingly quoted by Sir James Mackintosh, and praised by many English reviewers, has, without absolutely superseding any of our "standard" authorities, become, through the medium of translations and cheap editions, a popular book. So much attention has been excited by the novelty of his very doubtful views, which we trust to have ere long an opportunity of discussing, that it has tended to revive the scheme, often suggested but never yet adopted, of publishing an *annotated Hume*.

"Hume, after all"—it was urged by an able advocate of the plan, whom, according to the fashion of the days of Berkeley and Hervey, we will designate as *Alciphron*—"Hume, after all, retains his literary ascendancy. People will turn to him naturally as the educational book, the unchallenged source of authority. New histories, such as Thierry, may enjoy a flash of reputation, but they will not be considered as the sober, regular book, the outfit of the new book-case in the newly-furnished breakfast-room, newly occupied by the newly-married expectants of a numerous family. As Professor Smyth says, in his Lectures, *It is Hume who is read by every one. Hume is the historian whose views and opinions insensibly become our own. He is respected and admired by the most enlightened reader: he is the guide and philosopher of the ordinary reader, to whose mind, on all the topics connected with our history, he entirely gives the tone and law.* Were, however, the merit of Hume's history less than it is, the stamp given by the name of a standard work will always sustain its value as a literary or commercial speculation. Hume may be truly characterized as *History for the Million*. In our active age, the prevailing desire is to acquire the largest show of information with the smallest expense of thought. Just as you buy a tool-chest or a medicine-chest, because it contains all the hammers and chisels, or tinctures and powders which you want, all ready chosen for you without any trouble of your own—even so do people purchase the standard work for their handsome, select libraries, because they expect, and rightly, that it will fill up the gap on their shelves and the void in their heads, without any further pains."

Your comparison, however apposite—was the reply of *Euphranor*—cannot be carried entirely through. He who purchases the tool-chest endeavors to ascertain the temper of the tools: he assures himself that the shear-steel is Holtzapfel's and not Sheffield ware. It is not the mere "town made" which will satisfy him. In the medicine-chest, you take pains enough to ensure that the contents of phials and boxes shall be the right

thing: no willow-bark instead of Battley's cinchona: genuine unadulterated senna. Still more anxiously would you keep away from the shop, however gay and attractive, if you knew that the pharmacopolist had been tried and convicted for selling oxalic acid in the place of Epsom salts, or arsenic for magnesia. But with respect to the "standard work," or the whole legion of educational works, equally "standard" in their degree, is the same salutary caution employed? Rarely does the teacher, who places the book before the pupil, take the trouble to consider the character of the mind whence the work emanates, or the tendency of the doctrines which it may boldly display or coyly conceal. How often does the careful mother, who anxiously guards her children against opening any but "Sunday books" on the Lord's day, resume on the Monday her regular course of readings—lessons on history, lessons on botany, lessons on geology, taken from productions in which, either in express terms or by inference, Holy Scripture is either so excluded as to destroy all trust in its reality, or represented as a fable!

"Surely not so"—said *Alciphron*:—"name them."

Nay—quoth *Euphranor*—it is mamma's business, not mine; let her set her wits to work, and examine the first dozen of the rubbish which she shoots upon the school-room table.

"We are wandering from our question"—resumed *Alciphron*:—"do not suppose that I contend for the absolute perfection of Hume's history. In many respects, it may not satisfy the awakened curiosity of the public mind. Copious sources of information, unexplored in Hume's day, have been made known since his time by the diligence of our modern antiquaries. Sounder criticism is employed in judging the mediæval period: more truly do we appreciate the poetical character of the middle ages, the splendors of chivalry, the charm of romance, the beauty of the structures, the merit of the artists who, sixty years since, were equally condemned by the man of letters and the virtuoso. Above all, we begin to understand how extensive is the inquiry involved in the annals of mankind; for the enlarged researches of our own times make us now far more sensible of the exact extent of our ignorance. There is as much graphic archaeology and curious quaintness in any one number of Charles Knight's *London* or *Old England*, or my friend Felix Summerly's Guide-books, as, under Pitt's administration, would have set up an Antiquarian Society—president, council, director, and all the members to boot. But our abundance will facilitate the editorial task. Hume's short-comings may be completely remedied by the note, the excursus, the appendix, and the essay. All those who possess the information and talent needed for correcting Hume's errors or making good his deficiencies, will have a far better chance of profit or fame by annexing their information to his pages, than through any inde-

pendent production of their own. Embark in the vessel which has so long braved the storms of criticism: the good ship Hume will always make a prosperous voyage, and find a market for her wares in ports which to every other flag will be closed. *It is in vain—as observed by a shrewd critic of our own day—that we shall look elsewhere for those general and comprehensive views, that sagacity and judgment, those masterly lessons of political wisdom, that profound knowledge of human nature, that calm philosophy and dispassionate balancing of opinion, which delight and instruct us in the pages of Hume. Hume is justly placed, by common consent, at the head of our philosophic historians: he is not more distinguished for his philosophy than for his sagacity and judgment, his feeling and pathos.*—Hume may be deficient in diligence and research, but, as I have before said, how easily can any defects arising from imperfect information, be supplied by those, who, with less genius and philosophy, have more opportunity of collecting materials, more assiduity, more knowledge! And if there be any tendencies at variance with received opinions, surely a calm and temperate correction of his errors, will sufficiently enable the reader to maintain a due impartiality.”

You are quoting, O *Alciphron*—was the reply of *Euphranor*—the words of the late John Allen, who, as an acute, diligent, and critical investigator of history, is entitled to great respect; but the task of correction would not be so easy as you suppose. Fully do I acknowledge the cleverness displayed in Hume's history, though I should not characterize his qualities exactly in the same terms. Allen's language is even more tinged by affection than that of the lover; for in the very same article he says,—“*We are thoroughly sensible of the deficiencies in what constitute the chief merit of an historian, fidelity and regard to truth.*”—Professor Smyth goes a deal farther. He warns us to be “*ever suspicious*” of the author's “*particular prejudices.*” He virtually accuses his favorite writer of a perpetual falsification of his subject, “*by ascribing to the personages of history, as they pass before him, the views and opinions of later ages: those sentiments and reasonings which his own enlightened and powerful mind was able to form, not those which either really were or could be formed by men thinking or acting many centuries before.*” And he sums up the literary character of the “*beautiful narrative*” by telling us that “*in Hume's history truth is continually mixed up with misrepresentation, and the whole mass of the reasoning, which in its final impression is materially wrong, is so interspersed with observations which are in themselves perfectly right, that the reader is at no time sufficiently on his guard, and is at last betrayed into conclusions totally unwarrantable, and at variance with his best feelings and soundest opinions.*”\*

How can an editor deal with such a writer—an historian who neither knows the truth, nor cares to know it, and whose wilful perversions must provoke a continual, though ineffectual, refutation! The perpetual commentary must become a perpetual running fire against the text. Let it be further recollected that the “*particular prejudices*” of Hume may chance to run counter to an editor's best interests and feelings. If you, *Alciphron*, held a good estate in the county of Berks, by your father's will, would you like to attempt the correction of a topographer who had such a “*particular prejudice*” against testamentary devises as to represent them to be grounded, in every case, upon fraud! How could any Englishman bear to edit a general history of England, composed by Monsieur De Nigremment the Frenchman, who, entertaining the most “*particular prejudices*” against the British sea-service, always advocates his own opinion by so artfully mixing up truth with misrepresentation, as to make all our naval men appear odious or ridiculous; and to induce us to believe that our naval service is equally mischievous and contemptible; our wooden walls, not the defences of the realm, but useless sources of extravagant expense; our sailors, ruffians, serving merely for plunder; the “*whole scope*” of all our Admiralty orders directed to the same wicked object; our commanders, knaves or fools, traitors or cowards; who represents Howe as a ninny, and Collingwood as a brute; and who, in narrating the last days of Nelson, fraudulently omits his “*England expects every man to do his duty;*” lest, by quoting these emphatic words, he should preserve a memorial of the ardent and sincere patriotism of the dying hero!

An editor appears to me to be nearly in your position when you introduce a stranger to your friend. In this case, you wish—if consistent with truth—to become the entire voucher for the character of the party: if you cannot go to that full extent, then, in connexion with the introduction, you feel yourself obliged to put your friend sufficiently upon the *qui vive* to protect himself in his intercourse. As the world goes, you may often be compelled, even for your friend's benefit, to place him in close quarters with an individual whose connexion or acquaintance cannot be pursued or cultivated without caution.—“*Chipchase is an honest workman, but very cross—John Bean takes good care of his horses, though he is not a teetotaller—Sir Richard enjoys capital credit upon 'Change, but he is apt to be tricky.*”—In all such cases the merit or talent, such as it may be, is accepted as a compensation for the defect. So far as concerns the particular purposes required, the balance is on the right side. But you would find it rather awkward, had you to state “*Lorenzo is a delightful companion, full of wit, talent, and in-*

and in Smyth's Lectures, vol. i., Lecture V., which we request our readers to peruse attentively, comparing it with this article.

\* The passages quoted by *Alciphron* and *Euphranor* will be found in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 83, p. 5, &c.;

formation; he has only one fault, his whole heart and soul is given up to gallantry: he never loses sight of his purpose. He has written a most clever essay upon '*the natural history of chastity*'—to prove, not only the bad influence exercised by the '*popular notions of chastity*' upon morality, but that, in point of fact, chastity never exists; and that she who is apparently the most virtuous differs only from the most profligate by 'cant and grimace.' Lorenzo is most actively consistent—he tries to seduce every woman he can get at. When you have him in your house he will endeavor on all occasions to put his doctrines into practice, whether he meets your smart lady's maid in the park or your staid governess on the stairs, plays an accompaniment to your spinster cousin, assists your wife at the dinner-table, reads a sermon to your budding daughter, or escorts your well matured sister to the opera."—Would it not probably occur to you that your friend would consider it rather inexpedient to begin by shaking hands with a scoundrel, whom he would soon be compelled to get rid of by kicking him out of doors!

Hume's merits must be examined with reference to the era in which he flourished. Previously to Hume, it can hardly be said that England possessed historical literature in the æsthetic sense of the term. Adopting the Gibbonian phrase, it was our reproach that no British altars had been raised to the muse of History. All who, since Hume, have earned any commanding reputation, are more or less his disciples; and all our juvenile and educational histories, and conversations, and outlines, are, in the main, composed out of Hume's material—occasionally minced up with a few pious reflections, or even with texts, in order to correct the taint of the food thus dished up for the rising generation. Even Turner strongly partakes of his flavor.

Before Hume, we had many valuable and laborious early writers, such as Hall and Grafton, Speed and honest Stow, who chronicled events with diligence, giving that instruction which facts, faithfully though unskilfully narrated, afforded to the multitude, when the comparative sterility of the press rendered reading scarcer and reflection more abundant. "Baker's Chronicle," in the hall window, the one book conned over by the fine old English gentleman, taught him to think for himself. May be his chaplain helped him a little. The modern English gentleman thinks as he is taught by his newspaper. Besides such Gothic chroniclers, for we name Baker only as the exemplar, there were other writers who had made a nearer approach to the science of history, by treating the subject with reference to the principles of government, or the doctrines of party. They aspired to the more ambitious rank of instructors; yet we had not any works which, viewed as lit-

erary compositions, were distinguished either by style or sentiment. Many might be consulted for information, none had striven for literary eminence.

Omitting the writers confined to particular eras or reigns, there were six who, as precursors of Hume, had, with more extended views than mere annalists, planned or executed the task of compiling a general history of England.

First appears Brady. The functions of this learned man exhibited an odd combination of pluralities: a doctor of medicine by profession, an antiquary by fancy, he united in his person the offices of Regius Professor in his faculty at Cambridge, Master of Caius College at Cambridge, and Keeper of the Records in the Tower; being, moreover, one of the household physicians of James II., and, as such, one of the attesting witnesses of the birth of his unfortunate son. Brady was also much connected with Sydenham. Strange to say, he pursued his literary studies, and preserved his reputation for professional skill. In our days, the "three black graces" respectively impose three degrees of literary exclusiveness upon their respective professors. Mother Church is most indulgent towards her children; provided they "perform" one service on Sunday, she nods and allows them to expatiate as they may. Themis shows more jealousy; when she is courted by the student, she smiles and says, "Young man, recollect I must have you all to myself. It is not for the like of you to suppose that you are to be indulged like the suitors of whom I have been sure—a Brougham or a Jeffrey, a Talfourd or a Merivale. No,—when you have wedded me, you must give up all flirtations with the Muses. If you forget yourself, you shall not touch a shilling of my property, and I dare say I shall end by suing for a divorce from such an unfaithful partner." Esculapius is the harshest of all: if his son prints his footsteps upon ground forbidden to medical intellect, he at once cuts off the *extravagant* heir with an empty pill-box.

In Brady's time, far more toleration was allowed. He grew rich, received fees, and flourished, albeit he was a distinguished antiquary and historian. The first, or introductory volume of Brady's History, containing a summary of the origin and progress of the constitution, with a valuable Glossary, was published in 1684; the second in 1685; the third, which ends with the reign of Richard II., in 1700. Brady was sincere in his belief that the people had no political rights, excepting what they had begged, bought, or stolen from the king. Considered as an historical investigator of constitutional law, rather than as a narrator of facts, Brady has much merit, though he draws erroneous conclusions from authentic evidence. He assumes that, whenever any grant in favor of the people proceeded from the Crown, their right originated out of the grant; whereas, in fact, it more frequently happens that such a grant is only a

confirmation of a previously existing right, or the recognition of a prevailing principle in the constitution, subsisting by custom and usage, but which now required to be defined, because government sought to violate the understanding, or refuse the concessions which might render the struggle unnecessary: popular rights previously held in solution, but precipitated by excess of royal prerogative or party pertinacity.

"Our late great parliamentary revolution," said *Alciphron*, hearing this observation, "is a case in point: it was the refusal of the franchise to Manchester which solidified parliamentary reform—a few drops more of *Eldonine*, and we should have had the People's Charter." But this is a vexed question, which *Euphranor* advises us for the present to decline, and we must therefore return again to our historians.

Partial, however, as Brady may have been, he was an honest writer; rigidly accurate in his quotations, and, having appended numerous original documents to his text, he affords us the means of refuting his own mistakes, and is still in many points a useful guide.

Brady was the champion of Toryism and hereditary right; Tyrrell took up the gauntlet on the side of the Whigs and the Revolution, by producing, in 1698, "The General History of England, both Ecclesiastical and Civil, from the earliest accounts of time to the reign of his present Majesty William III., taken from most ancient Records, MSS., and printed Historians, with Memorials of the most eminent Persons in Church and State, as also the foundation of the most noted Monasteries and both Universities." Four successive volumes followed; the last appeared in 1704, when, like Brady, he was silenced in his controversy by death; and the same era, the conclusion of the reign of Richard II., ends his "Complete History."

As a necessary consequence of Tyrrell's antagonism to Brady, he runs fast and far away from the truth in the opposite direction. If not absolutely the founder, yet he gave a great help to the respectable, but somewhat prosy school, who systematize Anglo-Saxon liberty; believe that King Alfred instituted trial by jury; portray King John as signing Magna Charter with a long goose-quill; and, always confounding the means with the end, consider political freedom as identical with national happiness. His "History" is a Whig pamphlet in five volumes folio. Puzzled, and yet sincere, Tyrrell waded diligently through the best authorities; he neglected no source of information. We believe that he has hardly omitted any one fact of importance: and yet you read through his history without being able to recollect one of the events which he has narrated with drowsy fidelity. Like all writers of his class, he is a telescope with dulled glasses; he brings the object nearer to you, but so dim and confused that you have no distinct image at all.

With better fortune than his predecessors, Lawrence Eachard was enabled to fulfil his plan of "giving to the Englishman his own country's story." He undertook his useful and important work, for such it certainly is, under the clear conviction that he was called to the task by a sense of duty as a divine. England wanted a church and state history, a history which might teach Englishmen to respect their national constitution as well as their national religion, without egging one on against the other: he therefore wrote as a professed teacher, influenced by doctrines which it was his calling openly to propagate and confirm. Eachard's principle, however he may have carried it through, was the right one. A soldier would deem it an insult if you supposed he forgot his commission when he appears in plain clothes. Equally should a clergyman make all around him constantly know and remember his order, although his surplice may be put off. The first volume, which extends to the end of James I., is the least important. He did not neglect original authorities, but, according to the prevailing fashion, he considered the "monastic writers" as "being highly disagreeable to the taste and genius of our refined age." In the second and third volumes, which carry on the history to the "late happy Revolution," Eachard becomes a writer of intrinsic worth. He exercised a satisfactory diligence in collecting all the printed authorities, not merely such as are historical in the strict sense of the term, but of that miscellaneous illustrative class, pamphlets, lampoons, trials, and the like, neglected by his contemporaries, but of which he fully knew the value. Eachard was also assisted by manuscript and oral information, so that in the latter portion of the work he becomes an original authority. It is a grave, magisterial, sober, sensible book, in Oxford binding. His narration is deficient in talent or liveliness; but want of elegance and spirit is compensated by the business-like clearness of his style, and the excellent arrangement of his matter. His work, in spite of the attacks of scurrilous Oldmixon, and the criticism of the miserable free-thinker, Conyers Middleton, acquired considerable credit, and may be read with advantage by those who value plain historical information, full and solid: but they must not look for any solution of difficult problems, or any nice elucidations of character.

In the capacity of the patriarch of book-makers, the earliest professional author known to have been paid by the sheet, Guthrie, whose ponderous Geographical Grammar still lingers in its fourteenth edition, deserves a memorial. Let subscriptions be raised at every trade-dinner for the erection of the statue in papier maché, in the dark court opposite Stationers' Hall, in the centre of the little grubby, scrubby, shabby green. As an historian, few words will suffice for poor Guthrie. He was a Tory by principle and an author by necessity. Steadily did he fill page after page,

under the stimulus of political feeling and the pressure of domestic penury. Such was the patient complacency of his customers, that Guthrie's history, being intended to be popular, fills two enormous folios, a stone-weight of literature. Guthrie's work is decently and comprehensively executed; but he has omitted references to proofs and authorities, so that his compilation, far too unwieldy for any ordinary reader in our degenerate days, is nearly useless to historical inquirers.

The history of reputations ill deserved, would form a large and interesting chapter in the annals of literature. When it shall be investigated by some future D'Israeli, a prominent station must be found therein for Rapin. Laborious and yet superficial, pompous and shallow, his foreign birth, education, and *habitat*, all unfitted him for the task. We must recollect, however, in judging him, that he wrote for foreigners; that is to say, for the continental public, and not for ourselves. Rapin tells us so with a candor which excuses the author, though it does not neutralize the errors which he has propagated. Rapin had some appreciation of the higher qualities of an historian—but his model of composition was Mezeray; his sentiments those of Bayle. He judged all matters, religious or political, in the spirit of a French refugee: feelings fully natural and excusable in one who had escaped the persecutions sanctioned by the name of Louis le Grand. Yet our toleration for his opinions must not induce us to conceal that Rapin, in his worthless farrago, is consistently an enemy to monarchy. Whenever the subject gives him an opportunity, he never fails to speak out: his sober republicanism is wholly different from the radicalism of the present day, and yet it is not without its influence in the same cause. Rapin's history ends with Charles I. The remaining portions of the French text (of his avowed English continuators we do not speak) are all written by different hands. Salmon says that the history was worked up by a club or society of Dutch Calvinists, French Huguenots, (Durand, the minister of the Savoy, being one,) English Presbyterians, and Scotch Cameronians. There may have been something of design, but there was more of book-making. Amsterdam was then the Manchester of this manufacture; and Rapin dying before he had completed his work, Abraham Rogissart, the bookseller, had it "got up" from his papers, in order not to lose the benefit of a publication from which much profit was derived.

To counteract Rapin, Thomas Salmon, whom we have just quoted, produced his History of England, comprehending, as we are informed by his elaborate title-page, printed with a wonderful variety of type—upper-case, lower-case, Roman, Italic, red letter, and black letter—"Remarks on Rapin, Burnet, and other Republican writers, vindicating the just Right of the Established Church, and the Prerogatives of the Crown against the wild schemes of Enthusiasts and Levellers, no less

active and diligent in promoting the subversion of this beautiful frame of government, than their artful predecessors in hypocrisy, who converted the Monarchy into a Commonwealth and the Church into a Chaos of impious Sects." Salmon did not come from a bad stock: he was brother of the well-known historian of Essex. His fortunes, however, had been oddly chequered: he had served in the wars in Flanders, (we suspect as a private,) had been much at sea, twice to the Indies, and had kept two coffee-houses in a small way, first at Oxford and then in London. Whilst following the last-mentioned avocation, he compiled the "Modern Universal History," in which the English history is included, and several other useful works. His English history is fairly executed, and has occasionally those touches of liveliness which knowledge of the world imparts even to inferior talent. As a critic, Salmon has given many useful corrections of the "republican writers," not only in his history, but in his "Examination" of Burnet's Life and Times.

Brady and Tyrell, but more particularly the former, well understood research. An historical antiquary now arose, in the person of Thomas Carte, who far surpassed any of his predecessors. Carte was an indefatigable investigator of unpublished documents, particularly of state-papers, but he was somewhat deficient in the gift of knowing when to undervalue the result of his own researches. Alas! it is the common error of antiquaries to reckon the worth of the prey by the difficulty of the chase, and to consider that the mere accident of the information existing in manuscript—and above all in a manuscript *penes me*—must of necessity ensure the value of the article. He has overlooked important authorities, amongst others, strange to say, some of the publications of Tom Hearne; a great wonder, because Tom Carte ought to have turned to him by pure instinct as an *unsworn* brother. Adhering to the unfortunate house of Stuart, and having become cognizant of some plot for their restoration, Carte attained the uncomfortable honor of having his name placarded on the walls, in a proclamation which offered one thousand pounds for his apprehension; but he was able to escape to France, where he continued many years. The Benedictine school was flourishing there, and he had good opportunity of profiting by their labors. These excellent men were busily employed in editing the various sources of mediæval history; and their example, as well as the general tone of their erudition, so different from the Parisian coteries in which Hume afterwards flourished, gave Carte a deeper insight into the mode of conducting historical inquiry, than he could have obtained in England. Patronized by Dr. Mead, Carte had previously published his noble edition of Thuanus, which, after his recall to England, was followed by the "History of the Duke of Ormond." In the latter work he necessarily examined the character of Charles I. This

production opened the way for a task of greater magnitude. Feeling, in common with others, the need of opposing a more effectual antidote to the erroneous views of Rapin, than the well-meant, though not profound, attempts of Salmon, he planned his "Society for encouraging the writing of a History of England," with the avowed view of being supported by such encouragement. Carte fully knew his ground, and the difficulties he should have to encounter, and he went to work as a man determined to overcome them.

A great number of "noblemen and gentlemen signed an instrument, obliging themselves to contribute, the former their twenty, the latter their ten guineas a year, towards the charges of the work and materials." The documents which our author circulated amongst his subscribers, before he began to publish the History, entitled "A Collection of the several Papers published by Mr. Carte in relation to his History of England," show how thoroughly he had considered the subject in all its bearings. A full knowledge of the contents of our own archives, many of which were then of difficult access, a thorough acquaintance with the continental collections, a due and critical appreciation of the value of the ancient sources of information, all testify to his qualifications for the task. He received munificent support. Oxford University and five of the principal colleges appeared as subscribers. Prudent Cambridge wholly kept aloof; but the reserve of Alma Mater was more than compensated by the solid patronage of the Corporation of London and of the opulent city companies. The first volume of the "General History of England, by Thomas Carte, an *Englishman*," was worthy of the ample assistance the author had obtained. His quaint denomination must be explained. Carte, though in holy orders, dared not write himself *clerk*, and would not write himself *gentleman*; he was a member of a secret and proscribed hierarchy; therefore he probably thought, that, since he could not add any designation of station, he would claim no other description save that which he derived from his country. Carte exercised great control over his principles: his Jacobitism can only be detected in his fairness towards monarchy, nor is the allegiance due to the House of Hanover ever endangered by the historian's affection to the Stuart cause. Without doubt, he was rather desirous not to put the Treasury again to the trouble of offering a thousand pounds for lodging him in any of his Majesty's gaols. Throughout the whole of the work, which Carte continued till the year 1642, there is only one passage in which his Jacobitism crops out, betraying the sentiments of the party to which he belonged. Never was the love of the White Rose more innocently, some folks would say more absurdly, displayed.

Speaking of the right of anointing, practised, according to ancient usage, at the coronation, he refutes the injudicious arguments of those who

rest the jurisdiction of the Crown in ecclesiastical matters upon this ceremony, contending that such power is incident to royalty, and inherently vested, in all sovereigns. Had he stopped there, and then taken the oaths, all would have been excellent. Even a Whig minister might have "thought of him," as the phrase is; or his friends might have told him so. But, unluckily, he was tempted on a little bit further; and he proceeds to confute another opinion, that the gift of healing the scrofulous humor, called the king's evil, by the royal touch, a belief which has furnished an entertaining chapter in Mr. Pettigrew's very curious history of "Medical Superstitions," was to be attributed to the virtue imparted by the same ceremony; "for," says he, "I myself have seen a very remarkable instance of such a cure, which could not possibly be ascribed to royal unction." The individual supposed to have received this miraculous healing, was a certain Christopher Lovel, a native of Wells, who, having resided at Bristol as a laborer, was sorely afflicted with the disease. During many years, as Carte tells us, had he tried all the remedies which the art of medicine could administer, without receiving benefit. An old sailor, his uncle, about to sail to Cork, received Lovel on board his vessel: another voyage brought him to St. Malo in the Isle of Rhé. Hence Lovel crossed the country to Paris; ultimately he reached Avignon. "At this last place," says Carte, "he was touched by the eldest lineal descendant of a race of kings;" and, upon returning to his birth-place, he appeared, as people thought, entirely cured. Upon hearing this story, the first impression is, that Christopher Lovel was benefited by change of air and scene, diet and exercise, in the course of his long peregrinations by land and by sea; and any wise man, even though not a doctor, would assuredly, before he committed himself, have said, "Let us wait awhile, and see whether the disease be entirely removed." Accordingly, at no long period afterwards, the disease did in fact reappear. Whilst the unfortunate Jacobite thus lost his cause by failing in the ordeal which he had waged, he suffered all the odium of gaining a victory. Carte's enemies, and they were many in his own craft, took up the matter no less fiercely than as if the patient had been really and thoroughly healed, thereby giving the most undisputable proof of the legitimacy of the Pretender. Had Christopher Lovel been produced, as fresh as a rose and as sound as an apple, at the bar of the House of Lords—for the purpose of giving evidence to set aside the Act of Settlement, a louder hurly-burly could not have been raised. Pamphlets abounded. Silvanus Urban, usually open to all parties and influenced by none, lost all fellow-feeling. Mysterious paragraphs appeared, in which significant letters interchanged with more significant dashes—"N—j—r, P—t—r," excited all the horror of loyalty against the luckless T—s C—e. London citizens took fright. Pursuant to a vote of Com-

mon Council, Mr. Chamberlain, by order of Mr. Town, withdrew their subscription. Many other of Carte's supporter's followed their example from a real horror of Jacobitism; more, lest they should incur suspicion of favoring the Stuart cause—thus saving at once their reputation and their money. Still Carte's spirit was unsubdued: he continued to labor at his work. The remaining volumes appeared in due succession; and, had not death arrested his pen, he would, without doubt, have completed the book to the Revolution. As before mentioned, it ends with 1642. Carte's transcripts form a very valuable and extensive collection, and are now deposited in the Bodleian, where they constitute a memorial of conscientious honesty; for though Carte did not live to complete his plans, still he fully performed his duty towards those who supported him. He brought together all the materials for the edifice, which he was bound to raise.

Such were the precursors, who, with unequal qualities and success, had prepared the way for Hume. Being in 1752 appointed librarian of the Faculty of Advocates, an office from which he received little or no emolument, but which gave him the command of the largest library in Scotland, he then, as he tells us, formed the plan of writing the "History of England;" "but, frightened with the notion of continuing a narrative through a period of 1700 years, I commenced with the accession of the House of Stuart, an epoch when I thought the misrepresentations of faction began chiefly to take place." Two years elapsed before the appearance of the first volume of the "History," containing the period from the accession of James I. to the Revolution. The second followed in 1756. The history of the House of Tudor was next published in 1759; and the more early part, beginning, according to custom, with the Druids and Julius Cesar, was given to the public in 1761. This retrograde process is not ill adapted for the purpose of giving an effective and persuasive unity: it better enables the writer to single out such results as may agree with the causes which he chooses to assign. Keen novel-readers often begin with the catastrophe, in order to judge of the conduct of the tale. A writer of history may follow an analogous plan in order to ensure a striking development. Hume's "History" thus falls into three sections, and there are diversities of execution in each. Unquestionably, the portion in which Hume shows most grasp of mind is the Stuart history, yet one spirit pervades the whole.

Previously to the appearance of the history, the librarian, petted and favored as he may have been by private friendship, had not manifested any ability reasonably leading to the supposition that he would ever be numbered among the great men of the age. Had it not been for the notoriety attached to his "philosophical" principles, no impartial observer would have anticipated that David

was likely to attract the notice of posterity, amidst the crowd of gentlemen who write with ease. He had tried a profusion of little essays, little treatises, little didactic dialogues upon metaphysics, philosophy, political economy, arts and sciences, trade, commerce, and polygamy, politics and constitutional policy, and historical antiquities—none very brilliant. Until he became a narrator, he never discovered the means of exerting his influential powers. Hume was destined to become a magnificent performer; but he began professing upon the wrong instruments; they had not sufficient compass—they wanted power and depth of tone; he kept hitting and hammering arias and fantasias upon the harpsichord, instead of expatiating in all the mazes of a grand concerto upon the violoncello. When he did change for the right instrument, he made it speak: and he took his proper place in the orchestra; but of that hereafter.

Hume's first offering to the literary world, as we are told in "My own Life," was "a Treatise of Human Nature, being an Attempt to introduce the Experimental Method of Reasoning, into moral subjects;" not a very intelligible title, even when, by substituting *on* for *of*, we render it somewhat more conformable to the vulgar idiom of our language. "Never," adds he, "was any literary attempt more unfortunate than my Treatise: it fell dead-born from the press, without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots." And he proceeds to represent how cheerfully he sustained the disappointment, and then recovered from the blow. In this auto-biographical confession, which contains two facts, the failure of the work and Hume's own conduct, there are two misrepresentations: the baby was not still-born—it was quite alive, and cried lustily, so as to excite the ogres, that is to say, the reviewers, to strangle it: an operation effectually performed, in the Journal entitled "The Works of the Learned." In the next place, Hume, instead of submitting with stoical indifference to the loss of said baby, raged like a lioness deprived of her cubs. Rushing into the shop of Jacob Robinson, the publisher of the Review, he out with his sword and demanded satisfaction. Jacob took refuge within his proper stronghold, and entrenched himself behind the counter, and thus escaped being pinked after the most approved fashion. Both parties acted very naturally—the stoical philosopher in being furious at the criticism, and the bookseller in declining to become a martyr for his editor; but "My own Life" is wholly silent about the matter. "My own Life," indeed, belongs to a class of compositions rarely commanding much confidence: say, one in a hundred. Autos usually takes good care not to tell any tales, which, in his own conceit, would lower his repute with Heteros—not one in a thousand. In all such compositions there is a great root of self-deception. We are far more proud of confessing our secret sins, than of recall-



ing the recollection of our open follies. But the Philosophical Historian is superlatively egotistical and self-adulatory; he rolls and swelters in vanity.

All his miscellaneous productions, excepting only his "Natural History of Religion," and some slight Essays upon the "passions," "tragedy," and "taste," appeared before the publication of the first Stuart volume. Hume's general information, his apparent mildness and good temper, his gentlemanlike flow of language when he was not provoked, his conversational powers, and the general tendency of his moral and philosophical essays, gained him much notoriety and favor in the literary circles and coteries at Edinburgh. Deism was spreading, with exceeding rapidity, amongst the more intellectual classes of the northern capital. Philosophy became almost indispensable for preserving literary caste. Free-thinking, however, was then a quasi-aristocratical luxury. It had not yet descended to the Lord Provost and the Town-Council; and when Hume became a candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy, the "zealots" having been bold enough to assert that he was an apostle of infidelity, he lost his election.

Such contests are usually poor tests of sound principle; however, on this occasion, the opposition was honest and sincere. It was instigated by the more orthodox and uncompromising members of the Kirk, who really adhered in heart and life to Christianity as taught by Calvin and John Knox; and Hume hated them henceforward with his whole soul. But the "enthusiasts" constituted a minority—both a moral and a numerical minority; all the ministry who professed liberal opinions, valued and sought Hume's friendship. Stigmatized as the propagandist of unbelief, he was consoled, supported, protected by the cordial friendship of the most distinguished members of the Scottish establishment—Blair, Wallace, Drysdale, Wishart, Jardine, Home, Robertson, and Carlyle. This reverend patronage, not any ability or cleverness of the writer, gave activity to Hume's venom. It removed the reproach previously attached to infidelity. It at once took off the interdict. Those who are the warmest adherents to Hume's irreligion have never dared to risk their own literary reputation by praising the talent of Hume, as evinced in the most offensive of his publications, such as the "Natural History of Religion," which includes the "Bad Influence of Popular Religions on Morality," the "Essay on Miracles," and the "Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding;" and when Magee ("On Atonement and Sacrifice," Vol. ii., p. 276,) spoke of them as "standing memorials of a heart as wicked, and a head as weak, as ever pretended to the character of philosopher and moralist," it is the harshness of the language, not the injustice of the sentiment, which can in any degree dispose us against the criticism. Deficient in any sustained argument, prolix and inconclusive, his hold upon your attention principally arises from the effort which you are constantly compelled to

make, in order to follow the reasoning, which vanishes as soon as it begins to assume a definite form. If you are an antagonist, he wears you, not by his blows, but by continually slipping out of your grasp. Such works would absolutely have destroyed Hume's reputation as a philosophical reasoner, had he not been an unbeliever—had not opposition to faith been usually in those days considered as a *primâ facie* proof of a strong and vigorous mind.

The "Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals," may stand high in the scale of mediocrity. What have we in this pragmatic dissertation? A favorable approbation of qualities commonly favored; a dislike of vices commonly odious; common-place observations brought forth with placid solemnity; obvious truths intermixed with as obvious fallacies. Cold approbation is the utmost Hume bestows. He has no objection to the more amiable of the natural good qualities of mankind, if they trouble him not in his easy way. Without seeking to encourage any vice which might diminish the safety of society, he is apathetic even in the cause of pagan virtue.

The best of Hume's miscellaneous productions are his political and constitutional essays; they are clear and sensible, and they have all the force resulting from a shrewd and tranquil intellect. He recommends himself by his *disinvoltura* and worldly good sense, and a due appreciation of the popular fallacies by which the multitude are deluded. These pieces have the value of slight sketches by a good artist, free and expressive, but they need finish and carrying out into compositions. The most elaborate of them is the "Essay upon the Populousness of Ancient Nations." Its reasonings received an elaborate reply from Wallace; and Gibbon, in his valuable "Adversaria," has pointed out some striking inaccuracies. It is now chiefly remarkable, as having elicited from Hume an important and instructive description of his peculiar tactics. In a second edition, he added the following curious note:—

"An ingenious author has honored this discourse with an answer full of politeness, erudition, and good sense. So learned a refutation would have made the author suspect that his reasonings were entirely overthrown, had he not used the precaution from the beginning to keep himself on the sceptical side; and, having taken this advantage of the ground, he was enabled, though with much inferior force, to preserve himself from a total defeat. That reverend gentleman will always find, where his antagonist is so entrenched, that it will be very difficult to force him. Varro, in such a situation, could defend himself against Hannibal, Pharnaces against Cæsar."

But becoming afterwards aware, that this was an unguarded disclosure of the trick which gave most success to his sophistry, he omitted it, when, for a third time, he republished the essay in an octavo form.

In the large library, which, as he tells us, sug-

gested his work, Hume wanted, like his predecessors, important materials then concealed in manuscript, but now familiar to every historical inquirer. Domesday, the groundwork of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman territorial organization, was enshrined in the Chapter House at Westminster, protected strictly under lock and key: rarely could the edifice be entered; if the antiquary sought to consult the treasure, thirteen shillings and fourpence of lawful money must be paid for each inspection of the volume; guarded so jealously that the finger was never allowed to wander beyond the margin, lest the characters should sustain injury from contact with unexchequered hands. He had to labor under many other similar disadvantages, removed by more recent editorial diligence.

Such deficiencies, though they may diminish the completeness of history, are not detrimental to the literary character of the historian. Ordinary and vulgarized sources will usually give all that is needed for a broad outline, which may be rendered sufficiently effective, as a test of the author's talent, with a few minor details. "Here are some new and unpublished materials for the History of the Siege of Rhodes, M. l'Abbé." The reply of M. l'Abbé Vertot—as we have it in the facetious, anecdotic chapter of the French school-grammars of the last age—was, "Mon siège est fait." In the case of Vertot, the answer has become a standing joke against his memory, but the point of the sarcasm is given by his general untrustworthiness. Had M. l'Abbé been faithful to the extent of his knowledge, no candid fellow-laborer would be inclined to blame him for being content to work well upon a limited stock. In discussing Hume's claims to be adopted as "the guide and philosopher," who, "on all topics connected with our history entirely gives the law," it is therefore important to ascertain whether he employed due diligence, in studying the materials which were accessible to him, and in availing himself of the ample library, which, as he informs us, stimulated him to his enterprise. Gibbon thought not: he describes Hume's History as "elegant, but superficial;" apparently a slight epithet of blame, but which, employed by Gibbon, obtains great intensity. Congenial, unhappily, as their opinions might be in some respects, no two literary characters could be more distinct. Hume's historical Muse is dressed à la Pompadour: she is so painted that you never see her true complexion, you never get deeper than the rouge and the fard. Hume, in his best moods, only fluttered about the truth; never sought to know it. Gibbon sought to know the truth; but for the purpose of wickedly and perfidiously perverting it. Yet how admirable was the talent exerted by Gibbon, in hostility to the Power by whom the gift was bestowed—his nice sense of the due subordination of the different branches, into which he divided his studies; the good sense which taught him to intersperse them

amidst each other, so varied as to relieve the mind, and yet so continuous as not to distract attention—to slacken the bow, but never leave it unstrung! His constant vigilance to improve every opportunity—recovering his Greek, to the sound of the fife and the tattoo, when on duty at Devizes; placing Homer in parallel with the verse of Pope and the geography of Strabo; comparing the returned numbers of the establishment of the Berkshire militia, with its actual rank and file, five hundred and sixty nominal, and two hundred and seventy-three effective, and hence drawing his inferences respecting the real magnitude of the armies commemorated in history.

Hume, at least in the papers which have been published, abstains from affording us any similar information. "My own Life" is silent concerning my own studies during the progress of the history; nor have we any means "of visting the fattest of epicurean hogs in his styte,"—this is Gibbon's kind phrase, explained by the ingenious index-maker as "a jocose allusion to Mr. Hume's indolence." The only glimpse we gain is through a story told by a late venerable Scottish crony. Some one having hinted that David had neglected an authority he ought to have consulted, the old gentleman replied,—“Why, mon, David read a vast deal before he set about a piece of his book; but his usual seat was the sofa, and he often wrote with his legs up; and it would have been unco fashionable to have moved across the room when any little doubt occurred.”

In the absence of more precise information, we must endeavor to ascertain, by internal evidence, the books which Hume had by his side, when, compiling the earlier portions of his history, he worked in this somewhat American guise. It has been ably shown by the most competent judge amongst our contemporaries, (*Ed. Rev.* Vol. liii., p. 15,) that, from Carte, Hume borrowed not only the arrangement of events but the structure of his expressions, giving, however, the color of his own thought and style to the narration, and occasionally verifying Carte's statement by referring to his quotations. Hume made nearly as much use of Tyrrell, balancing the narratives of the two historians, wisely availing himself of the hints given by Whig and Tory. Brady was his principal help for constitutional information. Original sources were occasionally consulted by him, though very uncritically and sparingly; some of considerable importance are wholly passed by; for example, the anonymous life of Richard II., published by Hearne. The reason is obvious; Carte unaccountably neglected it, therefore Hume was ignorant of the book's existence. Hume may have turned over the leaves of the chroniclers, but he never rendered them the object of study, and never distinguished between primary and secondary authorities. Of Church history, he knew absolutely nothing. Slight references to the imperfect English Concilia by Spelman, testify his ignorance or

neglect of the more complete edition which we owe to Wilkins; a book which, a quarter of a century ago, was estimated as waste paper, but which now is worth more pounds than it was then worth shillings. Hume was entirely unacquainted with any of the ample collections, in which the transactions of the Church are recorded. A few passages, relating to Ecclesiastical law and history, are borrowed from the pungent Satires of Fra Paolo Sarpi: his facts for the Crusades, from Maimbourg or Vertot; his notices of continental history, generally, from the *Essai sur les Mœurs*, by Voltaire, and some other of the then fashionable works of French infidel literature. In the Stuart portions, Hume worked more freely and independently, from original writers; though Eachard, and also Bishop Kennet's compilation, useful for the documents and textual extracts it contains, were serviceable in saving the walk across the room.

Possibly many elucidations of Hume's literary character might be derived from the large collection of his correspondence, now deposited in the Library of the Edinburgh Royal Society. An editor would, however, find difficulty in dealing with the papers, so as to afford sufficient instruction, and, at the same time, avoid public offence. Selections from correspondence are worth little, unless they are sufficiently ample to exhibit a continuous view of the mind and pursuits of the man, and the mutual interchange of thought. Those who have examined the Hume papers—which we know only by report—speak highly of their interest, but add, that they furnish painful disclosures concerning the opinions then prevailing amongst the clergy of the northern metropolis; distinguished ministers of the Gospel encouraging the scoffs of their familiar friend, the author of the "Essay upon Miracles," and echoing the blasphemies of their associate, the author of the "Essay upon Suicide." Can we doubt but that Hume, who possessed within him the natural germ of many virtues, was exceedingly strengthened in his infidelity by the inconsistency of those whom he terms "religionists" leading him to the conclusion that "their conviction is in all ages more affected than real, and scarcely ever approaches in any degree to that solid belief and persuasion, which governs us in the common affairs of life! The usual course of men's conduct belies their words, and shows that their assent in these matters is some unaccountable operation of the mind between disbelief and conviction, but approaching nearer to the former than the latter."—Thus generalizing from his knowledge of the private sentiments of these betrayers of their Lord, these preachers of the Gospel, honoring the reviler of their Saviour, whose talents and worldly respectability added to their evil influence, he became firmly convinced that "priests of all religion are the same," seeking merely the gratification of their own sordid and selfish passions and propensities.

The "careless inimitable beauties of Hume," as they are styled by Gibbon, that is to say, his solecisms, his Scotticisms, his Gallicisms, his violation of the rules of English grammar, and still more of English idiom, were criticised with some severity by Dr. Priestley, in his "English Grammar," the rarest of his productions. "The mere language of an historian," as Dr. Arnold observes, "will furnish us with something of a key to his mind—will tell us, or at least give us cause to presume, in what his main strength lies, and in what he is deficient."

Hume's language shows us that his main strength lies in his art of rhetorical persuasion—in his striving always to lead the hearer to form inferences beyond his words—in his being able to throw out his written discourse with the ease of conversation, avoiding its triviality—and in a thorough appreciation of the respect which an author gains, who can neither be depreciated for vulgarity nor ridiculed for bombast. On the other hand, Hume's language equally discloses his deficiency in historical knowledge, evinced by his inability to relate his history in appropriate diction: he wants the happy medium between that paraphrase which obliterates the character of the original, and the untrue fidelity, which even still more would disguise its real features. Whoever writes the history of remote times, is virtually a translator; and a strict and literal translation fully meets the meaning of the German term. It is an *übersetzung*, an oversetting. Translation, it has been well observed, is "a problem, how, two languages being given, the nearest approximation may be made in the second, to the expression of ideas already conveyed through the medium of the first." Perhaps the worst solution is the conceit of rendering sound for sound, in which the sound usually ceases to be an echo of the sense. Speak, in translating from Norsk or Anglo-Saxon, of the *stink* of a rose, that is to say, the rose's *smell*—the *dream* of a fiddle instead of its *tone*—the *green beam* for the growing tree—the *smear-monger* for the *butter-merchant*;—represent a mother as lamenting that her *knave's lungs* are *addled*, instead of her *boy* being ill of *consumption*;—describe the preacher holding forth from his pulpit as the *beadle spelling* from the *steeple*;—or, recurring to the original *sense*, when *sound* fails you, praise the excellent taste of his majesty of Bavaria in erecting the marble *slaughter-house* to the honor of Germania's worthies—such Teutonisms would not add to the clearness of our ideas. Very insidious, in all cases, are the deceptions suggested by titles of dignity, designations connected with state or office, of which the signification changes so rapidly from age to age, whilst the symbol remains the same. *Dominus*, or lord, conveys in the originals no peculiar notion of pre-eminence. It is sufficiently humble in the familiar compound of *landlord*; but speak of the *lord of the land*, and what a vision it raises of feudal dignity! In words which, according to the laws of language,

you must employ, the great difficulty consists in guarding against ambiguities, arising from the change of meaning. Parliament is not a senate occupied in making speeches and passing laws, but the king, enthroned at the head of his great court of remedial justice; a bishop's palace, nothing regal, but a *place*, a mansion; throne, unconnected with royalty, and only the official seat of the prelate. The historian should consider himself as an interpreter, standing between two nations, and he cannot well execute his task, unless he has lived with both. He must be familiarized, not merely with their language, but with their habits, and customs, and thoughts. He must be able to reduce all the conventional phrases of society into truth, to know when the speech which makes the roof resound means nothing—and be equally able to find the expressive meaning of silence. A very useful introduction to the study of patristical latinity—a main source, together with the Vulgate, of the mediæval idioms—will be found in Mr. Woodham's Tertullian. It is unnecessary to remark that the baser latinity of the mediæval writers differs widely from that of classical authors; but the discrepancy lies far deeper than the adoption of barbarous words, whose signification can be disclosed by a glossary, or the solecisms which can be corrected by grammatical rules. Their rough refectory—and kitchen—Latin, came natural to them; they thought in it; hence, though employing uncouth and ungraceful language, they expressed themselves, when needed, with terseness and power. It also exhibits strong idiomatic peculiarities, not merely of individuals, but of *æras*. Anglo-Norman latinity differs much from the later Plantagenet latinity. Compare, for example, a few sentences of Ordericus Vitalis, or William of Malmesbury, with the pseudo-Inglulphus, forged, as we have shown, subsequently to the reign of Edward II.,\* or Knighton. Hume, compiling chiefly from dull and vapid translations and compilations, and quite unable to catch a distinct perception of the originals, never approaches to the *truth* of historical diction, though he fully attains its rhetorical beauty.

Helped onwards by such guides as Carte and Tyrrell, it was impossible that so acute a writer as Hume could commit any palpable blunder in the main facts of his history; but he absolutely teems with all the errors which can be committed by talent, when endeavoring to disguise ignorance by putting on the airs of knowledge. Hume's history is made out of the cast of a cast, in which all the sharpness of the original has been lost. He gives great effect to the dull and rounded forms, by touching up the figures with his chisel, and recutting them so as to suit his conception; but this process, cleverly as it may be executed, only denaturalizes them the more.

We are amused at the absurdity of the romancers of the middle ages, who portray Alexander in full armor, and Nectanebus hearing mass in the Temple of Termagaunt. These anachronisms, the proofs of a total misconception of the Grecian age, are not a whit greater than when Hume speaks of "Anglo-Saxon gentlemen." The notion of a gentleman is a complex idea, entirely belonging to our own times—it implies courtesy of manners, education, a qualification of property not defined by pounds, shillings, and pence, but which places him above poverty, though not necessarily in opulence; and belongs to a state of society which never could have existed in the Anglo-Saxon age—nor could the term ever have been employed by any writer who had the Saxon Chronicle before him.

The Gallicism *Tiberiade* reveals Hume travelling to Tiberias in the Holy Land, under the guidance of the Abbé, and not of William of Tyre.

Edwin, in Hume's History, retires "to his *estates* in the North, with the view of commencing an insurrection"—just as a Cumberland squire might have done in the '45. Possibly Hume may have found in Rapin, that Edwin fled to his *états*. Unless Hume's readers obtain information elsewhere, it will be difficult for them to understand that Edwin retreated to his great feudal earldom, as it would be called, which he possessed with quasi-regal power.

Another example is somewhat more complicated. What confidence would be placed in a writer, who, expatiating upon the policy of our own times, were to say that landed property may be recovered, by *filing a bill* in the Court of Common Pleas, or bringing an *ejectment* in the Court of Chancery? True, this is a misapplication of mere technical terms, but the technicality involves essentials: a writer thus blundering, would at once exhibit himself as woefully incompetent to discuss the merits or demerits of our jurisprudence. Hume, in stating that Henry II. "admitted either of the parties to challenge a trial by an *assize or jury* of twelve freeholders," as if the terms were synonymous, displays exactly the same species of ignorance. The assize was an array of recognitors of twelve knights, elected by four other knights, under a special ordinance of Henry II.; the jury was summoned by the sheriff, by assent of the parties. The difference between the assize and the jurata constitutes one of the most instructive portions of the learning of our ancient law.

Hume is fierce against the middle ages for their ignorance of geography.—"The imperfect communication amongst the kingdoms, and their ignorance of each other's situations, made it impracticable for them to combine in one project or effort."—Hume was no less ignorant of the political geography of those times, without which it is quite as impracticable for an historian to combine his facts for the instruction of his readers. He creates a kingdom of *Naples* in the twelfth cen-

\* Sources of English History, "Quart. Rev.," vol. xxxiv. p. 296; in which article we have spoken fully of Hume's uncritical use of the ancient sources.

tury, when the continental dominions of the *King of Sicily* consisted of the duchy of Apulia and the principality of Capua. He speaks of Italy and Germany in relation to the disputes between Pope and Emperor. Now his Italy is merely Lombardy. Germany, as we now see it colored on the map, did not then exist. The countries which he means are the territories of the empire, bounded by the Rhone on the one side, and the wilds of the Lithuanians, and Prussians and Sclavonians, on the east.

Whilst Hume discusses, describes, condemns the manners and customs and ignorance of the middle ages, he, with dogmatic confidence, betrays in every allusion, that he never can remove himself out of the eighteenth century. Unreal ideas of the past are constantly united to a more real sense of the present; his descriptions remind one of a showman's booth in a fair—a scene with daubed temples and dingy groves, and, around and behind, the shops and lamp-posts of the market-place. Thus, speaking of the Anglo-Saxon free pledge, "No man," he says, "could change his habitation without a *warrant* or *certificate* from the borsholder of the tithing to which he formerly belonged." Farmer Ethelwolf puts on his great coat, and, going to the shop of Mr. Grimbald, a tithing-man and tobacconist, walks up to the counter, and tells him that he is about to move next Michaelmas, and requests his certificate, which Grimbald duly delivers, and receives a shilling for his pains. This is the train of ideas which Hume's description of the proceeding suggests.

Suppose that an historian, describing the reign of George I., were to observe, "There were not many bills of exchange in circulation in those days, and losses for want of such securities—a sure mark of a rude state of commerce—were *very frequent*; for the *art of copperplate engraving was so little known* that you could hardly ever buy blank bills of exchange in the stationers' shops." Even such, is the reasoning of Hume in the following passage:—"And it appears from Glanville, the famous justiciary of Henry II., that, in his time, when any man died intestate, an accident which *must have been very frequent when the art of writing was so little known*, the king, or the lord of the fief, pretended to seize all the movables, and to exclude every heir, even the children of the deceased—a sure mark of a tyrannical and arbitrary government."

Hume evidently supposed that writing was essential for declaring testamentary intentions. But, according to the jurisprudence of the middle ages, it was not essential; nuncupative testaments, or bequests made by word of mouth, might be equally effectual. Writing was no more needed in the first instance, for the purpose of preventing a man in the reign of Henry II. from dying intestate, than copperplate engraving was in the reign of George I. for the purpose of giving a legal bill of exchange. Practically, the greater proportion of

wills in the middle ages were unwritten deathbed declarations, made in the presence of witnesses—who subsequently appeared before a competent authority; and to this circumstance we may trace some of the most marked characteristics of mediæval testamentary dispositions, as distinguished from our own.

When Hume personifies the papal authority in the twelfth century by "the triple crown," and represents the Pontiff, at the same era, as launching his thunders from the "Vatican," he shows that he deserves the same confidence in his knowledge of the papal history, as if, writing the history of France, he were to embody the valor of France during the crusades under the symbol of the tricolor, or describe St. Louis as issuing his ordinances from the Tuileries. The second crown did not appear on the tiara till after Boniface VIII. (1294–1303,) whilst the third was only added in the thirteenth century by Boniface IX. (1389–1404;) and the Vatican never became the official residence of the popes, until the widowhood of Rome ceased, by the return of the pontiffs from Avignon.

In every touch we detect the inaccuracy of the picture. Hume tells us, that, in the twelfth century, parish registers were *not regularly kept*! Not *regularly kept*! Parish registers were never kept in any part of the world until the sixteenth century. The only mode by which the Piovano of San' Giovanni, the baptistery of Florence, took an account of the infants whom he baptized, (and all the infants of the city were brought thither,) was by putting beans into a bag—a white bean for a girl, and a black bean for a boy—and then casting them up at the end of the year.

During the Anglo-Saxon period, Hume informs us that "deeds relating to civil transactions, bargains and sales, manumissions of slaves, and the like, were inserted in the blank leaves of the *parish Bible*," kept, it is to be presumed, in the vestry, printed by his Majesty's printer, and bound in rough calf. We shall soon have to speak of the Bible during the Anglo-Saxon period. If Hume had consulted history with any attention, he would have said that such instruments were occasionally recorded in the blank leaves of a Missal, or the Gospel, or the Psalter, or some other portion of the Scripture, treasured in a great monastery; but the examples are rare, and do not require the prominence which he has bestowed upon them.

Hume's inaccuracies go at once to the competency of the historian—the flaws in the metal, which show that the piece will not stand fire—specks on the rind, which betray the unsoundness of the fruit, rotten to the core.

Our philosopher was free from one sin—the pride which apes humility. His autobiography lies like an epitaph. He discounted his own legacy of posthumous praise, and exonerated his executors from the liability of payment. He extols his own sobriety and his own industry in the strongest

terms. Had he these qualifications? If exerted, they would have enabled him, like Carte, to emulate the exactness of the French Benedictines; and his negligence discredits him the more.

Hume the librarian, laboring, like Guthrie, to earn an honest penny by writing for the booksellers at so much a sheet, might have been useful, or at least innocuous.

Hume the metaphysician possessed the rare gift of being able to compare probabilities, and, at the same time, to suspend his judgment. Hence the ability with which he has treated the character of Mary, a question upon which either side may be taken with equal scepticism or equal credulity. If he had been gifted with a truth-seeking mind, this talent would have conducted him to the best principles of historical investigation. He would have disciplined us in the least cultivated branch of historical science, the logic of history.

Hume the politician, as we can fully judge from his slight but able constitutional essays, might have conveyed wise practical lessons through the medium of our national history. Calm and unimaginative, great names had no influence over him; there was no object to which he bowed; he entered the Temple of Fame, refusing to worship any popular idol. Head or stamp would not induce him to receive base metal as precious coin. He who had the courage to designate the works of Locke, and Sidney, and Hoadley, as "compositions the most despicable both for style and matter," was truly able to count the cost of exposing himself to the hostility of literary prejudice and party feeling. No one had shown more clearly than Hume the utter fallacy of the original-compact doctrines: he could admit the lovely vision of a government framed upon philosophical theory, and yet refute the Utopian absurdity of reducing it into practice. Hume was not one of those who repudiate Oxford, and graduate at Laputa. Do we seek a demonstration of the inoperativeness of popular election, as the means of collecting popular opinion—where can more able arguments be found than in Hume?

Hume the travelled scholar, inspired by the ambition of literary fame, the ruling passion, as he tells us, of his life, had it fully in his power to have composed a history, in which an even flow of style, polished though not forcible, a courteous and gentlemanlike dignity, a happy disposition of incidents, and the delicate taste which, preventing his attaining the sublime, always guarded him against the ridiculous, would have furnished a narrative in which instruction pleasantly conveyed might have compensated for the absence of original inquiry. Hume is a great master in historical discourse. He is a consummate Rhetor. As a composition, considered without reference to truth or principle, his Stuart apology is unrivalled.

But all his powers—they were great, and might have been noble—are rendered useless by the consummate Rhetor's continued perversion of history

into a panegyric of infidelity. His metaphysical writings have always been more known than read—so dull, that even the zest of doing a wrong thing can hardly now persuade a reader to grapple with their drowsy inanity. Even the warmth and talents of his opponents could never criticise them into popularity. At last he discovered his peculiar talent. It was this acquisition of self-knowledge, and not the opportunities of his office, which induced him, like Voltaire, to adopt history as the more effective vehicle of his opinions; and he fully succeeded. "INFIDELITY FOR THE MIL-LION" is the heading for Hume's history, than which only one other—and is it needful to name Gibbon?—has exerted a more baneful influence upon English literature, and through English literature upon the civilized world. Antipathy to faith had become engrafted upon his moral constitution. Like Gibbon, he was possessed with malignant hatred against all goodness and holiness. "Never lose an opportunity," was the advice given by a kindred spirit, "of placing gunpowder, grain by grain, under the gigantic edifice of superstition, until the mine shall be charged with a sufficient quantity to blow up the whole." Hume did not dare to fire the train. He would have dreaded the smoke and noise of an explosion. Adopting the coarse but forcible expression, suggested by a crime unknown in the "dark ages," and generated in the full blaze of civilization, he always tried to burke religion. Temper, as well as prudence, had from the first beginning rendered him sober. Personal considerations had due influence: he courted not the honors of martyrdom. Opinion imposed some check; law more. In England there was a boundary which could not be quite safely passed. Some examples had occurred sufficient to warn him. Like Aagill, or Toland, or Woolston, or Peter Annet, he might be seduced beyond the bounds of conventional impunity granted to free-thinking, and find himself in the presentment of the grand jury, with a prospect of Newgate and the pillory in the background: far enough off, yet disagreeable objects, looming in the horizon. At Edinburgh, an ecclesiastical prosecution brushed by him. "An overture" was made in the General Assembly, for appointing a committee to call the philosopher before the synod, as the author of books "containing the most rude and open attacks upon the Gospel; and principles evidently subversive even of natural religion and the foundations of morality, if not establishing direct atheism."

A further examination of this very remarkable transaction would exceed our limits: the endeavor thus made by the orthodox members of the Kirk, to testify against the progress of infidelity, was frustrated not by dint of reasoning, but by the indefatigable exertions of his clerical friends. We have seen what high and influential names were numbered amongst them. The strongest argument which these ministers of the Gospel employed

on behalf of their client, was, "that Mr. Hume was really no Christian, had not so much as the profession of it, and therefore was to be considered as one who is *without*, and not a subject of Christian discipline." Thus did the most eminent, in the world's opinion, of the teachers of Christianity in Scotland plead Hume's declared infidelity as the reason for espousing his cause, and protecting him from ecclesiastical censure. Pending the proceedings, the more faithful of the clergy did their duty, by endeavoring to warn their people against him. His chief opponent was Anderson, "the literary champion of the fanatics," who dealt with Hume by "*constantly appealing to the Bible, the usual resource of the priest in every difficulty.*" We take the words of his biographer, as the best exponent of the antagonistic feelings by which Hume was supported or opposed.

Yet Hume did not escape entirely without damage. Infidelity stood between him and the much-coveted professorial chair. By the rebound of the attack made in the General Assembly, he was compelled to resign his librarianship. Though little hurt, he was somewhat scared; and whilst it increased his grim antipathy to the faithful Calvinistic clergy, the "fanatics" and "enthusiasts," he was the more wary in avoiding any very tangible opportunity of falling into their power—a power fast diminishing, but yet sufficiently formidable to disturb the Sybarite on his rose-leaves. Caution, therefore, was always needed: a restraint to which he submitted the more willingly, since he conceived that his own quiet plan of operation would be quite as sure, in the long run, as the more brilliant and sounding measures adopted by the other active members of the philosophical circle, the "sensible, knowing, and polite company, with which Paris abounds more than any other city in the world." He comforted himself in his dying hours with the hope of the ultimate advent of unbelief triumphant. "Have a little patience, good Charon: I have been endeavoring to open the eyes of the public; if I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition."

To this one object, the destruction of "religious fictions and chimeras," all Hume's endeavors were directed. It was the one end and intent of the History, which gives to the whole the epic unity, whence its seductive merit is in great measure derived. Hume's mode of dealing with religion shows the cowardice of his heart: he dreaded lest conviction should come upon him against his will. He was constantly trying to stupify his own conscience, lest the pain of perceiving any reality in things unseen should come on. The first object of Hume is to nullify religion. All the workings of Providence in worldly affairs are denied; or blurred, when he cannot deny them. All active operation of holiness, all sincerity, is excluded. He constantly labors to suppress any belief in

belief, as an efficient cause of action: he will rather infer any other influential motive. Silence, argumentation, equivocation, absolute falsity, are all employed with equal dexterity, and in sovereign contempt of all the laws by which the conscience of an historian should be ruled. But if he cannot blot out religion entirely, he lowers, degrades, deforms it; yet he prefers to affect contempt, rather than express absolute aversion; he treats faith rather as a meanness, which the enlightened philosopher is ashamed to notice, than as an enemy who needs to be actively expelled. Ever and anon, however, his hatred becomes apparent; and he forgoes even the conventional decencies of language in the bitterness of his heart. When his so-called history is not an inferential argument against religion, it is an invective. Could the powers of Belial be described more forcibly, than in the following remarkable passage?—"Hume, without positively asserting much more than he can prove, gives prominence to all the circumstances which support his case. He glides lightly over those which are unfavorable to it. His own witnesses are applauded and encouraged; the statements which seem to throw discredit on them are controverted; the contradictions into which they fall are explained away; a clear and connected abstract of their evidence is given. Everything that is offered on the other side is scrutinized with the utmost severity; every suspicious circumstance is a ground for comment and invective; what cannot be denied is extenuated or passed by without notice. Concessions even are sometimes made; but this insidious candor only increases the effect of this vast mass of sophistry."—And in every shape, Hume is the Belial advocate of infidelity.

When reading Hume's History, we must carefully keep in view the meaning of the terms which he employs; his technical language must be translated by turning to his own dictionary—Religion is with Hume either *Superstition* or *Fanaticism*. He so applies and counterchanges these opprobrious terms as to include every possible form of Christianity. In the Churches of Rome and England, superstition predominates; in the Calvinistic Churches, which he detested most, fanaticism; though all are equally assailed. When he bombards St. Peter's, his shells glance off upon St. Paul's. His spear pierces through Archbishop Anselm, and pins Archbishop Howley to the wall. The filth with which he bespatters the Lateran Council, defiles the General Assembly. But, alas! each religious body, viewing only the damage done to its opponents, has been insensible of the hurt which its own cause receives from the bitter enemy

\* From Mr. Macaulay's article upon "History," Edinburgh Review, No. xciv., p. 359. We have no hesitation in affixing Mr. Macaulay's name to this admirable and in most respects incontrovertible essay. Since he has not reprinted it in his collection, we trust he will reproduce it in an enlarged form, perhaps reconsidering his judgment of the Greek historians.

of their common Head. Too successful has been the policy adopted by him, of "opposing one species of superstition to another," and thus profiting by the dissensions which he helps to raise.

All who oppose Hume's *political* principles—Towers, Stuart, Brodie, Fox, Laing, Allen, Smyth, Macaulay—reproach him with unfairness and insincerity—correct his misrepresentations, brand his crafty perversion of truth. The most lenient, and yet in some respects the most severe, of his critics, Professor Smyth, warns us to be "ever suspicious" of the historian's *particular prejudices*. Every accusation they prefer against him, by reason of his fraudulent partisanship of prerogative, applies with far greater force against him as a fraudulent opponent of revelation.

Hume's estimate of the merit or demerit belonging to any institution—or any individual—is exactly in proportion to the absence of so deleterious an influence as Christianity. Hume is always on his guard; no holiness, no beauty, no purity, no utility, can by any chance betray or seduce him to find an excuse for the sin of religion.

Professor Smyth, warning his readers against the continued fraud and falsity of the "guide and philosopher," and expatiating upon the sagacity and skill displayed by Hume in perverting the authorities whom he employs, proceeds,—

"But what reader turns to consult his references, or examine his original authorities? What effect does this distrust, after all, produce? Practically, none. In defiance of it, is not the general influence of his work on the general reader just such as the author would have wished; as strong and permanent as if every statement and opinion in his History had deserved our perfect assent and approbation?"

"I must confess that this appears to me so entirely the fact, judging from all that I have experienced in myself and observed in others, that I do not conceive a lecturer in history could render (could offer, at least) a more important service to an English auditory than by following Mr. Hume, step by step, through the whole of his account; and showing what were his fair, and what his unfair inferences; what his just representations, and what his improper colorings; what his mistakes, and, above all, what his omissions: in short, what were the dangers, and what the advantages, that must attend the perusal of so popular and able a performance."—*Lectures on Modern History*, vol. i., pp. 127, 128.

Some few observations and examples will exemplify how truly the Professor's censures are deserved: but we must be content to await an explanation of the principles which justify the public teacher of youth in bestowing the most affectionate and warmest praise upon such a propagator of falsity. Would it not have been desirable than an instructor of the rising generation should pass some censure upon these violations of natural morality, some regret for talents thus misapplied?

Hume's sagacity taught him in most cases to avoid absolute falsehoods. You can rarely appre-

hend him in flagrant delict. Hume's misrepresentations are usually couched in those vague, broad, general charges which he propounds as certain, without bringing forward any proof. Now, it is very difficult to refute charges so propounded, because their contradiction must always be a negative pregnant, involving counter assertions, which throw the whole burthen of proof upon those who wish to dispel the error. To revert to Euphranor's illustration, if a French writer were to state that the *whole scope* of our Admiralty orders since the reign of Queen Elizabeth "is directed to the purpose of plunder," there would be no incontrovertible refutation, excepting by producing the whole series of documents. So it is in Hume: his calumnies are couched in those stereotyped phrases, which, through him, and, we may also add, through Robertson, are now adopted as first principles of historical information and knowledge—"ignorance and absurdity;" "days of ignorance;" "disputes of the most ridiculous kind, and entirely worthy of those ignorant and barbarous ages;"—assertions that the clergy "subsisted only by absurdities and nonsense;"—that "nonsense passed for demonstration;"—that "bounty to the Church atoned for every violence against society;" that "the people, abandoned to the worst crimes and superstitions, knew of no other expiation than the observances imposed upon them by their spiritual pastors." To demonstrate the prejudice, the unfairness, the wicked untruths of such accusations, the first step in the process must necessarily be to know what they mean. "Ignorance" may be ignorance of evil—absurdities may be the highest truths. According to Hume, belief in a special Providence is a gross absurdity. It is painful to us to be compelled to notice impiety in a conversational tone, but the nature of our subject compels us to do so. In the next place, the general influence of Hume's general propositions can only be counteracted by a faithful development of the practice and doctrine, life and conversation, of the ages and persons so recklessly defamed. The task, we rejoice to say, has been nobly begun by Mr. Maitland, in his *Essays upon the Dark Ages*, which have appeared in their present form, since this article was first sent to the printer. Terse, witty, powerful in reasoning, pious in spirit, and profoundly learned, Mr. Maitland has, by a well chosen selection of topics, enabled every reader to judge of the gross misrepresentations which have been promulgated by those popular writers, who, in Professor Smyth's words, have hitherto given the tone and the law to the public mind. We trust that such a work as Mr. Maitland's will not be confined to the instruction of readers. Let us hope that it will produce students: encouraging those who, deriving knowledge from original sources by patient assiduity, thence acquire self-reliance and independence of judgment, so much needed in this over-active age, when so many endeavor to be up and doing, and so few sit down



and think. For this purpose there must be a diligent study of mediæval divinity.

Considered merely as affording the means of historical information, this pursuit will become indispensable, when, with more philosophy than has hitherto been exerted, we endeavor to penetrate into the moral organization of mediæval society. Are we interested by the structure of the abbey or the cathedral?—Is it not at least as important to become acquainted with the doctrines which were taught by those who ministered at the altar? Our present love of antiquity may lead to unsound conclusions. Many are tempted to a blind and indiscriminate worship of past times, not only shutting their eyes against unfavorable facts, however clearly proved—but ascribing to the middle ages gifts of impeccability and perfect holiness, which revelation teaches us to be incompatible with human nature; others, constituting a more numerous class, are caught by the vulgar bait of antiquarianism. Our attention is in danger of being engrossed by the archæology of the curiosity shops. Unless this tendency be corrected, we shall be overwhelmed with literary dealers in the *rococo* of history: archæology, if pursued merely with reference to art or decoration, to manners and customs, to incident and romance, is little more. Without doubt, in a subordinate relation, all such inquiries are useful, but they are only secondary and subordinate: it is the bane of sound instruction to consider them in themselves as objects of knowledge. History so treated, substitutes the illuminated miniature of a manuscript, with its bright colors and false perspective, for a real view of the state of society. How has the study of classical antiquity been rendered beneficial to the intellect? It is because the history and philosophy and literature of Greece and Rome have been rendered ethical; because they have been pursued for the purpose of distinguishing between the transitory forms which they assume, and the principles of permanent application and utility which they include. To the Christian teachers of the middle ages we deny the honor and worship which we lavish upon the wise amongst the heathen. In place of seeking the highest utility, we play with the eccentricities and peculiarities which amuse us from their novelty or singularity, which minister to intellectual frivolity, which gratify the ear or the eye—the baubles supplying the subject of a melodrame or the drawing for an album, the arrangement of a tableau, the poetry of an annual, or the frippery of a fancy-ball.

Very important are these doctrinal works in explaining how the comparative paucity of copies of the Holy Scriptures influenced, and, paradoxical as it may appear, promoted, their study during the middle ages. Until about the twelfth century, the productions of the inspired writers were not commonly found otherwise than in separate manuscripts, as is the case in the East at the present day. “So scarce are the copies,” is the remark

of a recent traveller, “that I have not found but a single Nestorian, and that was the patriarch, who possessed an entire Bible; even that was in half-a-dozen volumes. One man has the Gospels, another the Epistles, and so on.”\* It was, therefore, only with much trouble and expense that a complete set of the detached pieces of Holy Writ could be formed. The donor of the Book of Kings or the Book of Chronicles is recorded as a benefactor in the annals of the monastery. Few libraries before the Hildebrandian era—the great era of revival—possessed Law and Prophets, and historical and poetical books, and Gospels, and Acts, and Epistles, and Apocalypse, transcribed uniformly in the one volume which we call the Bible—a term unknown till about the thirteenth century, such a volume being previously designated as the *Bibliotheca*, or the *Pandects*. The scarcity of a complete textual copy of the entire Scriptures—the deep feeling of their inestimable value—the exertions bestowed by monks and clergy for their diffusion—all appear from a remarkable anecdote in the life of St. Ceolfred (ob. 716.) This holy man, the abbot of Wearmouth and Jarrow, caused three *Pandects* to be copied. Two were placed in his monastery, in order that the whole body of Scriptures might be conveniently ready and at hand for consultation or perusal in any particular chapter; the third he himself conveyed to Rome, and presented to St. Peter's: thus proving equally the value of the volume and the diligence of the Anglo-Saxon Church—Northumbria, so lately a pagan realm, aiding by her industry and learning the capital of the Christian world.

New generations arose; time advanced; the patient industry of the inmates of the Scriptorium multiplied the copies of Holy Writ, until the wider diffusion of Scripture was permitted by a process—art, it cannot be called—so easy, so familiar, so long known, that the concealment of the printing-press from mankind until these our latter ages, is one of the most remarkable instances, revealing to us the constant control exercised over human intellect by the Power from whom it flows. In the mean while, and until printing was thus called into operation, the whole course of religious instruction consisted in a constant endeavor to imbue the learned clergy, and the unlettered laity, with the knowledge of the Word of God. Hence, for the clergy, the formation of the Concordance, binding, as it were, the Holy Scriptures into one whole, and rendering the inspired writers their own commentators; and it was in the “darkness” of the thirteenth century, that, by Hugo de Sancto Caro, this great and laborious work was performed. Hence, for the laity, the common use of pictures. Objectionable as such a mode of instruction may become, it was then beneficially employed, as the means of realizing an historical knowledge of Holy Writ. How few amongst us identify, in our own

\* Grant on the Nestorians, p. 67.

minds, the personality of the individuals, and the actual occurrence of the events, mentioned or recorded in sacred history! How rarely do we strengthen ourselves in the conviction that the Deluge is as real an event as the fire of London! Historical belief and doctrinal belief are inseparably combined: take either away, the other fails. Reject the historical event, and you destroy the sacrament which it typifies. Even the mystery or stage-play, in which the events of Scripture were dramatized, was beneficial. In certain states of society, there is scarcely any sense of the ridiculous. The rude dramas which amuse the half-scoffing antiquary, conveyed sound instruction to the wondering multitude. The more the volumes of the Holy Scriptures were scarce, the more was Scripture knowledge valued. Scriptural knowledge acquired activity from its concentration. The narrowness of the stream added to the force of the current; what was lost in breadth was gained in intensity. Scripture was forced upon the reader, upon the hearer, upon the monk in his cell, upon the crowd assembled round the cross. Consult the mediæval sermons and homilies: what are they but continuous lectures upon the Holy Scriptures! The Song of Songs alone furnishes *eighty-six* sermons to St. Bernard, of singular excellence. Their treatises of divinity, properly so called (for the scholastic dialectics belong to a different class) overflow with scriptural knowledge; and generally may be designated as Scripture extracts connected by ample glosses and expositions. Above all, was the Bible brought home to the people by the constant appeal to Holy Writ—in discourse or in argument, in theory or in practice, for support or example—connecting it with all the affairs of human life. The Scriptures entered as an element of all learning, of all literature, of jurisprudence, and of all knowledge. Theology was honored as the queen of science. The opening speeches to Parliament were scriptural discourses; and this circumstance has been alluded to with ridicule, by the very writers who most strongly condemn the middle ages for their neglect and concealment of Holy Writ. Every theory, every investigation, was based and founded upon Scripture; for, in the memorable words of the venerable Primate of our Church, mankind truly and practically acknowledged the all-important duty of “approaching the oracles of Divine truth with that humble docility, and that prostration of the understanding and the will, which are indispensable to Christian instruction.”\* Can we say that the far greater diffusion of scriptural knowledge in our times produces that vital result? Do we, like them, obey the whole tenor of the volume, which teaches us the duty of bringing intellect into continual subjection to revelation? Considered merely as a book, none was perused

with greater delight—no poem had so great a hold upon the imagination. The Bible, in all its variety, was presented to them, not as a huge bundle of texts, but as one wonderful epic beginning before time—ending in eternity.

It would require years—years well employed—to investigate the literature of mediæval divinity. Even the most moderate tincture is sufficient to correct the amazing misrepresentations which have been propagated respecting the religious morality of the middle ages; and, with respect to Hume's wholesale falsities, take the following passage:—

“However little versed in the Scriptures, they [the ecclesiastics] had been able to discover that, under the Jewish law, a tenth of all the produce of land was conferred on the priesthood; and forgetting, what they themselves taught, that the moral part only of that law was obligatory on Christians, they insisted that this donation conveyed a perpetual property, inherent, by divine right, in those who officiated at the altar. *During some centuries, the whole scope of sermons and homilies was directed to this purpose:* and one would have imagined, from the general tenor of these discourses, that all the practical parts of Christianity were comprised in the exact and faithful payments of tithes to the clergy.”

Such are the accusations preferred by the philosopher, who, denying the miracles of the Gospel, confessed that he had never read through the New Testament. Of the knowledge possessed by the clergy, whom the sneering enemy of revelation represents as “little versed in Scripture,” we have already spoken. With respect to the accusation which charges *the entire body of Christian teachers* with the foul and deliberate perversion of the whole scope of their teaching, for the purpose of ministering to their own sordid avarice, it is not merely an untruth, but an untruth destitute even of a pretence by which it could be suggested. In no one of the sermons or homilies of Bede, Ælfric, Gregory, Anselm, Bernard, Gerson, or Thomas à Kempis, (names amongst the most important of the ministers of the Gospel during the middle ages,) or in the treatise of Alan de Lisle, destined for the instruction of the extempore preacher, is there a *single passage* by which the payment of ecclesiastical alms or tithes is recommended, enforced, or enjoined. Nor do we believe that, if the whole body of mediæval divinity, printed or manuscript, were ransacked, any evidence could be found by which the calumny could be in the slightest degree sustained. The historian would not have dared to broach the falsity, had he not been able to rely upon an ignorance amongst his readers, to which his own impudence could be the only parallel.

As history unfolds, and each successive personage is put upon his trial before Hume, he very carefully examines into character. Can it be shown that king or statesman has reviled the Word of God, oppressed the priesthood, robbed the church—then the judge charges the jury to take the evidence of good character into consideration. If, on the contrary, witnesses come for-

\* Charge delivered to the Clergy of London, at the Primary Visitation, 1814, by William, Lord Bishop of London.

ward, showing that the culprit has been guilty of Christianity—then, in passing sentence, this previous conviction calls for aggravation of punishment. We have thus, in all Hume's delineations of character—delineations far more frequently displaying the common-place contrasts of a theme, than the skill of a philosophical inquirer—a constant source of falsification. "Rufus," says Hume, "was a violent and tyrannical prince, a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous neighbor, an unkind and ungenerous relation, and was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of his treasury. If he possessed abilities, he lay so much under the government of impetuous passions, that he made little use of them in his administration." Yet Hume lets him off with many a good word. His open profaneness is excused, as the result of "sharp wit;" and, with great kindness and consideration, he warns us, that we must be "cautious of admitting every thing related by the monkish historians to the disadvantage of this prince;" he, Hume, having already admitted and enlarged upon every fact related by the monkish historians, which shows his profligate and reckless tyranny.

Because Henry I. persecuted Archbishop Anselm, he receives Hume's high praise for his "prudence and moderation of temper;" the proofs of these good qualities being, *e. g.*, his cutting off the noses of his grandchildren, the offspring of his illegitimate daughter Juliana, and plucking out the eyes of Lucas de la Barre.

Whenever it is possible, by misrepresentation, or by concealment, or by sophistry, to calumniate any individual exercising religious functions, or to depreciate any one in whose character religion forms an element, or to carp at any action grounded upon religion, Hume never fails to improve the opportunity. We have thus a perpetual source of falsification in the biographies of the leading personages. Ecclesiastics were compelled, from their situation, to take a prominent part in the business of the world; they were statesmen, politicians; now the leaders of opposition, now the prime ministers of the sovereign. Whether it was expedient that the members of the hierarchy should be called upon thus to mix in secular affairs, whether it were a privilege or a burthen, or a temptation, are questions which we shall not discuss. But this constant unfairness ruins the mere historical narrative.

Take, for example, Lanfranc. "Lanfranc was a Milanese monk." Lanfranc was *not* a Milanese monk; he was born in an independent and hostile state, the city of Pavia. Hume, turning to Guthrie's Grammar, and finding that Pavia was included in the Duchy of Milan, supposed that it was equally so in the eleventh century. Moreover, though Lanfranc was a monk, he did not become so till long after he had crossed the Alps, when he professed in the rising monastery of Bec Hellouin: afterwards he became abbot of Caen, whence he was translated to Canterbury. "This prelate was

rigid in defending the prerogatives of his station; and, after a long process before the Pope, he obliged Thomas, a Norman monk, who had been appointed to the see of York, to acknowledge the primacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Where ambition can be so happy as to cover his enterprises, even to the person himself, under the appearance of principle, it is the most incurable and inflexible of human passions," &c.—True enough, but the maxim, ingeniously hitched in between the account of Lanfranc's contest and a falsified statement of his zeal for the papacy, does not apply to either. Whether Canterbury or York should possess the primacy was a mixed question of legal right and constitutional privilege. The primacy had been long disputed, upon grounds as strictly technical as those which give an individual a right to an estate. York acted with considerable pertinacity. Some of the earlier evidences were ambiguous. Adverse possession might, in some cases, be surmised; the suit was to be decided, therefore, by the construction of legal instruments and by evidence. Archbishop Lanfranc brought his suit against Archbishop Thomas, in the same manner as two peers might have contested the possession of a barony in Parliament. Moreover, the claim was one which Lanfranc could not surrender. Had he yielded, he would have sacrificed the rights of his successors, the liberties of the English people. As primate, he was the first member of the Great Council of the realm. Through the Archbishop, upon each coronation, the compact was concluded between the sovereign and the subject. Furthermore, Lanfranc's success established the principle, that whatever rights had legally subsisted before the Conquest, were to be preserved and maintained, unaffected by the accession of the new dynasty. Lanfranc, maintaining the rights of his see, protected all his successors—all his order. It is they who, at the present time, are still reaping the benefit: it was their battles which Lanfranc fought. The decision given in Lanfranc's case governed all similar cases; and, followed by the resistance of his successor Anselm to the spoliation and oppressions of Rufus and Beaucerk, protected the rights of every diocese and diocesan, every dean and deanery, every parish priest and parish throughout the kingdom. Every churchman in England holds his preferment as the heir of Lanfranc and of Anselm.

Hume accuses Lanfranc of "zeal in promoting the interests of the papacy, by which he himself augmented his own authority." But the fact is, that Lanfranc in no manner augmented his authority through the Papacy; and his conduct contributed greatly to keep the Church of England in that state of isolation from the other portions of the Western Church, which so remarkably characterizes the Conqueror's reign. William, who had been willing enough to support his claims by the sanction of Alexander II., presented a firm front to Hildebrand. "No Pope shall be acknowledged

in England without my assent," was the declaration of the Conqueror. Lanfranc, the "Milanese monk," acted so completely in conformity to this declaration, as to lead to the supposition that he obeyed a course which he himself had advised. The "process" before the Pope went off without effect. The contest between him and the Archbishop of York was decided as if it were entirely a civil question, by the King and the Great Council or Parliament—and not by papal authority, as Hume leads his readers to suppose. When Guibert of Ravenna was appointed to the papacy by the Emperor, Lanfranc maintained an armed neutrality. He refused to acknowledge Clement III., and did *not* send his adhesion to Gregory VII. Had Lanfranc's successors adopted the same course, England would have been lost to Rome. Yet all these important facts are concealed by Hume, in order to establish a charge of "zeal for the papacy." Hume's notice of Lanfranc's learning is confined to a silly sneer: "he wrote a defence of the real presence against Berengarius; and in those ages of stupidity and ignorance he was greatly applauded for that performance." Lanfranc's treatise possesses singular dialectic acuteness and dexterity. Without being in the least convinced by his arguments, we may fully admire his skill. Lanfranc contended for doctrines which he conceived he was bound to support: he appealed to public opinion, and by argument gained the victory.

But Lanfranc's fame had been long since established; it did not depend upon his polemic discussions. Lanfranc led the intellectual movement of his age: Lanfranc was acknowledged to be the great teacher of Latin Christendom. Hume remarks, that "knowledge and liberal education were somewhat more common in the southern countries." But the seat of liberal education was more truly in the North. From the remotest parts, not only of Latin or Western Europe, but even of Greece, students of all classes and ages resorted to Bec Hellouin, as to another Athens. Removed from his university, for such his humble monastery had become, to Caen, and thence exalted to the primacy of England, his pastoral duties compelled a new application of his literary labors. He entered a less ambitious, but not less useful career. Lanfranc now employed himself upon his edition of the Holy Scriptures. The texts of the biblical books had been miserably corrupted by the ignorance of the later Anglo-Saxon transcribers, one of the many results of the calamitous invasion of the Danes, which no exertion had been able wholly to remove. Much of this correction was effected by Lanfranc's own application and learning: manuscripts, with his autograph corrections, existed in France previous to the Revolution; others may perhaps lurk in our libraries. But he also provided, as far as he could, for futurity—by training up many disciples for the same important task. Of Lanfranc's character and influence as prime

minister, Hume says absolutely nothing. Lanfranc's letters or despatches, to which the historian never makes a single reference, display his vigilance and his charity. Whilst defending the power of his sovereign he became a father to the English. He rejoiced to adopt the name of Englishman. Rufus was educated by Lanfranc. One of the most remarkable proofs of the archbishop's intellectual power, and of the good use to which he turned that power, was that, so long as he lived, the wickedness and tyranny of his pupil were entirely restrained. Hence Lanfranc's death was lamented as the greatest calamity which England could sustain. Of all these characteristics, not a word is to be found in Hume. Concerning all these practical effects of good sense, and learning, and talent, and piety, exhibited in the most distinguished character of the early Anglo-Norman era, the historian of England is entirely silent.

Bentham amused himself, and his readers also, by proposing that criminals should be exhibited to public contempt, with masks emblematical of the bad passions which seduced them to crime. Hume, as a writer, has anticipated the utilitarian jurist. He has two sets of such masks, in which he usually exposes his churchmen to scorn and contempt: the wolf-mask, and the fox-mask. Gregory the Great is shown up as wolf: the unwearying and successful labors of the pontiff for the conversion of the English, arise simply from raving, craving ambition. Augustine, the apostle of the English, wears the fox-mask: his mission is a consistent and successful course of hypocrisy. Whenever religion can be laid to the charge of any individual, conclude him, says Hume, to be either knave or fool: consider it as an incontrovertible principle, "that a general presumption lies against either the understanding or the morals, of *any one who is dignified with the title of Saint* in those ignorant ages."

When victimizing Pope Gregory, or Augustine, or Lanfranc, Hume knew he was on the safe side, and that his readers would go with him; but what, if, by a strange contingency, some individual thoroughly besotted and perverted by faith, should happen to be a popular favorite? Now it does so happen that Hume, by the pressure from without, feels himself under the awkward and imperative obligation of joining in the homage universally rendered to an individual, holding a proud and eminent station in English history, but of whom it must be most truly said that "superstition" was the ruling passion. The materials for the biography of this bigot are peculiarly ample. Not merely do the contemporary historians abound with minute details of his life and actions, but we possess also his own declarations of his sentiments, for he happens to have been an author, as well as a patron of literature. Moreover, as a royal author, he speaks in the public documents dictated by his own heart and mind. From these materials, so unusually trustworthy and abundant, and which

form the sources of this sovereign's history, we can collect that he "received every word uttered by the clergy as the most sacred oracles," and "admitted all their pretensions to superior sanctity." "Stupidly debased," he was "wholly given up to an abject and illiberal devotion." In every trial, every emergency, this "weak and superstitious prince trusted to supernatural assistance:" "his whole mind was sunk into the lowest submission and abasement, and devoted to the monkish virtues of mortification, penance, and humility." If there was any individual in whom, more than another, all the miserable absurdity of superstition is thus exemplified, it is in this prince. Yet, in spite of all this ignorance and folly, it was needful that Hume, if he wished to preserve the favor of his readers, should represent him—and it is *Alfred* of whom we are speaking—as "the model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a *sage* or *wise man*, philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination than in hopes of ever seeing it really existing;" and as "the wisest and best prince that had ever adorned the annals of any nation."

What, therefore, was to be done in this dilemma? how was Alfred to be rendered such a sage, such a wise man, as the philosopher could applaud? The process was quite easy. In Hume's very elaborate life of Alfred, which occupies one fourth of the "History of England," up to that period, he has *concealed every passage, every fact, every incident, every transaction, displaying that active belief in Christianity, which governed the whole tenor and course of Alfred's life.* The sedulous care which Hume has bestowed, in obscuring and deleting the memorials of Alfred's Christianity, may be judged of by the three following specimens:—

"He usually divided his time into three portions; one was employed in sleep and the refectation of his body by diet and exercise; another, in the dispatch of business; a third, in study and devotion . . . and by such a regular distribution of his time, though he often labored under great bodily infirmities, this martial hero, who fought in person fifty-six battles by sea and land, was able, during a life of no extraordinary length, to acquire more knowledge, and even to compose more books, than most studious men, though blessed with the greatest labor and application, have in more fortunate ages, made the object of their uninterrupted industry."

Without containing anything which is absolutely false, the above passages contain nothing which is true. Alfred's mind and exertions, according to the impression produced by Hume, were all but wholly engrossed by his temporal concerns: the regular distribution of his time was solely intended to enable him to combine the character of an active warrior and a vigilant sovereign with that of a literary student. Whereas the whole end and intent of Alfred's course of life, of

which *one half* was given to God, was to combine the active duties of a sovereign with the strict devotion of a recluse; to keep his heart out of the world, in which he was compelled, by God's appointment, to converse—to bear the crown as his cross; so that the performance of his duties towards God might not be rendered a temptation for shrinking from those labors and responsibilities which God had imposed.

"Alfred set apart a *seventh* portion of his own revenue for maintaining a number of workmen, whom he constantly employed in rebuilding the *ruined cities, castles, palaces, and monasteries.* Even the elegancies of life were brought to him from the Mediterranean and the Indies; and his subjects, by seeing those productions of the peaceful arts, were taught to respect the virtues of justice and industry, from which alone they could arise."

Who, in this narrative, could discover that Alfred set apart *one half* of his entire revenue for pious purposes, in order that, so far as his station admitted, he might fulfil the obligation of poverty? \*

\* Stinted as we are for space, we cannot, as we should wish, bring before the reader the passages from the original writers, which would show how entirely all trustworthiness must be denied to Hume. In the following extracts, relating to the employment of Alfred's revenues, besides suppressing the application of *one half* to religious purposes, he has falsified the portion relating to the expenditure upon the workmen. Asser says nothing whatever of monasteries in his account of the appropriation of the building-third of the secular portion of Alfred's revenue, (being *one sixth* of the whole revenue, and not *one seventh*.) This sixth was employed upon secular buildings, probably fortresses or bridges, or other public works; but as Hume might apprehend that some of his readers would recollect Alfred did found *two* monasteries of great celebrity, and repair many others, he has artfully introduced them as an incidental item in the general estimates of the expenditure.

"His ita definitis, solito suo more, intra semetipsum cogitabat, quid adhuc addere potuisset, quod plus placeret ad piam meditationem; non inaniter incepta, utiliter inventa, utilis servata est: nam jamdudum in lege scriptum audierat, Dominum decimam sibi multipliciter redditurum promississe; atque fideliter servasse, decimamque sibi multipliciter redditurum fuisse. Hoc exemplo instigatus, et antecessorum morem volens transcendere, *dimidiam servitii sui partem*, diurni scilicet, et nocturni temporis; nec non etiam *dimidiam partem omnium* divitarum, quæ annualiter ad eum cum justitia moderanter acquisitæ pervenire consueverant, Deo devote et fideliter toto cordis affectu, pius mediator se daturum sponndit; quod et quantum potest humana discretio discernere et servare, subtiliter ac sapienter adimplere studuit. Sed ut solito suo more cautus evitaret, quod in alio divine Scripturæ loco cautum est; si recte offeras, recte autem non divides, peccas: quod Deo libenter deoverat, quo modo recte dividere posset, cogitavit: et, ut dixit Salomon, Cor regis in manu Domini, id est, consilium; consilio divinitus invento omnium unius cujusque anni censuum successum bifarie, primitus ministros suos dividere æqua lance imperavit."

A very interesting account of the application of the first third of the half amongst his soldiery and household being given, the coeval historian proceeds:—

"Talibus itaque primam de tribus prædictis partibus partem, unicuique tamen secundum propriam dignitatem, et etiam secundum proprium ministerium largiebatur: secundam autem operatoribus, quos ex multis gentibus

"Sensible that the people at all times, especially when their understandings are obstructed by ignorance and bad education, are not much susceptible of speculative instruction, Alfred endeavored to convey his morality by apologues, parables, stories, apophthegms, couched in poetry; and besides propagating amongst his subjects former compositions of that kind which he found in the Saxon tongue, he exercised his genius in inventing works of like nature, as well as in translating from the Greek the elegant fables of *Æsop*. He also gave Saxon translations of Orosius and Bede's histories; and of Boethius concerning the Consolations of Philosophy."

In this enumeration of the works produced by Alfred, or under his direction, Hume, extracting from Spelman's Life, in which the catalogue is complete, quietly leaves out all such as are contaminated by Christianity. All Alfred's translations of the Pastoral of St. Gregory—the Dialogues of the same Pope—the Soliloquies of St. Augustine—the Psalms—several other portions of the Bible—and his "Hand-Book"—(selections from the Scriptures, with commentaries and reflections,) constantly borne about him—and to which he added at every interval of leisure, even in the midst of his secular employments. The whole object of Alfred's instruction was intended for the diffusion, not of literature in its modern sense, but of such portions of human knowledge as might be rendered subservient to Faith. Hume, by repainting Alfred's portrait in coarse and gaudy colors, has thus daubed out all the characteristics of Alfred's individuality—his religious foundations, his devotional charity—his labors for the diffusion of the Scriptures—his constant seeking comfort and support from divine truth—his bodily penances and mortifications—and, above all, that, as king and legislator, Alfred entirely based his laws upon the Bible, declaring to his people that immutable truth

collectos et comparatos propemodum innumerabiles habebat in omni terreno *edificio edoctos*; tertiam autem ejusdem partem advenis ex omni gente ad eum advenientibus, longe propeque positis, et pecuniam ab illo exigentibus, etiam et non exigentibus, unicuique secundum propriam dignitatem mirabili dispensatione laudabiliter, et (sicut scriptum est, *Hilarem patorem diligit Deus*) hilariter impendebat.

"Secundum vero patrem omnium divitiarum suarum, quæ annuiter ad eum ex omni censu perveniebant, et in *fisco reputabantur* (sicut jam paulo ante commemoravimus) *plena voluntate Deo derivit*, et in quatuor partibus etiam curiose suos ministros illam dividere imperavit; ea conditione, ut prima pars illius divisionis pauperibus uniuscujusque gentis, qui ad eum veniebant, discretissime erogaretur: memorabat etiam in hoc, quantum humana discretio custodire poterat, illius sancti Papæ Gregorii observantiam esse sententiam, qua discretam mentionem dividende elemosynæ ita dicens agebat: *Nec parvum cui multum: nec multum cui parvum: nec nihil cui aliquid, nec aliquid cui nihil*. Secundam autem duobus monasteriis, quæ ipse fieri imperaverat, et servitibus in his Deo (de quibus paulo ante latius disseruimus;) tertiam scholæ (*Oxford University*?) quam ex multis sue propriæ gentis nobilibus studiosissimæ congregaverat; quartam circum finitimas in omni Saxonia et Mercia monasteriis, et etiam quibusdam annis per vices in Britannia et Cornubia, Gallia, Armorica, Northymbria, et aliquando etiam in Hybernia, ecclesiis et servis Dei inhabitantibus, secundum possibilitatem suam aut ante distribuit, aut sequenti tempore erogare proposuit, vita sibi et prosperitate salva."—*Asser*, 66—67.

which no other king or legislator has been sufficiently enlightened to proclaim, that if they obeyed the precepts of Almighty God, no other law would be required. Read Alfred's character as it is presented by Hume to the reader, particularly to the youthful reader, and the "sovereign, the warrior, the politician, and the patron of literature" becomes the counterpart of Frederick of Prussia, whose epithet of "the Great" is the very curse of the kingdom over which he ruled.

Yet one proof more must be given of Hume's falsification of history, resulting from his inveterate hostility against religion. Relating not to the "dark ages," but to a period near and familiar, it will best enable the readers of Hume to comprehend and abhor the deceptions practised upon them by their philosopher and guide. As the moral fraud—for to call it a literary fraud would be far too lenient a designation—which he has perpetrated in his narrative of the death of Charles I., possesses singular interest, and has been wholly unnoticed and undetected, we shall lay the evidence before our readers as fully as the limits of this publication will admit, in order that they may judge for themselves.

Hume quotes, as his groundwork, Herbert's "Memoirs," which he consulted carefully; the copy he used being in the Advocates' library, and containing his pencil-marks; and Walker's "History of Independency."—But he does not quote Lloyd's "History," Whitelocke's "Memorials," and Warwick's "Memoirs," from whence he derived the most important passages relating to the king's interview with his children and his conduct upon the scaffold, including his dying speech; and we cannot think that this suppression of references is the result of accident. We give the whole of Hume's narrative in continuity; and request our readers will take the trouble to read it attentively, and then to read the authorities, to which we have made references in Hume's text, with equal attention. From the latter we have extracted all the most important passages.

#### HUME'S NARRATIVE.

(I.)—"Three days were allowed the king between his sentence and his execution. This interval he passed with great tranquillity, chiefly in reading and devotion.

(II.)—"All his family that remained in England were allowed access to him. It consisted only of the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester; for the Duke of York had made his escape. Gloucester was little more than an infant: the princess, notwithstanding her tender years, showed an advanced judgment; and the calamities of her family had made a deep impression upon her. After many pious consolations and advices, the king gave her in charge to tell the queen, that, during the whole course of his life, he had never once, even in thought, failed in his fidelity towards her; and that his conjugal tenderness and his life should have an equal duration.

(III. IV.)—"To the young duke, too, he could not forbear giving some advice, in order to season

his mind with early principles of loyalty and obedience towards his brother, who was so soon to be his sovereign. Holding him on his knee, he said, 'Now they will cut off thy father's head.' At these words the child looked very steadfastly upon him. 'Mark, child! what I say: they will cut off my head! and perhaps make thee a king: but mark what I say, thou must not be a king, as long as thy brothers Charles and James are alive. They will cut off thy brothers' heads when they can catch them! and thy head too they will cut off at last! therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a king by them!' The duke, sighing, replied, 'I will be torn in pieces first!' So determined an answer from one of such tender years, filled the king's eyes with tears of joy and admiration.

(V. VI.)—"Every night, during this interval, the king slept sound as usual; though the noise of workmen, employed in framing the scaffold, and other preparations for his execution, continually resounded in his ears. The morning of the fatal day (30th Jan.) he rose early; and calling Herbert, one of his attendants, he bade him employ more than usual care in dressing him, and preparing him for so great and joyful a solemnity. Bishop Juxon, a man endowed with the same mild and steady virtues by which the king himself was so much distinguished, assisted him in his devotions, and paid the last melancholy duties to his friend and sovereign.

(VII. VIII.)—"The street before Whitehall was the place destined for the execution: for it was intended, by choosing that very place, in sight of his own palace, to display more evidently the triumph of popular justice over royal majesty. When the king came upon the scaffold, he found it so surrounded with soldiers that he could not expect to be heard by any of the people: he addressed, therefore, his discourse to the few persons who were about him; particularly Colonel Tomlinson, to whose care he had lately been committed, and upon whom, as upon many others, his amiable deportment had wrought an entire conversion. He justified his own innocence in the late fatal wars, and observed that he had not taken arms till after the Parliament had enlisted forces; nor had he any other object in his warlike operations than to preserve that authority entire, which his predecessors had transmitted to him. He threw not, however, the blame upon the Parliament; but was more inclined to think that ill instruments had interposed, and raised in them fears and jealousies with regard to his intentions. Though innocent towards his people, he acknowledged the equity of his execution in the eyes of his Maker; and observed, that an unjust sentence, which he had suffered to take effect, was now punished by an unjust sentence upon himself. He forgave all his enemies, even the chief instruments of his death; but exhorted them and the whole nation to return to the ways of peace, by paying obedience to their lawful sovereign, his son and successor. When he was preparing himself for the block, Bishop Juxon called to him, 'There is, Sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven: and there you shall find, to your great joy, the prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory.'—'I go,' replied the king, 'from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place.' At

one blow was his head severed from his body. A man in a vizor performed the office of executioner: another, in a like disguise, held up to the spectators the head streaming with blood, and cried aloud, *This is the head of a traitor!*"

#### HUME'S AUTHORITIES.

(1.) "The king, at the rising of the Court, was with a guard of halberdiers returned to White-hall in a close chair, through King-street, both sides whereof had a guard of foot-soldiers, who were silent as his Majesty pass'd. But shop-stalls and windows were full of people, many of which shed tears, and some of them with audible voices pray'd for the king, who through the privy-garden was carried to his bed-chamber; whence, after two hours space, he was removed to St. James's. \* \*

"The king now bidding farewell to the world, his whole business was a serious preparation for death, which opens the door unto eternity; in order thereunto, he laid aside all other thoughts, and spent the remainder of his time in prayer and other pious exercises of devotion, and in conference with that meek and learned Bishop Dr. Juxon, who, under God, was a great support to him in that his afflicted condition; and resolving to sequester himself so, as he might have no disturbance to his mind, nor interruption to his meditations, he order'd Mr. Herbert to excuse it to any that might have the desire to visit him. \* \*

"At this time also came to St. James's Mr. Calamy, Mr. Vines, Mr. Carryl, Mr. Dell, and some other London-Ministers, who presented their duty to the king, with their humble desires to pray with him, and perform other offices of service, if his Majesty pleas'd to accept of 'em. The king return'd them thanks for their love to his soul, hoping that they, and all other his good subjects, would, in their addresses to God, be mindful of him. But in regard he had made choice of Dr. Juxon (whom for many years he had known to be a pious and learned divine, and able to administer ghostly comfort to his soul, suitable to his present condition) he would have none other. These Ministers were no sooner gone, but Mr. John Goodwyn (Minister in Coleman-street) came likewise upon the same account, to tender his service, which the king also thank'd him for, and dismiss'd him with the like friendly answer. \* \*

"That evening, Mr. Seamour (a gentleman then attending the Prince of Wales in his bed-chamber) by Colonel Hacker's permission, came to his Majesty's bed-chamber door, desiring to speak with the King from the Prince of Wales; being admitted, he presented his Majesty with a letter from his Highness the Prince of Wales, bearing date from the Hague the 23d day of January -48. (Old Style.) Mr. Seamour, at his entrance, fell into a passion, having formerly seen his Majesty in a glorious state, and now in a dolorous; and having kiss'd the king's hand, clasp'd about his legs, lamentably mourning. Hacker came in with the gentleman and was abash'd. But so soon as his Majesty had read his son's sorrowing letter, and heard what his servant had to say, and imparted to him what his Majesty thought fit in return, the Prince's servant took his leave, and was no sooner gone but the king went to his devotion, Dr. Juxon praying with him, and reading some select chapters out of sacred Scripture."—Herbert, p. 117.

(II.) "Morning being come, the Bishop was

early with the king, and *after prayers* his Majesty broke the seals open, and shew'd them what was contain'd in it; there were diamonds and jewels, most part broken Georges and Garters. You see (said he) all the wealth now in my power to give my two children. Next day Princess Elizabeth, and the Duke of Gloucester, her brother, came to take their sad farewell of the king their father, and to ask his blessing. This was the 29th of Jan. The princess being the elder, was the most sensible of her royal father's condition, as appear'd by her sorrowful look and excessive weeping; and her little brother seeing his sister weep, he took the like impression, though, by reason of his tender age, he could not have the like apprehension. The king rais'd them both from off their knees; he kiss'd them, *gave them his blessing*, and setting them on his knees, admonish'd them concerning their duty and loyal observance to the queen their mother, the prince that was his successor, love to the Duke of York, and his other relations. The king then gave them all his jewels, save the George he wore, which was cut in an onyx with great curiosity, and set about with 21 fair diamonds, and the reverse set with the like number; and again kissing his children, had such pretty and pertinent answers from them both, as drew tears of joy and love from his eyes; and then *praying God Almighty to bless 'em*, he turned about, expressing a tender and fatherly affection. Most sorrowful was this parting, the young princess shedding tears and crying lamentably, so as mov'd others to pity, that formerly were hard-hearted; and at opening the bed-chamber door, the king return'd hastily from the window, and kiss'd 'em and *blessed 'em*; so parted.

"This demonstration of a pious affection exceedingly comforted the king in this his affliction; so that in a grateful return *he went immediately to prayer*, the good bishop and Mr. Herbert being only present."—*Herbert*, p. 125.

(III.) "His (the king's) last words being taken in writing, and communicated to the world by the Lady Elizabeth his daughter, a lady of most eminent endowments, who, though born to the supreme fortune, yet lived in continual tears, and died confined at Carisbrook (whither her father was cheated) in the Isle of Wight—are to this effect:—

"A True Relation of the King's Speech to the Lady Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, the Day before his Death.

"His children being come to meet him, he first gave his blessing to the Lady Elizabeth, and bad her remember to tell her brother James, whenever she should see him, that it was his father's last desire that he should no more look upon Charles as his eldest brother only, but be obedient unto him as his sovereign, and that they should love one another and forgive their father's enemies. Then said the king to her, 'Sweet-heart, you'll forget this.' 'No,' said she, 'I shall never forget it whilst I live;' and pouring forth abundance of tears, promised him to write down the particulars. Then the king, taking the Duke of Gloucester upon his knee, said, 'Sweet-heart, now they will cut off thy father's head;' upon which words the child looked very steadfastly at him, 'Mark, child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but mark what I say, you must not be a king, so long as your brothers do live, for they will cut off your brothers' heads, when they

can catch them, and cut off thy head too at last, and therefore I charge you do not be made a king by them.' At which the child sighing, said, 'I will be torn in pieces first;' which falling so unexpectedly from one so young, it made the king rejoice exceedingly."

"Another Relation from the Lady Elizabeth's own Hand.

"What the king said to me, Jan. 29th, 1648, being the last time I had the happiness to see him: He told me, he was glad I was come; and although he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he had to say to me, which he had not to another, or leave in writing, because he feared their cruelty was such as that they would not have permitted him to write to me. He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him, for that it would be a glorious death that he should dye, it being for the laws and liberties of this land, and for maintaining the true Protestant Religion. He bid me read '*Bishop Andrews' Sermons*,' '*Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*,' and '*Bishop Laud's Book against Fisher*' which would ground me against Popery. He told me he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also, and commanded us and all the rest of my brothers and sisters to forgive them. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. Withal he commanded me and my brother to be obedient to her, and bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendation to all his friends. So after he had given me his blessing I took my leave.

"Further, he commanded us all to forgive those people, but never to trust them, for they had been most false to him and to those that gave them power, and he feared also to their own souls; and desired me not to grieve for him, for he should dye a Martyr, and that he doubted not but the Lord would settle his throne upon his son, and that we should be all happier than we could have expected to have been, if he had lived; with many other things, which at present I cannot remember.

"(Signed) ELIZABETH."

—*Lloyd's Life of Charles I.*, 215.

(IV.) "That day the Bishop of London, after prayers, preached before the king: his text was the second chapter of the Romans, and sixteenth verse; the words are, 'At that day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ,' &c., inferring from thence, that although God's judgments be for some deferred, he will nevertheless proceed to a strict examination of what is both said and done by every man; yea, the most hidden thoughts and imaginations of men will most certainly be made to appear at the day of judgment, when the Lord Jesus Christ shall be upon his high tribunal; all designs, tho' conceal'd in this life, shall then be plainly discover'd; he then proceeded to the present sad occasion, and after that, administered the Sacrament. That day the king eat and drank very sparingly, most part of the day being spent in prayer and meditation; it was some hours after night, e'er Dr. Juxon took leave of the king, who willed him to be early with him the next morning.

"After the bishop was gone to his lodging, the king continu'd reading and praying more than two hours after. The king commanded Mr. Herbert to lie by his bed-side upon a pallet, where he took small rest, that being the last night his gracious



sovereign and master enjoy'd; but nevertheless the king for four hours, or thereabouts, slept soundly, and awaking about two hours afore day, he opened his curtain to call Mr. Herbert; there being a great cake of wax set in a silver bason, that then, as at all other times, burned all night; so that he perceiv'd him somewhat disturb'd in sleep; but calling him bad him rise; 'For,' said his Majesty, 'I will get up, having a great work to do this day;' however, he would know why he was so troubled in his sleep? He reply'd, 'May it please your Majesty, I was dreaming.' 'I would know your dream,' said the king; which being told, his Majesty said, 'It was remarkable. Herbert, this is my second marriage-day; I would be as trim to-day as may be; for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus.' He then appointed what cloaths he would wear; 'Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary,' said the king, by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation. I fear not Death! Death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepar'd.'

"These, or words to this effect, his Majesty spoke to Mr. Herbert, as he was making ready. Soon after came Dr. Juxon, bishop of London, precisely at the time his Majesty the night before had appointed him. Mr. Herbert then falling upon his knees, humbly beg'd his Majesty's pardon, if he had at any time been negligent in his duty, whilst he had the honor to serve him. The king thereupon gave him his hand to kiss, having the day before been graciously pleased, under his royal hand, to give him a certificate expressing that the said Mr. Herbert was not impos'd upon him, but by his Majesty made choice of to attend him in his bed-chamber, and had serv'd him with faithfulness and loyal affection. At the same time his Majesty also deliver'd him his Bible, in the margin whereof he had with his own hand writ many annotations and quotations, and charged him to give it the Prince so soon as he returned; repeating what he had enjoyed the Princess Elizabeth, his daughter, that he would be dutiful and indulgent to the queen his mother, (to whom his Majesty writ two days before by Mr. Seymour,) affectionate to his brothers and sisters, who also were to be observant and dutiful to him their sovereign; and for as much as from his heart he had forgiven his enemies, and in perfect charity with all men would leave the world, he had advised the prince his son to exceed in mercy, not in rigor; and, as to episcopacy, it was still his opinion, that it is of Apostolique institution, and in this kingdom exercised from the primitive times, and therein, as in all other his affairs, pray'd God to vouchsafe him, both in reference to Church and State, a pious and a discerning spirit; and that it was his last and earnest request, that he would frequently read the Bible, which in all the time of his affliction had been his best instructor and delight; and to meditate upon what he read; as also such other books as might improve his knowledge. . . .

"He likewise commanded Mr. Herbert to give to the Princess Elizabeth 'Doctor Andrews' Sermons,' 'Archbishop Laud against Fisher the Jesuit,' which book (the king said) would ground her against Popery, and 'Mr. Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity.' To the Duke of Gloucester, 'King James's Works,' and 'Dr. Hammond's Practical Catechism.'"—Herbert, p. 126.

(V.) "His Majesty then bade him withdraw;

for he was about an hour in private with the bishop; and being call'd in, the bishop went to prayer; and reading also the 27th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, which relateth the Passion of our Blessed Saviour. The king, after the service was done, ask'd the bishop 'If he had made choice of that chapter, being so applicable to his present condition?' The bishop reply'd, 'May it please your Gracious Majesty, it is the proper Lesson for the Day, as appears by the Kalender;' which the king was much affected with, so aptly serving as a seasonable preparation for his death that day.

"So as his Majesty, abandoning all thoughts of earthly concerns, continu'd in prayer and meditation, and concluded with a cheerful submission to the will and pleasure of the Almighty, saying, 'He was ready to resign himself into the hands of Christ Jesus, being, with the Kingly Prophet, shut up in the hands of his enemies; as is expressed in the 31st Psalm, and the 8th verse.'"—Herbert, p. 132.

(VI.) "The Chapter of the day fell out to be that of the Passion of our Saviour, wherein it was mentioned that they led him away for envy and crucified their king, which he thought had been the bishop's choosing; but when he found it was the Canon of the Rubric, he put off his hat, and said to the bishop, 'God's will be done.'"—Warwick's Memoirs, p. 385.

(VII.) "Upon the king's right hand went the bishop, and Colonel Tomlinson on his left, with whom his Majesty had some discourse by the way; Mr. Herbert was next the king; after him the guards. In this manner went the king through the Park; and coming to the stair, the king passed along the galleries unto his bed-chamber, where, after a little repose, the bishop went to prayer; which being done, his Majesty bid Mr. Herbert bring him some bread and wine, which being brought, the king broke the manchet, and eat a mouthful of it, and drank a small glassful of claret wine, and then was some time in private with the bishop, expecting when Hacker would the third and last time give warning. Mean time his Majesty told Mr. Herbert which satin night-cap he would use, which being provided, and the king at private prayer, Mr. Herbert addressed himself to the bishop, and told him, 'The king had ordered him to have a white satin night-cap ready, but he was not able to endure the sight of that violence they upon the scaffold would offer the king.' The good bishop bid him then give him the cap, and wait at the end of the banquetting-house, near the scaffold, to take care of the king's body; 'for,' said he, 'that, and his interment, will be our last office.'"—Herbert, p. 134.

(VIII.)—"I think it my duty, to God first, and to my country, for to clear myself, both as an honest man, and a good king, and a good Christian. I call God to witness, to whom I must shortly render an account, that I never did intend to encroach upon their privileges. As to the guilt of those enormous crimes which are laid against me, I hope in God that God will clear me of it. God forbid that I should be so ill a Christian as not to say that God's judgments are upon me. For to show you that I am a good Christian, I hope there is a good man,'—pointing to Dr. Juxon,—'that will bear me witness that I have forgiven all the world, and even those who have been the chief causes of my death: who they are God knows, I do not desire to know; I pray God forgive them. I pray God with St. Stephen, that this be not laid to their charge. Sirs, to put you in the right way, believe it, you will never do right, now

*God will never prosper you until you give him his due. You must give God his due by regulating rightly his Church according to his Scripture. A national synod, freely called, freely debating amongst themselves, must do this. I declare before you all that I die a Christian according to the profession of the Church of England as I found it left me by my fathers.'"*—*Whitelock's Memorials*, p. 375.

Has the reader performed our injunction? Has he compared Hume with the original authorities; and will not the comparison convince him, that Hume's narrative, tranquil, clear, and pathetic—unquestionably possessing a very high degree of rhetorical merit—persuasive without the show of argument, solemn without affectation, dignified without grandiloquence, the more impressive from its apparent simplicity—combines every species of untruth: the *suppressio veri*, the *suggestio falsi*, and the fallacy, more efficient, because less susceptible of detection, than either—the artificial light thrown on peculiar incidents, for the purpose of disguising others by comparative shade?

But now we must venture to impose a second injunction. In order to test the effect which this wonderful piece of sophistry is intended to produce, read Hume again, compare Hume with Hume, and throw yourself into the mind of a student required by the examination-paper, to "*Give the religious and moral character of Charles I. as exemplified in his death; and state the reasons of your opinion as deduced from the work of Hume.*" Then pause, and decide whether the following answer does not contain the opinions which Hume has taught you to deduce and to form.

#### *Religious and Moral Character of Charles I. as deduced from Hume.*

"That the virtue of Charles I. was in some degree tinctured by superstition, cannot be denied; but whilst the elegant historian, whom we deservedly consider as the soundest champion of monarchy, most candidly admits this tendency as the chief defect of the king's character, it is equally evident that the blemish existed only in the smallest degree, so as to be an evanescent quantity, scarcely to be discerned. Possibly nothing more than the doubt, the uncertainty, the suspense of judgment, naturally resulting from our most accurate scrutiny into religion.

"Consider the manner in which Charles passed the three awful days allowed to him between his sentence and his execution. Lay your hand upon your heart, and, after giving the most serious consideration to the natural history of religion, as exemplified in the whole history of the human race, declare whether you can think that the king's conviction approached in any degree to that solid belief and persuasion, which governed him in the common affairs of life. He now avowed by his acts the doubts he entertained; and fully showed, that, whatever assent his outward demeanor may at any previous time have given to the doctrines of superstition, it was an unaccountable operation of the mind between disbelief and conviction,

but approaching much nearer to the former than to the latter. Charles, in the awful hour of death, never betrayed any weakness which a philosopher would despise.

"When dissolution is brought on by the ordinary course of malady or the decay of nature, the last symptoms which the intellect discovers are disorder, weakness, insensibility, and stupidity, the forerunners of the annihilation of the soul; and it is then always most susceptible of religious fictions and chimeras. The griefs and afflictions which Charles had sustained, the horror of a public execution, might have troubled his mind even more than pain or sickness; yet—instead of making any of the preparations suggested by popular credulity, whether nursed by superstition or inflamed by fanaticism, as the means of appeasing an unknown and vindictive being—the main, and, as it should seem, almost the only object which occupied his thoughts, was securing the succession of the throne to his son, by the prerogative right of primogeniture. On the morning of his execution, during his most pathetic interview with his infant children, his mind was wholly engrossed by that object. Young as these infants were, he would, had religious conviction predominated over doubt, have endeavored, at such a solemn moment, to impress on their tender hearts some notions of the faith which has been ascribed to him. No such effort was made by him. Equally removed from superstition and fanaticism, he may have endeavored to comfort them by the usual commonplaces; but he received them without a blessing, and dismissed them forever without a prayer.

"Indeed, there are no incidents in the life of the king that more strongly mark the noble independence of his mind, than the minuter circumstances attending this, the most affecting passage in his history. One of his own chaplains, Hammond, had been remarkable for his diligence in catechising youth, that is to say, instructing them in the nonsense which passed for religion.—Did Charles deem it right to enable his infant boy, the Duke of Gloucester, to obtain any perplexing knowledge of such absurdities? No! Charles wholly discarded it.—The Princess Elizabeth was a child endowed with judgment beyond her years, and capable of appreciating any advice which he might have bestowed, and of understanding the doctrinal works advocating the theological extravagances then so much in vogue. But when any man of sense takes up a volume of divinity, what are the questions which he asks?—Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number? No. Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence? No. Commit it then to the flames, for it contains nothing but sophistry and illusion. So thought Charles, now that intellect asserted her full empire. Of these writers, many were familiarly known to Charles, both through their works and his personal connexion with the men; and he had quoted them with sufficient point, when he could employ their arguments against his political enemies. But what was his conduct now? Did he attempt to strengthen the religious obedience of his child by recommending to her the sophistries of Hooker? No.—Did he teach her to seek consolation in the superstitions of Andrews? No. With philosophical contempt he rejected them all.

"Indeed, many men of sense might think that Charles carried his indifference almost too far, considering the need of conciliating the predomi-

nant opinions of the vulgar. The mere suspicion of being inclined to the Popish superstition had been most calamitous to him; and he was now consigning his children to the care of a mother zealously affected to that superstition, and yet without bestowing the slightest caution against the errors which she might instil into their minds. But it will be answered, Was it to be expected that Charles, with his dying breath, would adopt any course which might diminish the affection of his children towards the wife whom he so tenderly loved, or encourage them to depreciate the parent whom he taught them to respect and honor? Certainly not; but, had he been sincere in his religious convictions—and let it be recollected, that the great lesson to be derived from the contemplation of the death of Charles I. is the absence of any practical influence possessed by religious tenets—he might have afforded the most efficient caution to his children, without expressing the slightest want of confidence in their mother, or even mentioning her name. Amongst the works of Laud is his celebrated reply to Fisher, which all zealots must consider as the most cogent refutation of Popery ever produced; for whilst the crafty archbishop annihilates his antagonist, he never uses any argument which could be employed against the superstition of the Church of England by the fanatics; yet Charles, anxious, no doubt, that his children should be preserved, as far as possible, from the contagion of all religious opinions, never even alluded to a book which might have influenced their conscience in favor of any positive belief.

"On the scaffold, his dying words contained a most earnest exhortation to his subjects to pay obedience to his son as their lawful king. Whilst he thus employed the last moments of his existence in laboring to support the royal prerogative, by the sympathy which his fate excited amongst his bitterest enemies, he purposely, deliberately, and advisedly abstained from any expression or exhortation displaying any attachment or feeling of duty towards the Church, for which he had contended so earnestly, when its interests were connected with the rights of the crown.

"The total want of any allusion to the late established religion is most remarkable. The more we investigate the character of Charles as delineated by Hume, the more shall we be confirmed in the opinion that his superstition had now entirely passed away; at least not a trace of it can be found in Hume's accurate narrative. The only incident which might tend to show that Charles had the slightest recollection of the Church of England, any veneration for its priesthood, is the circumstance that Bishop Juxon assisted him in some species of devotion when on the scaffold. Yet, as far as we can discover from the conduct of Charles, he justly regarded priests as the invention of a timorous and abject superstition. Rejecting the foundation of a priesthood, the absurd superstructure of an apostolic succession would of course fall to the ground. We have no reason to suppose that Bishop Juxon was chosen by the king, or that Charles would not equally have accepted of what were then termed spiritual consolations from the fanatical ministers, or indeed that he required any religious consolation at all. It was only in the capacity of a *friend* that the bishop paid the last melancholy duties to his sovereign. In every respect the conduct of Charles, in repudiating all adherence to the superstitions of the Church of Eng-

land, was calm and solid. The period of dissimulation had passed by. Whatever ridicule may, by a philosophical mind, be thrown upon pious ceremonies, they are unquestionably advantageous to the rude multitude; and upon that ground, no doubt, Charles I. had so strenuously contended for the share of popish ceremonies which the Church of England, as is well known, had retained. They were now wholly and entirely cast off. Charles discarded all the mummery of a liturgy, all the solemn farces of lessons and gospels, rubrics and set forms of prayer; and, freeing himself from all superstitious influences, he disdained to partake of the communion, which, according to the rites of the Church of England, he was enjoined to have sought in his dying hour.

"No philosophical mind can doubt the origin of the works which superstition and fanaticism equally receive as the production of those who have been tempted to appear as prophets or ambassadors from Heaven: books presented to us by a barbarous and ignorant people, written in an age when they were still more barbarous, and resembling those fabulous accounts which every nation gives of its origin. Charles fully appreciated the insufficiency of such testimony. We have the strongest proofs that he never entered into the delusion, from the marked circumstance, that, during the three days which, as before mentioned, were allowed him between his sentence and his execution, an interval which he passed in great tranquillity, the Scriptures, as they are called, were never in his hands; nor did he, according to the practice of all religionists, whether guided by superstition or fanaticism, seek any comfort in his affliction from a book so contrary to human reason. Charles neither saw the Bible, nor heard the Bible, nor read the Bible, nor touched the Bible, nor expressed any belief in the Bible, nor recommended the Bible to his children or his friends. Do we need any stronger proof that Charles was a philosopher in the fullest sense of the term? His devotions, as we must style them according to the conventional language of society, appear to be nothing more than that reverence which every philosopher renders to the hypothesis by which he endeavors to account for the unalterable and immutable order of the universe. His allusions to passing from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can take place, if they mean anything beyond a species of rhetorical play upon words, only imply that he contemplated the eternal rest of annihilation. For they were wholly detached from any other expressions implying any belief in a future state. Charles may have admitted its possibility, but nothing more. And how could it be otherwise? Even at this day, the Christian religion cannot be believed by any reasonable person without a miracle; and whoever is moved by faith to assent to it, is conscious of a continued miracle in his own person, which subverts all the principles of his understanding, and gives him a determination to believe what is most contrary to custom and experience. This miracle was not worked in Charles; and he died without making the slightest, the most remote, the most transient profession of Christianity."

Such, then, are the inferences intended to be deduced by Hume, who, in his most dishonest statement, has, as will be seen by comparison with his sources, purposely omitted every historical

memorial or record testifying either the king's allegiance to the Church, or his unshaken faith as a Christian. Charles truly suffered death for the belief that Christianity, according to the profession of the Church of England, was the fundamental law of the state, unchangeable by any political or constitutional power, being an obligation contracted with the Almighty, from which he could not be absolved by any human authority. Let it further be remarked, that, whilst Hume falsifies the narrative by expunging *all* the particulars teaching the reader to profit by the religious sentiments of the monarch, he endeavors to excite a factitious sympathy, by the false and theatrical representation of the king's hearing the noise of the scaffold, which authentic accounts entirely disprove.\* And, for the same purpose of effect, whilst Hume gives to the interview with the children more prominence of detail than its *relative importance* requires, he suppresses that portion of the king's advice which *most peculiarly discloses the mind of the dying father*, namely, the recommendation made by Charles of *Hammond, Hooker, Andrews, and Laud*, as the expositors of the doctrines of that Protestant Church of England, for which *he and Laud* equally died as martyrs.

Detrimental as Hume may be, when speaking his own sentiments in his own book, the evil which he effects in person is small when compared to the diffusion of his irreligion, by those who are frequently unconscious of the mischief which they perpetrate;—we mean the writers who have been guided by him in what is at this day the most important branch of our literature—the numerous compilers of educational works; and in order that our readers may pursue the inquiry for themselves, we wish them to consult three of the most popular histories of this class, Keightley, Gleig, and Markham; and selecting the death of Charles I., judge for themselves whether this event—of all others in our annals, the most interesting to the imagination—has been presented by those writers to the rising generation in such a tone or spirit as to inculcate any dutiful affection towards the Church, or aid the parent in bringing up the child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

These three writers may in some measure elucidate the manner in which Hume's influence has operated upon his successors, according to their individual characters and opportunities. Mr. Keightley, a man of considerable diligence and energy, has been taught by Hume's skepticism to *boast* that he "belongs to no sect or party in religion or politics;" hence he gives only "a moderate preference to the Church of England, without taking upon him to assert that it absolutely is the best;" and the same indifference has caused him, in his *Outlines of history*, to obtrude upon youth some of the most offensive doctrines which Ger-

man neology can afford. In the death of Charles, all he finds edifying is that *Hugh Peters* prayed for him!

Mr. Gleig is an amiable and most pleasing writer; when he works freely upon his own ground, speaks his own sentiments, and embodies his own observations, he produces narratives of rare and unaffected vigor and elegance;\* but when he is tempted to put on the sleeves and apron of a bookmaker, his genius deserts him. He is above such work, and goes about it accordingly. The circumstances under which he produced his "*Family History*," as a mere bespoken task, to be put on the list of a Society, rendered it, we can suppose, needful that he should take what he found most ready at hand. He perhaps went a step beyond Hume; but the only word of instruction which he can insert in the narrative of the death of the royal martyr, is the dry historical fact, that Charles avowed himself a member of the Protestant Church of England. There is nothing positively wrong in Mr. Gleig's work—but, out of sight, out of mind; Christian knowledge is as diligently weeded out from this "*Family History*" as Hume himself could desire.

Yet perhaps the strongest case of the treacherous seductions of Hume is to be found in Mrs. Markham's history. We do not in the least doubt, from a close examination of the work, that when the author began it for the use of her own children, she resorted at once to the historian whom she had been taught to consider as her philosopher and guide. From her father, the inventor of the power-loom, she may have heard the name of Adam Smith mentioned with the highest honor; and Adam Smith, in the letter prefixed to the History, has told *her*—as he tells *our* children, if we place Hume in their hands—that Hume's character approached as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit; and therefore there is hardly any portion of the work in which the professors of religion are mentioned, into which the sentiments of Hume are not infused. These passages are fortunately not numerous; and we do most earnestly hope that, if a production, in many respects so useful, and which has obtained so much currency, should come to another edition, they may be *all* modified or expunged.

Hume has been, and is still, valued by many, as a defender of monarchical principles; but his support kills the root of loyalty. By advocating the duty of obedience to the sovereign, simply with reference to human relations, he deprives allegiance of the only sure foundation upon which it can rest.

Perhaps the speculative atheism of Hume—for it is a violation of the warning not to call evil

\* This has been done so effectually by Mr. Brodie, and by Mr. Laing, that it is unnecessary to go into further particulars.

\* We are pleased to notice "*The Light Dragoon*" of the present season, as entirely worthy of the pen that wrote "*The Subaltern*," and the "*Narrative of the American Campaign in 1814*."

good, if, when required to pass judgment, we designate his principles by any other name—may render his history, in some respects, more pernicious, if that be possible, than the ribald aggressive infidelity of Gibbon. Arsenic may warn us by the pain which the poison occasions, but narcotics steal life away. Hume constantly tempts us to deny the existence of the Supreme Being, before whom he trembles. He raises his foul and pestilential mists, seeking to exclude from the universe the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, whom he hates and defies. The main object and end of history is the setting forth God's glory, so as to show that national happiness arises from doing His appointed work, and that national punishments are the results of national sins; yet let it not be supposed that, in order to render history beneficial, it must of necessity be expressly written upon religious principles, still less that facts should be coarsely and presumptuously wrested, for the purpose of justifying the ways of God to man. If there be one thing worse than a pious fraud, it is a pious fallacy. Any narrative of the affairs of the world, when not corrupted by the Lying Spirit of unbelief, sufficiently declares the superintending power of the Almighty. Fire and hail, snows and vapors, wind and storm, all the inanimate objects of nature, are seen fulfilling His word: and the simple statement of the vicissitudes and fortunes of the kings and nations of the earth will always declare the terrors of His judgments, and the mercies of His love. But the Deistical philosopher—the foolish and impotent rebel against the Almighty—strives to annul the evidence given by the light of nature. He would deprive mankind of all the hope, and trust, and joy, which can sustain us in our pilgrimage, seducing us to be his companion in the downward path, conducting to the portals of the shadow of death—

*"Per me si va nella città dolente,  
Per me si va nel eterno dolore,  
Per me si va tra la perduta gente—  
\* \* Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate."*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

#### THE EMIGRANTS OF SAN TOMMASO.

*Written while waiting the solemnization of a High Mass, performed for the Belgian emigrants previous to embarkation for America.*

BY MRS. GORE.

Give them your parting prayers!—not much to grant  
To brethren banished from their native shore,—  
Desperate with penury,—subdued by want,—  
Cast forth like Ishmael from the patriarch's door.  
His sterile portion in the earth is theirs,—  
The desert's loneliness, and drought, and fear;—  
Sons of the free woman!—Bestow your prayers!  
"KYRIE ELEISON!—Lord of Mercy—hear!"

Yours are the flocks, the herds, the fertile fields,  
The pleasant pastures by their fathers trod;  
The corn, and wine, and oil, their birthright yields,  
The hallow'd hearths,—the temples of their God!  
Theirs, the savanna by the mountain side,  
Mocking their labors with its threats of dearth;  
No traces of their fathers' steps to guide  
Their trembling children o'er that trackless earth.

When from the floating ark of refuge driven  
The pilot dove flew forth across the main,  
At evening tide, free as the winds of Heaven,  
The weary wanderer sought its home again.  
But these go forth and must return no more,  
No homeward path across the opposing wave!  
There where their anchor bites the dreary shore,  
There, is their savage dwelling,—there, their grave!

Talk not of splintering masts or raging skies,—  
The troubled ocean of a tropic clime;  
Within the port a direr peril lies,  
Where war the maddening waves of want and crime.

Loud roars the storm on yon wild shore afar,  
Man against man incensed in hungry strife;  
Oh! worse than all the elements at war,  
The fierce contentions of a lawless life!

Bright the effulgence of a southern sky,  
Beauteous the blossoms with its verdure bleat;  
Strange birds on starry wings glance radiant by,  
New stars adorn the Antarctic firmament.  
But on no kindred thing descends the ray,—  
No hearts they love those fragrant wonders bless,—  
"KYRIE ELEISON!—Lord of Mercy!—may  
Thy hand be with them in the wilderness!"

The pristine curse still blights that hateful spot!  
No legends consecrate its joyless home,—  
Traditionary links that bind our lot  
With ages past, and ages yet to come!—  
Trec, rock, or stream—what memories endear?  
No tyrant perish'd there,—no hero bled!—  
Mute is the olden time whose voice might cheer,  
The daily struggle for their bitter bread!

Climb they the mountain!—From the vale beneath  
Nor hum of men,—nor village chime ascends;  
O'er Nature's breathless form,—how fair in death,—  
The solemn pall of Solitude extends.  
Or, higher yet, when from the topmost bound,  
Illimitable space their eyes survey,  
Still—still—that vast horizon circleth round  
But coiling serpents and the beast of prey!

Ye disinherited of earth and sea!—  
High in your Heaven of Heavens, a better land  
May yet be yours,—where no contentions be,  
No trampling foot of pride,—no grasping hand.  
Raise, raise your hopes unto that brighter shore,—  
Expand your sails, and seek that happier home.  
"KYRIE ELEISON!—Lord of Mercy, hear  
The sufferers' fervent prayer,—Thy Kingdom  
COME!"

## THE NEW FAITH.

[Sir Robert Peel's ministry, strong as it is, was out-voted upon a question of so regulating the working hours at factories, as to employ women and children but ten hours a day. Against this motion it is alleged that American, German and French competition is already so great as to threaten England with the loss of her foreign markets;—and therefore the increase of expense which such a blow would occasion cannot be borne.]

This may become a question of great importance in the *political* world. Its interest to all who feel for human misery can hardly be increased.]

From the Spectator.

Those who remember that scarcely half-a-dozen petitions for Parliamentary Reform were presented to the House of Commons during the six years preceding the fierce agitation of 1831 and 1832, will not imagine that the question of legislative interference with the hours of labor is likely to "blow over" because it has come upon us suddenly and unexpectedly. Its practical importance is too manifest to admit of such a notion. May we not rather believe that a proposal which has threatened the existence of so strong an Administration as the present, which is breaking up old parties and producing new alliances, which is the subject of as eager and bitter controversy as any of us can remember, must be founded on opinions which, though of no long growth, have yet taken a firm root in the public mind? Nor is it less doubtful that these opinions involve consequences of far greater moment than the economical loss and social gain which would result from shortening the time of labor for women and children in certain manufactures. Lord ASHLEY may not be conscious of his mission, but he is really the organ of a new faith, compared with which the once ardent desire of this nation for a change in the composition of the House of Commons appears insignificant; and he asks us to take the first step in a course of legislation which may be properly termed revolutionary, if we use the word to express much difference from the existing order of things.

In the usual condition of every people there is a governing class, few in proportion to the whole number, and distinguished from the mass by a superior knowledge, which is indeed the source of their power. Under ordinary circumstances, this ruling class, though they may always lean towards what they deem most advantageous to themselves, yet manage, somehow or other, to exercise their authority so far in accordance with the sentiments of the whole people as to obtain respect and obedience. It is only when they fail to do this that revolution comes—when either from some corruption of the ruling order they have become incapable of governing, or when that ruling order, who got on well enough before, remain blind to some great change in the people, and become, because unchanged themselves, as incapable of governing as in the other case. Or both causes may operate

at once, as in the French Revolution. Now, in England, at least under the constitution of 1688, the ruling order have invariably accommodated themselves to the prevalent opinion of the country. Whether, at this time or that, they did right or wrong according to present notions, they have ever done what was requisite to prevent lasting collision between the Legislature and the people at large. All their wars were popular in the beginning; and whenever peace was generally desired, war ceased. So with respect to economical matters, it is indubitable that the "commercial policy" of the British Legislature, when most at variance with present ideas—when it comprised every sort of interference with the production and distribution of wealth—was highly agreeable to the classes who had any opinion on the subject; while Lord JOHN RUSSELL's late bid for retention of office, and Sir ROBERT PEEL's proclaimed difference "in the abstract" with many of his supporters, show that only a powerful interest or two, whose strength is continually decreasing, stand in the way of the complete adoption by Parliament of the Free-trade doctrines of the present day. It would be easy to cite more examples of the way in which public opinion operates on the ruling order under our constitution.

We might presume, therefore, even if there were no other evidence of the fact, that the recent vote of the House of Commons in favor of Lord ASHLEY's Ten-hours' proposal, was not a freak of the majority on that occasion, but the expression by them of an opinion which has taken pretty strong hold of the public mind. It is an opinion of quite recent growth, hardly developed or matured by anybody, certainly not yet expounded so as to obtain the confident approval of cautious thinkers, who, if they utter it, speak with hesitation and avowed reluctance; but it is nevertheless one of those opinions which come unbidden, which are adopted instinctively, which partake largely of feeling, and which have always had more influence on human affairs than any elaborated doctrine whatever. It is a rebellion, of sentiment if you please, against that part of the doctrine of the Economists and Free-traders which says that every man is the best judge and guardian of his own interests. Glaring facts contradict the assertion. Of late years and in this country, the experiment of letting the common people alone to take care of themselves has been fairly tried; and we see the result in the state of those who form the bulk of the nation. What are they, whether in mines, or factories, or agricultural villages!—a thoroughly servile class, socially cut off from their employers; doomed to excessive toil and perpetual want; ignorant, vicious, desperate; and, above all, lamentably short of means for improving their condition by their own unaided efforts. This has come of letting them alone to "manage their own affairs in their own way;" for even the New Poor-law, though a measure of legislation affecting a

large portion of the laboring class, was designed to have, and has had, the effect of "throwing them on their own resources." More perfect liberty to dispose of themselves as they pleased, less protection or interference from the State, than our common people have had for ten years past, it is hardly possible to imagine. It will not do to say that they are no worse off than formerly, but only appear so because we now inquire about them more. They are worse off in two respects,—first, as the whole method of factory employment, which treats the human being as nothing better than part of the machinery, has resulted from the modern use of steam; and, secondly, as the factory method of employment has been adopted by the farmer, whose laborers once used to belong to his family. The class of laborers for hire, with the exception always of skilled mechanics, has obviously become cheaper and more helpless under the system of letting them alone to take care of themselves. Extraordinary individuals among them improve their condition; many more have a desire of improvement unknown to their forefathers; but as a class they are cheaper than cattle and nearly as helpless. Well, their numbers continually increase with the increase of the capital whose slaves they are; modern benevolence observes them closer; the spectacle has become revolting to humanity; and hence the new faith—which is, that it is the proper business of the ruling order to take some care of those who can take little or none of themselves.

A new faith it is, but only as being different from that which was last established; for "there is no new thing under the sun;" and, assuredly, a belief in the necessity of government, and in the obligation of rulers to exert their power and superior intelligence in favor of the helpless, is a good deal older than ADAM SMITH and *Laissez-faire*. And yet we must not deem it a relapse into our grandfathers' notions about interference by authority with the ways of wealth. As uttered by Lord HOWICK and Mr. C. BULLER, (though anything but explained by either,) it says that the weal of a nation is more to be desired than its wealth; that the mass of the people, if left wholly to their own guidance, will be miserable and degraded in proportion as the cheapness of their labor reduces the cost of production, and augments that surplus produce which forms the wealth of the community; and that it is a proper function or duty of the Legislature, if possible, to correct the political-economy law of competition, as it affects the unrepresented, ignorant, helpless class of laborers for hire, by the interposition of an act of Parliament which would save them from excessive toil and diminish to the same extent the surplus produce of their labor. In this view of the matter, wealth is not despised, but treated as inferior to happiness: political economy is not set at nought, but acknowledged, and allowed much weight: the proposed interference by law bears no resemblance to

monopolies, or bounties, or "commercial policy" duties, but is like the protection which the law affords to minors against their own improvidence, and to all the industrious classes by the political institution of Sunday.

This last is the most pertinent illustration. Let it be supposed for a moment that the religious sanction which forbids work on Sunday were removed: would the most zealous advocate of *Laissez-faire* think of repealing the acts of Parliament which set apart one day in seven for rest? Would not the whole country demand by acclamation new laws to supply the absence of the religious sanction? And why!—because if the religious stay of Sunday were removed, no other being provided by Parliament, so surely would the political-economy law of competition, operating both upon capitalists and laborers, gradually overcome the habit of resting on the seventh day, and deprive the common people of an inestimable blessing. But in that case, labor would be cheaper, the cost of production less, and surplus produce, or national wealth, greater by a seventh. We should have to choose between a seventh day of rest on the one hand, and a seventh more wealth on the other; and if we preferred the leisure to the greater produce, (as everybody but a brute of a landlord, or farmer, or mill-owner, here and there, would certainly do,) we should acquire it by means of legislation at utter variance with the doctrine that if you will but let people alone they are sure to manage better for themselves than anybody can manage for them.

Another imagined case will prove instructive with respect to the real amount of the economical sacrifice which the nation must make as the purchase-money of some leisure for the working classes. If a Ten-hours' law, embracing all employments, had existed for years, what would be the consequences of its repeal as regards wealth? Competition among the laborers would prevent any increase of wages. Labor would therefore be cheaper, and the cost of production less. Hence a larger surplus produce—an increase of that portion of the produce which remains after replacing capital with ordinary profits. At first, this gain would be enjoyed by the capitalists in the form of higher profits; but presently, their competition with each other would induce them to carry on business for ordinary profit—for that minimum of profit which is an inducement to the carrying on of business. What would then become of that portion of the produce which was more than sufficient for replacing capital with ordinary profits? What would become of it depends on the manner in which the capitalists would abandon it. Their competition with each other would induce them to give it up in different ways, according to circumstances—either by paying more rent wherever the principle of rent was in force, or by selling at lower prices, or, in some cases, partly in one way and partly in the other. After a while, therefore,

neither the capitalist nor the laborer, as such, would be any better off than before. The effect would be the same in character as that of improvements in the productive power of capital and labor generally, such as have taken place during the present century in agriculture and manufactures, and have prodigiously augmented the wealth of the nation without raising profits or wages in any employment whatever. The effect would be to augment the means, and even to increase the numbers, of that portion of the community which consumes without producing. Captain BASIL HALL called them "the pending class;" but omitted to explain, that its absence in America is due to the unlimited extent of that field of employment for capital and labor, which maintains high wages and high profits in spite of the law of competition. Inasmuch, too, as we are supposing an increase of all kinds of produce in proportion to the capital and labor employed, food of course included, the base of society would be extended, and there would be more capitalists and laborers as well as more of the merely consuming class. Some variations might take place in the extent and character of employments; for the greater quantity of food might be produced by a smaller population, and there is no saying what forms of demand the increased means of the consuming class would take; but the general result would be a multiplication of people, with a more remarkable contrast than ever between the wealth of the rich and the poverty of the poor. The abolition of Sunday would operate just in the same way. And now it may be asked, if a Ten-hours' law were in the statute-book, would the economical gain from repealing it be thought worth the social sacrifice? Should we deliberately multiply society at the cost of its deterioration?

Another and a very important consideration arises here. Admitting that a general Ten-hours' law would have the same kind of effects on wealth as a general decrease of the powers of capital and labor, it follows that a general increase of those powers by means of improved processes would have the same effects, if equal in degree, as a restoration of the two hours which had been cut off from each day's labor. The national wealth would be the same, whether we had twelve hours' labor and no improved processes, or the improved processes and only ten hours' labor. Thus, for example, supposing that a Ten-hours' law for agriculture had been passed before Lord ALTHORP induced Parliament to repeal the Excise-duty on tiles, the improved drainage which has resulted from that measure might long ere now have increased the productive power of capital in agriculture as much as it had been decreased by the Ten-hours' law. In that case, the working peasantry would have gained the two hours a day, and nobody would have lost anything. Turning to realities, can it be doubted that the general powers of production have been augmented of late years,

by means of improved processes, to an amount exceeding the sixth of the whole!—by more, that is, than would have sufficed to counteract the economical operation of a Ten-hours' law passed before the improvements began! In what, then, consists the danger (always supposing discretion in the manner) of shortening the hours of labor to no greater extent than improved processes might be expected to work in the opposite direction? If Parliament had now to give the Sunday for rest, they might give it by degrees, half an hour at a time, with a certainty that improvements in the arts of production would gradually make up for that decrease of productive power. The loss of a seventh here would be covered by the gain of a seventh there; as soon as the account had been balanced, further improvements of skill would add as now to the heap of wealth; and the vast social advantage of the Sunday would have been gained in perpetuity.

We do not care to notice here the special case of over-worked women and children, because it is only the principles of the new faith that we are just now desirous of examining; and we are satisfied, moreover, that whenever they shall find sufficient favor with the public to give Lord ASHLEY success in his present object, they must receive a far wider application than has yet been seriously contemplated by anybody. No professor of them can uphold the Corn-law without gross inconsistency or hypocrisy. The general purpose is, to make laws for relieving the common people from the evils of competition; but the Corn-law circumscribes the field of employment for capital and labor, keeps profits and wages down to the minimum, and is a principal cause of that suffering which the project of Short-time is designed to alleviate. How, again, can Lord ASHLEY ask the mill-owners to consent to a measure which they believe would tend to diminish their profits, when he joins in denying them a free choice of markets in which to dispose of their goods? Then, further, it is said with no little show of reason, that if a Ten-hours' law enhanced the cost of production in manufactures by a sixth, it would turn the scale against us in foreign markets, and deprive England of her export trade; but, nevertheless, Lord ASHLEY helps to forbid that compensating diminution of the cost of production in manufactures, which would be occasioned by the free importation of food. On the other hand, an inevitable effect of repealing the Corn-law would be to throw a large proportion of the laborers in agriculture out of employment altogether, and produce an extent and degree of misery frightful to contemplate: so here is a job of work for the advocates of paternal government, for which the most rational and consistent of them seem as little prepared as the others. Then, furthermore, several of the means by which it is proposed that legislation should better the condition of the poor, would operate, like vaccination or other sanatory precautions—like a Ten-



hours' law, be it said, in passing—by decreasing mortality and rendering the competition of numbers severer than before. Competition, universal and intense competition, is the disease; and if we only repress the symptoms in one place, they will break out in another. A comprehensive treatment of the malady itself would probably combine colonization with free trade in food: but, while the latter is withheld by Parliament, the former is merely left to be brought into disrepute by the red-tape of the Colonial Office. And finally, (for we must stop somewhere, though the theme is inexhaustible,) education by the State is a noted specific; which, however, it will be simply impossible to administer so long as competition shall deprive the ignorant classes of leisure for receiving instruction. If the principles of the new faith should ever be carried out, there will be plenty for the ruling order to do.

That faith gains ground, however. All the women of the classes who really influence legislation, have imbibed it more or less; and their weight will not be despised by such as took note how Queen CAROLINE's trial conduced to the Reform Bill. The basest of the votes given in support of Lord ASHLEY's motion may somewhat damage the cause; but they also indicate that it has become of sufficient importance to be available for party purposes. Whenever it shall be traded with for personal aggrandizement, as Abolition and Missions to the Heathen have been by a vermin which prey upon benevolence, we may begin to think that Sir ROBERT PEEL's honest resistance will soon be fruitless. The time may not be so far off when opposition to it will be a disqualification, and its advocacy one title to high office. If ever that time should come, the faith will be *theorized* by many a busy brain and ready pen. At present, we must repeat, it is little more than an instinct

From the London Punch.

#### THE PAUPER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FULL of drink and full of meat,  
On our SAVIOUR's natal day,  
CHARITY's perennial treat;  
Thus I heard a Pauper say:—

"Ought not I to dance and sing  
Thus supplied with famous cheer?"

Heigho!

I hardly know—

Christmas comes but once a year!

"After labor's long turmoil,  
Sorry fare and frequent fast,  
Two-and-fifty weeks of toil,  
Pudding-time is come at last!  
But are raisins high or low,  
Flour and suet cheap or dear?"

Heigho!

I hardly know—

Christmas comes but once a year!

"Fed upon the coarsest fare  
Three hundred days and sixty-four  
But for *one* on viands rare,  
Just as if I was n't poor!  
Ought not I to bless my stars,  
Warden, clerk, and overseer?"

Heigho!

I hardly know—

Christmas comes but once a year!

"Treated like a welcome guest,  
One of Nature's social chain,  
Seated, tended on, and press'd—  
But when shall I be press'd again,  
Twice to pudding, thrice to beef,  
A dozen times to ale and beer?"

Heigho!

I hardly know,

Christmas comes but once a year!

"Come to-morrow, how it will;  
Diet scant and usage rough,  
Hunger once has had its fill,  
Thirst for once has had enough,  
But shall I ever dine again?  
Or see another feast appear?"

Heigho!

I only know—

Christmas comes but once a year.

"Frozen cares begin to melt,  
Hopes revive and spirits flow—  
Feeling as I have not felt  
Since a dozen months ago—  
Glad enough to sing a song—  
To-morrow shall I volunteer?"

Heigho!

I hardly know—

Christmas comes but once a year.

"Bright and blessed is the time,  
Sorrows end and joys begin,  
While the bells with merry chime  
Ring the Day of Plenty in!  
But the happy tide to hail  
With a sigh or with a tear,

Heigho!

I hardly know—

Christmas comes but once a year!"

SONG.—BY SAMUEL LOVER.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER, THE NIGHT BEFORE SHE SAILS FROM IRELAND.

SLEEP, darling, sleep, while my tears wet thy pillow,  
Sleep without rocking, this last night here;  
To-morrow thou 'lt rock on the deep foaming billow,  
The winds for thy lullaby then thou 'lt hear:  
But when across the wide wave yonder,  
In freedom, thro' stranger-lands we wander;  
O then, with a holier feeling, and fonder,  
My heart—dearest Erin, will turn to thee!

To the land of the stranger, my boy, we are going,  
Where flowers, and birds, and their songs are new:  
We'll miss, in the spring, our own wild-flowers row-  
ing,

And listen in vain for the sweet cuckoo.  
But in our dreams, so sweetly ringing,  
We'll fancy we hear the spring bird singing,  
And gather the flowers in our wild valley springing,  
And weep, when we wake, that the dream is untrue!

Hood's Magazine.

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 4.—8 JUNE, 1844.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

PERHAPS some of our younger readers may not have known of Beau Brummell. He was sometimes called King of the Dandies, and had almost supreme sway over the *ton* in England.

As an instance of his impudence, it is related that dining one day with the Prince of Wales, he said to his Royal host—"George, will you touch the bell?" The Prince rang, and when the servant entered, said, "Mr. Brummell's carriage!" This produced a rupture, and Brummell afterwards declared that he had a great mind to bring the old king into fashion, out of revenge.

Riding with a friend, the Prince met them, and without speaking to Brummell, stopped to talk with his companion. Brummell looked at him through his eye-glass, and, as he rode away, asked his companion, so as to be heard by the Prince, "Who is our fat friend?"

The next article is on a more useful subject—the discovery of an immense mine of a new manure, which is attracting much attention in England.

Our young readers will be much interested in "Submarine Researches,"—from which they will learn that the different depths of the sea, like the various heights of mountains, have their appropriate growth of vegetable, and even of animal life.

In France, much attention is turned to Railways; we shall show in our next number, the probable success of the *Atmospheric* Railway, which will extend the benefits of these roads to countries otherwise inaccessible to them, and greatly diminish the cost and increase the advantages in all countries. The rumor of the intention of England and France to divide St. Domingo between them, we copy from a letter of the Paris correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, (Mr. Walsh.) It is not improbable.

The Polka Dance is as much the rage in England, as the Waltz was on its introduction there.

Flames in Volcanoes, is so attractive a title, that we need not recommend it to our young friends. It is appropriately followed by the *Nemesis* in China.

Brougham Vindicated, is a favorable specimen of the tart spite, and epigrammatic style, of the Examiner. His lordship had a quarrel with the Examiner, and threatened to have the editor sent to prison for a contempt.

On Meeting Deceased People, is a melancholy article; and the truth of it will be acknowledged

by many, as regards others; and by some, as it relates to themselves.

The long article on Earl St. Vincent, need hardly be recommended to our young friends. The Sea and an Admiral are subjects which always attract them.

We shall often turn back to the old writers, of whom we give several specimens in this number.

Some of our readers may look in vain for the continuation of *Our Family*. It will be two or three weeks before we can receive any more of it.

The necessity of putting the *Living Age* early to press, in order that it may reach distant subscribers about the day of its date—and in order that it may be well printed, and dried, and pressed—will always make our news a little later than if we hurried it smoking from the press. While we are finishing this number, we hear that the Steamer which left England on 19th May, has been telegraphed. We shall have her news in our next.

---

CHINESE SMOKERS.—358 and 359, are specimens of pipes for tobacco and opium, the smoking of which produces a frightful prostration of the intellect, and may be compared to the pernicious custom in this country of reading *Parliamentary Debates*—a habit that has diminished greatly with the advance of education. Captain Davis gives a graphic description of an opium-smoker, which would apply equally well to the case of a reader of the reports of the speeches sometimes spoken in the House of Commons. "He lies languid, with an idiotic smile on his countenance, too much under the influence of the drug, (such as his wife's handing him a cup of tea at his breakfast,) to care much for passing events."—*Punch's Guide to the Chinese Exhibition*.

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INDIAN OXEN.—Five of these extraordinary beasts, bred by Lord Combermere, have just arrived in London by the Birmingham Railway. It is stated by competent judges that they are the finest both in quality and form that have as yet been seen in this country. They have been consigned to her Majesty's purveyor, Mr. Giblett, of Bond-street.

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AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—Measures are to be taken for the immediate establishment of the agricultural college in Wiltshire, for which purpose a public meeting of the friends and supporters of the proposed plan has been called for Monday next. Earl Bathurst has consented to preside on the occasion.—*Standard*.

From the Examiner.

*The Life of George Brummell, Esq., commonly called Beau Brummell.* By CAPTAIN JESSE. Two vols. Saunders and Oiley.

*Cui bono?* Why on earth was such a subject selected for two large octavo volumes! We suspect that Captain Jesse has greatly overrated the attraction of his hero.

We never could find that Brummell's usefulness went beyond the invention of the *starched neckcloth*; or that his genius amounted to more than an appalling *impudence*. It is clear that these two things made him the rage. The impudence was a thing *sui generis*, and inimitable: a man who took down one of his sayings, to the very letter, would miss the whole effect in repeating it, for want of his slow, deliberate, exquisite way. The starched neckcloth was in some cases achievable; and we believe, though the unsuccessful efforts of one aspirant certainly ended in suicide, that a great many people were thought to have succeeded in it. It was clear from the first that the Prince of Wales never could: his neck forbade the supposition: but unattainable neckcloths may have added in this quarter to Brummell's influence. He dressed admirably in other respects: not at all like a *beau*. The *ars celare artem* was brought to perfection in the color and make of his clothes. It was his maxim that a man should never be remarked for what he wore, and he was an instance of that exquisite propriety.

With this knowledge of Brummell, we opened Capt. Jesse's ponderous volumes. We felt how flat these things must look upon paper, and were doomed to no disappointment. Capt. Jesse hardly seems aware of it. He fights up gallantly against all his disadvantages, but it was not in the nature of things that he should master one of them. The life of Brummell should have been written in some fifty pages, by one of his companions, and issued for the use of what is called the fashionable world, and no other: there is no earthly meaning or moral in it for any other class. Rational people do not need to be told, that if a man lives for mere sensual pleasures, he had better die when the means of gratification are over; that if he gambles, he incurs the chance of losing; that if he cannot pay, he must run; that to a fashionable man in this condition, a fashionable friend is a rotten reed; and that the farce must tragically end in beggary, misery, and starvation. We see no point for sympathy, in any part of Brummell's career. There is but a revolting selfishness from beginning to end. We see nothing that could have raised him into a reputable memory, but the fact of having lived three centuries since, and pandered to Henry the Eighth instead of George the Fourth. He would have served as good a master, and instead of the Court disgrace which left him to die in a madhouse, his days might have closed respectably on a scaffold.

His father's career is accurately traced by Capt. Jesse. He was a *protégé* of the first Lord Liverpool and for fifteen years Lord North's private secretary. Eaton, Oxford, a cornetcy in the tenth huzzars, and twenty-five thousand pounds, were his youngest son's introduction to the world. At eighteen George Brummell was a captain, and at twenty had left the army. His London career, as chief of the dandies, lasted eighteen years. He was but thirty-eight when he fled to Calais in 1816.

Before we follow him there, some anecdotes of

his impudence will amuse the reader. With a few of them he may already be familiar.

"Dining at a gentleman's house in Hampshire, where the champagne was very far from being good, he waited for a pause in the conversation, and then condemned it by raising his glass, and saying loud enough to be heard by every one at the table, 'John, give me some more of that cider.'"

"His valet was coming down stairs one day with a quantity of tumbled neckcloths under his arm, and being interrogated on the subject, solemnly replied, 'Oh, they are *our* failures.'"

"'Brummell, you were not here yesterday,' said one of his club friends; 'where did you dine?'—'Dine! why with a person of the name of R——s. I believe he wishes me to notice him, hence the dinner; but, to give him his due, he desired that I would make up the party myself, so I asked Alvanley, Mills, Pierrepont, and a few others, and I assure you, the affair turned out quite unique; there was every delicacy in, or out of season; the Sillery was perfect, and not a wish remained ungratified; but, my dear fellow, conceive my astonishment when I tell you, that Mr. R——s had the assurance to sit down, and dine with us.'"

"An acquaintance having, in a morning call, bored him dreadfully about some tour he made in the North of England, inquired with great pertinacity of his impatient listener which of the lakes he preferred? when Brummell, quite tired of the man's tedious raptures, turned his head imploringly towards his valet, who was arranging something in the room, and said, 'Robinson.'—'Sir.'—'Which of the lakes do I admire?'—'Windermere, sir,' replied that distinguished individual. 'Ah, yes,—Windermere,' repeated Brummell, 'so it is,—Windermere.' A lady at dinner, observing that he did not take any vegetables, asked him whether such was his general habit, and if he never ate any? He replied, 'Yes, madam, I once eat a pea.'"

"One day a friend, meeting him limping in Bond street, asked him what was the matter? He replied, he had hurt his leg, and the worst of it was, 'it was his favorite leg.' Having been asked by a sympathising friend how he happened to get such a severe cold? His reply was, 'Why, do you know, I left my carriage yesterday evening, on my way to town from the Pavilion, and the infidel of a landlord put me into a room with a damp stranger.'"

"On being asked by one of his acquaintance, during a very unseasonable summer, if he had ever seen such a one? He replied, 'Yes, last winter.' Having fancied himself invited to some one's country seat, and being given to understand, after one night's lodging, that he was in error, he told an unconscious friend in town, who asked him what sort of a place it was? 'That it was an exceedingly good house for stopping one night in.'"

"On the night that he left London, the Beau was seen as usual at the Opera, but he left early, and, without returning to his lodgings, stepped into a chaise which had been procured for him by a noble friend, and met his own carriage a short distance from town. Travelling all night as fast as four post-horses and liberal donations could enable him, the morning of the 17th dawned on him at Dover, and immediately on his arrival there, he hired a small vessel, put his carriage on board, and was landed in a few hours on the other side. By this time, the West End had awoke and missed him, particularly his tradesmen."

This last little trick was copied from Bolingbroke—a much greater fop. Our last specimen of this kind of anecdote is the most exquisite of all. Its date



is nearly fourteen years after his banishment, which adds to the humor of the thing :

"It was while promenading one day on the pier, and not long before he left Calais, that an old associate of his, who had just arrived by the packet from England, met him unexpectedly in the street, and cordially shaking hands with him, said, 'My dear Brummell, I am so glad to see you, for we had heard in England that you were dead; the report, I assure you, was in very general circulation when I left.'—'Mere stock-jobbing, my good fellow, mere stock-jobbing,' was the Beau's reply."

Even in his ashes lived his wonted impudence. Nothing could quench it. His mode of life was pretty much the same for twelve or fourteen years at Calais, as it had been in London, (difference of place excepted!) though how he managed it, living on charity as he must have done, is difficult to divine. He denied himself no comfort, but was always whining and complaining: the last, indeed, was an addition to his luxuries. After a good dinner from Dessin's, a bottle of Dorchester ale, a liqueur glass of brandy, and a bottle of Bordeaux, he would write to Lord Sefton that he was lying on straw, and grinning through the bars of a gaol; eating bran bread, my good fellow, eating bran bread." If he could have known how soon he would in sober sadness grin through real bars, and lie on veritable straw, it might have made even *him* serious.

The Whigs gave him the consulate of Caen in Normandy in 1830. It was worth 400*l.* a-year, but he had to assign an annuity of 320*l.* to his Calais creditors before he could have that place, and to content himself with the fiction of supporting his consulate on 80*l.* a-year. Of course he was soon enormously in debt: cheating and starving his washerwoman first, as he had done at Calais, for STARCH continued to be his prime necessity. If anything could add to the repulsive picture of the man at this time, it would be the doleful Della Cruscan letters he writes to young ladies, here printed by Capt. Jesse as worthy of preservation. He soon loses his consulate and is carried off to prison; and it will depend altogether on temperament whether the reader laughs or cries over his piercing shrieks from between his prison bars, that the pigeon they give him for dinner is a skeleton, that the mutton-chops which support it are not larger than half-a-crown, that the biscuits are like a bad halfpenny, that he has but six potatoes, and that the cherries sent him for dessert are positively unripe.

So the man continues to the last. In paralysis, imprisonment, and the apparent neighborhood of death, his chief anxiety is to get back to his five sous' whist, and his greatest horror to seal a note with a wafer. Charitable supplies from England set him at liberty again, and on certain conditions there is reasonable prospects of charitable support for the rest of his days: but his spirit of self-sacrifice is quite exhausted when he has brought himself down to one complete change of linen daily. He cannot find it in his heart to renounce his primrose gloves, his Eau de Cologne, oil for his wigs, patent blacking for his boots, or an occasional cast of gambling in a lottery. For these luxuries he again runs into debt.

But we have now to note the end. In the winter of 1836 Brummell suddenly appeared in a black cravat. Starch and cambric had made him, and their absence denoted his ruin. His wits had begun to fail. In 1837 he was an idiot. His

cleanliness, and fastidious appetite, were replaced by—what Capt. Jesse should hardly have told. The blubber of the Esquimaux, the style of one of Swift's Houhynhims, may stand for these revolting details of the voracity and filth of Brummell. He died in the madhouse of Bon Sauveur in 1840.

#### BRUMMELL'S LAST PARTIES.

"On certain nights some strange fancy would seize him, that it was necessary he should give a party, and he accordingly invited many of the distinguished persons with whom he had been intimate in former days, though some of them were already numbered with the dead.

"On these gala evenings, he desired his attendant to arrange his apartment, set out a whist-table, and light the *bougies*, (he burnt only tallow at the time,) and at eight o'clock this man, to whom he had already given his instructions, opened wide the door of his sitting-room, and announced the 'Duchess of Devonshire.' At the sound of her Grace's well-remembered name, the Beau, instantly rising from his chair, would advance towards the door, and greet the cold air from the staircase, as if it had been the beautiful Georgiana herself. If the dust of that fair creature could have stood reanimate in all her loveliness before him, she would not have thought his bow less graceful than it had been thirty-five years before; for, despite poor Brummell's mean habiliments and uncleanly person, the supposed visitor was received with all his former courtly ease of manner, and the earnestness that the pleasure of such an honor might be supposed to excite. 'Ah! my dear Duchess,' faltered the Beau, 'how rejoiced I am to see you; so very amiable of you at this short notice! Pray bury yourself in this arm-chair; do you know it was a gift to me from the Duchess of York, who was a very kind friend of mine; but, poor thing, you know, she is now no more.' Here the eyes of the old man would fill with the tears of idiocy, and, sinking into the fauteuil himself, he would sit for some time looking vacantly at the fire, until Lord Alvanley, Worcester, or any other old friend he chose to name, was announced, when he again rose to receive them, and went through a similar pantomime. At ten his attendant announced the carriages,—and this farce was at an end."

#### BRUMMELL'S LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE.

(In a letter from the Vice-Consul Armstrong to an English Friend.)

"I have deferred writing for some time, hoping to be able to inform you that I had succeeded in getting Mr. Brummell into one of the public institutions, but I am sorry to say that I have failed; I have also tried to get him into a private house; but no one will undertake the charge of him in his present state: in fact, it would be totally impossible for me to describe the dreadful situation he is in. For the last two months I have been obliged to pay a person to be with him night and day, and still we cannot keep him *clean*; he now lies upon a straw mattress, which is changed every day. They will not keep him at the hotel, and what to do I know not: I should think that some of his old friends in England would be able to get him into some hospital, where he could be taken care of for the rest of his days. I beg and entreat of you to get something done for him, for it is quite out of the question that he can remain where he is. The clergyman and physician here can bear testimony to the melancholy state of idiocy he is in."

It would be unjust not to add that Capt. Jesse's book has much amusing detail incidentally connected with the subject. Sketches of the beaus who preceded Brummell, and of the general society in which he flourished, are here and there happily done. There is much merit of this kind in the book

## DISCOVERY OF AFRICAN GUANO.

We are indebted to the *Glasgow Herald* for the following interesting account of the discovery of this valuable manure on the coast of Africa. The narrative presents a striking illustration of the enterprise of the British merchant, and which, in this, as in numberless other instances, will doubtless result in a great national benefit:—

According to the observations of Capt. Farr, of the *Ann*, of Bristol, who had the honor of bringing last year the first cargo of African guano to Great Britain, the island of Ichaboe—in which the quality is of a superior kind—is situated in  $26^{\circ} 19'$  of south latitude, and  $14^{\circ} 50'$  of east longitude, four days' sail north of the Cape of Good Hope, and 14 degrees south of the Portuguese settlement of Benguela. It is a small rocky islet, about two and a half miles from the mainland of Africa, on which, at a distance of half a dozen miles, is a native settlement, and from the inhabitants giving the name of Ichaboe to the island it has been retained by the same title in our own language. The manner in which the guano treasures on this coast were opened up to the enterprise of British merchants is both curious and interesting, and the following recital of it is, we believe, the correct one. An American trader having observed the interest which the importation of Peruvian guano was creating in Britain, was reminded of the circumstance that he had seen large deposits of a similar substance on the coast of Africa, and he published a short narrative of his observations in an American journal. This account fell under the notice of an English captain, who transmitted it to his relatives in Liverpool, and by them an expedition of, we believe, five ships was fitted out in the close of 1842 for the purpose of being loaded with the African guano for the British market. The instructions, however, which were given to the masters must have been of an imperfect kind, for four of them returned without having succeeded in the object of their search, and the fifth, viz., the *Ann*, was nearly in the same position, when accident revealed the *El Dorado* which was destined to exert such a potent influence in fertilizing our soil. Captain Farr happened to be at Cape Town, and one morning stepped into a coffee-room for breakfast, and while partaking of his repast, entered into conversation with the master of an American whaler, to whom he explained the regret he felt at being likely to return to England without being able to fulfil the object of his mission. The American stated that he had been on shore on some islands of the exact description which the other was in quest of; and gave Captain Farr such information as enabled him to find out the island of Ichaboe, and take the first cargo from a deposit which may have been in the course of accumulation from the earliest ages in the world's history. With this cargo he sailed for England, and having put in at a port on the coast of Ireland, in July, 1843, he there found instructions awaiting him, which directed him to proceed to Dumfries and unload; and he accordingly proceeded to Carsethorn on the Solway, where the *Ann* was discharged, and the guano carried to Liverpool in lighters. Notwithstanding the secrecy with which these proceedings were managed, some hints respecting them reached the ears of the firm of Alexander and John Downie, of this city, who dispatched their manager, Mr. Moncrieff, with the view of obtaining such information

as would open up the African guano stores more generally to British industry. A negotiation was accordingly begun at Dumfries, and terminated at Bristol, the result of which was that Captain Farr agreed to proceed again to Ichaboe, and at the same time point out the way to a fleet which was dispatched by Messrs. Downie, with sealed instructions, in the autumn of last year. Already several of these ships have arrived in Scotland, while one of them has discharged a cargo in the West Indies, and the matter being no longer a secret, a number of vessels were, at the date of the last advices, loading at Ichaboe for various ports in Great Britain. Guano is also obtained at Angra Pequena, 40 miles south of Ichaboe, but it is not by any means held in such high favor as the product of the latter. At the time of Captain Farr's first visit the island was covered with penguins, gannets, &c., but principally the former, in numbers which altogether defied calculation. They seemed to have no acquaintance with, nor fear of, man, and, in fact, offered a resistance to his encroachment on a domain which had been peculiarly their own for thousands of years. Since the crews of so many ships, however, were located at the island, the birds have almost entirely deserted their former territory, and retired to fulfil the purposes of their nature to more remote and inaccessible shores. The specimens of the penguin from Ichaboe which we have seen are about two feet in height, and as a great portion of their time is spent in the sea they are furnished with small flaps or paddles, instead of wings, which enable them to progress through the water with great velocity, though they are unable to fly. The female lays and sits upon one egg at a time, and a hole scratched in the deposit subserves all the purposes of a nest. In this way a succession of incubations go on for several months in the year, the young bird making its way to the sea as soon as it is able. It is the opinion of the seamen, that vast numbers of them never reach their destined home in the waters, but are crushed to death in their progress to it, by the dense battalions of birds which have almost to maintain a struggle for bare standing room; and in this way the guano heaps are increased as well by the bodies of the birds as by their droppings. The bodies of seals are also found on the surface of the guano deposits, which leads to the belief that they may have occasionally taken shelter there from a storm or hurricane, and having been overpowered by the potency of the ammoniacal vapor, have been unable to return to the water, and died where they lay. The guano which is brought to this country is found under a loose covering of decayed birds, recent dung, &c., and is so firmly imbedded that it requires to be dug out by the laborious operations of the pickaxe. When thus disengaged it is put into bags, and transferred by a sort of rope-ladder from the island to a boat, which lies at the outer edge of the surf, and from thence it is daily emptied into the hold of the vessel, which is anchored at a short distance. Ten men will lift about fifteen tons per day, but the operation is a very laborious one, and the sun is so powerful that few of the crews escape without having their faces and hands blistered so that the outer skin is peeled off. When Captain Farr left Ichaboe he estimated the guano deposit on that island alone to extend to one thousand feet in length, by five hundred in breadth, with an average depth of thirty-five feet, containing, perhaps, from seven hundred thousand to eight hun-

dred thousand tons. It is evident, therefore, that this supply will soon be exhausted in fertilizing the soil of Great Britain and her dependencies, but it is to be hoped that vast stores of it yet exist which have hitherto never been disturbed by man. On this subject, we quote the following statement from the *South African Commercial Advertiser*, published at Cape Town in January last:—

"On the rocky headlands, or on the rocky and unmolested islands on the west coast, both within and beyond the boundary of this colony, where the sea fowl from a vast expanse of open ocean come to breed, enormous masses of this manure have recently been discovered; and it seems probable that all the way up the coast into the Gulf of Guinea, and beyond it, similar treasures await the agriculture of the world, by which means the sea will render back to the land much more matter fitted to form organized, that is, vegetable and animal substances, than the rivers carry down into their depths, or the fleets of the nations deposit in their course over its surface."—*Bell's Messenger*.

From Hood's Magazine.

#### THE BRIDGE OF SIGNS.

"Drowned! drowned!"—HAMLET.

ONE more Unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly;  
Not of the stains of her,  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful;  
Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family—  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammyly.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Had she a sister?

Had she a brother?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!  
Oh! it was pitiful!  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly  
Feelings had changed:  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river:  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurl'd—  
Any where, any where  
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran,—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute Man!  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently,—kindly,—  
Smooth, and compose them;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurred by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest.—  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behavior,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour!

*On the Light thrown on Geology by Submarine Researches; being the substance of a Communication made to the Royal Institution of Great Britain, Friday Evening, the 23d February, 1844.* By EDWARD FORBES, F.L.S., M.W.S., &c. Prof. Bot. King's College, London.

ABOUT the middle of the last century, certain Italian naturalists\* sought to explain the arrangement and disposition of organic remains in the strata of their country, by an examination of the distribution of living beings on the bed of the Adriatic Sea. They sought in the bed of the present sea for an explanation of the phenomena presented by the upheaved beds of former seas. The instrument, by means of which they conducted their researches, was the common oyster-dredge. The results they obtained bore importantly on Geology; but since their time, little has been done in the same line of research,—the geologist has been fully occupied above water, and the naturalist has pursued his studies with far too little reference to their bearing on geological questions, and on the history of animals and plants in time. The dredge, when used, has been almost entirely restricted to the search after rare animals, by the more adventurous among zoologists.

Convinced that inquiries of the kind referred to, if conducted with equal reference to all the natural history sciences, and to their mutual connection, must lead to results still more important than those which have been obtained, I have, for several years, conducted submarine researches by means of the dredge. In the present communication, I shall give a brief account of some of the more remarkable facts and conclusions to which they have led, and as briefly point out their bearings on the science of geology.

I. *Living beings are not distributed indifferently on the bed of the sea, but certain species live in certain parts, according to the depth, so that the sea-bed presents a series of zones or regions, each peopled by its peculiar inhabitants.*—Every person who has walked between high and low water-marks on the British coasts, when the tide was out, must have observed, that the animals and plants which inhabit that space, do not live on all parts of it alike, but that particular kinds reach only to certain distances from its extremities. Thus the species of *Auricula* are met with only at the very margin of high water mark, along with *Littorina cerulea* and *saxatilis*, *Velutina otis*, *Kellia rubra*, *Balan*, &c.; and among the plants, the yellow *Chondrus crispus* (*Carrageen*, or Iceland moss of the shops), and *Corallina officinalis*. These are succeeded by other forms of animals and plants, such as *Littorina littorea*, *Purpura lapillus*, *Trochi*, *Actinæ*, *Porphyra laciniata*, (Laver, Sloke,) and *Ulva*. Towards the margin of low water, *Lottia testudinaria*, *Solen siliqua*, and the Dulse, *Rhodomenia palmata*, with numerous Zoophytes, and Ascidian molluscs, indicate a third belt of life, connected, however, with the two others, by certain species common to all three, such as *Patella vulgata*, and *Mytilus edulis*. These sub-divisions of the sea-bed, exposed at ebb-tide, have long attracted attention on the coasts of our own country, and on those of France, where they have been observed by Audouin and Milne Edwards, and of Norway, where that admirable observer Sars has defined them with great accuracy.

\* *Maralli* and *Donati*, and after them *Soldani*.

Now this subdivision of the tract between tide-marks into zones of animal life, is a representation in miniature of the entire bed of the sea. The result of my observations, first in the British seas,\* and more lately in the *Ægean*, has been to define a series of zones or regions in depth, and to ascertain specifically the animal and vegetable inhabitants of each. Regarding the tract between tide-marks as one region, which I have termed the *Littoral Zone*, we find a series of equivalent regions, succeeding it in depth. In the British seas, the littoral zone is succeeded by the region of *Laminariæ*, filled by forests of broad-leaved *Fuci*, among which live some of the most brilliantly colored and elegant inhabitants of the ocean. This is the chosen habitat of *Lacuna*, of *Rissoa*, and of *Nudibranchius mollusca*. A belt generally of mud or gravel, in which numerous bivalve mollusca live, intervenes between the laminarian zone, (in which the Flora of the sea appears to have its maximum,) and the region of *Corallines*, which, ranging from a depth of from 20 to 40 fathoms, abounds in beautiful flexible zoophytes and in numerous species of *Mollusca* and *Crustacea*, to be procured only by means of the dredge. The great banks of *Monomyarion Mollusca*, which occur in many districts of the Northern Seas, are for the most part included in this region, and afford the zoologist his richest treasures. Deeper still is a region as yet but little explored, from which we draw up the more massy corals found on our shores, accompanied by shell-fish of the class *Brachiopoda*. In the Eastern Mediterranean (where, through the invaluable assistance afforded by Captain Graves, and the Mediterranean Survey, I have been enabled to define the regions in depth, to an extent, and with a precision which, without similar aid, cannot be hoped for in the British seas), between the surface and the depth of 230 fathoms, the lowest point I had an opportunity of examining, there are eight well-defined zones, corresponding in part, and presenting similar characters with those which I have enumerated as presented by the sea-bed in the North. The details of these will be given in the forthcoming volume of the Transactions of the British Association, to which body I had the honor of presenting a report on the subject, at the last meeting.

When we examine the distribution and association of organic remains, in the upheaved beds of tertiary seas, we find the zones of depth as evident as they are in the present ocean. I have proved this to my own satisfaction, by a minute comparison of the newer *Pliocene* strata of Rhodes, where that formation attains a great thickness, with the present state of the neighboring sea, and carrying on the comparison through the more recent *tertiaries* with the more ancient, have found indubitable evidences of the same phenomena. The strata of the *cretaceous* system yield similar evidences, and doubtless, in all time, the element of depth exercised a most important influence in regulating the distribution of animal life in the sea. If so, as our researches extend, we may hope eventually to ascertain the probable depth, or, at any rate, the region of depth, in which a given stratum containing organic remains was deposited. Every geologist will at once admit, that such a result would contribute materially to the history of sedimentary formations, and to the progress of geological science.

\* The first notice of these was published in the *Edinburgh Academic Annual* for 1840.



II. *The number of species is much less in the lower zones than in the upper. Vegetables disappear below a certain depth, and the diminution in the number of animal species indicates a zero not far distant.*—This conclusion is founded on my *Ægean* researches. Vegetables become fewer and fewer in the lower zones; and dwindle to a single species,—a *multispore*, at the depth of 100 fathoms. Although the lower zones have a much greater vertical range than the higher, the number of animal species is infinitely greater in the latter. The lowest region (the 8th) in the Mediterranean, exceeds in extent all the other regions together; yet its fauna is comparatively small, and at the lowest portion explored, the number of species of testacea found was only eight. In the littoral zone, there were above 150 species. We may fairly infer, then, that as there is a zero of vegetable life, so is there one of animal life. In the sea, the vertical range of animals is greater than that of vegetables;—on the land, the reverse is the case. The geological application of this fact, of a zero of life in the ocean, is evident. All deposits formed below that zero, will be void, or almost void, of organic contents. The greater part of the sea is far deeper than the point zero; consequently, the greater part of deposits forming, will be void of organic remains. Hence we have no right to infer that any sedimentary formation, in which we find few or no traces of animal life, was formed either before animals were created, or at a time when the sea was less prolific in life than it now is. *It might have been formed in a very deep sea.* And that such was the case in regard to some of our older rocks, such as the great slates, is rendered the more probable, seeing that the few fossils we find in them, belong to tribes which, at present, have their maximum in the lowest regions of animal life, such as the Brachiopoda, and Pteropoda, of which, though free swimmers in the ocean, the remains accumulate only in very deep deposits. The uppermost deposits, those in which organic remains would be most abundant, are those most liable to disappear, in consequence of the destroying action of denudation. The great and almost nonfossiliferous strata of Scaglia, which form so large a part of the south of Europe and of Western Asia, were probably, for the most part, formed below the zero of life. The few fossils they contain, chiefly nummulites, correspond to the foraminifera which now abound mostly in the lowest regions of animals. There is no occasion to attribute to metamorphic action the absence of traces of living beings in such rocks.

III. *The number of northern forms of animals and plants is not the same in all the zones of depth, but increases either positively, or by representation, as we descend.* The association of species in the littoral zone is that most characteristic of the geographical region we are exploring; but the lower zones have their faunas and floras modified by the presence of species which, in more northern seas, are characteristic of the littoral zones. Of course, this remark applies only to the northern hemisphere; though, from analogy, we may expect to find such *inversely* the case also in the southern. The law, put in the abstract, appears to be, that *parallels in depth are equivalent to parallels in latitude*, corresponding to a well-known law in the distribution of terrestrial organic beings, viz., that *parallels in elevation are equivalent to parallels in latitude*: for example, as we ascend mountains in tropical countries, we find the successive belts of

vegetation more and more northern or southern (according to the hemisphere) in character, either by identity of species, or by representation of forms by similar forms; so in the sea, as we descend, we find a similar representation of climates in parallels of latitude in depth. The possibility of such a representation has been hypothetically anticipated in regard to marine animals by Sir Henry De La Beche,\* and to marine plants by Lamouroux. To me it has been a great pleasure to confirm the felicitous speculations of those distinguished observers. The fact of such a representation has an important geological application. It warns us that all climatal inferences drawn from the number of northern forms in strata containing assemblages of organic remains, are fallacious, unless the element of depth be taken into consideration. But the influence of that element once ascertained, (and I have already shown the possibility of doing so,) our inferences assume a value to which they could not otherwise pretend. In this way, I have no doubt, the per-centage test of Mr. Lyell will become one of the most important aids in geology and natural history generally; and, in fact, the most valuable conclusions to which I arrived by the reduction of my observations in the *Ægean*, were attained through the employment of Mr. Lyell's method.

IV. *All varieties of sea-bottom are not equally capable of sustaining animal and vegetable life.*—In all the zones of depth there are occasionally more or less desert tracts, usually of sand or mud. The few animals which frequent such tracts are mostly soft and unpreservable. In some muddy and sandy districts, however, worms are very numerous, and to such places many fishes resort for food. The scarcity of remains of testacea in sandstones, the tracks of worms on ripple-marked sandstones, which had evidently been deposited in a shallow sea, and the fish remains often found in such rocks, are explained, in a great measure, by these facts.

V. *Beds of marine animals do not increase to an indefinite extent. Each species is adapted to live on certain sorts of sea-bottom only. It may die out in consequence of its own increase changing the ground.*—Thus, a bed of scallops, *Pecten opercularis*, for example, or of oysters having increased to such an extent that the ground is completely changed, in consequence of the accumulation of the remains of dead scallops or oysters, becomes unfitted for the further sustenance of the tribe. The young cease to be developed there, and the race dies out, and becomes silted up or imbedded in sediment, when, the ground being renewed, it may be succeeded either by a fresh colony of scallops, or by some other species or assemblage of species. This "rotation of crops," as it were, is continually going on in the bed of the sea, and affords a very simple explanation of the alternation of fossiliferous and nonfossiliferous strata; organic remains in rocks being very rarely scattered through their substance, but arranged in layers of various thickness, interstratified with layers containing few or no fossils. Such interstratification may, in certain cases, be caused in another way, to-wit, by the elevation or subsidence of the sea-bottom, and the consequent destruction of the inhabitants of one region of depth, and the substitution of those of another. It is by such effects of oscillation of level, we may account for the repetition, at intervals, in

\* Ten years ago, in his "Researches in Theoretical Geology."

certain formations of strata indicating the same region of depth.

VI. *Animals having the greatest ranges in depth have usually a great geographical, or else a great geological range, or both.*—I found that such of the Mediterranean testacea as occur both in the existing sea, and in the neighboring territories, were such as had the power of living in several of the zones in depth, or else had a wide geographical distribution, frequently both. The same holds true of the testacea in the tertiary strata of Great Britain. The cause is obvious: such species as had the widest horizontal and vertical ranges in space, are exactly such as would live longest in time, since they would be much more likely to be independent of catastrophes and destroying influences, than such as had a more limited distribution. In the cretaceous system, also, we find that such species as lived through several epochs of that era, are the few which are common to the cretaceous rocks of Europe, Asia, and America. Count D'Archiac and M. de Verneuil, in their excellent remarks on the fauna of the Palæozoic rocks, appended to Mr. Murchison and Professor Sedgwick's valuable memoir on the Rhenish Provinces, have come to the conclusion that the fossils common to the most distant localities, are such as have the greatest vertical range. My observations on the existing testacea and their fossil analogues, lead to the same inference. It is very interesting thus to find a general truth coming out, as it were, in the same shape, from independent inquiries at the two ends of time.

VII. *Mollusca migrate in their larva state, but cease to exist at a certain period of their metamorphosis, if they do not meet with favorable conditions for their development; i. e., if they do not reach the particular zone of depth in which they are adapted to live as perfect animals.*

This proposition, which, as far as I am aware, is now put forward for the first time, includes two or three assertions which require explanation and proof, before I can expect the whole to be received. First, *that mollusca migrate.* In the fourth volume of the Annals of Natural History, (1840,) I gave a zoo-geological account of a shell-bank in the Irish Sea, being a brief summary of the results of seven years' observations at a particular season of the year. In that paper, I made known the appearance, after a time, of certain mollusca on the coasts of the Isle of Man, which had not previously inhabited those shores. They were species of limpet, about which there could be no mistake, and one was a littoral species. At that time, I could not account for their appearance. Many similar facts have since come to my knowledge, and fishermen are familiar with what they call "shifting" of shell-beds, which they erroneously attribute to the moving away and swimming off of a whole body of shell-fish, such as mussels and oysters. Even the *Pecten*, much less the testacea just named, have very little power of progressing to any distance, when fully developed. The "shifting" or migration is accomplished by the young animals when in a larva state. This brings me to a second point, which needs explanation. *All mollusca undergo a metamorphosis* either in the egg, or out of the egg, but, for the most part, among the marine species out of the egg. The relations of the metamorphoses of the several tribes are not yet fully made out: but sufficient is now known to warrant the generalization. In one great class of mollusca, the *Gastropoda*, all

appear to commence life under the same form, both of shell and animal, viz., a very simple, spiral, helicoid shell, and an animal furnished with two ciliated wings or lobes, by which it can swim freely through the fluid in which it is contained. *At this stage of the animal's existence, it is in a state corresponding to the permanent state of a Pteropod,\** and the form is alike whether it be afterwards a shelled or shell-less species. (This the observations of Dalyell, Sars, Alder and Hancock, Allman, and others prove, and I have seen it myself.) It is in this form that most species migrate, swimming with ease through the sea. Part of the journey may be performed sometimes by the strings of eggs which fill the sea at certain seasons, and are wafted by currents. My friend, Lieut. Spratt, R. N., has lately forwarded me a drawing of a chain of mollusca, taken eighty miles from shore, and which, on being hatched, produced shelled larvæ of the forms which I have described. If they reach the region and ground, of which the perfect animal is a member, then they develop and flourish; but if the period of their development arrives before they have reached their destination, they perish, and their fragile shells sink into the depths of the sea. Millions and millions must thus perish, and every handful of the fine mud brought up from the eighth zone of depth in the Mediterranean, is literally filled with hundreds of these curious exuvæ of the larvæ of mollusca.†

Were it not for the law which permits of the development of these larvæ only in the region of which the adult is a true native, the zones of depth would long ago have been confounded with each other, and the very existence of the zones of depth is the strongest proof of the existence of the law. Our confidence in their fixity, which the knowledge of the fact *that mollusca migrate* might at first shake, is thus restored, and with it our confidence in the inferences applicable to geology which we draw from submarine researches.

Some of the facts advanced in this communication are new, some of them have been stated before: but all, for which no authority is given, whether new or old, are put forth as the results of personal observation.

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THE GLACIARIUM.—This establishment, which has been removed to Grafton street East, Tottenham-court-road, was opened on Monday afternoon. The area of artificial ice is extremely convenient for such as may be desirous of engaging in the graceful and manly pastime of skating. It represents a lake imbedded amid Alpine scenery, with snow-covered mountains and precipitous glaciers, the judicious management of the light giving everything a cold and wintry appearance, rendered perfect by the masses of snow under which every species of vegetation seem to bend, which fills every cleft in the rocks, and which has lodged in fantastic wreaths at the bottom of every valley.

\* It is not improbable that the form of the larva of the Pteropod, when it shall be known, will be found to be that of an Ascidian polype, even as the larva of the Tunica presents us with the representation of a hydroid polype.

† The nucleus of the shells of the Cephalopoda is a spiral-univalve, similar in form to the undeveloped shells above alluded to, and it is yet to be seen whether all Cephalopoda do not commence their existence under a spiral-shelled Pteropodous form.

## ITALY.

It would seem that all appearance of disorder in the Neapolitan States had vanished. Letters received in Paris from Naples, dated the 9th inst., state that the accouchement of the Queen of Naples was imminent, and that the Duke de Montpensier (hourly expected to arrive from Algiers) would be the sponsor of the prince or princess to be born. These despatches are totally silent respecting politics or political movements.

## FRANCE.

**RAILWAYS.**—The attention of the Chamber has been chiefly directed to railway legislation. Two schemes are before the House,—one for a railway from Orleans to Bordeaux, and the other from Paris to Lyons. Various opinions prevail as to the best plan for carrying the schemes into practical operation. One party were of opinion that government should construct the works and lay down the rails, and then lease them to companies, who would supply carriages and work them; another party incline to the English plan, of leaving the whole affair in the hands of private companies; whilst a third are in favor of the mixed plan recommended by government, which, it is argued, combines the advantages of private enterprise with those to be derived from national aid and supervision. The government, it is believed, have a majority in their favor.

*On Dit*, that the French Ministry are negotiating with the British for a recognition of absolute French sovereignty over the Society Islands, and that they mean to divide the island of San Domingo between them. Looking to the East—to Asia and Africa, and to Oceania—how the *argumentum ad hominem* might be used in reply to their bold protest against the annexation of Texas to the United States! The Tahiti question has been suspended by the debates in the Chamber of Peers on the Education bill, and those of the Deputies on the Penitentiary System. Seven long sittings have been accorded by the Peers to the struggle between the Clergy and the University, and it is not yet decided. A succession of most elaborate written discourses on universal ecclesiastical history, and every scheme of public instruction, ancient and modern, might already have exhausted the patience of the venerable assembly. Cousin, the philosopher, lectured first, for more than three hours; the champions of the clergy were few in the comparison, but potent in zeal, intrepidity, and matter of both fact and argument. In the Chamber of Deputies AUBURN and SHERRY will have been made the most familiar of sounds; “the whole Chamber shuddered,” says a reporter, “as the orators described the *iron gag* employed at Sherry Hill; DE TOCQUEVILLE, the *Pennsylvanian*, could not disprove the assertions.”

## TURKEY.

In the Levant, France, England, and the other Christian powers, are interposing effectually to stop the persecutions and cruelties exercised over the Greeks and other Christians in the Turkish provinces. The Sultan seems to act with good faith and sincerity; he has pledged himself to the heads of the European diplomacy that he will exert all the power of his government to punish these cruelties, and to establish a general and equal toleration throughout his dominions. But he is everywhere opposed by the bigoted Turks,

and in many cases by the pachas. The commander in chief, Riza Pacha, was recently ordered to march to Adrianople, to protect the Christians in that district and throughout Roumelia. Two days before sending off the last accounts, the Sultan had desired him to proceed to Adrianople, to organize the troops, and direct the necessary measures for the pacification of the mountaineers of Albania, but the Pacha pleaded serious illness, and declined accepting the mission.

A course of action has just occurred in Turkey, strongly marking the growth of European influence, though it may be described in few words. Moved by the sanguinary execution of some persons who had been converted to Islamism from Christianity and had relapsed—an offence for which the Mussulman penalty is death—the representatives of France and England have obtained a formal assurance that such extreme punishment shall not again be inflicted. This concession excited a fanatical feeling, and the Turkish government detected a most extensive conspiracy to massacre Christians, or make some other religious demonstration. The danger was stopped by a bold measure: the Porte suddenly discovered a necessity for recruiting its army and navy; and, under the name of recruits, no fewer than fifteen thousand persons, suspected of conspiring, have been conveyed from Constantinople to an island in the Sea of Marmora; whence they will be distributed among the naval and military forces.—*Spectator*.

A remarkable act of power has just taken place in Constantinople, in the deportation of a large number of the populace to the islands in the Sea of Marmora. The number is said to be 15,000, though this is probably exaggerated; and the cause is rumored to be the fanatical wrath of the populace at the decree against beheading Christians who, after having embraced Islamism, have returned to Christianity.

Some of our contemporaries express a fear that our ambassador, in demanding this measure of common sense and common mercy, may have gone too far, and provoked the feelings of the people by his premature humanity. That political incendiaries and the remnant of the Janizaries may have taken advantage of this decree to endanger the public peace, is possible; because, where such intentions and such means exist, any pretext will serve the purpose. But the whole seems to have been little more than a conspiracy to unseat the Minister RIZA PACHA. Whether from his stricter discipline, or from the old Turkish passion for seeing the head of a vizier tossed over the walls of the seraglio to them once a year, the Minister seemed a fit object for a Cabinet change; and a conspiracy was organized accordingly. In former days, when the Janizaries were powerful, those turbulent managers of the state would have beaten their drums, marched to the seraglio, strangled the Divan, and brought back the Sultan's head in a sack. But, as MAHMOUD cut up their supremacy a quarter of a century ago, by discharges of grape-shot, they have now no other expedient than to raise the rabble, and curse the Padishah in their coffee-houses. Rebellions of this order are easily put down; and the result of the present *émute* is exhibited in the seizure of those barbarian bigots, and their transport to the prison-islands, until they can be sent to employ their vigor more usefully on board the fleet. The Minister deserves credit for his promptitude on the occasion, and the Sultan for supporting him.

But we feel no alarm at the consequences attending the performance of the decree in the amplest manner. Fanaticism is no longer an element of national strength, whatever might have been its power when the Arab chivalry had nothing to oppose them but the degenerate Greeks of the eighth century: it has always failed before regular troops. The Turks have not gained a battle in Europe these two hundred years; and MEHEMET ALI, with his Egyptian recruits, raw as they were, hunted them out of Syria, and would have hunted them out of Constantinople, if his career had not been stopped by troops better disciplined than his own. It is plain that the age of fanatical triumphs is gone by; and that, if the Turks are to rely on the cry of "Allah, Allah," and cutting off the heads of relapsed Christians, they will be beaten wherever a shot is fired. We may admit that the renegade, in general, is not a character worth much of our sympathy, or even that his fall to Islamism may have been an utterly corrupt transaction. Still we have no right to doubt the motives of his return to Christianity until we discover their unsoundness. We know that he is right, at least, in the act; that Christianity gives grounds for its adoption sufficient, in the most complete degree, to satisfy the most deliberate inquiry; that no man of the common rate of the human understanding can sink its purity, power, and purposes to the level of other religions; and that, therefore, there is always *prima facie* evidence of the rectitude of a convert to Christianity. Even this evidence derives additional force from the personal difficulties besetting the change in a country where, until this moment, the penalty was instant death. We cannot doubt that some of those converts may have been perfectly disinterested and perfectly sincere.

But the measure itself, if regarded merely in a political point of view, we must consider as adding to the public strength of Turkey. It breaks down a portion of that partition-wall which, without protecting the Turk, separated him from European sympathy; impressed the idea that he was a cureless savage, actuated by no principle but love of blood and blind bigotry; and, above all, justified the charge that his existence was incompatible with the diffusion of true religion. We know the hazards of rash proselytism, but we cannot doubt the benefits of reason, knowledge, and toleration.

The last news from Turkey is that the Porte has given way, and rendered to the French and English ambassadors a formal pledge to put no more converts from Islamism to Christianity to death. The value of this concession is certainly not great, if it be true that the penalty is to be in future imprisonment for life. We should imagine that the representatives of the European courts would not consent to leave the work so incomplete. The last accounts say that a despatch has been received by the French Government from the Baron de Bourqueney at Constantinople, dated March 24, addressed to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, which states that the Reis Effendi, Rifaat Pasha, had handed to the chief interpreters of the French and British Ministers the following official note, dated March 21:—

"His Highness, the Sultan, has irrevocably resolved to maintain amicable relations, and to contract the bonds of perfect sympathy which unite him to the great powers.

"The Sublime Porte engages to prevent by effectual measures any Christian abjuring Islamism in future from suffering death."

ATROCITIES OF THE ALBANIANS.—The *Presse* publishes the following extract from a letter from a private correspondent at Constantinople, describing the atrocities committed against the Christians in Roumelia at the very gates of the capital:—"I have no time to speak of my private affairs, as my attention is exclusively occupied by the atrocities committed by the Albanians on my unfortunate country. It would be impossible to describe the scenes I have witnessed in the village of Bonasrava, in the district of Uskup, as well as in other districts of that province. I have seen the male inhabitants attached to stakes whilst these robbers gratified their passion on the wives and daughters of those unfortunate people. Other men were suspended by the feet and burned with straw. The villains were not satisfied with committing this unheard-of act of barbarity, but, through a refinement of cruelty, they forced the wives to set fire to the stakes to which their own husbands were attached. This is not all (here follow details of a character such as it is impossible for us to publish.) They have placed young men on spits and roasted them like sheep, saying, 'During the time of Hifzi Pasha you would not give us roast mutton; we are now going to roast yourselves, and you have only to cry, Long live Hifzi Pasha.' I will not fatigue you with a description of the pillage and murders committed every day, as well as the prodigious number of persons whom these ferocious Albanians force to embrace Mohammedism. The prudent Turks approve not this conduct, and pity our misfortunes. In the district of Guilar the inhabitants of an entire village have been compelled to embrace Islamism, not being able longer to resist the vexations and atrocities of the Albanians. It would appear to me that the words of our Saviour mentioned in the holy Gospels are being accomplished. 'Wo to women with child, and to those who suckle, in these days of misfortune, for there will be a great famine on the earth.'" "It appears," adds the *Presse*, "that on being informed of these atrocities, the Austrian and Russian Ambassadors, MM. de Strumer and de Titoff, who had completely abstained, whilst MM. Canning and de Bourqueney had so much trouble in obtaining satisfaction from the Porte, have taken in hand energetically the cause of the Christians of Roumelia, and demanded exemplary satisfaction against the Albanians."

It is now conjectured that the zeal of British and French interposition at Constantinople in behalf of the relapsed renegades, and of the Christian subjects of the Porte generally, comes from a design to supplant Russia in the favor and reliance of that numerous portion. An English writer at Constantinople, says:

"The result of the measures of the British Ambassador has been to create a very general reaction among the Christians, both Greek and Armenian, in favor of English interests, and to place Russia and Austria in an unfavorable position in the eyes of the Turks and of the Rayiahs. It is generally believed that the former is meditating some energetic remonstrance on the Albanian atrocities, in order to regain the sympathies of the Christians, which, by its policy in the late question, it had forfeited. The eyes of the Christian subjects of the Sultan are now open to the machinations of Russia. Had the English note produced no other effect than this, it would have been sufficient to establish its importance."

From the *Britannia*.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH AND MR. EVERETT.

THE facetious castigator of Jonathan appears before the public once again on the old subject of his plunder and pleasantry. He told us some time ago that, whenever he saw a Pennsylvanian at dinner, "he longed to divide him;" to give to one man in the company his beaver, to another his coat, to a third his silver watch, and to a fourth his gilt chain, as a sort of repayment for the public robbery which had made up the furnishing of the aforesaid Pennsylvanian.

But we were not aware of the practical joke which the canon meditated on the first opportunity. He has now caught a live Jonathan, and, as the zoological lecturers advise, he has taken him home, for the inspection of his *habitats*. He has duly fed the animal for forty-eight hours, marked his manner of deglutition, and, (keeping his spoons out of his way,) has studied his acquisitive instincts. We shall soon expect a valuable memoir from his pen on the genus *Yankee* and species *Pennsylvanian*. Whether he has "divided" his subject, and sent him watchless, purseless, and *sensu culotte*, back into the world, we know not; but that he has dissected, anatomized, and preserved a clever facsimile of his morbid configuration for public experience we have not doubt whatever:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

"Sir,—The *Locofoco* papers in America are, I observe, full of abuse of Mr. Everett, their Minister, for spending a month with me at Christmas, in Somersetshire. That month was neither lunar nor calendar, but consisted of forty-eight hours: a few minutes more or less.

"I never heard a wiser or more judicious defence than he made to me and others of the American insolvency; not denying the injustice of it—speaking of it, on the contrary, with the deepest feeling, but urging with great argumentative eloquence every topic that could be pleaded in extenuation. He made upon us the same impression he appears to make universally in this country; we thought him (a character which the English always receive with affectionate regard,) an amiable American, republican without rudeness, and accomplished without ostentation. 'If I had known that gentleman five years ago, (said one of my guests,) I should have been deep in the American funds; and, as it is, I think at times that I see 19s. or 20s. in the pound in his face.'

"However this may be, I am sure we owe to the Americans a debt of gratitude for sending to us such an excellent specimen of their productions. In diplomacy a far more important object than falsehood is to keep two nations in friendship. In this point, no nation has ever been better served than America has been served by Mr. Edward Everett.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
"April 17. "SYDNEY SMITH."

THE MILITARY ANNUAL FOR 1844. Colburn, London.—A very useful species of work seems about to become the practice of the London publishers and authors. It is that of assigning to every art and profession, and almost every branch of business and trade, its own calendar, manual, or annual register. Thus we have the Gardener's Annual and Calendar, the Artist's Annual and Calendar, and the Farmer's and Agriculturist's in

every shape. As this practice follows the established principle, the division of labor, and thus proceeds upon the undeniable truth that everything will be best done which is done separately and by itself, with the undivided attention of the writer, and with the union of all his efforts directed to a single object, it is obviously adapted to give us the best knowledge upon every subject, and by confining its matter to a single purpose only, to accomplish such design in the fullest and most forcible manner. It therefore affords us satisfaction to see the further extension of these annuals, and in return for the useful industry of the writers we shall willingly select these works for our special notice.

This is an annual for the army,—well printed, well ornamented, and in many of its articles well collected and composed,—containing narratives and memorials of general interest to all military readers, whilst its embellishments, and tasteful mode of printing, render it a suitable ornament for the library or drawing-room. The collection of courts martial, in the year, their proceedings and sentences, is matter of much military interest and utility; they are records of military law, and useful admonitions to young officers against the minor offences of levity and irregularity; they point out how seriously such things are regarded, and how effectually they retard their future promotion and public employment. "Officers will do well to remember," says one of these sentences, substantially, "that not only conformity with the mere text of the articles of war is required of them in her majesty's service, but there is expected of them also that strict observance of gentlemanly manners and feelings, and that exercise of prudence and discretion, which belong to a sound judgment and a clear understanding,—formed by useful observation of the manners of those whose well-merited reputation holds them forth as public examples, and still more by the assiduous cultivation of their own minds in that reading and study which the leisure of a military life so amply affords." We do not say that any single sentence in the courts martial collected in this annual expresses this principle of military duty in the exact terms we have given, but it is the fair result of many of them, and certainly of all of them taken collectively.

Another article of much military interest is the Historical Memoirs of Regiments from their first formation. We can easily imagine, that the present officers of any regiment feel a strong curiosity as to the history and progress of the corps to which they are attached. It also affords opportunities for the exact and particular narrative of acts of duty and laudable gallantry in the particular service of any respective regiment. We can imagine nothing more fertile in adventure and picturesque incidents than the history of some of the regiments which served through the Peninsular war.

But the best and fullest part of the work is the Obituary and Memoirs of the Generals, Colonels, and other officers, who have died during the year. This is peculiarly the office of a military annual and register, and is therefore very properly selected as one of the main distinctions of the present work. We can only conclude by recommending this annual to such of our readers as either belong to the army themselves, or have relatives and friends in this branch of the public service.—*Bell's Messenger*.

## THE POLKA; OR, THE BOHEMIAN GIRL TO HER LOVER.

## A NATIONAL BALLAD.

THE following graphic description of the famous "Polka Dance" has recently been given to the world by the celebrated Fredrika Bremer, the Edgeworth and Austin of Sweden, in a work entitled "STRIKE AND PEACE," of which a translation has appeared from the pen of a kindred writer, the accomplished Mary Howitt. This dance, which is equally popular in Bohemia, Hungary, Sweden, Norway, &c., "is," says Miss Bremer, "highly characteristic; it paints the northern inhabitants' highest joy in life; it is the *Berserker*-gladness in the dance. Supported upon the arm of the woman, the man throws himself high in the air; then catches her in his arms, and swings round with her in wild circles; then they separate, then they unite again, and whirl again round, as it were in superabundance of life and delight. The measure is determined, bold, and full of life. It is a *dance-intoxication*, in which people for the moment release themselves from every care, every burden and oppression of existence!"

DEAR youth, from the forest and mountain,  
Oh, come, 'neath the wild cherry-tree—  
My flax thread I've washed in the fountain,  
Come, love, dance the Polka with me!  
Like the waves of the Elbe madly bounding,  
Let not the dark Wodnyk† affright,  
The Mandoline long has been sounding,  
Like Vilas‡ we'll dance through the night!  
DEAR youth, from the forest and mountain,  
Oh, come, 'neath the wild cherry-tree—  
My flax thread I've washed in the fountain,  
Come, love, dance the Polka with me!

With the Garnets you gave to adorn me,  
Those gems in our Giant's Glen§ found,  
That our Burggrave himself should not scorn me,  
By my gold-hearted|| mother I'm crown'd!

\* The branches of the wild cherry-tree, which are supposed to possess many magical properties in Bohemia, &c., are used in wedding festivities. It is the favorite tree of Slavonian song and superstition.

† The *Wodnyk*, or *Wodnik*—water-demon, frequently the subject of popular stories in Bohemia; his name is used to frighten children away from the water-side—"The Wodnyk will catch you!" is a common exclamation with mothers and nurses.

‡ *Vilas*—a race of mountain spirits very popular throughout all the German provinces; they have lately been rendered somewhat familiar in England under the name of *Willis*, in the ballet of "Giselle;" there is an account of them in Keightley's "Fairy Mythology."

§ *Giant's Glen*, or *Riesengrund*, a deep valley in the vicinity of the Elbe, and the *Beraun*, in which precious stones are often found. Bohemia has long been celebrated for the beauty and quantity of its native garnets, which almost rival in brilliancy and value those of the East.

|| *Golden*, is a particular term of endearment in Slavonian poetry; it occurs frequently in the ballads of Bohemia. In the popular old song "Matko Maticko," a love-sick damsel thus addresses her mother:

Mother, sweet mother mine,  
Gold, is that heart of thine, &c.

And in the well-known ballad, "Na Tureckem pomezj"—another love-sick maiden thus addresses her sire—"My golden Father—*Muj zlaty panto*," which is the common Slavonian mode of addressing a parent. Many other examples might be given were it necessary, but these may suffice.

There's life in my feet and my arms, love!  
There's fire in my heart and my soul!  
I pant for the Polka's wild charms, love,  
Which each sorrow of life can control!  
Then come from the forest and mountain,  
Oh, come 'neath the wild cherry-tree—  
My flax-thread, I've wash'd in the fountain,  
Come, love, dance the Polka with me!

Like wine, that glad dance will inspire me,  
With transport 't will thrill every vein—  
Did I dance through the night, 't would not tire me—  
I would dance it at morning again!  
What rapture, when heart to heart joining—  
In thine eyes, love, as onwards we go,  
All its magical circles entwining,  
I must gaze, or I giddy should grow!  
Then come from the forest and mountain,  
Oh, come 'neath the wild cherry-tree—  
My flax-thread I've washed in the fountain,  
Come, love, dance the Polka with me!  
New Monthly Magazine.

## THORWALDSEN.

THE death of this remarkable man has stricken away one of the pillars of the European arts, and has produced a general sensation of regret throughout the civilized world. Such are the triumphs of genius. We have in the instance of this eminent person a striking and most exciting example of the height to which an individual, from the most unpromising circumstances of birth, condition, and country, may rise to a distinction of the very highest order in the very first circles of mankind. The rank of monarchs is already ascertained and justly acknowledged; but they are born to it, and they are monarchs only in their own dominions. A man like Thorwaldsen was as well known, and as much honored, in every land where a bust or statue from his studio was to be found, as if he had been the artist monarch of Europe. Yet this man was the son of humble parents, a struggler with poverty in his early years, and an Iclander.

Stimulated by that impetuous and irresistible love for the arts which marks the possession of genius, Thorwaldsen toiled his way to Italy, and there for many a year, poor and unknown, but never forsaking his first impulse, he labored for renown. It is gratifying to our national patronage to mention that his first commission for a statue in marble was from our countryman, the late Mr. Hope.

But the details of the great sculptor's life which have been already given in the journals render it unnecessary here to recur to his history. The point of view in which it strikes us as most important is its evidence of the celebrity which may be attracted to the most obscure individual by the vigorous exertion of talents. The arts are but one department of distinction, though unquestionably a most noble, impressive, and captivating one.

The style of Thorwaldsen was wholly his own. While Canova, perhaps unrivalled for elegance, too often sought its conceptions in the theatre, his rival delighted in nervous simplicity. They held towards each other some general relation to the different excellences of Raphael and Michael Angelo—the contrast of rich amenity with chaste and daring power.

Thorwaldsen's funeral, which took place March 30, at Copenhagen, was honored as perhaps the funeral of a subject was never honored before.

The king, in deep mourning, received the body at the entrance of the church; and the crown prince, as President of the Academy of Fine Arts, at the head of its members followed by the royal princes and the principal officers of state, walked after the hearse. Troops, processions of the different guilds and orders of citizens, and a concourse of thousands formed the train of this fine national ceremony. And all this honor was paid to the memory of a peasant's son, a native of the wildest and most northern region of Europe, whose only mansion was a studio, and whose only implement of fortune and fame was a chisel.

The streets were lined with troops as at a royal funeral; the queen and princesses attended the service in the church; orations were made by the principal artists and others where the body had lain in state; anthems were performed in the room adorned with his works; and, when the ceremony was at an end, the king headed the subscription for a monument on a magnificent scale by the regal subscription of 25,000 dollars. The whole tribute of memory and gratitude does almost as much honor to the monarch and the people as to Thorwaldsen.—*Britannia*.

#### SLAVERY IN CUBA.

OUR readers are already partially aware of the terrible cruelties inflicted on the slaves in Cuba engaged in the late attempt to throw off their accursed bondage. The following letter from a Spanish looker-on will be read with interest:—

"HAVANNA, Feb. 28.—In my last letter I informed you of the movements of the negroes, and in what an unsettled state we find ourselves here, where fear and distrust are augmenting every day, because we do not see the supreme government take any measure capable of saving us: on the contrary, we clearly perceive that we are conducted towards a precipice. The whole island is undermined, the conspiracy of the blacks is very extensive, and it is easy to see that they have a settled idea of emancipation, which they will sooner or later accomplish. The punishments of every kind have been horrible, we may say *barbarous*. Besides those killed in action, the masters of the negroes have been allowed the discretionary power of inflicting any punishment they please, and many have perished under the lash. To my knowledge there are sugar works in which as many as nine of these unfortunate beings have expired during the continuation of this barbarous treatment. I do not seek to exculpate the owners of the slaves who have acted in this manner, for what else can they do? The government leaves the negro conspirators at their mercy. If these are not severely chastised, how can the masters maintain subordination! Can they suffer the other slaves to witness the impunity of their crime? Eleven were sentenced lately by the court-martial to be shot, and afterwards burnt. Horrid scenes! which, however, *neither ave nor cause any effect upon the conspiring masses*. I will relate a fact which proves this. The negroes of the sugar-mill of Quevedo (an establishment situate near Guines) were to rise on the 11th inst., but the unexpected arrival of several white people who came to sleep there hindered the breaking out. This conspiracy was discovered by accident; and after the slaves had confessed their plan, which

was (as everywhere else) to murder the whites, and destroy everything by fire and sword, they were asked where they had concocted the plan; their answer was '*At the Savanilla, while witnessing the execution of their comrades!*'

"In the establishment of one of my brothers, whose slaves have seen all the executions, and amongst others that of the celebrated Jose Dolores (a negro, the terror of all that district,) eight of them are compromised in the conspiracy; and we know that in the settlement there still exists a negro king and war standard, but they cannot be detected. What does all this teach us? That measures of terror are insufficient, *that the thought and the desire of liberty are superior to all, and that other steps must be adopted for the white man's safety.*"

#### GOING OUT A SHOOTING.

Blest age, when lawyers ape the deeds  
Of Bayard and the Cid,  
And scorn the peaceful "*Practices*"  
Of Impey and of Tidd!

When big wigs leave the courts and change  
(Of arms blood-thirsty takers,)  
The venue to the Phoenix park,  
Or to the "Fifteen Acres."\*

When charged with dirt, Pot asks if Crock  
To him the slur applies,  
And bids him state, "if not, why not,"  
Or show "how otherwise."

Then seeking "satisfaction" claims  
To take up arms—*jus flendum*—  
By right of martial *capias*  
*Ad satisfaciendum*.

Whilst each his "friend" sends for a leech,  
And arms, and to bespeak 'm,  
At parting serves said "friend" with a  
*Subpana duces tecum*.

Or, p'rhaps too fierce, to wait until  
Without the fane of Nemesis,  
Cries, "Let us load at once and have  
An 'action on the premises.'"

But ah! sometimes one big wig proves  
A peaceful man—God bless us!  
And 'gainst such "motions," from the court,  
Implores a *stet processus*.

What then does t'other big wig? Pshaw!  
One hardly sure need ax it;  
He "bolts his bounce,"—in other words  
He "enters a *retrazil*."

#### MORAL.

Henceforth let all fierce lawyers shun,  
(As but their souls† to catch meant,)  
The "right of challenge" and be friends,  
By "process of attachment."

*Punch.*

\* Query, *Alter et idem*? All we can say is, if the topography, be not correct; for the sake of the text, it ought to be.—*Note by the Commentator*.

† "A negro has a soul, an please your honor," said the Corporal. "I hope so, Trim," replied my Uncle Toby. We would hardly be less charitable than my Uncle Toby, even to the class of moral negroes.—*Ibid.*

**SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.**—A meeting was held at the Hanover-square Rooms, for the purpose of recommending the formation of a society to be entitled "The British and Foreign Society for Promoting the Restoration of the Jewish Nation to Palestine." It is proposed to accomplish this object by endeavoring to induce the British government to take the Jews in Palestine under their special protection—to negotiate with the Porte for the independence of that country under the protection of England and the great powers who might concur in the object, and to aid and to call upon all Christendom to aid in the conveyance of poor Jewish families, desirous to return to the land of their fathers, to locate them properly on the land, under the direction of skilful agricultural agents, and to provide them with seed, implements of husbandry, and provisions, until they reap the first. Resolutions, approving of such a society, were adopted.

**HOLY THURSDAY IN VIENNA.**—The Emperor and Empress performed to-day the ancient religious ceremony of washing the feet of 12 aged men and 12 old women. The ceremony was very impressive (qr. ridiculous,) and attracted a vast number of spectators. The age of the oldest man was 110 years, the youngest 83; and of the women the oldest 106, the youngest 84. They were all habited in decent new clothing, and after the ceremony partook of refreshments.

**LONDON SOCIETY FOR TEACHING THE BLIND TO READ.**—A meeting for furthering the objects of this institution was held at the Hanover-square Rooms. The Bishop of Winchester presided. The report showed that the labors of the society are not limited to the schools alone. The work of embossing the Holy Scriptures, upon Lucas's plan, has been successfully carried on, and the experience of each successive year serves to attest the efficiency of the system. Several branch schools have been established in different parts of England, and many benevolent persons and missionary agents have conveyed the embossed volumes to distant lands, and thus, in all quarters of the world, mitigated the affliction of the blind by imparting to them the ability to read the word of God. The society wish to procure more commodious premises, the house which it now occupies being too confined to allow the admission of more pupils. Some blind children read from Lucas's system several chapters from Isaiah with extraordinary facility. Hymns were also sung by the children, accompanied on the organ by Miss Bowling, a blind professional lady, who instructs the pupils in singing.

**EXTRAORDINARY EXHUMATION ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.**—The Britannia, Captain E. Wylie, left Ichaboe, on the west coast of Africa, whither she had been for guano, on the 7th of February, and arrived at this port on Sunday last with a cargo of that article. The captain reports that on the 15th of January a "mummy" was dug out of the guano, and close upon it there was a common oak stave with the inscription "Columbus Delano, 1791," cut apparently with an ordinary scribe for marking wood. It was found only four feet below the surface, and no idea could be formed of the depth at which it had originally been buried; so that supposing it to have been merely covered under the then level, the accumulation of the guano over the long intermediate period of 53 years, could not have much exceeded 21 to 3 feet. It is

remarkable that the body was in a state of perfect preservation, and equally so was the canvas in which it was enclosed, being perfectly fresh and strong. The fact will furnish materials for conjecture to chemists and druggists.

**GUANO IN GARDENS.**—A friend says:—Perhaps it is not generally known, that a slight sprinkling of guano is of essential service to leek and onion beds, when fairly braided or above ground. The experiment was tried last year, and proved eminently successful. In the same garden, during several preceding seasons, the worms and other insects had acquired a mastery that went far to destroy the entire crop; but after, and in consequence of the new application, the gustiest of pot herbs, at lifting time and long after, were found sound and good; in fact, not a few of them are so still. The powdering, however, should be skilfully light, otherwise the effects may prove hurtful rather than beneficial. Of the accuracy of the latter fact we have ourselves seen instances in the case of flowers, a large portion of which were utterly destroyed from the over-use of guano, an article which, in some respects, resembles salt and soot—both excellent antidotes to vermin, but which, if used with too lavish a hand, may render the cure worse than the disease. The practice here recommended has long been acted on in Peru and its dependencies, not only in gardens but the open fields, in the case of a great variety of vegetables. When the plant, according to its nature, has reached a certain stage, a slight ring is drawn in the soil around, guano applied for the purposes of absorption, and the puncturings covered in. There it remains for two, three, or more days, after which the ground is watered; and if we may credit the testimony of travellers, the effects are altogether surprising.—*Dumfries Courier*.

**STEAM ASCENT OF THE FIRST CATARACT OF THE NILE.**—This great feat, an epoch in science and its African power, seems to have been effected principally through the energy and presence of mind of Achmet Menikli Pacha, the new governor of Soudan, who was ascending the river to the seat of his rule. In six days from Cairo the boat reached the group of granite rocks near Assouan, which form the cataract. The first gate was easily passed; but in the second, owing to the violence of the current, it hung for 10 minutes, vibrating but almost stationary, and in danger every moment of being dashed on the rocks only four paces distant. It was a fearful struggle; but at last, by carrying out rope in a small boat, the pacha himself and three sailors obtained a purchase on an island, and succeeded in bringing the laboring vessel through; 300 Nubians witnessed, and some of them with poles assisted, in this triumph. The third gate (as these narrow passes are called) was surmounted, and the anchor was dropped off the village of the famous island of Philoe. The exploit was attempted in 1838 by Mahomed Ali, but defeated at the second gate; and now the passage is shown to be practicable it will often be repeated, and produce important effects in this part of the world.

**PENNSYLVANIAN LAW.**—It is a curious fact, and not generally known, that by the laws of Pennsylvania a man may be sold into servitude who refuses to maintain his wife and children; and it is stated that recently a man was sold in Venango county, by order of the court, for an indefinite period, who had refused to maintain his wife and family, they receiving the wages of his labor for their support.



## COLONEL STODDART AND CAPTAIN CONOLLY.

CAPTAIN Grover has just received letters from Dr. Wolff, dated Tehran, February 12. The Doctor had been received with great distinction by the King of Persia, who recollected having met him at Meshed twelve years ago, when he was only Prince Royal. The Doctor rode on horseback in full canonicals, accompanied by Colonel Sheil in his uniform, going to and returning from the court.

He then visited the ambassador, recently arrived from Bokhara, who "*denied, in toto, the fact of the execution of our friends.*" The ambassador and attachés rose when he entered the room—treated him with the greatest civility and respect; and the ambassador expressed a strong desire of accompanying him to Bokhara.

The Doctor was to leave Tehran on the 14th February, accompanied by an escort ordered by the king, and Rajab, who had been servant to both Stoddart and Conolly; he had been bastinadoed at Bokhara, by the Umeer's orders, on account of his faithful attachment to his masters, and had exposed his life by going to Cabool.

The Doctor had also seen the ambassador of the King of Khiva, an enemy of the King of Bokhara, and he could give no information whatever concerning the death of the captives. "Therefore," says the Doctor, "whilst I beg you not to be too sanguine of my success, I also beg you not to despair of it, for, as all the Persians I have hitherto seen tell me, '*Malloom nest, nothing is certain about it.*' You must not expect from me an exact and detailed journal, for I shall neither carry ink nor paper with me, and I shall write to you in Persian from Bokhara, and send the letters through the medium of the Umeer, in case Stoddart and Conolly should be alive; should they not be alive, I shall not write at all until I have left the frontier of Bokhara."

Colonel Sheil's exertions have been unremitting.

## A BABY WANTED.

In the *Times* of the 22d ult., was the following touching advertisement:—

TO THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY.—As Wet-Nurse.—A lady, who has two children, intending to give her baby, a month old, to her mother who lives at a distance, and wishes to adopt it, would be happy to take a CHILD to WET-NURSE. Any parents or guardians placing their child with her may rely on its receiving the greatest possible kindness and care; a nursemaid is kept, and the child would have the benefit of going to the sea in the season; the lady is young, and has plenty of milk. (Here follows the address.)

Beautiful is liberality—more beautiful are the instincts of maternal tenderness! Here is a woman (a real "lady,") in the handsomest way "gives her baby, a month old, to her mother;" relatives interchange presents of sucking-pigs and geese with equal cordiality. The mother wishes "to adopt" her own grandchild; to turn it as it were, into her own baby, sinking the grandmother in the mamma herself. Whereupon the bereaved mother ("with plenty of milk," doubtless that of human kindness included) looks towards the nobility and gentry for consolation, and will take a "child to wet-nurse," (if with a title, doubtless the better,) treating it with the "greatest possible kindness

and care," the suckling defrauded of its rightful breast having been adopted by grandmamma! We really trust that some newly-made mother of the nobility or gentry will respond to "C. E. B." (for such are her initials.) Should she, however, be disappointed in obtaining so sweet and endearing a recommendation to the notice of any of the nobility or gentry,—we have not the slightest doubt that "C. E. B." can be accommodated with a baby to suckle on a proper application at any of the Unions.—*Punch*.

DEATH OF A CHARACTER.—Died on Monday last, at the advanced age of 79 years, Mr. J. Pitts, of Great St. Andrew-street. The deceased for nearly half a century catered for the popular taste, by printing ballads, horrid murders, wild and wonderful tales, dying speeches, &c. In early life the deceased followed the business of a baker, to which trade he served his time, subsequently he was employed by a printer, in extensive business, in Aldermanbury, who at that period printed the songs for the street vocalists. At his master's death, Mr. Pitts started in the same business, and for many years monopolized the whole of the street publishing, without having a competitor, until the trial of Queen Caroline, when the late Mr. J. Catnach set up in the same business. By publishing that trial these rival printers realized several thousand pounds each. About this time the deceased lost his sight, after which his sense of feeling became so acute that he could immediately detect counterfeit bank notes or coins, and make his way to any part of the house, and supply the wants of customers without assistance. So averse was he to the credit system that on the receipt of goods he invariably paid the amount in cash, never drawing a check for any creditor.

## "WHY DO THE FLOWERS BLOOM?"

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

- "Why do the flow'rets bloom, mother,  
Why do the sweet flowers bloom,  
And brightest those we rear'd, mother,  
Around my brother's tomb?"
- "To fill the world with gladness,  
My child, were flow'rets given,—  
To crown the Earth with beauty,  
And show the road to Heaven!"
- "Then why do the flow'rets fade, mother,  
Why do the sweet flowers fade,  
When winter's dreary clouds, mother,  
Earth's brighter scenes pervade?"
- "My child those flow'rs that wither,  
Have seeds that still remain,  
That the sunshine and the summer  
Restore to life again!"
- "And shall not those who die, mother,  
Come back to live once more,  
E'en as the rain and sun, mother,  
Those beauteous flow'rs restore?"
- "Yes—yes, my child, such powers  
To human flow'rs are given,  
Here earth's frail flow'rs may blossom,  
But we may rise—in Heaven."

*New Monthly Magazine.*

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

FLAMES IN VOLCANOES.

*On the Production of Flames in Volcanoes, and the consequences that may be drawn therefrom.* By M. LEOPOLD PILLA.

THE question, whether volcanic phenomena are accompanied with flames, is, in my opinion, of so much importance in the science of the earth, that the attention of natural philosophers cannot be too strongly drawn to it; doubts are still left in the mind respecting it, which ought to be removed. The greater number of men of science who have devoted themselves to the study of volcanoes, deny that there is any manifestation of this phenomenon in volcanic eruptions; and they in general think that what the vulgar, and even many writers, have called *flames*, is nothing else than the reflection of the light produced by the burning substances on the walls of the craters, and on the column of smoke which issues from them. I may be permitted to quote, in reference to this, the following passages from most respectable authors.

"An unanswerable proof of the insufficiency of this hypothesis (the disengagement of hydrogen gas in the eruptions of Stromboli) is the following. When the bubbles of the boiling lava burst by the escape of the enclosed gas, who does not see that if this gas consisted of hydrogen, it ought, at that moment, to become inflamed on the surface of the lava! Now, it is very certain that in no eruption do we ever see the slightest flame on the lava." \*

"The different metallic combustibles and metalloids may decompose water, in proportion to the degree of affinity they possess with the oxygen of the latter, and give rise to the series of acids and oxides which appear in volcanoes. We ought, however, to observe, that the hydrogen, on leaving its state of combination, never reaches the apertures which vomit fire, and which are in communication with the atmospheric air, because *we have never seen flames, either on the crater while in action, nor on the surface of the running lavas.*" †

"One of the consequences of Davy's hypothesis, and perhaps the most important, would be the disengagement by the craters of volcanoes of an enormous quantity of hydrogen, either free, or combined with other principles, if it really be the water which, by its oxygen, induces volcanic fires. It does not appear, however, that the disengagement of hydrogen is very frequent in volcanoes. Although, during my abode at Naples, in 1805, with my friends Messrs. Alexander de Humboldt and Leopold de Buch, I had an opportunity of witnessing at Vesuvius frequent explosions, which threw out broken lava to a height of more than 200 yards, I never perceived any inflammation of hydrogen." ‡

"The brilliant light reflected by the clouds of aqueous vapor and ashes suspended over the cone, produces this appearance, which is so often described under the erroneous denomination of *flames*, in the accounts of volcanic eruptions by inexperienced observers, who have no acquaintance with science." §

Sir Henry de la Beche, when describing the phenomena of an eruption of Vesuvius, expresses himself thus: "The solid substances thrown up

by the volcano, appeared like a numerous discharge of red balls, while the light of the burning mass in the interior of the crater, reflected sometimes in a very vivid manner by the column of vapors above, produced, to the view of an observer, placed at a certain distance, the appearance of flames, *which there are strong reasons for believing to be illusory. It is at least very certain, that almost all the cases of this nature which have been cited, have no other cause than a reflection of light, which varies in intensity with the activity of the volcano.*" ||

"The vapors illuminated by the incandescent substances which fill the craters, or cover their walls, have often been taken for flames. But this illusion has been combated by a great number of observers, who have affirmed that *true flames never issue from the crater of a volcano.*" ¶

I myself, also, drawn away by so many authorities, when I commenced to observe the phenomena of Vesuvius, said, "We ought to take care in such cases not to mistake the luminous radiation produced by the stones and incandescent scoriae for flames, an error into which many people have fallen;" \*\* and, in fact, when I wrote this sentence, I had never observed flames from Vesuvius.

I forbear to quote in this place passages from more ancient authors. It is true that many of them, in describing volcanic phenomena, sometimes mention *flames*; but it is evident that they paid no particular attention to this phenomenon, and did not distinguish it from the luminous reflection produced by the burning substances.

We perceive, therefore, that geologists, up to the present time, have been of opinion that volcanic eruptions have never been accompanied with flames. This opinion, however, is altogether erroneous. At least, I think that I am entitled to make this affirmation positively in reference to Vesuvius.

Let us commence by stating the facts which may support this general proposition. Of all the phenomena which I have had occasion to observe in regard to Vesuvius for twelve years, I consider those which I am about to notice, and an acquaintance with which I owe to a fortunate accident, as the most important.

On the night of the 2d June, 1833, I was within the crater of Vesuvius, in order to observe the phenomena of an eruption, which was approaching its close. In the centre of the crater there was one of those cones of scoriae which are formed and disappear with such marvellous rapidity; it was the largest cone I had ever observed, so much so, that it might have been called the little *Monte Nuovo*. There was a large funnel-shaped aperture on its summit, through which the explosions took place. At the moment of which I speak, these had become less frequent, and succeeded each other at intervals of from three to four minutes. This circumstance made me desirous to mount upon the cone, in order to observe the great phenomenon of explosions, which I never before had it in my power to do near at hand, and immediately over the opening. I had frequently, indeed, observed eruptions from the summit of *la Punta del Palo*: but the distance from the proper opening, or what may be called the air-hole of the volcano, the walls of scoriae with which it is usually surrounded during eruptions, the smoke, the ejection of stones, and other circumstances, had always

\* Spallanzani, *Viaggi alle Due-Sicilie*, t. iii. cap. 21.

† Covelli, *Storia dei fenomeni del Vesuvio*, § xc.

‡ Gay-Lussac, *Reflexions sur les Volcans* (Ann. de Chim. et de Phys. t. xxii.)

§ Poulet Scrope, *Considerations on Volcanoes*, cap. 2, § 1.

|| Manuel de Geologie (art. Volcans en activité.)

¶ Brongniart, *Des Volcans et des terrains volcaniques* (Art. du Dict. d'Hist. Nat.)

\*\* Spet. del Vesuv. fasc. I, § xxvii.

prevented me seeing distinctly what was going on in the volcanic orifice. At the moment of explosion I ascended to the edge of the cone, along with my courageous guide, who shared in my curiosity to observe the appearances. The interior of the opening was almost entirely free from smoke; a small quantity only issued from different points in the walls. This fortunate circumstance enabled me to see very distinctly all the parts of the crater, and everything that was going on there. The bottom of the funnel was open; it lay immediately under my eyes, at a depth of about eighty metres; its circumference was nearly twenty yards; the whole of its burning interior was visible. The view of the phenomena which accompanied the explosions was inexpressibly magnificent. They consisted of the following:

A loud subterranean noise, and a violent shock, announced the explosion; immediately after, and almost at the same time, the mouth opened and made a discharge, with a noise resembling that of a discharge of cannon. A column of black and fuliginous smoke issued with great violence, and there was thrown up, with the rapidity of lightning, an enormous torrent of inflamed gaseous substances and burning stones, which fell back again like hail, for the most part into the gulf, but partly without it. I was overpowered with the grandeur of the spectacle, but I did not fail to observe, in particular, the column of flames which accompanied the explosion. It was the first time that it had fallen to my lot to witness such a phenomenon. The flame rose to the height of four or five yards, and then disappeared among the volumes of smoke, so that a person whose eye was on a level with the edge of the gulf could not have seen it. I mention this, because the volcanic explosions are viewed from a distance, and from places where the crater in action is not visible, it never happens that the flames are visible; whence it is that the existence of this phenomenon in volcanic actions has been denied. The flame which I observed was of a very decided violet-red color. It was very obvious that the gas which produced it became inflamed by contact with the air, because it burned only on the circumference of the column, and in the interior was obscure, presenting, on a large scale, what may be seen in a lamp on a small one. After the explosion and fall of stones had terminated, another very remarkable phenomenon was perceived. Insulated flames, disposed in a very picturesque manner, remained in the bottom of the gulf, moved around the mouth, and flickered very slowly about the walls of the funnel; an appearance which might be compared, in some measure, *si licet maxima comparare minimis*, to the flame of alcohol burning in a crucible. The beautiful violet color of the flame was then easily distinguished; a faint smell of hydrogen gas accompanied these phenomena. I continued for a quarter of an hour gazing on this enchanting spectacle, and during that time I saw five explosions always accompanied by the same appearances; I would have remained longer in the same spot, had not the last of these explosions, which was much more violent than any of the preceding, compelled us hastily to retire.

I have had no opportunity, since the above noticed occasion, of observing the great opening of a volcano in a state of explosion; but I have noticed the existence of flames in circumstances nearly similar.

In the month of June, the following year, Vesu-

vius was in a state of eruption; on the evening of the 7th I paid a visit to the crater. The interior cone was throwing up stones with such violence that it was impossible to approach it. A current of lava was spouting out through a fissure at its base. Quite near to me, there was an elevation of a longitudinal form, which bore eight small cones, or rather eight large tubes of lava, open at the summit, and throwing out gas and steam with a whistling noise that was quite deafening, and which might be compared to that caused by opening the valves of a high-pressure steam-engine. Favored by the darkness, we saw that their actions were accompanied with beautiful conical flames, which issued from the tubes with a violence which might be in some measure compared to a flame increased in intensity by a blow-pipe. The length of these flames was from three to five inches, and their diameter at the base about an inch and a half; they burnt with a beautiful greenish color, like alcohol holding boracic acid in solution: such a color would very likely be produced by the chloride of copper accompanying the gaseous substances. The smoke which escaped from the openings in the cones had an intolerable smell of muriatic acid; sulphureted hydrogen gas was not perceptible. This was the second time that I observed flames in the crater of Vesuvius, and I saw them in company with my esteemed friend M. Ravergie of Paris, who was my companion in this expedition.

I saw very beautiful flames from Vesuvius, for the third time, during the great eruption in August, 1834. An opening was formed in the volcano at its eastern base, and a great current of lava was thrown out, which spread over the fertile lands of Ottajano. In the place where the lava issued, two elevations were formed, which supported twelve small cones, kinds of *hornitos*, all of which were in great activity, and produced noisy explosions. One of these cones, which appeared the most active, and which I could approach near, notwithstanding the smoke it spread on all sides, was emitting by its opening, besides quantities of stones, a bright flame of a reddish-white color, which came forth with great violence, and rose to the height of three yards. The jet was continuous, like the flame from a high furnace heated by bellows. The smoke was charged with muriatic acid, and, in a few moments, it enveloped Professor Tosone of Milan and myself in such a manner that we were nearly suffocated.

I never had the good fortune to observe flames in Vesuvius in so distinct a manner as on these three occasions. I have never seen them on the surface of currents of lava far from their source. But my friend, M. Maravigna, assures me, that he observed them on a current from Etna, during the eruption of 1819.

According to all that I have said, my belief is, that volcanic explosions are constantly accompanied with flames. So convinced am I of this truth, in regard to Vesuvius, that I would engage to point them out during any eruption, provided the circumstances were at all favorable.

I again repeat, that if the existence of this phenomenon has been denied, it is owing to the great difficulty of observing explosions very near at hand; and when they are observed far from the aperture in action, as is usually the case, the flames are either concealed by the walls of scoræ which surround them, or, if they rise, they disappear among the smoke and jets of stones.

The phenomenon of which I speak is not an ac-

cidental one in the great actions of volcanoes. It is only necessary to see it once to be convinced that it is intimately connected with the cause of these actions. It may be said that flames are the most remarkable circumstance in volcanic explosions, as the latter are the most essential phenomena of eruptions; we may perceive in them the most direct external manifestation of the origin of the internal commotion. It is for this reason that I consider my observations on the flames of Vesuvius as tending to assist in explaining the cause of volcanic phenomena.

Reviewing what has been stated, I think the following conclusions may be drawn from it:—

1. Flames never appear in Vesuvius but when the volcanic action is energetic, and is accompanied with a development of gaseous substances in a state of great tension; they do not appear when the actions are feeble.

2. Their appearance always accompanies explosions from the principal mouth; only they cannot be observed but in favorable circumstances.

3. They likewise show themselves in the small cones in action, which are formed in the interior of the crater, or at the foot of the volcano.

4. Finally, they are not visible except in the openings which are directly in communication with the volcanic fire, and never on the moving lavas which are at a distance from their source.

After this exposition, it is natural to enquire, what is the gas which produces these flames in Vesuvius!\*

From Hood's Magazine.

#### THE BIRTH-DAY PROPHECY.

It was a prince's natal day,  
And Windsor's ancient halls were gay;  
For many a noble knight and dame  
With fair and joyous greetings came;  
And many a bard with harp, and strain  
Most welcome to the courtly train,  
Poured forth his sweetest numbers there,  
In praise of royal Edward's heir.

They sang in proud and lofty lays  
The glory of his future days,  
The love bestowed, the conquest won,  
And all that mightiest kings have done;  
And lengthened life, and peaceful age,  
Each loyal harp could well presage:  
And every listening courtier there  
Confirmed the prophecy with prayer.

Oh! well might bard and courtier deem  
Such prophecy no idle dream,  
For he was fair in form and face,  
The flower of all his royal race,  
And in his air and eye there shone  
A spirit worthy of a throne.  
His father's pride, his country's hope,  
What destiny with his could cope?

There came, amid that festive scene,  
A bard of foreign gait and mien,  
With lyre of rude and massive mould,  
Like those by Druids woke of old;  
But when the harps were hushed at last,  
And song and greeting all were past,

Its strings the stranger minstrel woke,  
And thus in song prophetic spoke:—

"Prince of the Isles, thy birth hath been  
The theme of many a lyre,  
And well might such a brow as thine  
Less feeble strains inspire;  
Thy country's song around thee swells,  
And high its hopes may be,  
But oh! my stranger harp foretells  
A happier fate for thee:  
For more than all that life can bring,  
And more than mortal breath  
Can ever promise to thy spring,  
Is thine—an early death!

"Thy glance is proud, thy face is fair,  
Thy flowing locks are bright;  
But time will never blanch that hair,  
Nor dim that dark eye's light.  
Thy step, that moves so stately now,  
Will ne'er grow faint with years;  
Nor earth's deep strains of music flow  
Less sweetly to thine ears.  
Thou ne'er shalt see thy laurels fade  
Before a greener wreath,  
For life's best boon beneath their shade  
Is thine—an early death!

"It may be that the darkest cloud  
Flits o'er the brightest day,  
And leaves the form of youth unbowed  
When e'en the soul grows grey;  
And oft, while brows their smoothness wear,  
The spirit's youth departs;  
But every furrow wanting there  
Is deepened in our hearts.  
And thou may'st linger in the dust,  
With all thy love beneath,  
But hope to find that holy trust  
Restored by early death!

"Then go in fearless valor forth,  
Thy destined faith pursue,  
With many a deed of knightly worth,  
And knightly glory too:  
As a long promised heritage  
Thy land awaits thy fame,  
And far through many a future age  
Her bards shall sing thy name:  
But time can never waste away  
The gems of hope and faith  
That shall enshrine thy memory—  
Thou sealed for early death!"

As wind that in the forest moans,  
So sunk the harp's decaying tones;  
But, ere their latest murmurs died,  
That stranger bard was seen to glide  
In silence from the castle gate,  
Like one who fled approaching fate;  
Nor ever more his path was found,  
Though sought beyond broad Europe's bound;  
But British annals testify  
How time fulfilled his prophecy.

Tradition states, that a banquet given by Edward the Third, at Windsor, to celebrate the tenth birthday of his son, the Black Prince, was attended by a minstrel of strange appearance, who, in a song, predicted the future fame and early death of the boy; but he left the castle immediately, and was never seen after.

FRANCES BROWN.

On Tuesday the atmosphere was so clear across the Channel that persons in Deal could (without the aid of glasses) see the vessels leaving the harbor of Calais.

\* From *Comptes Rendus*, 1843, No. 17, p. 839.

From the Examiner.

### THE NEMESIS WAR STEAMER IN CHINA.

*Narrative of the Voyages and Services of the Nemesis, from 1840 to 1843; and of the combined Naval and Military Operations in China.* From Notes of Commander W. H. HALL, R. N. With personal Observations by W. D. Bernard, Esq., A. M. Oxon. Two vols. Colburn.

THIS book is in effect a complete history of the operations and results of the Chinese war. It is written with greater care than any similar work we have seen. Sketches of men engaged in the actions described, are at best but materials of history. Mr. Bernard has had the advantage of professional assistance, and of a non-professional habit of observation. He has been a visitor, without being an actor, at the theatre of war. And he has used these advantages with really excellent effect. He has written a book of undeniable temper, of evidently good authority, and in a good English style.

We cannot say at the same time that it throws new light on any part of our warlike dealings with the false and flowery people. But it clears off a quantity of misrepresentation, and gives an altogether calmer and steadier view of their origin, progress, and results. Apart from this, too, its account of the *Nemesis* seems to us singularly interesting. This Iron interloper on the Wooden Walls of Old England, is the central figure of Mr. Bernard's history, and plays a most successful part.

The *Nemesis* was the first iron steamer that ever doubled the Cape. There were great and reasonable doubts of the success of the experiment; but the anticipated difficult navigation of the numerous shallow rivers of the Chinese coast, justified its trial. Mr. Bernard's account of her passage out, from the notes of Commander Hall, is curious and striking. From the not unlooked-for dangers of the stormy southern seas, she seems to have had the narrowest conceivable escape. A tremendous storm, six days after her departure from the Cape, not only carried away a large portion of one of her paddle-wheels, but left, literally, an "immense crack" in the iron of both her sides. In reality, she had begun to separate amid-ships, from one side to the other. The various temporary expedients adopted for safety, the steadiness of her commander, and the calm courage of every one on board, form an admirable picture. But it is clear that without a quiet sea, and the happier accident of a near anchorage, she must have gone down.

Mr. Bernard, after mentioning the repairs she underwent at Delagoa Bay, and by which "she was made a vast deal stronger than she ever was before," adds the very satisfactory assurance that in other iron vessels more recently constructed by the same builder, (Mr. Laird of Birkenhead,) full provision has been made against the recurrence of any similar accident. In the case of the *Phlegathon*, for example, he takes upon him to assert, that "not only could there be no apprehension of the accident, but an almost impossibility of its recurrence." The reader will judge for himself after reading Mr. Bernard's details; which, both as to the causes of the damage and the improvement it suggested, are ample. It is certainly understood that after three years' hard service,

including a bad passage round the Cape, the last-named steamer has been reported to have called for no alteration or strengthening.

The voyage from Delagoa Bay to China includes some notices of the debased native tribes on the African coast. We have spoken of the *Prince Wills* and *King Vooses* as the great temptations to the horrible slave-trade, and are strengthened in this view by these incidents of Mr. Bernard's narrative. We pass the early operations on the Chinese coast, in which a distinguished part was borne by the *Nemesis*, to give the odd picture of her passage up the Macao roads. This is the peculiarly dexterous work in which the great value of the *Nemesis* was foreseen, and through which, as in broader "devil-ship" duties, her commander and crew seem to have conducted her with consummate skill.

"The channel was so narrow that it was impossible to turn the vessel round, scarcely even by forcing her bows hard aground over the banks. She was anchored head and stern, and guard-boats were placed round her all night, for fear of any attempt at surprise. On the following morning, the 14th, the *Nemesis* again pursued her course up what appeared to be the principal branch, but which became so shallow that it was doubtful how far she would be able to proceed; she had seldom more than six feet water, and in many places only five, so that she was frequently forced through the mud itself. There was not room to turn her fairly round, and the only mode in which she could be managed was by sometimes driving her bows as far as possible into the river's bank, sometimes her stern; while at other times it was hard to say whether she was proceeding over a flooded paddy-field, or in the channel of a water-course. This gave occasion to the facetious remark, in which sailors sometimes delight, that this 'would be a new way of going overland to England.' After proceeding only three or four miles, a village came in sight, with a fort adjoining, and rather above it. This was afterwards found to be named Kong-How. Nearly opposite the fort the river was again found to be staked across, much more strongly than it was at Houchong; and it was in a similar manner commanded by the guns of the fort. The *Nemesis*, as soon as she came within good range, opened her fire warmly upon the fort, which the Chinese returned. The boats pushed off as usual; but the moment the marines and a party of seamen began to land, the Chinese abandoned the fort in confusion. \* \* \* \* \* The principal obstacle now remaining to be got rid of was one more troublesome than all the forts together, or any impediment yet met with. The line of piles which had been driven in across the river was not less than twenty feet wide, or rather it was a double line, filled up between the two with large sunken junks laden with stones. Great labor and perseverance were required to get up sufficient of these piles to clear a passage broad enough for the steamer to pass. This was only accomplished after four hours' hard work, in which, oddly enough, the Chinese peasantry bore an active part, voluntarily coming forward to assist, and even venturing to come on board the steamer itself. This was undoubtedly one of the good results of not having inflicted any injury upon the country people or inhabitants of the villages through which the little expedition had passed."

There can be no doubt that, once at the scene of action, in all the services it was put to, the *Nemesis* experiment was found to answer every expectation formed. Among these services, her value in carrying columns of troops up the coast to their several points of attack, was conspicuous. And the long, low steamer, with a flotilla of some

eighty boats at her stern, each with its glittering freight of soldiers, slowly advancing through the intricate turns of one of these Chinese rivers, was doubtless a sight more marvellous than picturesque to the apathetic celestial crowds on either bank of the stream.

Mr. Bernard was at the new colony of Hong Kong. His view of its political and commercial value is high; but he says little to justify the hope of its being ever effectually cleared of those dangers that have already made it the grave of so many Englishmen.

"The roads of Hong Kong and the Bay of Victoria form an excellent anchorage, having deep water very near the shore, and only one small shoal having sixteen feet water upon it. There are, however, two disadvantages under which it labors: it is exposed to the full fury of the typhoons whenever they occur; and the high mountains of Hong Kong intercept the genial breezes of the south-west monsoon during the hot season, when a movement in the atmosphere is most necessary, not only to moderate the sultry summer heat of a tropical climate, but to dissipate the unhealthy vapors which are generated after the heavy rains which occur, particularly during the night, at that season.

"In other respects, the lake-like appearance of the harbor is beautiful; it forms a sort of basin, lying between the mountains of Hong Kong and the mountains of the mainland opposite. For this reason, however, the rains which fall are sometimes excessively heavy; the dark threatening clouds seem banded across from one side to the other, pouring down their waters in torrents upon the basin between them. The mountain sides of Hong Kong, steep though they are, occasionally appear almost covered with a sheet of moving water, so torrent-like do the streams pour down their declivities. To this succeeds the burning tropical sun of July, with a sort of death-like stillness in the atmosphere, which, little influenced as it is on that side of the island by the south-west monsoon, cannot fail, if it last long without any change, to produce fever and sickness. \* \* \* \*

"It is hoped that much may yet be done to remedy the reputed unhealthiness of the island, by proper draining, and by the formation of numerous channels for leading off the torrents of water which, during a portion of the hot season, pour down from the mountain sides, and lodge in hollows and crevices when the flood-gates of heaven are opened upon the devoted little island. Something may also be effected by getting rid, as much as possible, of the rank, unwholesome vegetation which, under the influence of an almost vertical sun, springs up in every crevice where the water lodges."

Of the unexpected assistance given by the Chinese themselves to our prompt formation of the settlement—for within a year we had raised streets, bazaars, warehouses, quays, wharves, jetties, markets, roads, barracks, bridges, churches, and chapels—Mr. Bernard has some curious instances.

"The Chinese inhabitants seemed to fall readily into our ways and habits; their laborers and mechanics worked well and willingly for moderate pay, and came over in crowds from the opposite coast to seek work; tradesmen crowded in to occupy the little shops in the bazaars; two European hotels and billiard-rooms were completed; and, in short, every necessary and most luxuries could be obtained with facility at Hong Kong, within the first year of its permanent settlement. \* \* \* \*

"Foreign merchants had also commenced building, and it was a curious sight to see the hundreds of Chinese laborers working upon the construction of our houses and roads, and flocking from all quar-

ters to furnish us with supplies, and seeking their living by serving us in every way, at the very time when we were at war with their government, and carrying on hostile operations against their countrymen to the northward. At the same time, also, Chinese tailors and shoemakers were busy in their little shops making clothes for us, and Chinese stewards superintended our establishments, while Chinese servants (in their native costume, tails and all) were cheerfully waiting upon us at table; and all this within little more than one year after the first land-sale at Hong Kong, and while we were still at war."

But the odd consideration of it all is, that it would seem to be an absence of all heart, sympathy, or cordiality among themselves, much more than any disposition of these qualities towards us, which has hitherto secured us the coöperation and fellowship of the Chinese. Mr. Bernard in other passages of his history appears to have a half-suspicion of this. He has a good remark on their strange quasi-civilization, provoked by the somewhat startling discovery which our English soldiers made one day, of the model of a machine for *pounding women to death*.

There are some illustrations in Mr. Bernard's work which are of great use to his text. And there is one inimitable page of Chinese caricatures of the English soldiery. We commend them to the attention of *Punch*. The subjects are—Tartar and English soldiers fighting, and an English foraging party. And the corpulent agility with which our warlike countrymen avoid the Tartars, is only equalled by the deliberate caution of their pursuit of a noble Chinese cock.

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*Researches on Light.* By Robert Hunt: Secretary to the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society. Longman and Co.

MANY treatises have been published on Photography, but chiefly with a view to practical instruction in the details of the art. The present is the first work we have seen, expressly devoted to a consideration of the scientific facts that have so rapidly accumulated in the new discovery. It is an examination of the various phenomena connected with the chemical and molecular changes produced by the influence of the solar rays, and includes, as a matter of course, a sketch of all the photographic processes, and recent additions to the inventions of Fox Talbot and Daguerre.

Mr. Hunt is a competent inquirer, and has had the sanction and assistance of Sir John Herschel in the conduct of his inquiries. His style is over-ambitious here and there, but it detracts little from the interest or the value of his book. He makes out his case very fairly, of the distinction of the classes of phenomena detected in the solar rays. Light, heat, and photographic power, (for which last Mr. Hunt invents the word *energia*,) which some have been disposed to consider identical, he keeps carefully as under. And this seems the safer course, whatever the advance of experimental philosophy may ultimately determine, as to all being but the modified influences of one pervading principle.

At what very early and trifling stage of the science of photography itself we may yet be, it would hardly be safe to guess. We observe that the Roman astronomers have procured Daguerrotype impressions of the nebula of the Sword of Orion!—*Examiner*. Digitized by Google

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE PARTIE FINE.

BY LANCELOT WAGSTAFF, ESQ.

COLONEL GOLLOP's dinner in Harley-street (the colonel is an East-India director, and his Mulligatawney the best out of Bengal) was just put off, much to my disappointment, for I had no other engagement; Mrs. Wagstaff was out of town with her mother at Bognor; and my clothes had been brought down to the club to dress—all to no purpose.

I was disconsolately looking over the bill of fare, and debating between Irish stew, and the thirteenth cut at a leg of lamb, (of which seven barristers had partaken, each with his half pint of Marsala,) when Jiggins, the waiter, brought me in a card, saying that the gentleman was in the hall, and wished to see me.

The card was Fitzsimons's;—a worthy fellow, as I dare say my reader knows. I went out to speak to him. "Perhaps," thought I, "he is going to ask me to dine."

There was something particularly splendid in Fitz's appearance, as I saw at a glance. He had on a new blue-and-white silk neckcloth, so new that it had never been hemmed; his great gold jack-chain, as I call it, was displayed across his breast, showing off itself and a lace-ruffle a great deal too ostentatiously, as I thought. He had lemon-colored gloves; French polished boots, with deuced high heels; his hair curled (it is red, but oils to a mahogany color;) his hat extremely on one side; and his moustache lacquered up with, I do believe, the very same varnish which he puts to his boots. I hate those varnished boots, except for moderns, and Fitz is three-and-forty if he is a day.

However, there he stood, whipping his lacquered boots with a gold-headed stick, whistling, twirling his moustache, pulling up his shirt-collar, and giving himself confoundedly dandified airs in a word, before the hall-porter and the club messenger-boy in brass buttons.

"Wagstaff, my boy," says he, holding out a kid glove, in a most condescending manner, "I have something to propose to you."

"What is it, and what's your hour?" said I, quite playfully.

"You've guessed it at once," answered he. "A dinner is what I mean—Mrs. Wagstaff is out of town, and—"

Here he whispered me.

Well? why not!—After all there may be some very good fun. If my mother-in-law heard of it she would be sure to make a row. But she is safe at Bognor (may she stay there forever!) It is much better that I should have some agreeable society than dine alone at the club, after the seven barristers on the leg of lamb. Of course it was not to be an expensive dinner—of course not, Fitzsimons said—no more it was to *him*—hang him—as you shall hear.

It was agreed that the dinner-hour should be seven: the place, Durognon's in the Haymarket; and as I rather pique myself on ordering a French dinner, that matter was to be consigned to me. I walked down to Durognon's, looked at the room, and ordered the dinner for four persons—the man asked how much champagne should be put in ice? which I considered rather a leading question, and giving a vague sort of reply to this, (for I determined that Fitzsimons should treat us to as much as he liked,)

I walked away to while away the hour before dinner.

After all, I thought, I may as well dress: the things are ready at the club, and a man is right to give himself every personal advantage, especially when he is going to dine with—*with ladies*. There—*she* secret is out. Fitz has invited me to make a fourth in a *petit diner* given to Madame Nelval of the French theatre, and her friend Mademoiselle Delval. I had seen Madame Nelval from a side-box a few evenings before—and, *parbleu, homo sum*; I meant no harm; Gollop's dinner was off; Mrs. Wagstaff was out of town; and I confess I was very glad to have an opportunity of meeting this fascinating actress, and keeping up my French. So I dressed, and at seven o'clock walked back to Durognon's: whither it was agreed that Fitz was to bring the ladies in his Brougham;—the deuce knows how he gets the money to pay for it by the way, or to indulge in a hundred other expenses far beyond any moderate man's means.

As the St. James's clock struck seven, a gentleman—past the period of extreme youth it is true, but exhibiting a remarkably elegant person still in a very becoming costume, might have been seen walking by London House, and turning down Charles-street to the Haymarket. This individual, I need not say, was myself. I had done my white tie to a nicety, and could not help saying, as I gazed for a moment in the great glass in the club drawing-room—"Corbleu, Wagstaff, you are still as *distingué* a looking fellow as any in London." How women can admire that odious Fitzsimons on account of his dyed mustaches, I for one never could understand.

The dinner-table at Durognon's made a neat and hospitable appearance; the plated candlesticks were not more coppery than such goods usually are at taverns; the works of art on the wall were of tolerable merit; the window-curtains, partially drawn, yet allowed the occupant of the room to have a glimpse of the cab-stand opposite, and I seated myself close to the casement, as they say in the novels, awaiting Captain Fitzsimons's arrival with the two ladies.

I waited for some time—the cabs on the stand disappeared from the rank, plunged rattling into the mighty vortex of London, and were replaced by other cabs. The sun, which had set somewhere behind Piccadilly, was now replaced by the lustrous moon, the gas lamps, and the red and blue orbs that flared in the windows of the chemist opposite. Time passed on, but no Fitzsimons's Brougham made its appearance. I read the evening paper, half an hour was gone and no company come. At last, as the opera carriages actually began to thunder down the street, "a hand was on my shoulder," as the member for Pontefract sings. I turned round suddenly from my reverie—that hand, that yellow-kid-glove-covered hand was Fitzsimons's.

"Come along, my boy," says he, "we will go fetch the ladies—they live in Bury-street, only three minutes walk."

I go to Bury-street! I be seen walking through St. James's-square, giving an arm to any other lady in Europe but my Arabella, my wife, Mrs. Wagstaff! Suppose her uncle, the dean, is going to dine at the bishop's, and should see me!—me, walking with a French lady, in three quarters of a bonnet! I should like to know what an opinion he would have of me, and where his money in the funds would go to?

"No," says I, "my dear Fitzsimons, a joke is a joke, and I am not more straight-laced than another; but the idea that Mr. Lancelot Wagstaff should be seen walking in St. James's-square with a young French actress, is a *little* too absurd. It would be all over the city to-morrow, and Arabella would tear my eyes out."

"You shan't walk with a French actress," said Fitz. "You shall give your arm to as respectable a woman as any in Baker-street—I pledge you my honor of this—Madame la Baronne de Saint Ménéhould, the widow of a General of the Empire—connected with the first people in France. Do you mean to say that she is not equal to any of your sugar-baking family!" I passed over Fitz's sneer regarding my family; and as it was a baroness, of course agreed to walk with Fitzsimons in search of the ladies.

"I thought you said Madame Delval this morning," said I.

"Oh, the baroness is coming too," answered Fitzsimons, and ordered a fifth cover to be laid. We walked to Bury-street, and presently after a great deal of chattering and clapping of doors and drawers, three ladies made their appearance in the drawing-room, and having gone through the ceremony of an introduction in an entire state of darkness, the order of march was given. I offered my arm to the Baroness de Saint Ménéhould, Fitz leading the way with the other two ladies.

We walked down Jermyn-street; my heart thumped with some uneasiness as we crossed by the gambling-house in Waterloo-place, lest any one should see me. There is a strong gas lamp there, and I looked for the first time at my portly companion. She was fifty-five if a day—five years older than that Fitzsimons. This eased me, but somehow it didn't please me. I can walk with a woman of five-and-fifty any day—there's my mother-in-law, my aunts, and the deuce knows how many more I could mention. But I was consoled by the baroness presently saying, that she should, from my accent, have mistaken me for a Frenchman—a great compliment to a man who has been in Paris but once, and learned the language from a Scotch usher, never mind how many years ago, at Mr. Lord's academy, Tooting, Surrey.

But I adore Paul de Kock's novels, and have studied them so rapturously, that no wonder I should have made a proficiency in the language. Indeed, Arabella has often expressed herself quite jealous as I lay on the sofa of an evening, laughing my waistcoat-strings off, over his delightful pages. (The dear creature is not herself very familiar with the language, and sings *Fluve deu Tage, Partong pour Syrie*, &c., with the most confirmed Clapham accent.) I say she has often confessed herself to be jealous of the effect produced on my mind by this dear, delightful, wicked, odious, fascinating writer, whose pictures of French society are so admirably ludicrous. It was through Paul de Kock that I longed to know something about Parisian life, and those charming *sémillantes, frétillantes, pétillantes* grisettes, whose manners he describes. "It's Paul de Kock in London by Jove," said I to myself, when Fitz proposed the little dinner to me; "I shall see all their ways and their fun"—And *that* was the reason why, as Mrs. Wagstaff was out of town, I accepted the invitation so cordially.

Well; we arrived at Durognon's at a quarter past eight, we five, and were ushered at length into the dining-room, where the ladies flung off

their cloaks and bonnets, and I had an opportunity of seeing their faces completely.

Madame Nelval's was as charming a face as I ever looked upon; her hair parted meekly over the forehead, which was rather low; the eyes and eyebrows beautiful; the nose such as Grecian sculptor scarce ever chipped out of Parian stone; the mouth small, and, when innocently smiling, displaying the loveliest pearly teeth, and calling out two charming attendant dimples on each fresh cheek; the ear a perfect little gem of an ear. (I adore ears—unadorned ears without any hideous ornaments dangling from them—pagodas, chandeliers, bunches of grapes, and similar monstrosities, such as ladies will hang from them—*entr'autres* my own wife, Mrs. W., who has got a pair of earrings her uncle, the dean, gave her, that really are as big as boot-jacks almost.) She was habited in a neat, closely-fitting silk dress of Parisian tartan silk, which showed off to advantage a figure that was perfect, and a waist that was ridiculously small. A more charming, candid, distinguished head it was impossible to see.

Mademoiselle Delval was a modest, clever, pleasing person, neatly attired in a striped something, I don't know the proper phrase; and Madame la Baronne was in a dress which I should decidedly call gingham.

When we sat down to the Potage Printanière, and I helped the baroness naturally first, addressing her respectfully by her title, the other two ladies began to laugh, and that brute, Fitzsimons, roared as if he was insane. "La Baronne de Saint Ménéhould!" cried out little Madame Nelval, "o par exemple! c'est maman, mon cher monsieur!" On which (though I was deucedly nettled, I must confess,) I said, that to be the mother of Madame Nelval, was the proudest title any lady could have, and so sneaked out of my mortification, with this, I flatter myself, not inelegant compliment. The ladies, one and all, declared that I spoke French like a Parisian, and so I ordered in the champagne; and very good Durognon's Sillery is too.

Both the young ladies declared they detested it, but Madame Nelval, the elder, honestly owned that she liked it; and indeed I could not but remark that, in our favor doubtless, the two younger dames forgot their prejudices, and that their glasses were no sooner filled than they were empty.

Ah, how charming it was to see the shuddering, timid, nervous way in which the lovely Nelval, junior, (let me call her at once by her Christian name of Virginie,) turned away her little shrinking head as the waiter opened the bottles, and they went off with their natural exhilarating pop and fiz. At the opening of the first bottle, she flew into a corner; at the opening of the second, she ran to her mother's arms, (*hinnuleo similis quærenti pavidam montibus avis matrem*, as we used to say at Tooting,) sweet sensibility! charming, timorous grace! but she took the liquor very kindly when it was opened, saying, as she turned up her fine eyes to Heaven, "Il n'y a rien qui m'agace les nerfs comme cela!" Agacer les nerfs! What a delicate expression! The good old lady told her to be calm, and made light of her terror.

But though I had piqued myself on ordering the dinner, the little coquette soon set me down. She asked for the most wonderful things—for instance, she would have a salad of dandelion—the waiter was packed off to Convent Garden to seek for it.



When the fish came, she turned to the waiter and said, "Comment? vous n'avez point de moules?" with the most natural air in the world, and as if muscles were always served at Parisian dinners, which, I suppose, is the case. And then at dessert, what must she remark but the absence of asparagus, which, I must confess, I had not ordered.

"What," she said, turning round to my companion, "are there no asparagus, monsieur!—No asparagus! ah, monsieur! c'est ma vie, mon bonheur que les asperges! J'en suis folle—des asperges. Je les adore—les asperges! Je ne mange que cela—il me les faut, Monsieur Fitzsimons. Vite, garçon! des asperges—des asperges à l'huile, entendez vous!"

We were both very much alarmed by this manifest excitement of Virginie's nerves; and the asparagus was sent for. O woman! you are some of you like the animals of the field in so far as this, that you do not know your power. Those who do can work wonders over us. No man can resist them. We two were as timid, wretched and trembling, until the asparagus came, as any mortal could be. It seemed as if we had committed a crime in not ordering the asparagus that Virginie adored. If she had proposed a pint of melted pearls, I think Fitz was the man to send off to Storr and Mortimer's, and have the materials bought. They (I don't mean the pearls, but the vegetables) came in about half an hour, and she ate them cold, as she said, with oil and vinegar; but the half hour's pause was a very painful one, and we vainly endeavored to fill the odious vacuum with champagne. All the while, Fitzsimons, though he drank and kept nervously helping his neighbors right and left, was quite silent and frightened. I know which will be the better horse (as the phrase is) if he's ever married. I was of course collected, and kept putting in my jokes as usual, but I cannot help saying that I wished myself out of the premises, dreading to think what else Madame Virginie might ask for, and saying inwardly, "What would my poor Arabella say if she knew her scoundrel of a Lancelot was in such company?"

Well—it may have been the champagne, or it may have been the asparagus—though I never, I confess, remarked such a quality in the vegetable—it may, I say, have been the asparagus which created—what do you think?—a reconciliation between Virginie and Héloïse—the Madame Delval before mentioned. This is a delicate matter, but it appeared the ladies had had a difference in the morning about a ribbon, a fichu, or some such matter doubtless, and they had not spoken all dinner time.

But after a bottle of sherry, four of Sillery, (which we all took fairly, no flinching, no heel-taps, glass and glass about,) after coffee and curaçoa, and after the asparagus, a reconciliation took place, Héloïse looked at Virginie, Virginie looked at Héloïse, the latter rose from her chair, tottered towards her friend, and they were in each other's arms in a minute. Old Madame Nelval looked quite pleased at the scene, and said, smiling, to us, "*Elle a si bon cœur, ma fille!*" Oh those mothers! they are all the same. Not that she was wrong in this instance. The two young ladies embraced with the warmest cordiality, the quarrel about the ribbon was forgotten, the two young hearts were united once more; and though that selfish brute, Fitzsimons, who has no more heart than a bed-post, twiddled his eternal moustache, and yawned over

the scene, I confess I was touched by this little outbreak of feeling, and this glimpse into the history of the hearts of the young persons, and drank a glass of curaçoa to old Madame Nelval with a great deal of pleasure.

But oh! fancy our terror, when all of a sudden, Héloïse, weeping on her friend's neck, began to laugh and to cry, and burst out shrieking into a fit of hysterics! When women begin hysterics, a tremor seizes me—I become mad myself—I have had my wife and mother-in-law both in hysterics on the same rug, and I know what it is—the very sound of the whoo-no-no drives me wild. I have heard it imitated in theatres, and have rushed out in a frenzy. "Water! water!" gasped Virginie; (we had somehow not had any all dinner-time.) I tumbled out of the room, upsetting three waiters who were huddled at the door, (and be hanged to them.) "Water!" roared I, rushing down stairs, upsetting boots, and alarmed chamber-maids came panting in with a jug.

"What will they think of us!" thought I, trembling with emotion—"they will think we have murdered the poor young lady, and yet on my honor and conscience I—Oh why did I come—what would Arabella say if she knew?" I thought of the police coming in, of paragraphs in the paper beginning, "Two ruffians of gentlemanly exterior were brought before Mr. Jardine," &c.: it was too horrible—if I had had my hat I would have taken a cab off the stand, and driven down to my wife at Bognor that minute; but I had n't—so I went up to fetch it.

Héloïse was lying on the sofa now, a little calmer; Madame Delval and the chamber-maid were being kind to her: as for that brute, Fitzsimons, he was standing in one of the windows, his legs asunder, his two fists thrust into the tail pockets of his brass buttoned coat, whistling, "*Suoni la Tromba!*" the picture of heartless, shameless indifference.

As soon as the maid was gone, and I was come in, Madame Virginie must of course begin hysterics too—they always do, these women. She turned towards me with an appealing look—(she had been particularly attentive to me at dinner, much more than to Fitzsimons, whom she *bouded* the whole time)—she gave me an appealing look—and stuck up too.

I couldn't bear it. I flung myself down on a chair, and beginning to bang my forehead, gasped out, "Oh Heavens! a cab, a cab!"

"We'll have a coach. Go back with them," said Fitz, coming swaggering up.

"Go back with them!" said I; "I'll never see them again as long as I live." No more I *would* go back with them. The carriage was called; (the hysterics ceased the very moment Fitz flung open the window and the cab-stand opposite could hear,)—the ladies went out. In vain good old Madame Nelval looked as if she expected my arm. In vain Virginie cast her appealing look. I returned it them with the most stony indifference, and falling back upon my chair, thought of my poor Arabella.

The coach drove off. I felt easier as the rattle of the departing wheels died away in the night, and I got up to go. "How glad I am it's over," thought I, on the stair; "if ever I go to a *partie fine* again may I

"I beg your pardoning, sir," said the waiter, touching my elbow just as I was at the hotel door.

"What is it?" says I, sized by Google

"The bill, sir," says he, with a grin.

"The bill, sir!" I exclaimed; "why it's Captain Fitzsimons's dinner!"

"I beg your parding, sir, you ordered it," answered the man.

"But, good heavens! you know Captain Fitzsimons?"

"We do, sir, precious well too. The capting owes master two underd pound," answered the wretched official, and thrust the document into my hand.

No. 24. *To Anatole Durogon.*

|   | <i>£. s. d.</i> |
|---|-----------------|
| 5 Dinners, . . . . .                      | 1 15 0          |
| Sherry, . . . . .                         | 0 6 0           |
| Sillery champagne, (4 bottles,) . . . . . | 2 0 0           |
| Asparagus, . . . . .                      | 0 5 0           |
| Collee and liqueurs, . . . . .            | 0 7 6           |
| Wax-lights and apartment, . . . . .       | 0 5 0           |
|   | <hr/> 4 18 0    |

And I must say that the bill, considered as a bill, was moderate, but I had better have dined off that Irish stew at the club.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE GLADNESS OF MAY.

'Tis May again, 'tis May again, the time of happy hours,  
When Nature wears her fairest robe of young and dewy flowers,

When gentle morn wakes from the east as rosy as the sky,  
And brooks are laughing in the meads, and birds are singing by.

Visions sweet as summer's eve, or autumn's glowing day,  
Are rushing on the mind of youth as lovely as they're gay,  
Hopes prized more than coral lip, or maiden's blushing vow,  
Are coming back to cheer old age, and deck its snowy brow.

Kingcups bathed in golden light, their tender breasts unfold,  
And verdant plains burst on the sight, like beds of waving gold,  
Violets from the mossy banks in purple clusters rise,  
And daisies one by one begin to show their starry eyes.

Leaves nursed in the neontide's warmth, and kissed by the dew,  
Are woven into forest crowns that mock the emerald's hue,  
And twining garlands round about the wasting walls of yore,  
As doth the heart to memory, when life's bright days are o'er.

Blossoms fair as orient pearls adorn the orchard trees,  
And odors from their honied lips add fragrance to the breeze,  
Beauty's soft and radiant glow is mantling all the grain,  
And from the earth a promise comes of fruit and corn again.

Birds rich in plumage, and in voice, from every wood and grove,  
In joyous concert carol forth the melody of love,  
Zephyrs wild as music's tone upon their pinions bring,  
Sweet echoes to the listening ear, and incense of the spring.

Insects bright as Tyrian dyes wake from their torpid sleep,  
As countless as the ocean sands that wash the rocky steep,

Lambs in little playful groups are scattered o'er the lea,  
And squirrels from the beechen boughs dance on from tree to tree.

Clouds calmly hung in silver light like folds of fleecy snow,  
Are shadowed in the silent streams that by the valleys flow,  
Now cradled by the swelling waves, now on the shore at play,  
Now fitting round the lofty hills as blithesome as a fay.

'Tis May again, 'tis May again, the time of happy hours,  
When nature wears her fairest robe of young and dewy flowers,  
When gentle morn wakes from the east as rosy as the sky,  
And brooks are laughing in the meads, and birds are singing by.

THE OJIBBEWAY INDIANS.—In consequence of the British Swimming Society having promised to award a first class silver medal to the best swimmer of these celebrated Indians, the swimming baths in High Holborn, kept by Mr. Hedgman, were crowded with visitors. Flying Gull and Tobacco were selected as competitors, the rest of the party being seated to witness the trial of skill. At a signal, the Indians jumped into the bath, and, on a pistol being discharged, struck out and swam to the other end, a distance of 130 feet, in less than half a minute. The Flying Gull was the victor by seven feet. They swam back again to the starting-place, where Flying Gull was a second time the victor. Their style of swimming is totally un-European. They lash the water violently with their arms, like the sails of a windmill, and beat downwards with their feet, blowing with force, and forming grotesque antics. They then dived from one end of the bath to the other with the rapidity of an arrow, and almost as straight a tension of limb. They afterwards entered the lists with Mr. Kenworthy, one of the best swimmers in England, and who beat them with the greatest ease.

THE QUINQUENNIAL EXHIBITION AT PARIS.—The merchants and manufacturers of Paris are almost entirely occupied with the grand exhibition to be opened on the 1st of May. The palace erected for this great national display occupies a rectangular area, measuring 646 feet by 318 feet, and comprising, with the two wings, a superficies of about 22,000 square yards. The different divisions are thus allotted:—The great central hall to machinery; the south gallery to the tissues of every description; the north gallery to bronzes, goldsmiths' work, mathematical instruments, furniture, carpets, paper-hangings, and other articles of luxury; the east gallery to glass, porcelain, and pottery; the west gallery to musical instruments and miscellaneous articles. The king, it is expected, will visit the halls and galleries the day preceding the opening.

PAPER MAKING.—The Gloucester Journal says that "a most important patent has been taken out for the manufacture of paper on a new principle, and from an entirely new material. If carried out to the full extent of the wishes and expectations of the patentee, (one of the first engineers in the kingdom,) there is little doubt that it will shortly supersede the use of 'rag,' as the paper made from the new material will be quite equal to the finest Indian paper, and not so costly."

From Hood's Magazine.

## THE WORKHOUSE CLOCK.

AN ALLEGORY.—BY THE EDITOR.

THERE'S a murmur in the air,  
And noise in every street—  
The murmur of many tongues,  
The noise of numerous feet—  
While round the workhouse door  
The laboring classes flock,  
For why? The Overseer of the Poor  
Is setting the workhouse clock.

Who does not hear the tramp  
Of thousands speeding along,  
Of either sex and various stamp,  
Sickly, crippled, or strong,  
Walking, limping, creeping  
From court, and alley, and lane,  
But all in one direction sweeping,  
Like rivers that seek the main?  
Who does not see them sally  
From mill, and garret, and room,  
In lane, and court, and alley,  
From homes in poverty's lowest valley  
Furnished with shuttle and loom—  
Poor slaves of Civilization's galley—  
And in the road and footways rally,  
As if for the day of doom?  
Some, of hardly human form,  
Stunted, crooked, and crippled by toil;  
Dingy with smoke and dust and oil,  
And smirched besides with vicious soil,  
Clustering, mustering, all in a swarm.  
Father, mother, and careful child,  
Looking as if it had never smiled—  
The sempstress, lean, and weary, and wan,  
With only the ghosts of garments on—  
The weaver, her sallow neighbor,  
The grim and sooty artisan;  
Every soul—child, woman, or man,  
Who lives—or dies—by labor.

Stirred by an overwhelming zeal,  
And social impulse, a terrible throng!  
Leaving shuttle, and needle, and wheel,  
Furnace, and grindstone, spindle, and reel,  
Thread, and yarn, and iron, and steel—  
Yea, rest and the yet untasted meal—  
Gushing, rushing, crushing along,  
A very torrent of man!  
Urged by the sighs of sorrow and wrong,  
Grown at last to a hurricane strong,  
Stop its course who can!  
Stop who can its onward course  
And irresistible moral force;  
O! vain and idle dream!  
For surely as men are all akin,  
Whether of fair or sable skin,  
According to Nature's scheme,  
That human movement contains within  
A blood-power stronger than steam.

Onward, onward, with hasty feet,  
They swarm—and westward still—  
Masses born to drink and eat,  
But starving amidst Whitechapel's meat,  
And famishing down Cornhill!  
Through the poultry—but still unfed—  
Christian Charity, hang your head!  
Hungry—passing the street of Bread;  
Thirsty—the street of Milk;  
Ragged—beside the Ludgate Mart,  
So gorgeous through mechanic art,  
With cotton, and wool, and silk!

At last, before that door  
That bears so many a knock

Ere ever it opens to sick or poor,  
Like sheep they huddle and flock—  
And would that all the good and wise  
Could see the million of hollow eyes,  
With a gleam derived from hope and the skies,  
Upturned to the workhouse clock!

Oh! that the parish powers,  
Who regulate labor's hours,  
The daily amount of human trial,  
Weariness, pain, and self-denial,  
Would turn from the artificial dial  
That striketh ten or eleven,  
And go, for once, by that older one  
That stands in the light of nature's sun,  
And takes its time from Heaven!

## THE DISGUSTED WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

You promised to leave off your smoking,  
The day I consented to wed.  
How little I thought you were joking:  
How fondly believed what you said!  
Then, alas! how completely you sold me,  
With blandishments artful and vain;  
When you emptied your snuff-box, and told me  
You never would fill it again!

Those fumes, so oppressive, from puffing,  
Say, what is the solace that flows?  
And whence the enjoyment of stuffing  
A parcel of dust in your nose?  
By the habits you thus are pursuing  
There can be no pleasure conferr'd;  
How irrational, then, is so doing!  
Now is it not very absurd?

Cigars come to three-pence each, nearly,  
And sixpence an ounce is your snuff;  
Consider how much, then, you yearly  
Must waste on that horrible stuff.  
Why, the sums in tobacco you spend, love,  
The wealth in your snuff-box you sink,  
Would procure me of dresses no end, love,  
And keep me in gloves; only think!

What's worse, for your person I tremble,  
'Tis going as fast as it can;  
Oh! how should you like to resemble  
A smoky and snuffy old man?  
Then resign, at the call of Affection,  
The habits I cannot endure;  
Or you'll spoil both your nose and complexion,  
And ruin your teeth, I am sure.—*Psack.*

From Hood's Magazine.

## TO THE FIRST WARBLER.

Oh! how I love to listen to thy song,  
Sweet bird! that, earliest of the choral throng,  
Pourest thy notes of gratitude and glee  
Ere blooms a flow'ret forth or buds a tree;  
Ere yet is hushed the wintry howling wind,  
Or twig of green thy little feet can find.  
So trustfully thy heart its love-song pours  
For hope alone of warmer, sunnier hours,  
That I cry shame upon my thankless tears;  
Shame on the heart that calls up phantom fears,  
Mindless of all, but of its present grief,  
Nor finding in Hope's whisperings, relief.  
Ah! cease not then thy warbling ecstasy,  
Nor startle if thou meet my kindling eye;  
For I would have thee ever in my way,  
That I might emulate thy cheerful lay!

From Hood's Magazine.

## THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

It was nearly four o'clock; and I had not yet prepared myself to give my lecture. The heat was oppressive, the air heavy, the sky tempestuous; and I felt a sensation of restlessness and nervous irritability quite unusual to me. During the last week I had not enjoyed one hour's tranquillity: several persons dangerously ill and requiring my attention had called for me. One in particular (the only support of a large family) gave me great anxiety, and excited in my mind extreme sympathy. In this state I got into the carriage to go to the University. At that moment an unsealed note was put into my hand. I opened it immediately, and found it to announce the death of poor H—, for whom I was so much interested; and this news affected me deeply.

The stroke was the more severe as I had not foreseen the event, and, consequently, had not the consolation of having been able to prepare the family of my patient for so great a misfortune. Hitherto the chair of declamation had always been to me rather a pleasure than a labor; the abstract theories of the science had amused my mind: but this evening I felt a degree of uneasiness on my spirits for which I could not account. The events of the day had so deeply affected me that I felt an almost insurmountable inclination to repose. When I reached the entry of the hall, I cast a look around at the unusually full audience, and as I passed through the crowd I heard the name of a celebrated doctor, spoken of as being amongst my hearers. At another time these were circumstances that would have given me pleasure, but now they increased my confusion, which was indeed complete when I discovered that I had left my notes in the carriage, which I had dismissed at the door, intending to walk home. It was too late to send for them; and I was now in great perplexity. I opened my portfolio, and hastily ran through a number of remarks that I had thrown in there without arranging them; happily, I fell upon some novel observations upon insanity, and I then determined to make that the subject of my off-hand lecture.

I have but a confused idea of what then followed: but I remember the applause which saluted my entrance, and which became still louder when my confusion was observed. As soon as there was silence I summoned all my courage, and began. The first words cost me infinite pains: I hesitated and stopped continually; but by degrees I recovered myself, and the great attention paid to me gave me confidence. I soon found the cloud that overspread my senses clearing off; my ideas became less confused; the words came readily, and comparisons and expressions crowded upon me. I had only to choose them. As I went on my observations became more striking, and my demonstrations more clear and comprehensive. I was astonished at the fluency with which I expressed myself. I found great facility in treating several difficult subjects, which at another time I should hardly have dared attempt. They seemed to me clear and simple, and I got through them as trifles. Still greater became my surprise to find that my memory, which had hitherto been slow and imperfect, was suddenly become miraculously faithful, and brought back the most trifling circumstances of my long career. I cited an author, and with so much exactitude, that one might have imagined

that I held the book in my hand; facts and anecdotes came to elucidate my theories and demonstrations; the cases of insanity that I had witnessed in my youth, and which I thought were effaced from my memory, rushed back upon it as if they had recently happened. I became every moment more at ease, the promptness with which one idea followed another exciting every faculty; and words came to give them expression. At that moment a great terror took possession of my mind. It seemed to me that some unknown dangers, which it was not in my power to avoid, hung over me.

The supernatural power that had hitherto supported me began to sink: my thoughts became confused; strange faces and fantastic images flitted before my eyes. The objects of which I had been speaking came to life, and I seemed like a magician who, by a word, rendered visible the living and the dead. I stopped! The most perfect silence reigned in the hall, and every eye was turned towards me. All at once a horrible thought seized me, a convulsive laugh broke from me, and I exclaimed, "*I also am mad!*" All the assembly rose instantaneously like one body. Every voice raised a cry of surprise and terror; and of what afterwards happened I knew nothing.

When I recovered my senses I was in bed. I looked around—I knew every object in the room. The sun shone upon the window-curtains, which were half closed: I was sensible that it was evening; I saw nobody in the room; and when I endeavored to comprehend who I was, and why there, a faintness came over me; I shut my eyes, and tried to sleep, when some one entering the room awakened me: it was my friend Doctor G—, who approached the bed, and attentively examined me for the space of a few moments. Whilst he thus looked at me I perceived that he changed color, his hand trembled whilst feeling my pulse, and in a low and melancholy whisper he said, "My God, how he is changed!" I then heard a voice at the door say, "May I come in?" The doctor did not answer, and my wife came gently into the room. She looked pale and sorrowful; her eyes were wet, and, as she bent anxiously over me, burning tears fell upon my face. She took my hands in both hers, bent her lips close to my ear, and said, "William, do you know me?" A long silence followed this question. I tried to answer, but was incapable of pronouncing one word. I wished to show by some sign that I was sensible of her presence. I fixed my eyes upon her; but I heard her say, amidst deep sobs and tears, "Alas! he does not know me!" And thus I perceived that my efforts had been in vain. The doctor now took my wife by the hand to lead her from the room. "Not yet, not yet," she said, withdrawing her hand, and I relapsed into delirium. When again I became sensible, I felt as if I had awakened from a long and deep sleep. I still suffered, but less severely; extreme weakness had succeeded to fever; my eyes were painful, and a mist was over them: at first I was not sensible that any one was in the room, but gradually objects became more distinct, and I saw the doctor seated by my bed. He said, "Are you better, William?" Hitherto my ineffectual attempts to make myself understood had not given me pain; but now the impossibility of doing so was a martyrdom. I soon became aware that my strength of mind was leaving me, and that death ap-

proached. The efforts that I made to rouse myself from this sort of death-like slumber must have been very violent, for a cold sweat came all over me: I heard a rushing as if my ears were full of water, and my limbs were convulsed. I seized the doctor's hand, which I pressed with all my strength. I rose in my bed and looked wildly at him. This did not last long; I soon fell again into weakness: I dropped the hand which I had grasped, my eyes closed, and I fell back on my bed. All that I remember at that moment were the words of poor Doctor G——, who, thinking me dead, exclaimed, "At last his sufferings are over!"

Many hours passed before I recovered my senses. The first sensation of which I became sensible was the coldness of the air, which felt like ice upon my face; it seemed as if an enormous weight was on it; my arms were stretched against my body, and though I was lying in a most inconvenient position, yet it was impossible to change it; I tried to speak, but had not the power. Some time afterwards I heard the steps of many people walking in the room, something heavy was set down, and a hoarse voice pronounced these words: "William H——, aged thirty-eight: I thought him older!" These words recalled to my mind all the circumstances of my illness; I understood that I had *ceased to live*, and that preparations were making for my interment. Was I then dead? The body was indeed cold and inanimate; but *thought* was not extinct. How could it be that all traces of life had disappeared exteriorly, and that sentiment still existed in the chilly frame that was now going to be conveyed to the grave? What a horrible idea! My God! is this a dream? No; all was real: I recalled to my mind the last words of the doctor: he knew too well the signs of death to allow himself to be deceived by false appearances. No hope! None! I felt myself being placed in the coffin. What language can describe all the horror of that moment!

I knew not how long I remained in this situation. The silence that reigned in the room was again broken, and I was sensible that many of my friends came to look at me for the last time.

My mind was awake to all the horrors of my situation: in a moment my heart became sensible of acute suffering. But what! thought I to myself; is everything within me dead? Is the soul, as well as the body, inanimate? My *thought* nevertheless was a proof to the contrary. What is then become of my *will* to speak, to see, to live? Everything within me sleeps, and is as inactive as if I never had existed! Are the nerves disobedient to the commands of the brain? Why do those swift messengers refuse to obey the soul? I recalled to mind the almost miraculous instances of the power of the mind directed to one purpose and urged by a strong impulse. I knew the history of the Indian who, after the death of his wife, had offered his breast to her infant, and had nourished it with milk. Was not this miracle the effect of a strong will? I myself had seen life and motion restored to a palsied limb by a mighty effort of the mind, which had awakened the dormant nerves. I knew a man whose heart beat slowly or quick as he pleased. Yes, thought I, in a transport of joy, the will to live remains. It is only when this faculty has yielded that Death can become master of us. I felt a hope of reviving, as I may express it, by the vigor of my will; but alas! I cannot even now think of it without fear!

The moments were speeding fast away, and by the noises around me I comprehended that preparations were making to close my coffin. What is to be done? If the will has really the power attributed to it, how shall I direct it? During all my illness I often strongly desired to speak and move, but could not do so. I now made another effort. As the wrestler puts forth the utmost strength of every muscle to raise up his antagonist, so I employed all that my will could command, and endeavored to impart to my nerves the impulse of that energetic volition, my last hope! *It was in vain.* In vain did I try to raise one breath within my breast—to utter one sigh. And, oh! what increase of horror! I heard the nails applied to my coffin! Despair was in the sound!

At that very instant E——, my oldest, my dearest friend, came into my room. He had performed a long journey to see me once more, to bid an eternal farewell to the companion of his childhood. They made way for him. He rushed forward and laid his hand, his faithful, fond hand on my bosom. Oh, the warmth of that friend's hand! It touched the inmost fibres of my heart, and it sprang to meet him. That emotion acted upon my whole system; the blood was agitated; it began to flow; my nerves trembled, and a convulsive sigh burst from my disenchained lungs; every fibre moved with a sudden bound, like the cordage of a vessel struggling against a mighty sea. I breathed again! But so sudden and so unexpected was the change in my frame, that an idea came to my mind that it could not be real—that I was again deprived of reason. Happily this doubt soon ceased. A cry of terror, and these words, "He lives!" uttered distinctly enough for me to hear, put all beyond doubt. The noise and bustle became general, and some voice exclaimed, "E—— has fainted: raise him up, carry him hence that he may not when he opens his eyes first behold his friend." Orders, exclamations, cries of joy and surprise, increased every instant: all that I now recall is, that I was lifted out of my coffin, and, before a good fire, was completely brought to life, and found myself surrounded by friends. After some weeks I was restored to health; I had seen death as near as possible, and my lips had touched the bitter portion which one day I must yet drink to the last drop.

#### WAKLEY'S LAST.

[Mr. Wakley, speaking in the House of Commons of Wordsworth's poetry—said he could write as good by the mile. Punch attributes this to him.]

The verdant sunbeam gaily sweeps  
O'er Peckham's mosques and minarets;  
The moss-grey sapling fondly weeps  
Over the daisied lake, whose jets  
Perfume the hours and deck the air,  
And make fair Nature still more fair.

Uprising, see the fitful lark  
Unfold his pinion to the stream,  
The pensive watch-dog's mellow bark  
O'ershades yon cottage like a dream,—  
The playful duck and warbling bee  
Hop gaily on from tree to tree.

How calmly could my spirit rest  
Beneath yon primrose-bell, so blue,  
And watch those airy oxen, drest  
In every tint of purling hue,  
As on they hurl the gladsome plough,  
While fairy Zephyrs deck each bough!

## BROUGHAM VINDICATED.

CERTAINLY there is honor among thieves. Lord Brougham has been accused of bringing in the Bill creating a permanent President of the Court of Privy Council to make an office for himself.

Lord Lyndhurst has heard him awkwardly endeavor to disprove the charge.

Lord Lyndhurst gave the bill a very equivocal and cold support, and acted his part as if he should not be sorry for its defeat.

The common remark was, It is evident that the Chancellor does not like Brougham's job. He cannot openly oppose it, but he would be well pleased to get rid of it.

All this Lord Brougham bore as the Spartan boy bore the gnawing of the stolen fox at his breast.

He never named him, never. He never was tempted or provoked to let the truth escape him that it was not for himself, but for Lord Lyndhurst that he was doing the job.

And here a question arises whether this forbearance is ascribable to the honor proverbially assigned to certain characters exclusively in dealings with each other, or whether it is attributable simply and solely to this circumstance, that the thing suppressed was a truth, and therefore that the Lord Brougham did not know how to tell it.

It is very easy to say to children, tell the truth and shame the devil; but it is much more difficult to shame Lord Lyndhurst than the devil, and telling the truth is not so feasible a thing to a grown gentleman whose education has in that respect been neglected. Children are taught to tell the truth; and to call on Major Longbow to tell the truth without any practice in that way, is much the same thing as inviting him to play a solo on the violin without having learnt a note.

When Magog the Beadle, lying dead drunk on the stage, is begged to get up, he answers, "It is all very easy to say get up, but how do you do it?"

And so with telling the truth, it is all very easy to say tell the truth, but how do you do it if you have never learnt?

If you want to hide a truth, you will bury it most safely in the breast of a Munchausen.

There are men who will betray everything in the world but the truth.

A man full of truth runs over, when a truth is put in his mind, just as a full pitcher overflows when more water is added: but a man void of truth has a capacity for holding fast any drop of it that by chance may find its way into his breast.

The common expression, that a man has "no truth in him," is very incorrect. The man may have truth in him, but it never comes out of him. It is one of the good things that cannot escape from him.

We have not a doubt that if an instrument like the stomach pump could be applied to Lord Brougham's mind, the truth would be pumped out of it that the Privy Council job is fitted for Lord Lyndhurst, who wants retirement, and who wants with it a larger income than the law allows him in the retiring pension, and a place for it such as the footman desired, "with little or nothing to do."

The face that Lord Lyndhurst has put on this job is the same face that he has worn through life—the visage that Mephistopheles showed to his Brougham, Faust.

Who in the world would have suspected that the job was not Lord Brougham's job, but Lord

Lyndhurst's job, done by his convenient friend, at his convenient friend's own public cost?

The one was to take all the disgrace, and the other all the profit. Lord Brougham was to eat all the dirt, Lord Lyndhurst pouch the pelf. The Chancellor was the monkey turning the chesnut in the embers with the cat's paw, and all the world charging poor disinterested puss with the robbery!

What is there in ancient devotion to compare with this. Damon and Pythias sink into insignificance. Castor and Pollux wore their soul turn and turn about; went halves in a life interest; but Brougham and Lyndhurst transcend this immeasurably, for the one is such a glutton for shame that he takes his partner's share of it, and gives him all the profits.

A famous gourmand laid it down as a maxim, that a man should never carve. If you carve, he said, you are obliged to help your neighbor to the best bits; whereas if you throw the business on him, he must give you the delicacies.

Lord Lyndhurst has very discreetly handed the carving knife to Lord Brougham, who, in jobbing, always fulfils the christian duty of doing as he would be done by.—*Examiner*.

## PENNY POSTAGE.

SIR ROBERT PEEL has, very much to his credit, contributed 10*l*. to the subscription for Mr. Rowland Hill.

The public have a debt to pay to this ungratefully requited gentleman. There is not a member of society, from the highest to the lowest, who has not to thank Mr. Hill for what he has saved or gained by the penny postage. The difficulty is to follow out the advantages in their various ramifications. Mr. Cowell, in his able tract on the Currency, points out one of the un contemplated effects of the penny postage, and makes a just reflection on it:—

"Previous to 1840 it cost several shillings to send a few five-pound notes to London from the country. Since the reduction of postage you can send four or five for a penny. In consequence of this bankers in the country are now in the daily habit of sending to London the notes of competing bankers, in cases where they previously retained them a week or ten days for interchange, at certain periods, in London.

"I paid attentive consideration at the time to the effects, on the circulation of the alteration, in the postage, constantly watching them, and became convinced that Mr. Hill's plan enabled the country to dispense with considerably more than 1,000,000*l*. circulation, and to export either that amount of gold, or some proportion of it, obtaining in exchange commodities that we should not otherwise have had. Mr. Hill did not probably anticipate such a splendid consequence from his admirable plan. It is a proof of the importance of sound principles in such matters; they produce good effects that are not expected, as well as the advantages at which they directly aim."—*Examiner*.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH.—We understand that there no longer exist any doubts respecting the visit of the King of the French to this country. The precise period of his Majesty's arrival has not yet been definitively decided, but there is, we believe, every reason to suppose that he will land at Portsmouth.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## DECEASED PEOPLE WHOM WE MEET DAILY.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

AN Irish gentleman of our acquaintance, when his new suit of mourning came home, began to moralize on the uncertainty of life. "Mortality," said he, "is more fleeting than the fashion of a coat. Who can say that his spirit may not cast off its garment of flesh, even before the gloss has departed from his new waistcoat? Alas! I ordered this mourning for my friend, and may yet be destined to wear it for myself!"

We often laugh in the wrong place, and create the bulls we fancy we discover. It was easy to see, by the aid of a minute's reflection, that this was no blunder at all, except in sound. On the surface it is merely a ludicrous absurdity; beneath that, lies a world of grave meaning, and lessons of the profoundest and most melancholy truth. The provocation to laugh is checked by a philosophic sigh.

It is not, to be sure, the custom in civilized countries for men to go into mourning for their own loss; they only put on the suit of sorrow and solemnity when royalty, consanguinity, or friendship that leaves a legacy, expires; but if it were the fashion for honest people in this world, to do by themselves as they do by others, what thousands who are now flashing in coats of many-colors would suddenly appear before us clad in deep mourning! How would the delicacy of peach-blossom and the flush of crimson subside into dreary sable, satins and velvets change to sad crape, and the harlequinade of life become as a funeral procession. A nigrification almost universal would ensue, like swarms of fire-flies darkening into black-beetles.

Admit but the principle of adopting the same ceremonies in our own case which we observe towards our next of kin, and where is the conscientious man who might not be called upon to put on black as a slight tribute of respect to his departed self! Yea, hundreds who now dazzle the eye of the wandering multitude by the gaudiness of their equipages, would be compelled to change their green and crimson liveries for a crow-color; and we should see the footman, shorn of his finery, swinging behind the carriage in deep mourning for his deceased master grinning inside.

Not a day passes (who will deny this?) that any man of common experience may not converse with a dozen defunct people. In a great city like London it is impossible to stir out on a fine day when the town is full, without seeing numbers of departed persons of one's acquaintance sauntering up and down in the sunshine;—without stopping here and there at the corners of streets to chat with the lamented dead, or nodding carelessly to them on the other side of the way. The people who have gone to their long homes years ago are very much abroad in this gay metropolis. We dined the other day in a party of fourteen merry-makers, well acquainted with each other; but to our certain knowledge nine of them were no more, and had been so for various periods of time, dating from the different circumstances of their career.

It is very easy to object that all these deceased persons appear to be as much as ever in existence; and, indeed, furnish evidence of their being actually alive by dining, walking, laughing, cheating, and the like. In all these respects, and forty others, they are living to the full as much as though they had never departed this life at all. Never-

theless they are all dead, and will so continue, until vitality is discovered in door-nails.

The phrase which has long been current wherever the English language is spoken, "dead and buried," was not circulated without a necessity for it. "Poor Bob is dead and buried," is an assertion wonderfully differing from "Poor Bob is dead." There is a warranty conveyed in the additional words which is much wanting in numbers of instances, and without it the fact may be moonshine. The burial is a clench. The popular existence of the phrase is a proof that the demise is not usually held to be a settled thing until it is associated with interment.

This very day were we discussing the three per cents with a city man, when on a sudden, memory turned back into old days, to trace the form and lineaments of an early chum. He was once the merriest little winged bird-like soul that ever sang songs half way between earth and heaven. Such assuredly was Little Piper. It was necessary to get up into the sky before you could catch him, but when caught he was your own. So was all he had. He never knew the meaning of the word grasping, except when he had hold of a friend's hand, or jumped into a river (as he once did) to drag out a drowning lad three times his own weight and size.

When he became a man, he was the boy as before. He called nothing his own but his faults, and never forgot anybody but himself, a person whom Little Piper rarely bestowed a thought upon. As he had emptied his pockets at school in making presents, and giving sixpences (in spite of lectures against such immoral practices) to begging mothers with hungry children crying and clinging about them; so now on a larger scale he pursued the same plan, and was seldom without a happy face, save when he witnessed misery he could not relieve. Lucky was it for him that he could not give away the eyes out of his head; for as loan or gift they would certainly have gone to some blind wanderer, and he would have contented himself with a pair of spectacles.

And was it Little Piper with whom we this morning discoursed concerning the three per cents! Let no discreet heart think it. This was Thomas Piper, Esq., of Upper-breeches-pocket-buildings, city. The Piper beloved of us, remembered, venerated, mourned—though not per coat and hat-band—died in 1830 on the stock-exchange. He went there innocently enough one morning, and was never seen alive afterwards. And here is another Piper calling himself the same!

As well pretend that the rising rocket and the descending stick are the same; or that the Dick Withers of last year is the Dick Withers of this year.

Last year's Dick was the most social, generous, and enjoying of bachelors; surrounded by troops of gay friends, and as delighted to give them welcome as they were to seek it. He looked care in the face and laughed. When a pack of scowling, prowling, rascally thoughts wandered into his mind and would have settled there, he packed them all off, like an ill-conditioned troop of gipsy plunderers from his pleasant fields and hedges. Nothing that was not honest and good-tempered had its abode with him. He was the first to enter into a frolic, and the last to get tired of it. He found out the right end of life—he lived and was jolly. A joke in those days never came amiss to him; but a few months ago he tried his hand at a practical one,

and married. Alas! he died on his wedding day.

There is, however, a Dick Withers lurking somewhere or other in the holes and corners of domesticity, with a soul too narrow to be tenanted by more than a single sentiment—with a sterile heart that has but food for one passion at a time. He could only persuade himself that he was in love, by utterly abjuring friendship. He at once substituted uxoriousness for universal philanthropy, and cared in fact for the one human being merely because she had become part of himself.

All his friends he dropped quietly; as well the sharers of his secret thoughts, as the partners in his social enjoyments. All his doors he securely bolted; and hospitality peeped through the key-hole to see who was coming, and to cry "not at home" to the visitor. No spree, no cigar, no whist; he forgot or abandoned all his old ideas of dances, concerts, and theatres; he changed his side in politics, or had no politics at all; and turning love's temple into a mausoleum, deliberately buried himself alive.

Sheer insanity might attempt to discover some lurking resemblance between the two Dicks, and believe them to be one; but reason rejects the proposition with scorn. True, the first Dick Withers did take a wife—he was always so full of his fun;) he just lived to wear his wedding-suit; but his name should have appeared on the same day, and in the same paper, among the Deaths and the Marriages.

That all the signs and evidences of life capable of meeting together in one human specimen of vitality, afford no proof that death has not been there before them, is perfectly well known to every one who happens to be acquainted with our friend Rattleby. That his eyes are the fiercest in their frolicsome and extravagant glee of any in company, and his laugh always the loudest, however noisy and numerous the party, is an everywhere admitted fact; but is all that wonderful and overwhelming display of life any evidence that Rattleby is still living! Are those boisterous spirits, that constant and rapid flow of humor, by which he makes all around him "certain they shall die of laughter," ten times in the hour, a testimony that Rattleby himself is not yet dead! Is the elasticity of the lungs an argument against the dead-weight of the heart, and are spasms health! If the real Rattleby be not deceased, death is a poetic fable. He still may go on to shout, caper, and toss off bumpers; but live as fast as he may he can never be alive again. As Dick Withers must be said to have finally quitted this life when he entered the state of matrimony, so may another man be as fatally cut off by being left out of a wedding. This was the lot of the royster now in view. Poor Rattleby, who appears to have such quantities of existence to spare, died—beyond mistake, poor fellow!—on the day Kate Fisher was married.

His fate, varied by circumstances, is the fate of thousands surrounding him. When we say that they are not themselves, their story is but half told; they are not so much as the semblance of themselves. It is impossible to regard them even as their own ghosts, so opposite in character, habit, and disposition, was the original now in the tomb to the living substance bearing the name of the deceased.

Hear this lecturer upon humanity, whose charity and tenderness of heart is an affair of precept only,

a subject to descant upon for personal objects. He died soon after he had taken his seat in parliament, where he is still to be seen "as large as life."

Look at this hoary gambler; you cannot call his spasmodic mode of living an existence; the truth is, that he was brought down from an honorable station years ago, by the misconduct of a beloved son, and perished in his prime.

Here is a mother, childless now, but not seeming in outward show otherwise than living. She makes rational replies whenever she is addressed, smiles calmly when kindness shown to her appears to ask a smile, and bends her brow over a book of which she is not reading a single word. Hers is not a life. She died when the last of her children, a fair daughter in her sweet and early youth, was laid within the family grave.

Go to the next public assembly, no matter for what object it may be called together; or, what will serve the purpose as well, look from your window upon the passers-by. The unfortunate deceased are as two to one, and if they were to take it into their heads (skulls rather) to revolt, might at one fell swoop drive the living minority into their graves.

Here comes an author, with an intense consciousness of his own existence—assured, with an emphasis beyond the force of myriads of affidavits, not only that he is living now, but that posterity, until time itself shall be no more, will be a witness of his glorious longevity. The delusion, if ludicrous, is sad too; the immortal has been dead ever since the night on which his tragedy was damned.

Yet the *prima donna* who sweeps past him, shooting onward like a star, and seeming to breathe empyreal air, is surely living in every atom of the bright dust whereof she is formed. So indeed it would appear, for to the eye she is life all over, the personification of whatever can be comprehended in the idea of existence. But what a bad judge of visible facts the eye is, and how necessary is it sometimes to see with the heart. Viewed through that medium, sympathy proclaims her to have been some time deceased. When her darling sister, cleverer, younger, and handsomer than herself came out with such brilliant success at the other house, the vital spark fled. All talk of life, after that, had about as much meaning in it as the song she excels in. She still gives, it must be admitted, the most startling tokens of an active and indestructible animation; but these are only the mock-heroic contortions of the eel, after it has been neatly skinned, and cut carefully into inches.

There is another popular phrase which clearly implies that death is not at all incompatible with a protracted stay within the precincts of existence. Poor So-and-so, say the commentators on mortality "is dead and gone," intimating that to die is not necessarily to go, and that the defunct are not always the departed—"dead and gone" describes the double event, whenever that takes place—the exception and not the rule. The currency of the phrase strengthens our argument that dying and going are not synonymous terms, and that we may long continue to have crowds of the deceased for our intimate acquaintances.

It is interesting to remark how varied are the periods of demise among the classes referred to, and how opposite are the causes which have rendered the obituary of the living so extensive. One who professes to be sixty-five, and vows that he has lived all those years, died at the age of forty,



in consequence of his success in a duel with a near relative. Another, who conceives himself to have attained to middle age was in reality cut off in the very flower of his youth, by a shilling delicately introduced in his father's will. A third, a maiden, antiquated and thinner than all her tribe, by virtue of taking nothing but tea and cribbage, breathed her last—in spite of her hushed sigh, or her small sarcasm, that may seem to say she still survives—a long time ago, on the day when the gallant adventurer, who had twice danced with her after she was six-and-twenty, sailed for India without making the fondly expected offer.

For a pair of positive existences, as far as first appearances go, we need look no further than to this old sweeper at the crossing, and the occupant of the carriage rolling over it. Whosoever should conceive them to be actually living would decide wholly in the dark, and pronounce upon a case without a fact to judge it by. Sudden death overtook the unhappy cross-sweeper at the age of thirty, when he lost every sixpence of his large fortune; and the loller in the carriage expired in as sudden a manner at a later age, when he came quite unexpectedly into a fine estate. One lost a tin-mine, and the other found a canal; both perished prematurely.

Prosperity and adversity, satiated appetite, defeated ambition, brilliant success, wounded honor, blighted affection, filial ingratitude—the hundred incidents, dark or bright, which make up in their confused and yet consistent combination, the history of every human life—each of these, occurring at a critical moment, may bring the real *finis* long before the story appears to have arrived at its conclusion. The cold, formal, appointed ending, is simply an affair for the apothecary and the gravedigger.

The sentiment which first suggested the wearing of mourning was beautiful and holy; but custom stripes it of this sanctity; its poetry has become a common-place; and in the adoption of the ceremony the heart silently heaving with sorrow and honor for the dead, has no concern. Still, if the fashion is to be continued, it may at least be turned to a higher use, and be made to serve sincerer ends. The suit of mourning is in few cases put on *soon enough*! If we would invest the custom with grace and dignity, elevating it with moral sentiment, we should sometimes wear the black dress while the mourned is yet amongst us. Letters to old friends must then be written, often perhaps on black-bordered paper, indicating our regret for their loss; and the crape upon the hat we touch to a former companion, as we pass him by, might be worn, poor moral skeleton! for himself.

It is painful, after an absence of a few years, to return to a family circle in which we had stored up a thousand friendly and affectionate memories—where we expected to find the bright deep well-springs of sympathy, bright, deep, and clear as of old—and see nothing there but dry sand; Time's glass pouring out its contents over and over again, only to increase the heap and make a desert of the garden, every hour adding a little handful to the disappointing, the desolate, the hideous waste.

What a mockery of the heart, as we stand in the midst and look mournfully around, to attempt to persuade ourselves that we are amongst the living—merely because they all regularly breathe and wear no shroud! Count the faces there; in number, but in number only, they are the same; look into them for the old recognition, and the death's head is grinning. We feel that we have

just shaken hands with the late Mr. Jones, who has forgotten to get himself buried. The act of friendship—in this case the ceremonial—has sent a chill to the soul. The momentary contact with that cold nature was freezing; at the bare touch of his hand, we feel horrid rheumatism running up the right arm.

It is the same as we proceed round the circle. The friends and companions of our youth are no more. The eldest son perished of a scarlet coat on obtaining a cornetcy, and the eldest daughter died a sadder death when she joined the saints. The remainder became defunct in succession, each in his own favorite way. When we take our leave, it is bidding adieu to the dead. The ordinary courtesies there would be anomalous and absurd to the last degree; for they must come in the form of inquiries concerning the departed—"How is your late lamented father!" or, "I hope your deceased sisters will go to the opera on Tuesday."

#### PORTUGAL.

THE disturbed condition of this unlucky land continues; and yet the actual disturbance seems to sleep. Every man in Portugal is persuaded that some catastrophe is at hand, and feels the ground shaking under his feet; but the symptoms of the convulsion, like those of the earthquake, have reached but little further than to excite alarm. The most singular part of the whole is, that, though the revolt which threatened a few weeks ago to overrun the nation has sunk into absurdity, still it exists; a nucleus of rebellion is suffered to live, and a general and noble in the Portuguese service is permitted to hold from week to week a royal fortress unassailed. It is now said that siege artillery have been sent to attack Almeida. This operation alone has taken up more than a month; while the fortress, which is said to be naked of guns and of all defence, ought to have been taken by a run of a regiment of grenadiers within the first twenty-four hours. However, if the rebellion shall die away of itself it is so much the better. The bayonet is a rough expedient, and the poor soldiers who have joined the revolt have probably no more conception of the right or wrong of the case than if they were so many chessmen.—*Britannia*.

#### HUNGARY.

PRINCE MAURICE, who is in Hungary, had been hunting in the vicinity of his residence. A neighboring nobleman happened to meet one of the Prince's huntsmen on his ground, and immediately shot him. The Prince, being informed of the circumstance, hastened, accompanied by a servant, to the nobleman, and remonstrated with him. "A Hungarian nobleman," he replied, "is master of life and death, on his own estate, and you shall immediately have another proof of it." Saying this, the Hungarian shot the Prince's innocent servant. The Prince, excited by this barbarous act, drew out a loaded pistol and shot the nobleman, who died on the spot. The German Prince is still confined in a Hungarian fortress.—*Chronicle*.

CHURCH CONVOCATION.—An attempt is shortly to be made in the House of Commons to gain the sanction of that assembly to the practical renewal of the Convocation of the Clergy of the Church of England, with a view to the obtaining of its advice and assistance in legislating upon ecclesiastical matters.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Memoirs of Admiral the Right Honorable the Earl of St. Vincent.* By JEDEDIAH STEPHENS TUCKER, Esq. Two volumes, 8vo. London: 1844.
2. *The Life and Correspondence, Naval and Military, of John Earl of St. Vincent.* By EDWARD PELHAM BRENTON, Captain in Her Majesty's Navy. Two volumes, 8vo. London: 1838.

THE name of St. Vincent will justly be enrolled in the first rank of the many eminent characters, that have spread a lustre over the annals of the British Empire during the course of the last three hundred years. As a great Naval Commander, viewed under all the aspects of his professional career, even from his first entrance into the service until he arrived at the highest step, there is something remarkable in his whole conduct peculiarly his own. It was this conduct that made him Commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean, and twice Commander-in-chief of the Channel fleet; being ordered, on the second occasion, to carry the Union flag at the main, having previously held the office of First Lord of the Admiralty, and been advanced to the prominent situation of Admiral of the Fleet; and by this conduct was the successful battle fought with the enemy's fleet, nearly double the force of his own, for which he received from his sovereign the high dignity of an Earldom of the United Kingdom; and, towards the close of his distinguished career, was honored by George IV. with a Field-marshal's baton, in testimony of his eminent services.

Under the guidance, and by the example, of such a man, were the most distinguished officers of the time educated and promoted—Collingwood, Saumarez, Troubridge, Hallowell, and Nelson, with many others. "He was the master and instructor," says Dr. Parr, "of Nelson, whom he formed and made a greater man than himself, and then did not envy him." The Doctor was not far wrong. Lord St. Vincent knew not what envy was: when he found himself so unwell as to be obliged to give up the Mediterranean command, Lord Nelson, on his own behalf and that of his gallant comrades above mentioned, thus writes to him:—"For the sake of the country, do not quit us at this moment. \* \* \* We look up to you, as we have always found you, as to our father, under whose fostering care we have been led to fame." And, two days after, he again writes—"We all love you. Come, then, to your sincere friends; let us get you well; it will be such a happiness to us all—amongst the foremost, to your attached, faithful, and affectionate NELSON."

When we find a boy of thirteen, self-taught, self-dependent, and self-denying, tearing himself away from his family with a scanty pittance, unequal even to the provision of common necessities, and

of so marked a character and mind as to have advanced himself to the highest professional ranks and honors; the narrative of the progressive steps of such a life cannot fail to afford a useful, entertaining, and highly instructive example, more particularly to every young midshipman who embarks in the naval service of his country. We shall therefore endeavor, as far as our space will admit, to trace the progress of this illustrious seaman through the whole period of his service.

The two authors named at the head of this article have drawn a portion of their materials from the same source—the old Earl's letter-books; and pretty well have they ransacked their contents—having, between them, extracted and printed not fewer than a thousand letters written by him and his correspondents; of which about six hundred are stuffed into Mr. Tucker's volumes, (three hundred would have been ample for every purpose,) and the other four hundred are huddled pell-mell into Mr. Brenton's, without the least order, and many of them having no relation to the life of Lord St. Vincent.

Mr. Tucker's father was Lord St. Vincent's private and confidential Secretary, afterwards a Commissioner of the Navy, and lastly the second Secretary of the Admiralty, under the naval administrations of Lord Howick (Earl Grey) and Mr. Thomas Grenville. This author had the additional advantage of whatever authentic materials, and we believe they were not few nor unimportant, were left to him by his father, with others from the Earl's family.

Nor was Captain Brenton without pretensions to become the biographer of Lord St. Vincent. His brother, Sir Jaleel Brenton, had served with his lordship, and by his excellent and gallant conduct had gained his friendship; and when the noble Earl, after the death of his lady, made an excursion on the Continent, he took with him, as his companions, the captain and his sister, Miss Brenton, the latter of whom continued to manage his household affairs.

Our notices will be chiefly drawn from the "Memoirs" of the civilian; out of which we shall gather such materials as will best convey a true portrait of the character, conduct, and feelings of this great man. To depict him in his early youth we must, however, have recourse to Captain Brenton's work, where we have a curious piece of autobiography, dictated by the noble lord himself to the captain. One day, this author tells us, he took the opportunity of reminding the old Earl of his promise to relate to him part of his early history. "His lordship, with his characteristic kindness and frankness, immediately replied—'Come, then, take your pen and sit down, and I will talk while you write.' He then dictated to me what follows:—

"I was born at Meaford, in Staffordshire, on the 9th January 1734, old style. My father was counsellor and solicitor to the Admiralty, and

treasurer" (Mr. Tucker says auditor) "of Greenwich Hospital. At a very early age I was sent to a grammar-school at Burton-upon-Trent, where I remained long enough to be considered a very capital Latin and Greek scholar for my years; and I was often selected by the master to show what proficiency his boys had attained. At the same time, I frankly own to you that I know very little about the matter now. At the age of twelve years I was removed to a school at Greenwich, kept by a Mr. Swinton, and where I was to have remained until fitted for college, being destined for the law. This favorite plan of my father's was, however, frustrated by his own coachman, whose name I have now forgotten. I only remember that I gained his confidence, always sitting by his side on the coach-box when we drove out. He often asked what profession I intended to choose. I told him I was to be a lawyer. 'Oh, don't be a lawyer, Master Jackey,' said the old man; 'all lawyers are rogues!'

"About this time Strachan (father of the late Admiral Sir Richard Strachan) came to the same school, and we became great friends. He told me such stories of the happiness of a sea life, into which he had lately been initiated, that he easily persuaded me to quit the school and go with him. We set out accordingly, and concealed ourselves on board of a ship at Woolwich. My father was at that time absent on the Northern Circuit. My mother and sisters were in a state of distraction at learning our absence from school, fearing that some disaster had happened to us. But after keeping them three days in the utmost anxiety, and suffering ourselves much privation and misery, we thought it best to return home. I went in at night, and made myself known to my sisters, who remonstrated with me rather warmly on the impropriety of my conduct, and assured me that Mr. Swinton would chastise me severely for it; to which I replied that he certainly would not, for that I did not intend to go to school any more, and that I was resolved to be a sailor.

"The next day my mother spoke to me on the subject; and I still repeated that I would be a sailor. This threw her into much perplexity; and, in the absence of her husband, she made known her grief, in a flood of tears, to Lady Archibald Hamilton, mother of the late Sir William Hamilton, and wife of the governor of Greenwich Hospital. Her ladyship said she did not see the matter in the same light as my mother did; that she thought the sea a very honorable and a very good profession, and said she would undertake to procure me a situation in some ship of war.

"In the mean time my mother sent for her brother, Mr. John Parker, who, on being made acquainted with my determination, expostulated with me, but to no purpose. I was resolved I would not be a lawyer, and that I would be a sailor. Shortly afterwards, Lady A. Hamilton introduced me to Lady Burlington, and she to Commodore Townshend, who was at that time going out in the Gloucester, as commander-in-chief, to Jamaica. She requested that he would take me on his quarter-deck, to which the commodore readily consented; and I was forthwith to be prepared for a sea life.

"My equipment was rather what would now be called grotesque. My coat was made for me to grow up to; it reached down to my heels, and was fully large in the sleeves. I had a dirk and a

gold-laced hat; and in this costume my uncle caused me to be introduced to my patroness, Lady Burlington. Here I acquitted myself but badly. I lagged behind my uncle, and held by the skirt of his coat. Her ladyship, however, insisted on my coming forward, shook hands with me, and told me I had chosen a very honorable profession. She then gave Mr. Parker a note to Commodore Townshend, desiring that we should call on him early the next morning. This we did; and, after waiting some time, the commodore made his appearance in his nightcap and slippers, and in a very rough and uncouth voice asked me, how soon I would be ready to join my ship? I replied, 'Directly.' 'Then you may go to-morrow morning,' said he, 'and I will give you a letter to the first lieutenant.'

Captain Brenton here interrupts the narrative by informing us, that the manner and circumstances of Young Jervis's introduction to the first lieutenant are too gross to be described; that, in point of immorality and vice, it equalled or outdid anything described in Roderick Random.

"This was in the year 1748. As soon as the ship was ready for sea, we proceeded to Jamaica; and, as I was always fond of an active life, I volunteered to go into small vessels, and saw a good deal of what was going on.

"My father had a very large family, with limited means. He gave me twenty pounds at starting, and that was all he ever gave me. After I had been a considerable time at the station, I drew for twenty more, but the bill came back protested. I was mortified at this rebuke, and made a promise, which I have ever kept, that I would never draw another bill without a certainty of its being paid. I immediately changed my mode of living, quitted my mess, lived alone, and took up the ship's allowance, which I found quite sufficient; washed and mended my own clothes; made a pair of trowsers out of the ticking of my bed; and having by these means saved as much money as would redeem my honor, I took up my bill; and from that time to this [and he said this with great energy] I have taken care to keep within my means."—(Brenton, Vol. i., pp. 19, 20.)

Mr. Tucker's statement does not materially differ from this, but it wants the freshness of the original. However limited the means may have been of Mr. Swynfen Jervis with his double offices, or whatever his intention in subjecting his son to pecuniary distress and mortified feelings, it took with the latter the right turn;—kindled in his breast a lofty spirit of independence, which never afterwards was quenched: it first taught him to rely upon himself, and how securely, though not without a sacrifice, he might do so; it originated in him that confidence in his own resources, which, in the constantly occurring transactions of his eventful life, was one of his chief superiorities over the run of mankind.

It was, however, a dangerous, and to many a youth would have proved a fatal, experiment, though it succeeded with young Jervis. But it succeeded, not so much from the wisdom of the parent, as from the natural and determined charac-

ter of the boy. It was that innate and inherent character, more than the difficulties he had to encounter on his first entrance into the service, that made him what he afterwards became; for we are by no means sure that a young man, entering the service under wholly different circumstances—to whom his friends allow some £50 or £60 a-year for his mess, in order to enable him to live like a gentleman among his colleagues—would not turn out as distinguished an officer as one doomed to share the poverty of Jervis, to sell his own bedding, and to sleep on the bare deck.

At an early period after his joining the Gloucester and arriving on the West Indian station, finding he had no means of partaking in the mess of his colleagues in that ship on account of the expenses, he prevailed on the captain to transfer him into one of the small cruisers, where he could adapt his scanty means to his absolute necessities; and, being utterly unable to indulge in expenses on shore, he was always ready to volunteer for such small craft as were proceeding to sea. The dishonored bill being the greatest weight upon his mind, he resolved to submit to the endurance of pinching privation, in order to relieve himself from the burden. In one of these cruisers it happened that, in the cable tier, was an old quartermaster named Drysdale, who had been mate of a merchant vessel; this old seaman afforded the midshipman the only assistance he ever received, towards the perfect acquirement, which he afterwards attained, of navigation.

Thus did this youth contrive to rub on, for six years, till the autumn of 1754, when he had nearly served his time as midshipman, and then returned in the Sphinx to England; was transferred to the William and Mary yacht, and there completed the few months required to make him eligible for a lieutenant's commission. This he received in the early part of January, 1755, and joined the Prince, of ninety guns, intended for the flag of Lord Anson. She was commanded by Captain Saunders, "the pattern of steady bravery combined with the most unaffected modesty." In February he was transferred, as the junior lieutenant, to the Royal George, and the following month to the Nottingham, one of the fleet under Admiral Boscawen.

When Sir Edward Hawke was sent out to the Mediterranean to repair the misfortunes connected with Admiral Byng's command, Captain Saunders was promoted to the flag, and appointed second in command; and it speaks volumes in favor of Jervis, that his short acquaintance had impressed that excellent officer with so good an opinion, that, unsolicited, he was selected as one of his followers. He placed him in the Dorchester, whence he was soon afterwards removed to the Prince, in which the Admiral's flag was then flying; and when, in 1757 it was shifted to the Culloden, he took Mr. Jervis with him as his second lieutenant.

The illness of Strachan, who commanded a small sloop, the Experiment, placed Lieutenant Jervis, for the first time, in the command of a ship; and, being sent out on a cruise, he fell in with and engaged the French privateer Xebeque, much superior in force and sailing. In a running fight, which lasted above two hours, the Experiment had a midshipman killed and several of the crew wounded; the sloop was much damaged in her hull and rigging, and her main-mast shot through. The Xebeque made off; but her speed was so superior that the pursuit was soon decided to be hopeless.

The expedition against Canada being decided on, and the renowned Wolfe appointed to the command of the military forces, Admiral, now Sir Charles Saunders, who was recalled from the Mediterranean from the express purpose of taking the command of the fleet to be employed on this expedition, again hoisted his flag in the Prince, and selected Mr. Jervis to be his first lieutenant. The military Commander-in-chief, and his aide-de-camp, Captain (afterwards Colonel) Barré, were among Sir Charles Saunders's guests. Wolfe and Jervis had been at school together, "when the generous acquaintance of youthful hours" had been formed, now in a maturer age to be renewed;\* and such was the confidence the soldier here placed in the sailor, that, "when, on the eve of battle, that gallant young hero sought for a friend to whom he might unbosom the fondest secret of his heart, Jervis was the chosen depository."

By the time the forces had arrived at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, Sir Charles had appointed Jervis to command the Porcupine sloop, with which, by his alertness on all occasions, he was judged to be of material service to the army. The Porcupine was ordered to lead, and the General embarked in the leading ship. When under the guns of Quebec, it fell a dead calm. The stream of the river set the Porcupine rapidly towards the flats, and within the reach of the guns of Fort Louis, from whence she was cannonaded. But, by the judicious exertions of Jervis and his crew, she was towed off, and the fleet conducted to a landing-place; and here Commander Jervis's participation ceased.

The exploits and the result of this expedition are matters of history, in which the name of Wolfe is emblazoned in imperishable characters.

"In England," says Lord Orford, "the people despaired, they triumphed, they wept, for Wolfe had fallen in the hour of victory; joy, grief, curiosity, astonishment, were painted on every countenance; the more they inquired, the higher their admiration rose; not an incident but was heroic and affecting." "Still, however," says Mr. Tucker, "does one incident remain, which, it is

\* Is not this doubtful? Wolfe was born in 1726, Jervis in 1734, making a difference of eight years in their ages.

believed, is not generally known, and which, as Commander Jervis participated in it, should be related. On the night previous to the battle, after all the orders for the assault were given, Wolfe requested a private interview with his friend; at which, saying he had the strongest presentiment that he should be killed in the fight of the morrow, but he was sure he should die on the field of glory, Wolfe unbuttoned his waistcoat, and taking from his bosom the miniature of a young lady with whose heart his own 'blended,' he delivered it to Commander Jervis, entreating that, if the foreboding came to pass, he would himself return it to her on his arrival in England. Wolfe's presages were too completely fulfilled, and Commander Jervis had the most painful duty of delivering the pledge to Miss Lowther."

In 1769 he was appointed to the Alarm frigate, and sent to the Mediterranean. When at Genoa, (not at Tunis, as Captain Brenton says,) two African slaves, sauntering in their galley near the mole, jumped into the Alarm's boat, enfolded themselves in the British colors, and shouted out, "We are free!" The Genoese officer, hearing this, caused them to be taken forcibly from their place of refuge, one of the slaves carrying away with him the piece of the flag torn off. This being reported to Captain Jervis, he at once decided it was an insult to the British flag; and "accordingly," he says, "I demanded of both the Doge and Senate that both the slaves should be brought on board the Alarm, with the part of the torn color which the slave carried off with him, the officer of the guard punished, and an apology made on the quarter-deck of the Alarm, under the king's colors, for the outrage offered to the British nation;" and he carried every point of his demand. Mr. Tucker, rather unnecessarily, here introduces Jervis's opinions in after life as decidedly averse from the abolition of negro slavery; and we notice this the rather because we think Captain Brenton has been led into a mistake. He says that Sir George Naylor waited on Lord St. Vincent for some historical anecdotes to grace the history of his peerage; that his lordship expressed his dissent, being utterly averse from such nonsense and vanity; but that, after a short silence, he said, "Yes, there is one anecdote which I will give you, and one at which I am more proud than of any other event of my life;"—and he tells the story of the two slaves. This is not exactly what we should expect from one, who was not only indifferent, but invariably hostile, to slave emancipation; and we think, moreover, that some little "vanity" was displayed (but could any one blame it?) in the emblazonment of his arms with an historical anecdote that no one can mistake;—his supporters bearing the Thunderer's eagle and the winged horse of Helicon, in direct allusion to the capture of the Pegase by the Foudroyant.

After a severe storm, and the shipwreck of the Alarm at Marseilles, it required the most extraordinary exertions, together with the valuable assistance of M. Pleville de Peltier, the port officer, to

make her again seaworthy; after which Jervis, by his representations to the Admiralty, had the gratification of presenting to M. de Peltier a valuable piece of plate. A few months after the accident, he writes to his sister—"The Alarm is the completest thing I ever saw on the water;"—having previously described her as "a miserable sunken wreck."

He also wrote to his father on this occasion; but nothing appears in reply either then or thereafter. "I have the happiness to inform my dearest father that my prospects brighten, and I hope to be at sea in a month. I have had a severe lesson of submission to the Divine will, gained some experience, and, I have the vanity to think, lost no reputation, although other loss I have sustained enough; but that is not to be named."

His Royal Highness Prince William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, being in a weak state of health, it was the king's pleasure that a winter's sojourn in Italy should take place, and that a frigate should convey him from port to port; and the Alarm was ordered on that service. On this occasion Jervis proved, in one respect, that as the boy had been, so was the man. Alive to the advantages of visiting the several courts of Italy under such favorable auspices, and in the society in which he was compelled, as it were, to move, he thus informs his friends how he supported himself: "Throughout such an expensive employ, by great economy, my own pocket supported myself, and maintained my independence, though it was *hard work*; but I could not afford to purchase anything in this land of tempting curiosities and arts." The Duke quitted in May, with a heart overflowing with thankfulness for the unalloyed pleasure he had received from his trip with Jervis.

The Alarm, after this, went home, was paid off, and Jervis, with his friend Captain Barrington, the former having first for some time studied the French language, set off on a tour of inspection of the European naval arsenals, chiefly those of France. They then proceeded to St. Petersburg by the Baltic; and Jervis gives a concise and spirited account of the Empress Catharine, and the noted characters who were then found in the Russian capital. Stockholm, Carlsrona, Copenhagen, and the harbors of Norway, were also visited; as were Hamburg, Lubeck, and the ports of Holland, together with the northern ports of France; and in the autumn of the second year of their travels, they returned to Plymouth.

Soon after his arrival, Jervis was appointed to the Foudroyant, the finest two-deck ship in the British navy. She was annexed to the Channel fleet under Admiral Keppel, and was stationed immediately astern of the Commander-in-chief's ship, the Victory. In our review of the Life of Keppel, by the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Keppel, we adverted to the straightforward evidence of Captain Jervis on the court-martial called for by Palliser

against Keppel. Mr. Tucker has reprinted, at full length, the evidence of Jervis, which occupied two days, and which consists of ninety-one questions and cross-questions, with the answers. All of these were clear, concise, decided, and consistent; and that evidence alone left not a doubt as to the conduct of Keppel.

In 1779 the *Foudroyant* was still attached to the Channel fleet, then under the command of Sir Charles Hardy, who made so dignified a retreat before the immensely superior Spanish and French fleets, that Lord Howe and his Board of Admiralty expressed their high "approbation" of the Admiral's wise and prudent conduct.

It would appear, however, that Jervis considered it in a different light. Writing to his sister he says—"I am in the most humbled state of mind I ever experienced, from the retreat we have made before the combined fleets all yesterday and this morning." Fortune, however, ere long cheered him up. In 1782, his friend Admiral Barrington was sent to sea with twelve sail of the line, and one of them was the *Foudroyant*. The Brest fleet came out; the signal was made for a general chase, and the *Foudroyant*, being the best sailer, soon walked by the fleet, and, towards the evening, saw the French, six ships of war, and eighteen sail of convoy. About ten, P. M., Jervis, observing they were separating, and selecting the largest for pursuit, ordered Bowen, a favorite midshipman, to the fore-castle, to keep sight of her by his night-glass. In the mean time everything was made ready for action; and to the repeated questions to young Bowen, if he saw the chase? the replies being always in the affirmative, Jervis was so delighted with the boy's attention, that at last he called out, "That's right, Bowen; do you only keep sight of her, and rely upon it I will never lose sight of you."—A promise most faithfully kept.\* Young Bowen, now seeing a close action at hand, took his station, as aide-de-camp, by the side of his captain on the quarter-deck. The *Foudroyant*, running at the rate of eleven miles an hour, was speedily within hail of the adversary, when the officer on the fore-castle called out—"She has put her helm up to rake us, sir." When Jervis was on the point of putting the *Foudroyant's* helm a-starboard, in order to give her a broadside from her starboard guns, young Bowen was so forcibly struck with the advantage that might be taken by a contrary proceeding, that he could not help exclaiming—"Then, if we put our helm to port we shall rake her." Jervis, instantly feeling the force of the observation, in his

turn exclaimed, "You are right, Bowen—helm a-port!" Passing close under the enemy's stern, the *Foudroyant* poured in, and continued for some time, a raking fire. The enemy being thrown into confusion, her sails in the greatest disorder, Jervis determined on boarding, and laid the *Foudroyant* on the enemy's larboard side. Headed by young Bowen, the boarders were soon in possession of the enemy's deck, struck her colors with cheers, and thus in about three quarters of an hour the action ceased.

The prize was the *Pegase* of seventy-four guns, commanded by *Le Chevalier Cillart*, who by the fortune of war became a prisoner to an old acquaintance, to whom, of course, Jervis was delighted to pay the most marked attention; giving positive injunctions that every article of furniture, clothing, books, and papers, belonging to the captain and the officers, should be carefully collected and brought on board the *Foudroyant*. Captain Brenton tells a very different story, which he says he had from Sir John Jervis himself. The French captain showed him a letter he had written to the minister of marine, giving an account of his capture, and he asked Jervis his opinion of it. "I read it," said the latter, "and returned it to him, saying I had but one objection, namely, that not one word of it was true—'*Mais comment pas vrai!*' No, sir, not one word of it is true; but you can send it if you please. He did send it, sir, and, when he was tried for the loss of his ship, the letter was produced; he was dismissed the service, and his sword broken over his head." Sir John Jervis, we venture to say, never would use so insulting and brutal a phrase to any one, much less to a friend in misfortune, his prisoner and his guest. The loss of life, and the damage to the masts and yards, were great in the *Pegase*; in the *Foudroyant* not a man was killed, and only five wounded—of whom Jervis was one, being struck between the eyes, both of which were blackened. Admiral Barrington, in a private letter to Mr. Rose, after due praise of Jervis, says—"He, poor fellow, has got an honorable mark above his eye, which I conceive will be of no bad consequence, rather the reverse; for as a man of middle age, it may make his fortune. The fair honor the brave, and, as we suppose, delight in kissing the honorable mark." In submitting to the king what reward should be conferred on Jervis, his majesty at once said to Lord Keppel—"Let him be made Knight Commander of the Bath;" but no baronetcy, as Mr. Tucker has stated.

In 1782, the *Foudroyant* was attached to the fleet under Lord Howe for the relief of Gibraltar, where Sir John Jervis got great credit for the able manner in which he conducted safely into port the fleet of victuallers and powder ships, in the face of the Spanish fleet, and amid the acclamations of the garrison. On the passage out to Gibraltar, Lord Howe one day assembled the flag-officers and cap-

\* At the close of the year, at the relief of Gibraltar, he appointed Bowen acting lieutenant of the *Foudroyant*, and he was confirmed to the Prince in 1790. In 1792, following his patron to the West Indies, he obtained the rank of commander, then of post-captain into the *Terpsichore*, in which ship he so often and brilliantly distinguished himself; and while captain of her at Tenerife, he there gallantly fell.

tains, to know their opinions with regard to the prudence, or otherwise, of an inferior fleet engaging a superior one by night. Jervis was the only captain who decided against it, assigning various reasons for giving preference to a battle by day; in which he was supported by Admiral Barrington, who observed, "that he could not contemplate that any ship would be found wanting in the day of battle; yet, should there unfortunately be a shy cock among them, daylight would expose him."\*

On her return from Gibraltar, at the close of 1782, the *Foudroyant* was paid off, after being eight years in commission; a more perfect man-of-war, or a more beautiful model, the British navy had then never seen—superior alike for her sailing and fighting qualities. Yet when in the French service, this fine ship, of eighty-four guns and eight hundred men, was captured by the *Monmouth*, a small sixty-four, after an action of four hours, in which Captain Gardner was first wounded in the arm, then shot dead by a ball striking his forehead; but the action was nobly continued by the first lieutenant, Carket. The enemy had one hundred men killed and ninety wounded; the *Monmouth*, twenty-eight killed and seventy-nine wounded. Splendid as the *Foudroyant* was, we believe that no model or lines of her beautiful figure have been preserved; but one of her name was built at Plymouth, in 1798, by Sir John Henslowe.

On a conjoint expedition projected by the government against the Spanish West Indies, Sir John Jervis accepted a command, on the principle that he never solicited or refused any particular service, and his broad pendant was hoisted in the *Salisbury*; but on the armed neutrality being settled, the project was abandoned, and Sir John struck his broad pendant, and remained on shore about six or seven years. A person, however, of such an active mind was not likely to continue idle; and, on the general election of 1784, he was returned for N. Yarmouth. In politics he was a decided Whig; but, as Mr. Tucker says, he should be called "a Whig Royalist; for although upon all other constitutional questions the strong inclination of his opinion was toward the liberal side, yet, of the necessary and lawful prerogatives of the crown, and of its consequence and grandeur, he was at all times the eager defender." His name is to be found in all the great struggles of the Whigs for liberty, and at all their meetings in favor of religious toleration and of Parliamentary reform.

In 1787, Sir John Jervis was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral; and in 1790, when the Nootka Sound quarrel occurred, he hoisted his flag in the *Prince*, of ninety-eight guns, under Lord Howe, and was placed in command of a division of the fleet. Spain having applied to the

National Assembly of France for assistance, the latter, as usual, ever ready to show her hatred of England, assembled a fleet at Brest; but licentiousness and insubordination having usurped the place of discipline, the inevitable consequence, mutiny, followed; officers were appointed and removed at the pleasure of the crews; and nothing was, or could be, attempted by such a disorganized fleet. A convention was made by England with Spain, hostilities were avoided, the fleet paid off, and each flag-officer was indulged with the remuneration of a midshipman for promotion. The quarter-deck of the *Prince* was full of young gentlemen of the first families in the kingdom. Many were the candidates, and overpowering the interest made, for the highly-connected aspirants; but when the day came for nomination, surprise and disappointment arrived with it. The unsolicited recommendation of Sir John Jervis, was in favor of a friendless, retiring, but well-behaved son of an old and poor, but well-conducted, lieutenant. In answer to the youth's overflowings of gratitude and astonishment at his good fortune, Sir John said—"Sir, I named you for the lieutenant I was allowed to promote, because you had merited the good opinion of your superiors, and that you were the son of an old officer and worthy man in no great affluence. A steady perseverance in that conduct which has now caused you to be thus distinguished, is the most likely means to carry you forward in your profession; for I trust that other officers of my rank will observe the maxim that I do—to prefer the son of a brother officer, *when deserving*, before any other."

That Sir John's correspondence was well suited to its subject, the following, forming a striking contrast with the preceding, will furnish an example:—"I enclose ——'s letter as a testimony of his effrontery; no consideration will ever induce me to countenance any officer who slights the good opinion of his captain, or presumes to attempt to pay me a compliment at the expense of him."

In 1793, the government decided on a joint expedition against the French West India Islands, when Sir John Jervis was selected to command the naval part, and Sir Charles Grey the troops. A combined expedition is not always a cordial or a successful one; but in the present instance a good feeling and harmony prevailed, not only between the respective commanders, but on every occasion between the soldiers and sailors—each vying with the others which should outdo their fellow-warriors in the same cause. In no instance was there the slightest misunderstanding between the commanders-in-chief; it is on record that neither of them had occasion even to write a single letter on service to the other, during the whole campaign. The result was, that although the French were well prepared, and fought desperately, every island fell in succession into our hands; so that, in a campaign of scarcely more than three months, when all the main objects of the expedition had

\* Sir John Barrow gives this anecdote in his life of Howe, as he tells us, on living authority.

been accomplished, Sir John Jervis was enabled to inform the Admiralty, "that all the French Islands in those seas were reduced."

There was, however, a single instance, and but one, of foolish feeling, originating probably in weakness of intellect, but explained into a misunderstanding, on the part of a general officer. The following order was given out by General Prescott:—"Whereas Vice-Admiral Sir John Jervis, has given orders frequently on shore here, and particularly in a note dated Boyne, June 11th, which must have arisen either from great ignorance, or great presumption and arrogance—if from ignorance, poor man, he is to be pitied; but if from great presumption and arrogance, to be checked. It is therefore Lieutenant-General Prescott's orders, that in future no attention is to be given to such notes or orders, and his signature to be as little regarded as those of John Nokes and Peter Styles." The cause of this peevish and foolish order was owing to the Admiral having seen a few soldiers in a state of intoxication, and requested the officer on guard to hand them over to his boat, to be sent on board, which the officer reported he had been commanded to do. We can well imagine the fierce look from the all-piercing eye which Sir John cast on first sight of this impudent order; and with what ineffable scorn he treated "the ignorance, the presumption, and the arrogance" of the silly writer. It appears, however, that the General soon recovered his senses, as he says in the *Gazette*—"I cannot help acknowledging the great obligations I lie under to Sir John Jervis, for the many and essential services which he rendered me and my garrison while he continued in the command, and which were always offered with the utmost alacrity, and performed with equal diligence."

To recount the operations of the besieging forces is beyond the scope of this article; but we cannot withhold a few words on the eminently gallant conduct of Commander Faulknor, of the *Zebra*, before Fort Bourbon. The *Zebra*, with bamboo scaling ladders triced up to the shrouds, was ordered to lead in; made sail straight to the fort; laid his little sloop as close under the guns as the water allowed, to within fifteen feet of the wall; and Faulknor headed his boarders over the parapet into the fort. On the covered way a whole regiment waited their approach; a tremendous discharge of musketry thinned the ranks of the seamen; but the enemy was charged so fiercely that nothing could withstand it, and the whole regiment laid down their arms. Faulknor forced his way through the iron gates, gained the summit of the citadel, and struck the French and hoisted the English colors, amidst shouts of triumph from the armed boats, from the squadron, and from the army on the outside. "No language of mine," says the Commander-in-chief, "can express the merit of Captain Faulknor upon the occasion; but as every officer and man in the army and squadron

bears testimony to it, this incomparable achievement cannot fail of being recorded in history."

On a signal being made for the Commander of the *Zebra*, Sir John ordered the Boyne's hands to be turned up, and placing himself at the head of his officers, he thus greeted the hero—"Captain Faulknor, by your daring courage this day, a French frigate has fallen into our hands. I have ordered her to be taken into our service, and here is your commission to command her, in which I have named her, after yourself, sir, the *Undaunted*."

But this brave officer did not long survive this honorable testimony of his gallant conduct. In the following year, when he commanded the *Blanche*, he fought a desperate battle with the French frigate *La Pique*, of thirty-eight guns, in which he fell, while he himself was in the very act of *lashing the bowsprit of the enemy to the capstan of his own ship!* which it was said he hinted beforehand his intention of doing. The action continued for five hours, when *La Pique* called out she had struck. The boats of the *Blanche* being all stove in, Sir David Milne, the present Commander-in-chief at Plymouth, then her second lieutenant, with a few men, swam on board and took possession of the prize. She had about seventy-six men killed and one hundred and ten wounded. The *Blanche* lost her captain, and had two killed and twenty-one wounded. Such is, and ever has been, the triumphant result of English courage, coolness, and superior seamanship.

But, alas! for the mutability of human affairs, and the wonderful changes effected by human invention! A boiler of water, converted into steam, impels a ship through the sea with a greater and more constant velocity than the winds can do; and the ship so impelled requires but few or no seamen. She is navigated by engineers, gunners, blacksmiths, and coal-stokers, who usurp the place of seamen. What then is to become of our brave sailors! and what is to become of our superiority of seamanship, of the glorious result of which we have just given so splendid an instance! It may be said, we too can steam *equally* with others; true—but the naval superiority of England, which has been asserted and maintained for the last three hundred years, admits not of *equality*. Let us but imagine, what may well happen, one of our three-deckers becalmed, and a steamer with those long guns which throw heavy shot or shells to the distance of three miles, taking up or shifting her position as best suits her, while the other thrice-powerful ship is compelled to remain immovable, and must submit to be "pestered by a popinjay," and stung, as it were, by a smoking mosquito, which, like that animal, can neither be hit, nor caught, nor crushed. The only resource we have, and it is the imperative duty of the authorities to apply it, is to supply every ship of the line and frigate, with as many of these long guns as each can conveniently be armed with.



Though Sir John Jervis was by nature, and from circumstances, frequently blunt in his manner, and not over-polished in his language, yet he would, with the greatest good-humor and tact, convey a censure or reproof with the desired effect. For instance, Commodore Thompson being frequently careless in his dress, was one day in his boat, clad in a purser's duck frock and a common straw hat, and passing near the stern of the flagship, was recognized by the admiral, who hailed the boat—"In the barge there! go and assist in towing that transport." The commodore received the gentle rebuke as his chief intended it: standing up in his boat, and taking off his hat, he answered the hail in a proper style, "Ay, ay, sir!" and proceeded to execute the order.

It was generally supposed that Sir John Jervis had brought home enormous wealth from the West Indies, but he declared in print that it was a very great mistake; for he says, "my expenses in entertaining the whole staff of the army on the passage out, and in going from island to island, exceeded my gains." Then the Boyne, while his flag was still flying, caught fire at Spithead, was entirely consumed, and everything in her belonging to him destroyed.

The admiral was not long permitted to remain on shore. Near the close of the same year (1795) he was sent for by Lord Spencer, and informed by him that his name had been submitted to and approved by the king, to command the Mediterranean fleet; which he at once accepted and prepared forthwith to set out. On his arrival at Corsica he hoisted his flag in the Victory. His fleet consisted of 2 ships of 100 guns; 5 of 98; 2 of 80; 14 of 74; 2 of 64; 24 frigates; 20 sloops, and other smaller vessels. Under his command were three vice-admirals and one rear-admiral; and here, for the first time, Sir John Jervis made the acquaintance of Hallowell, Troubridge, Collingwood, Hood, Nelson, and Cockburn—names very prominently brought forward under his auspices, and destined to hold the most distinguished rank and to attain the highest honors in the British navy. One only of these memorable seamen survives—Admiral Sir George Cockburn; and long may he survive for the benefit of his country!

The blockade of Toulon was immediately decided on. A detached squadron from the blockading fleet was placed under the orders of Captain (then made Commodore) Nelson of the *Agamemnon*, for the purpose of cruising along the coast to support the allies; and seven sail of the line were left before Cadiz, under the command of Rear-Admiral Mann.

Expecting the in-shore squadron, in which were Troubridge, Hood, and Hallowell, who were constantly engaged with the batteries, no occasion offered for the fleet to come into action with the enemy; but it required all the attention and the vigorous exertions of the commander-in-chief, to obtain supplies of provisions and water, and other

necessaries for so large a fleet, after the scandalous defection of Corsica—to economize the reduced state of the stores—to keep up discipline, as well in the officers as in the men, by the exercise of the great guns—by desiring the captains to be on deck when a signal was made to tack or wear by night—and by a due regard to all the evolutions of the fleet. A general memorandum says—"The Commander-in-chief has too exalted an opinion of the respective captains of the squadron to doubt their being upon deck when the signal is made to tack or wear in the night."

The progress of the French army in Italy made it probable that their fleet would attempt to enter the Mediterranean; and in this view the Commander-in-chief sent an order to Admiral Mann forthwith to join him—a similar order, it afterwards appeared, having gone to him from the Admiralty. The receipt of the former he acknowledged; but, instead of obeying his orders, he thought fit to proceed to Spithead. The Admiralty told him they felt the greatest regret at his proceedings, and that orders would be forthwith sent to him to "strike his flag and come on shore;" yet the same Board of Admiralty appointed him one of its members not long after!

In October, 1796, Sir John Jervis received information from Sir Gilbert Elliot, the Viceroy of Corsica, that the government was wretched from him, and that the island must be evacuated. The Admiral writes with great indignation to Lord Spencer. "The Viceroy," he says, "had many thousand men in pay, as free companies; these, with almost the whole of the Members of Parliament in the interest of the British Government, and other pensioners, were the first to show enmity to us. In short, I do not believe the page of history can produce an instance of such rascally baseness and ingratitude; for the whole island has been enriched by the generosity of our government."

The Spanish fleet had left Cadiz and entered the Mediterranean, and the Admiral says, "had Admiral Mann sailed from Gibraltar when he received my orders, and obeyed them, I have every reason to believe they would have been cut to pieces."

On the 2d of December he arrived at Gibraltar, and was gratified by receiving an account of his young friend Bowen, now Captain of the *Terpsichore*, having captured the Spanish frigate *Mahoneza*. "Bowen," said he, "is of my school." On the 15th of this month we find him cruising off Cape St. Vincent. Three days afterwards he received orders to "proceed immediately to the Tagus." Here within a week his squadron was refitted, replenished, and ready for sea, and he went out with it forthwith, writing to the Admiralty, "Inactivity in the Tagus will make cowards of us all." By the loss of the *Bombay Castle*, and the grounding of the *St. George*, the Admiral's fleet was reduced to eight sail of the line.

Fortunately, however, on the 6th of February, he was reinforced with six sail of the line under Sir William Parker, and next day the Culloden rejoined him, by whom he learned that the Spanish fleet had passed Cadiz. On the 13th, Commodore Nelson, with his broad pendant in the *Minerve*, joined him, and shifted his pendant into the Captain. The morning of the 14th February was foggy, but very soon the Culloden's signal guns announced the enemy. A little after nine, six ships of the line were ordered to chase. The Commander-in-chief walked the quarter-deck, while the hostile numbers were duly reported to him as they appeared, by signal. "There are eight sail of the line, Sir John."—"Very well, sir."—"There are twenty sail of the line, Sir John."—"Very well, sir."—"There are twenty-five sail of the line."—"Very well, sir."—"There are twenty-seven sail, Sir John," and this was accompanied by some remark on the great disparity of the forces.—"Enough, sir, no more of that: the die is cast; and if there were fifty sail I will go through them." This determined answer so delighted Captain Hallowell, who was walking beside him, that, in the ecstasy of the moment, he could not resist patting the old Admiral's back, exclaiming, "That's right, Sir John, that's right; by G—d, we shall give them a d—d good licking!"—and so they certainly did.

The glorious battle of St. Vincent is matter of history. Every one knows that it was won by fifteen to twenty-seven; and that four large ships were taken by that portion of the fleet which attacked the Spanish division separated from the main body. The Captain, the *Blenheim*, the *Excellent*, and the *Irresistible*, under the respective commands of Commodore Nelson, Captains Frederick, Troubridge, Collingwood, and Martin, were the ships that dashed into the midst of them. The *Orion*, Sir James Saumarez, the *Prince George*, Vice-Admiral Parker, and the *Colossus*, Murray, were also in the thickest of the fight. The rest of the fleet were partially engaged in preventing the larger portion of the Spaniards from joining and assisting the division from which the captures were made. Captain Calder, the flag captain, was sent off with the account of the action; but talking over the events of the day, Calder hinted, whether the spontaneous manœuvre that carried Commodore Nelson and Collingwood into the brunt of the battle, was not an unauthorized departure, by the Commodore, from the prescribed mode of attack. "It certainly was so," replied the magnanimous Commander; "and if ever you commit such a breach of your orders, I will forgive you also."

Captain Cockburn, (now Sir George,) of the *Minerve*, towed out the damaged Captain, and carried Nelson in his boat to the flag-ship, when the Admiral received him on the quarter-deck, took him into his arms, and kissed him. Much nonsense was talked about Nelson's name not being mentioned in the public despatch. The

treatment Lord Howe received, but three years before, for selecting names contrary to his own wish and intention, but by *command*, was alone sufficient for Sir John to avoid a similar dilemma; but he had three Vice-Admirals, Thompson, Parker, and Waldegrave, one of whom, Parker, in the *Prince George*, behaved most gallantly. Was he to leave them out, and Nelson to stand alone? In his letter, however, to Lord Spencer, of the same date, he makes honorable mention of all who had the opportunity of distinguishing themselves. He thus begins his letter:—"The correct conduct of every officer and man in the squadron on the 14th instant, made it improper to distinguish one more than another in my public letter; because I am confident that, had those who were least in the action been in the situation of the fortunate few, their behavior would not have been less meritorious."

Votes of thanks were given by the two Houses of Parliament, and by a message from the Crown to the House of Commons, a pension of £3000 a-year was settled on the Admiral; a Peerage was also granted, intended at first as that of a Viscount, but afterwards changed to an Earldom. The title he wished to be Orford, as originally belonging to the navy, having been conferred on Admiral Russell after the battle of La Hogue; but the King fixed on that of St. Vincent. The Vice-Admirals, Thompson and Parker, were created Baronets; and Nelson, Knight-Commander of the Bath. The fleet with the prizes proceeded to the Tagus to refit, where, by the end of the month, they were ready and reinforced to twenty-one sail of the line; when, receiving a signal from a frigate off the bar—"The enemy at sea!"—such was the promptitude exhibited, that by daybreak some of the ships reported themselves ready for sea; and at the close of the day the whole squadron, thirteen sail of the line, sailed in pursuit of the enemy.

Enough has been written and said on the subject of the mutiny in the fleet at the Nore and Spithead; but after so glorious a victory off Cape St. Vincent, it could have been little expected that a mutinous spirit would make its appearance in the triumphant fleet before Cadiz. A Portuguese priest, the confessor of the Catholics in the fleet, and in the pay and confidence of Sir Isaac Coffin, showed to that Admiral a letter he had received from two seamen of the *Ville de Paris*, acquainting him of their intention to assassinate the Commander-in-chief, as soon as the expected resistance should have broken out. In the *Ville de Paris* too, the villain Bott, the Corresponding Society's delegate on the Cadiz station, confessed, in dying, that the intention was to hang Lord St. Vincent, and transfer the command of the fleet to one Davidson, another delegate, and of course a rebel.

The first practical outbreak of the mutiny was on the *Kingfisher's* deck, where Captain Maitland, by a thrust of his sword, slew one of the rebels

and wounded some others: he was tried at his own request, and acquitted. And here we cannot forbear noticing a most reprehensible passage in Captain Brenton's work, the improbability of which, acquainted as he was with Lord St. Vincent's character, ought alone to have prevented the insertion of it. He says, "Lord St. Vincent did not certainly participate in the feeling which dictated the *admonition*, (there was none;)\* for I am *credibly informed*, that he invited the members of the court-martial to dinner, and after the cloth was removed gave as a toast, '*Maitland's radical cure*.'" Invited the members to insult them! He should have known that Lord St. Vincent was incapable of uttering so brutal a sentiment; nor is it likely he ever invited the members of the court-martial, in a body, to dine.

But it was on the arrival of Sir Roger Curtis's squadron, and in it, that the crisis of disaffection raged. Applications for courts-martial on mutineers came from three of his ships, the Marlborough, the Lion, and the Centaur. We shall select only the first, as sufficient to show the Admiral's determination to crush the evil. Lord St. Vincent had been apprized that the Marlborough was among the most disorganized at Spithead; and she was therefore ordered, on her approach, to take her berth in the centre, at a small distance from the rest of the fleet. A mutiny had broken out in her at Bearhaven, and again on her passage out, which was suppressed by the officers, but chiefly by the first lieutenant; the ostensible object of the mutiny was the protection of the life of a seaman, who had forfeited it by a capital crime. A court-martial was now ordered on the mutineers, and one being sentenced to die, the Commander-in-chief ordered the execution to take place the following morning, "by the crew of the Marlborough alone; no part of the boat's crews from the other ships, as had been usual on similar occasions, to assist in the punishment." The Captain of the Marlborough, Ellison, waited on the Commander-in-chief, reminded him that the crew would not suffer capital punishment of a condemned criminal, and expressed his conviction that they would never permit the man to be hung on board that ship. The Captain had been received on the quarter-deck of the *Ville de Paris*, before the officers and ship's company—all listening in breathless suspense; and Lord St. Vincent, having himself listened attentively until he had ceased to speak, after a short pause thus addressed him:—"What! do you mean to tell me, Captain Ellison, that you cannot *command* his Majesty's ship the Marlborough? If that is the case, sir, I will immediately send on board an officer who can." The Captain requested that, at all events, the boat's crews from the rest of the fleet might, as

usual, attend at this, to haul the man up; for he did not expect the Marlborough's would do it. Lord St. Vincent sternly replied—"Captain Ellison, you are an old officer, sir; have served long; suffered severely in the service, and have lost an arm in action; and I should be very sorry that any advantage should be taken of your advanced years. That man *shall* be hanged at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, *and by his own ship's company*; for not a hand from any other ship in the fleet shall touch the rope. You will now return on board, sir; and, lest you should not prove able to command your ship, an officer will be at hand who can."

Captain Ellison retired, and was followed by an order to cause the ship's guns to be housed and secured, and that at daybreak her ports should be lowered. All launches of the fleet were then ordered to rendezvous under the Prince at seven o'clock the following morning, armed with carronades and twelve rounds of ammunition, each commanded by a lieutenant—the whole under the orders of Captain Campbell, of the *Blenheim*. On presenting his orders, Lord St. Vincent told him, "he was to attend the execution, and if any symptoms of mutiny appeared in the Marlborough, any attempt to open her ports, or any resistance to the hanging of the prisoner, he was to proceed close, touching the ship, and to fire into her, and to continue his fire until all mutiny or resistance should cease; and that, should it become absolutely necessary, he should sink the ship in the face of the fleet."

It is almost unnecessary to add, that at the signal gun the man was hauled up to the yard-arm with a run. "Thus," says Mr. Tucker, "the law was satisfied;" and at the moment, perhaps one of the greatest of his life, Lord St. Vincent said, "Discipline is preserved, sir." He might well say so; for this firm determination gave a fatal blow to the mutiny in the fleet before Cadix, but not a final one, as scarcely a ship arrived from England that was not infected with mutineers, and again and again the dreadful sentence was inflicted—the crews of such ships being invariably the executioners of their own rebels. When the *St. George* joined from England with some mutineers in irons, a court-martial sat on Saturday and pronounced sentence, which Lord St. Vincent ordered to be carried into effect the following morning, though it was *Sunday*, for which he was fully aware he would incur the censure of the sanctionious; but he was also aware that the instant punishment of death on one man, might be the means of preserving the lives of thousands. "I hope," he writes to Lord Spencer—"I hope I shall not be censured by the bench of Bishops, as I have been by Vice-Admiral ——\* for profaning the Sabbath." The criminals asked five days to prepare, in which they would have hatched

\* The sentence only says, "that the means taken by Captain Maitland were spirited and successful, but hasty, and not tempered with that discretion which the serious nature of the case required."

\* *Calder*, as would appear by the following letter.

five hundred treasons. His conduct on this urgent occasion was highly approved by the Board of Admiralty; and Nelson writes to Sir R. Calder, "I am sorry that you should have to differ with — (Q. St. Vincent;) but had it been Christmas-day instead of Sunday, I would have executed them; we know not what might have been hatched by a Sunday's grog; now, your discipline is safe. I talked to our people, and I hope with good effect; indeed they seem a very quiet set."

After a few more executions of rebels, imported into the Cadiz fleet from Spithead, the chief of whom were delegates of the Corresponding Society, or United Irishmen, one of them, in the *Princess-Royal*, pointed out to his colleagues *Cadiz as their future country*. Fortunate was it for England that a man of such perspicacity, and unbending firmness of mind as Lord St. Vincent, was sent to command on this distant station; and that the disaffected ships were placed under his stern orders, to restore them, as he succeeded in doing, to loyalty and discipline. Here, indeed, this great commander showed that he possessed all the chief mental qualities necessary to greatness, on great emergencies. Others then, as before, showed a courage equally intrepid; but no man that ever held command in the British navy, ever showed in a higher degree that force of mind, that steadiness of purpose, and that undoubting reliance on native resources, by which alone can great successes, in perilous times, be achieved. It is not too much to say, that a Commander-in-chief with less nerve would have endangered the loss of the whole fleet. Nelson, from a sense of duty to his country, would have pursued similar steps, with all the milk of human kindness in his bosom, and so would Troubridge; but having named them, we pause.

It now (1795) became necessary to watch the French force in Toulon, and superintend their proceedings in the Mediterranean. In Lord St. Vincent's fleet before Cadiz were three subordinate flag officers, of whom Nelson was the junior; and by a simultaneous coincidence of opinion (not at all surprising) between Lord St. Vincent and Lord Spencer, they severally decided that it was a duty owing to the country to place this important command under "her choicest though younger son." Lord St. Vincent was fully aware that he would incur "a world of enmity, vexation, and annoyance" by this selection. Among the most disappointed and intemperate was Sir John Orde, who wrote an accusatory and fretful letter to Lord Spencer, and sent a copy of it to Lord St. Vincent; to which his lordship thus replied:—"The letter you have done me the honor to communicate, expresses precisely what I should have done under similar circumstances, for I never was blessed with *prudence* and *forbearance*. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that those who are responsible for measures, have an undoubted right to appoint the men they prefer to carry them into

execution." Seeing the necessity of getting rid of so troublesome an officer as Sir John Orde, he took occasion to send him home in the *Blenheim*, with the following short note:—"I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated off Cadiz, 3d August, expressed in terms of insubordination, that even in these times I did not expect to receive from an officer of your rank." On Sir John's arrival in England, he applied for a court-martial on the Commander-in-chief, which was of course refused; but some time afterwards, when Lord St. Vincent returned to England, he received a challenge from Sir John, which his majesty laid his commands upon him not to accept; and here the affair ended.

The Mediterranean having now become the scene of active operations, Lord St. Vincent proceeded to Gibraltar, from whence he could not only more conveniently carry on the correspondence, but also make arrangements for repairing the defects of the Mediterranean squadron, of which he anticipated a speedy occasion. The splendid victory of the Nile, the operations against Minorca, and other minor affairs, were the objects he contemplated, and which very soon called for assistance. The actions of Nelson belong to himself, and have been recorded in the annals of the British Navy; but they belong not immediately to the life of Lord St. Vincent. On his hearing the result of the battle of the Nile, he wrote to Nelson,—"God be praised! and you and your gallant band rewarded by a grateful country, for the greatest achievement the history of the world can produce!"

Despatches were shortly received that Minorca was taken without the loss of a single man; and Sir James Saumarez having arrived with the disabled ships and prizes taken at the battle of the Nile, the indefatigable Admiral, defying the accumulation of arrears, set about the immediate repair of the ships, attending in person the whole day, though up generally till two in the morning reading and writing his letters. The prizes were patched up for Lisbon, but he announced his determination that the battered ships of his fleet should be made seaworthy at Gibraltar; and by his unceasing exertions and mental resources, the Nile squadron was repaired without a single ship quitting the station. But the excessive fatigue, both of mind and body, preyed so much upon his health, that the Admiralty, having received notice of his apprehensions "that he must retire or sink," sent out Lord Keith with reinforcements to the fleet before Cadiz.

Shortly after this his lordship returned to Cadiz bay; but found himself so ill and worn down as to be obliged to go back to Gibraltar. During his illness, which confined him to his bed, he was informed that a powerful French fleet, twenty-six sail of the line, with frigates, was passing the Rock into the Mediterranean. Invalid as he was, he superintended the equipment in person, hoisted

his flag in the Ville de Paris, and the entire fleet was watered, provisioned, stored, and got ready for sea in two days. His illness, however, increasing, he transferred the entire command to Lord Keith, and repaired in the Argo to Gibraltar, and thence to England.

Information had been conveyed to Lord Spencer, that all was not right in the Channel fleet; that the deep-rooted spirit of sedition among the crews, so far from being exterminated, afforded but too serious grounds for apprehending another mutiny in that fleet, if speedy and efficient measures were not taken to subdue the insubordination of the men, and correct the laxity of discipline in the officers; that, in short, none but a Commander-in-chief of the highest reputation, of a bold, firm, and decisive character, could hope to succeed in restoring a proper degree of obedience and subordination. Lord St. Vincent was at once looked up to as being that officer; but his health was still in a precarious state. The Admiralty caused frequent inquiries to be made of Dr. Baird, his lordship's confidential medical adviser, who reported his case to be one of doubtful issue. A change of weather, however, produced a fortunate turn; and Baird thought it probable that, as the genial season was advancing, a favorable result might be expected.

Lord St. Vincent was then at Bath. One morning when the doctor paid his customary visit, his lordship said, "Baird, I am going afloat." "Surely, my lord, you are not"—"Stop, Baird," his lordship replied, "I anticipate all you are going to say; but the king and the government require it, and the discipline of the British navy demands it. It is of no consequence to me whether I die afloat or ashore: the die is cast." He then informed Baird that Lord Spencer had come to him from London for the purpose of requiring his services, and that all was settled. His Secretary was sent for, and in a few days his flag was flying in the Namur at Portsmouth. Sir George Grey was appointed flag captain, and Sir Thomas Troubridge captain of the fleet.

It was a noble fleet that was ready to receive him—his flag in the Ville de Paris, of 110 guns; two of 100 guns; five of 98; two of 90; one of 80; twenty-nine of 74 guns;—in all, forty sail. Two Admirals with flags at the main, and four Rear-Admirals. His lordship, however, was very speedily given to understand that the proud distinction conferred by the command of such a fleet was not to be unaccompanied with vexation. Immediately after the general salute to the flag, when the admirals and captains repaired to the Ville de Paris, to pay their respects to the new Commander-in-chief—at that moment he was apprized, by the Admiral next to him in command, of the dissatisfaction he felt at being superseded from a command which he considered his "birthright, having always served in the Channel fleet." Lord St. Vincent, out of respect for that Admiral, who was

an old acquaintance, took no notice of his ill-timed observation, but contented himself with submitting the circumstance of the encounter to Lord Spencer.

This commencement of a grievance was speedily followed up by an act of indiscretion, which carried with it, unintentionally perhaps, its own correction. One of the captains gave as a toast, at the table of the same Admiral, the second in command, (who, it is said, had the forgetfulness to permit it to be drunk in his presence,) "*May the discipline of the Mediterranean never be introduced into the Channel fleet.*" Lord St. Vincent could not hear of this without its exciting in his mind great surprise and regret. He considered it as a daring attempt to establish a system of insubordination among the principal officers, and to create a feeling of unpopularity in the minds of the inferior officers and men. He saw at once that the emergency had arisen which required something to be done, and done immediately; and he felt that, although his strength was not recovered, he had nerve enough to go through it. "Lord St. Vincent," says Mr. Tucker, "again came forth with the utmost composure, and, before he had even quitted his chair—'Bring me the Mediterranean Order Books, Mr. Tucker;'" and he then directed that every single order tending to enforce the discipline and general good management of the ships, and every regulation imposing those restrictions which had been productive, in the Mediterranean fleet, of such good effect, should be copied and circulated in the Channel fleet. At the same time, he addressed a courteous but firm circular to all admirals and captains, desiring their coöperation. In short, he gave them distinctly to understand, that the stigmatized "discipline of the Mediterranean" was to be introduced and rigidly enforced in the Channel fleet.

So great had been the relaxation of discipline under the late Commander-in-chief, (Lord Bridport, who was mostly absent in town,) that the officers were constantly on shore; many who had families slept on shore; the men, of course, obtained leave in shoals, and the consequence was, and could not be otherwise, immense desertion,—not fewer than seventy or eighty in a single ship. Lord St. Vincent saw that not a moment was to be lost in putting a stop to an evil of such portentous magnitude; and that this could only be done by forbidding the captains and all the officers from sleeping on shore. Desertion ceased; and the order, as if by magic, re-manned the ships. But, "to save his fleet, Lord St. Vincent took upon himself," to use the words of Mr. Tucker, "frowns afloat and maledictions on shore." Of the latter he gives an illustration, by relating that one lady, in full coterie, gave as a bumper toast—"May his next glass of wine choke the wretch!" It may be doubted whether the husband of this virago did not find himself more comfortable afloat than at home.

The fleet encountered a tremendous gale. The *Ville de Paris* having weathered Ushant, scudded, pitched, and rolled most fearfully. An enormous sea struck her, stove in her stern windows, flooding the Admiral's cabin. As the great three-decker was staggering awfully under the blow, our author tells us—"The Commander-in-chief was on the quarter-deck, sitting in the bight of the main-top-sail, in which a seat to windward had been formed for him; two quarter-masters were stationed beside him, to assist his infirm and aged frame; and from thence he gave his orders to his fleet. When this sea struck the *Ville de Paris*, it literally deluged the quarter-deck; and, on one of the quarter-masters shaking the water out of his neck, 'Pooh, pooh, man!' said the old Admiral; 'stand still, and do as I do—let it alone—don't you see it will run off you!'"

On returning to the blockade of Brest, means were effectually adopted to keep up a supply of provisions—fresh meat and vegetables—and also of water. The captains were indignant at being compelled to mount guard at the watering-place, to prevent confusion and desertion; and it was proposed to make a representation on the subject. Lord St. Vincent, hearing of this intention, stopped it by intimating to them, that when in command of the *Foudroyant* he had always taken his turn of this duty; "and that, think or do, write or say, what they might or choose, he was determined that, while he commanded the Channel fleet, his captains should perform their duty."

Lord St. Vincent was never wanting in expedients to convey a well-timed rebuke to an officer, without passing a direct censure upon him; and at the same time in such a way as to make him feel the rebuke more keenly. A certain Rear-Admiral in command of the in-shore squadron, not much liking his position, occasioned his Commander-in-chief some annoyance by frequent complaints about the shoalness of the water so near to the coast. In order to convince the Rear-Admiral how groundless his remonstrances were, he made use of a practical demonstration, by leading the main body of the fleet considerably within him, sailing round him, and standing out again. Very soon afterwards, the Rear-Admiral was "advised to go home and recruit his health."\*

Lord St. Vincent caused it to be understood that no captain or commander in his fleet was to be off the quarter-deck or poop when any movement of the ship was made, night or day; and he generally set them his own example. One dark, cold, blowing November night, with much rain, the Secretary having heard the signal ordered for "the fleet to tack in succession," hastened to prevent the Commander-in-chief from going upon deck in such a night, he being unwell. Finding

his cot empty, he took up his cloak and ran upon deck. He was not there, and no one had seen him: he had not passed the sentries; the windows were closed; his clothes were on the chair. At last he threw up the gallery window and stepped out; and there, sure enough, at the further end of the gallery was the old Admiral, in his flannel dressing-gown and cocked hat, watching the movements of his fleet. The Secretary put on his cloak, and entreated him to return into the cabin. "Hush, sir, hush," said the Admiral; "I want to see how the evolution is performed in such a night as this, and to know whether Jemmy" (Captain James Vashon, second astern of the flag-ship) "is on deck." This was soon certified by Jemmy's shrill voice giving the usual warning—"Are you all ready forward there?"—"Ay" said the old chief; "that will do;" and then he accompanied the Secretary into the cabin.

Stern disciplinarian as was St. Vincent, and suffering none of his orders and regulations to be disobeyed with impunity, there never was a more considerate, humane, and kind-hearted man, when a deserving object was brought before him. An instance or two may here be mentioned. Mr. Coghlan, in the *Viper* cutter, captured the *Cerbère* by a dashing feat of gallantry. Lord St. Vincent, in writing to the Secretary of the Admiralty says—"I did not think the gallantry of Sir Edward Hamilton and Captain Patrick Campbell could have been rivalled, until I read the enclosed letter from Sir Edward Pellew, relating the desperate service performed by acting Lieutenant Coghlan of the *Viper* cutter, which has filled me with pride and admiration." \* \* \* \* "I am persuaded the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty will do all in their power to console him under his severe wounds, and make a minute for his promotion the moment he is in a capacity to receive it." They did so; and this promising officer, in the progress of his service, became Sir Jeremiah Coghlan, a post-captain.

But Lord St. Vincent did not stop here; he thus wrote to Lord Spencer:—

"My Dear Lord,

"I shall not trouble your lordship with a word more than is contained in the enclosed private letter from Sir Edward Pellew on the subject of the intrepid Coghlan, except to say (not out of ostentation, but to prevent the city, or any body of merchants, making him a present of the same sort) that I give him a sword of one hundred guineas' value.

"Yours most faithfully,

"ST. VINCENT."

Having occasion to shift his flag into the *Royal George*, his attention was drawn to a remarkably fine boy, who, as he learned from Captain Domett, wrote in the Secretary's office, and was a nephew of Captain Wilmot, who was promoted by his lordship for his gallant conduct when first lieutenant of the *Seahorse*, and who afterwards nobly fell in the breach at Acre. He called the boy

\* It appears very unnecessary in Mr. Tucker to suppress his name, as everybody knows it was Rear-Admiral the Honorable G. Berkeley, whose flag was in the *Mars*.

before him, asked whether his present employment was his own choice, or whether he would prefer a more active life! The boy said his own wish was to be a midshipman; but his friends had no influence, nor means to enable him to join a midshipman's mess. The Secretary was instantly sent for. "Good heavens, Tucker! here is the nephew of poor David Wilmot, a common boy, and his parents cannot afford to clothe him as a petty officer! Do you *immediately* send into port, and equip him in every respect for the quarter-deck." No sooner said than done; and when the flag returned to the Ville de Paris, the boy was most agreeably surprised to find himself rated a midshipman, with uniforms and a well stored chest. Mr. Tucker need not have apologized to this gallant officer for saying, that his whole life has been one of high credit to his patron; that he has since behaved so gallantly upon every occasion, as to have promoted himself to the honor and rank of a very distinguished post-captain. The apology should have been for concealing his *name*.

When Lord St. Vincent promoted Captain Hill to the *Megara*, the Captain had to pay £50 for necessaries as valued by survey, which he thought were not worth £10. On going on board the flag-ship, the chief accosted him thus: "Hill, Bover says you decline taking his necessaries." "Yes, my lord, they are valued at £50, and not worth £10; I must certainly provide a fresh supply." "But, poor Bover!" replied his lordship, "poor Bover! Hill, you must take them from him." He then ordered his Secretary to draw a check for £100, and give it to the Captain to pay for them, whispering in his ear—"Hill, your father and I were such friends that we once shared the same purse." This was a command admitting of no reply. One day, the ship's company were ordered to bathe. On returning to their duty, Lord St. Vincent observed a favorite seaman in tears, surrounded by a group of his comrades. He called his Secretary and said—"There's my delight, Roger Odell, in tears; go, see what's the matter." It turned out that Roger had jumped off the fore-yard with his trousers on; and had forgotten that all he possessed in the world consisted of bank-notes, in one of the pockets. The water reduced them to a useless pulp. The Admiral went into his cabin, but presently returned, and ordered all hands to be turned up. Odell was summoned, and the Admiral, assuming one of his angry looks, thus addressed him—"Roger Odell, you are convicted, sir, by your own appearance, of tarnishing the British oak with tears! What have you to say!" The poor fellow, overpowered by his distress, could only plead—"That he had lost all he had in the world, that he had been many years saving it, and that he could not help crying a little." The Admiral, still preserving his look of displeasure, said—"The loss of money, sir, can never be an excuse to a British seaman for tears." Then softening down his tones, he proceeded—"Roger

Odell, you are one of the best men in this ship; in my life I never saw a man behave better in battle than you, in the *Victory*, did in the action with the Spanish fleet. To show, therefore, that your Commander-in-chief will never pass over merit wheresoever he may find it—there is your money, sir," (giving him £70)—"but no more tears. mind; no more tears." The poor fellow, holding the notes in his hand, astonished and confused, but becoming sensible of the reality, said, in a hurried manner—"Thank ye, my lord, thank ye!"—and dived down below to conceal a fresh gush of tears of gratitude.

The merits of a commander of a small brig, who, from unavoidable circumstances, had been kept out on a most trying service longer than usual, without starting a difficulty or allowing a murmur to escape him, were not unobserved by Lord St. Vincent; who had been made aware that, with very slender means, he was, by great personal privations, nobly struggling to support a wife and a numerous young family. The brig came in to be repaired, and was found in bad condition. His lordship observed—"If I send him to England now, he'll be paid off, and he has not wherewith to buy a gown for his wife and daughters." He therefore ordered that, when repaired, the brig should receive a complete refit and be well stored—and, to shorten the story, this worthy officer found in the parcel containing his orders for a cruise, £100, to provide for his private outfit.

On opening one of the letters from London brought in the cutter, Lord St. Vincent rang his bell violently for Mr. Tucker, who, on entering, was asked, whether a good dinner for forty or fifty could be managed for that day. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he ordered signals for the fleet to lie-to, and to invite all the admirals and captains to dine, "for," he added, "the cutter *must* return this evening." When dinner was ended, he produced the letter, and apologizing for the short notice he had given, said he was anxious to take the earliest opportunity of communicating to them its subject-matter. A Mr. Thompson wrote to inform him, that "he had an establishment at Paddington for the orphan children of seamen who had fallen in their country's service; that it had hitherto been supported by voluntary contribution, but that the funds being nearly exhausted, he was compelled to solicit his lordship for a little assistance." He then reminded them that they all owed their honors, their fortunes, and their rank to the devoted gallantry of the brave men whose children were left destitute orphans. That, as he himself had benefited most by these brave fellows, his own contribution ought to be the largest, but not regarded as any example for others, each giving only what he could without inconvenience afford. The youngest, as is the practice in courts-martial, gave his name for the first contribution; and, when the paper came to Lord St. Vincent, he wrote upon it *one thousand*

*pounds.* After this well-spent evening, every one left the ship in good humor, pleased with themselves and with the old Commander-in-chief's deportment throughout. The establishment continued to go on under the humane superintendence of Mr. Thompson, till it attracted the attention and support of government, and became, what it now is, the Naval Asylum.

Such was Lord St. Vincent—a stern and rigorous disciplinarian—but one who, on all occasions, showed that he possessed a most kind and generous disposition—ever ready and anxious to relieve distress, and to promote, to the utmost of his power, a friendless and deserving officer.

To the young captains he was indulgent, and always ready to offer them advice. In a letter to — (Mr. Tucker very provokingly and unnecessarily leaves all the names *blank*.) his lordship says—“You are a young man, and rather over-hasty in applying for an investigation or trial;” and he admonishes him, that the mere sound of court-martial has the same pestilential effects as a suspicion of female chastity.

He was not over-pleased with some of the lords of Admiralty. In a letter to Mr. Nepean, he “desires he will state to Lord Spencer the impossibility of governing a large fleet in times like these, while the subordinate officers are encouraged by patrons of the Admiralty Board, whom I can compare to nothing else but the orators in ancient Rome, who took up the cause of every discontented and factious person who presented himself at the forum.” Again, in writing to the same, he says—“I have no objection to the correspondence of the whole world being conveyed under cover to me, with the exception of that which passes between puisne lords of the Admiralty and subordinates of the fleet under my command.” And he carries his objections into practical effect, by returning a letter to Sir Evan Nepean, saying—“He has forbidden surreptitious correspondence between members of the Board of Admiralty and the officers of the fleet, so derogatory from the discipline and subordination thereof.” This was certainly taking high ground.

In one of his letters, he says—“First Lords of the Admiralty, on their entrance into office, resemble princes, are surrounded by flatterers, and seldom learn the true character of their subordinates. I have, to the utmost of my power, endeavored to put Lord Spencer in possession of every knowledge I have of men and things; and I have gone further with him than I ever did with any other man in office.” Little did the noble lord dream, when he penned this sentence, that he was himself on the threshold of that envied station of “princes;” but so it was. On the dissolution of Mr. Pitt's government, Mr. Addington, who succeeded him, communicated to Lord St. Vincent the king's command, that the appointment of first Lord of the Admiralty should be offered to him—a proposal which his lordship did not hesitate to entertain,

having no objection to join the administration of “all the talents.” What he said to the king, and what the king said to him, Mr. Tucker no doubt found recorded among his father's papers. He told the king “that he should make but a bad return for all the honors and favors which his majesty had most graciously bestowed upon him, and very ill discharge his duty, if he did not frankly and honestly tell his majesty, that, having served nearly half a century with the Roman Catholics, and seen them tried in all situations, it was his decided and conscientious opinion that they were entitled to be placed upon the same footing in every respect as his majesty's Protestant subjects.” And more to this effect, adding—“That having discharged this duty to his majesty and to himself, he would also add, that his life and his utmost services were at his majesty's disposal, and that he was ready to return to the fleet, or to serve his majesty on shore, or to retire into private life, as his majesty might think proper to command.” When he had finished, the king replied—“Lord St. Vincent, you have in this instance, as you have in every other, behaved like an honest, honorable man. Upon the question of Catholic emancipation, my mind is made up, from which I *never* (with great energy) will depart; and therefore, as it is not likely that it will be a matter agitated or discussed between us, I can see no reason why you should not take the Admiralty, where I very much wish to see you, and to place the navy entirely in your hands.”

Thus was the lofty-minded and uncompromising Whig, for once in his life, thrown amongst a combination of Whigs and Tories. Mr. Grey's motion on the state of the nation, and Mr. Fox's denunciation of the inefficiency of Mr. Addington and his colleagues, must have been rather awkward; but then from the latter was excepted the first Lord of the Admiralty. “I do not think,” said Fox, “it would be easy, if possible, to find a man in the whole community better suited or more capable of the high office he fills, than the distinguished person at the head of the Admiralty—I mean the Earl St. Vincent.” Thus, it appears, that notwithstanding all the handsome things said of him, Lord St. Vincent was early convinced that “first Lords of the Admiralty, on entrance into office, do not exactly resemble princes, nor are they surrounded by flatterers, even among some of their own friends, as he experienced on his first entrance, and also in the sequel.” He soon, in fact, discovered what his new position really was; that it was by no means an easy one, but, on the contrary, one that required great temper and circumspection, to avoid giving umbrage to the multitude of applicants of all descriptions. Some of the duties and qualifications of the first Lords are thus stated by one who has had considerable experience: “He should possess a sound judgment and great discretion—a patient and placid temper—a courteous deportment and civil demeanor to all—an easy access to officers



of every rank—and a ready and obliging acknowledgment of all applications addressed to him in writing; for a kind manner of receiving and replying to them, personally, or by letter, goes a great way towards softening the bitter pangs of disappointment, the unavoidable result of a non-compliance with what is requested.\*

How far Lord St. Vincent's demeanor corresponded with this, in his reception of officers, we have no means of knowing; but his letters of refusal are generally expressed in courteous terms, and with much tact. His Board, however, was certainly unpopular in the naval service, both ashore and afloat; more so, it would appear, from the temper of the two professional lords, (the other three being ciphers,) than from any conduct of his own. With Sir Thomas Troubridge he had no acquaintance but what was gained from their professional intercourse in the Mediterranean; but he very soon proved his eminent qualities, and the beautiful description he gave of them fully warranted his nomination as senior or advising lord of the Chief—"He is the ablest adviser, and best executive officer in the British navy, with honor and courage bright as his sword." Of Markham he could not have known much professionally, but speaks highly of him. "Lord St. Vincent," Mr. Marsden says, "during the course of his naval administration, behaved to me with uniform attention and politeness; but my colleague, Nepean, could not say the same thing, although he had been an old connexion (*follower*, as the naval term is) of Sir John Jervis, and had taken a zealous part with the minister in negotiating for him the rank of 'earl,' instead of 'viscount,' as was intended after his victory of 14th of February. My colleague," he adds, "having long found his official situation irksome, in consequence of the footing on which he stood with some of the members of the Board, obtained from Mr. Addington the appointment of Chief Secretary in Ireland, with the rank of baronet."† Mr. Marsden succeeded Nepean, though he at first declined the secretaryship; and, he says, opened his mind to Lord St. Vincent. He told him he was convinced, from experience, of the tempers, ideas, and conduct of the professional members of the Board, (Troubridge and Markham,) that he could not carry on the public business with them, with the least chance of satisfaction to his own feelings;‡ and he frankly expressed to his lordship his conviction, that it was not in his lordship's power to remedy it, as he could not change their natures, or do without them.§ Marsden contrived, however, to keep on good terms with them, though Nepean could not.

Lord St. Vincent soon discovered that the Admiralty presented no "bed of roses" to repose upon.

\* Sir John Barrow's Life of Earl Howe.

† Brief Memoir of the Life and Writings of Mr. Marsden, written by himself, and printed by his widow.

‡ Ibidem.

§ Marsden's Memoirs.

It was not a situation he had sought, or one that he ever appeared anxious to retain. Perhaps he did not find himself actually suited for it. "What sort of figure I shall make," he writes to Lord Keith, "will be seen. I have known many a good admiral make a wretched first Lord of the Admiralty. I will, however, support the Commander-in-chief upon all occasions, and prohibit any intrigue against them in this office." He had long conceived a most unfavorable opinion of the Navy Board, and of the abuses committed in the dockyards. "I hope," he says to Mr. Thomas Grenville, "you will be able to brush these spiders from the Navy Board." This, if meant personally to the members of the board, is too strongly expressed; the system undoubtedly was bad, but there were among the Commissioners many excellent, intelligent, and honest men. Need we mention the name of Sir Andrew Hammond, or of Admiral Sir Byam Martin, than whom a better officer or a more correct man does not exist?

Whether Lord St. Vincent was, in this respect, right or wrong, he had scarcely got into his seat when he determined to probe the alleged abuses to the quick; and for this purpose he brought before the Cabinet the plan of a searching investigation, by means of a commission, which he named "The Commission of Naval Inquiry," but which his opponents called the "Naval Inquisition." Mr. Addington from the first opposed it, and then rejected it altogether. His lordship, however, was firm, and declared, "No power short of what I demand can search such abuses as I denounce; and no honest or faithful servant can have aught to fear;" and he made it the *sine qua non* of his remaining in the Cabinet. They at length yielded, and the "Commission of Naval Inquiry," with certain modifications, was instituted by act of Parliament. Mr. Secretary Tucker dined with Lord St. Vincent the day it had been submitted to the Cabinet; when the dinner party was breaking up, Lord St. Vincent said, "Tucker, stay!" and then added, "Excepting my Lord Chancellor, the whole Cabinet has mutinied to-day. My commission is rejected; but," bending his fist, while his countenance personified his invincible firmness, "we'll read them a lesson out of the articles of war to-morrow, sir!" He then declared that he would not again sit on the ministerial bench in the House of Lords till he had carried his point.

Fourteen or fifteen large folio volumes being published at the time, it was hardly necessary or expedient for our biographers to go into lengthened details of a measure productive of little or no interest or importance, unless a harassing and expensive state prosecution of the late Lord Melville may have been so considered; which, though it failed of conviction, yet succeeded in utterly destroying his utility as a statesman, while it deprived Mr. Pitt of an able coadjutor.

The next step taken by his lordship was a per-

annual visitation, by himself and his Board, to the dockyards; the main object being, as Marsden says, "to find grounds for delinquencies presumed in the first instance."—"At Deptford," he says, "we experienced much abuse from the enraged families of the workmen discharged, or reduced in their allowances, and with some difficulty escaped from worse treatment." In point of fact they did not escape; for we know, from the same authority, that the whole Board was pelted along the street of Deptford with mud and stones, from the moment they passed the dock gates.

No murmurs were heard at the visitation of Plymouth dock-yard. The mutinous spirit of the shipwrights there he had previously subdued. They had sent up to the Admiralty a set of delegates, (a name synonymous, in his lordship's opinion, with rebels or mutineers,) who were expected to extort from the Board, just then pressed for an increase of ships, a compliance with several exorbitant demands—such as Lord St. Vincent denounced as not merely remonstrances, but insubordination, which he determined, with his usual firmness, at once to punish. These gentlemen delegates were thunderstruck on being informed that the Board had ordered they should be turned out of the Admiralty yard into the street, and that every man of them was discharged from the service.

But these proceedings, however expedient, must have been most annoying to Lord St. Vincent, and must have proved to him how very unlike "princes" were first Lords of the Admiralty. All the naval departments, from the Navy Board (the highest) to the lowest, were in hostility to his Board; and it was not appeased by the Earl's appointing his private Secretary a commissioner of the navy, with a seat at the board in Somerset House—a very proper appointment of a fit and able man, had it proceeded from any other quarter.

The Board was much censured by the public for the kind of preparation made against the threatened invasion of England from Boulogne, and for appointing that "bravest of the brave," Nelson, to the command of a service so unworthy of him;—for establishing the sea fencibles; building Martello towers; sinking stone vessels, &c.; and Mr. Pitt brought forward, in the House of Commons, various charges of mismanagement in the naval service. His motion was negatived; but Mr. Addington's administration had become so unpopular, that the Whigs united with Mr. Pitt against it; and Mr. Fox's motion on the national defence being lost only by a small minority, Mr. Addington's Cabinet resigned.

On the whole, Lord St. Vincent's administration was not popular. We are strongly disposed to believe that it was mainly owing to two circumstances;—the one an honest and ardent desire to put an end to those gross and avowed abuses, which pervaded the whole civil departments of the naval service—an attempt which brought upon him a violent hostility, not only from the parties them-

selves, but from their friends and connexions; the other, a decided dislike of a great portion of the naval officers to the managing officers of his Board. Lord Howick (Earl Grey) had the same feelings with Lord St. Vincent as to the naval department; but his short stay at the head of the Admiralty did not permit him to enter upon any efficient steps for a reformation. He did not, however, forget the lesson he had learned at the Admiralty, or the principles inculcated by Lord St. Vincent; and from the moment (as Lord Grey) he became Prime Minister, his first instruction to Sir James Graham, as first Lord of the Admiralty, was to take immediate steps for an act of Parliament to cancel the Patents of every Commissioner of the Navy, both at Somerset House and at the ports, whether at home or abroad. Thus, as appears by the *Imperial Calendar*, twenty-seven Commissioners of the Navy, Victualling, and Transport Boards, were deprived of their Patents on the same day; of whom nine belonged to the Navy Board, and seven to the Victualling and other departments: and in lieu of those sixteen, were substituted five responsible officers, one to each of the five departments into which the new establishment was divided—the Surveyor, the Accountant-General, the Comptroller of Victualling, the Storekeeper, and the Inspector of Hospitals and Fleets—and each of these was under the supervision of a Lord of the Admiralty. Eight or nine superintendents at the ports supply the remainder of the twenty-seven.

This new system, we believe, works well, though at first it met with a determined opposition. It is now twelve years since it was established, and we are not aware that any changes have been found necessary in the plan, though a succession of Whigs and Tories have formed the several Boards of Admiralty; but we may observe that, whether it works well or ill, Lord St. Vincent was, in fact, the *primum mobile* that impelled Lord Grey to adopt it, and Sir James Graham boldly and manfully to carry it into execution.

We have thought it necessary to enter briefly into this discussion as part and parcel, or, at any rate, the result, of Lord St. Vincent's administration of the navy. The space we have allotted for this article will not admit of transcribing any portion of his very voluminous correspondence. Suffice it to say, that it was always to the point in question—briefly and clearly expressed, and free from all ambiguity. When obliged to refuse a request, it was generally couched in kind and courteous terms, whether his refusals were addressed to the princes of the royal family, the first nobles of the land, or to a poor lieutenant.

On the death of Mr. Pitt, and the accession of Lord Grenville as Prime Minister in 1806, and Lord Grey as first Lord of the Admiralty, Lord St. Vincent a second time accepted the command of the Channel fleet; and being promoted to the high rank of Admiral of the fleet, he hoisted the Union flag at the main in the *Hibernia*. Just then

intelligence arrived of the renowned victory of Trafalgar; on which occasion the old Earl wrote thus to the Secretary;—"Lord Collingwood has done himself immortal honor by his conclusion of the battle, which Nelson so nobly began. Writing to you privately, I suppose I may confess that I do feel a pride in this great victory beyond the general enthusiasm. *I was prepared for everything great from Nelson, but not for his loss.*" No wonder that the news of this immortal achievement, and of the loss of the unsurpassable hero by whose sublime genius it had been planned, and who had hailed him as "the father" of a numerous contemporary group of England's most illustrious seamen, should have occasioned a glow of enthusiasm, attempered with a severe pang to a nature which, though strong and stern, was yet as tender and feeling as it was warmly patriotic!

About this time Lisbon was threatened with the presence of a French army; on which it was deemed expedient to send an embassy to negotiate with the house of Braganza, supported by a strong squadron and a large body of troops, which were immediately to be despatched to the Tagus. Lord St. Vincent was nominated for this service, as being considered the most fit for such an occasion. The object was to defend the country, if that should be found practicable; if not, and the Court should resolve to remove itself with the ships, forces, and stores to the Brazils, in either case his lordship was to lend his coöperation. The storm, however, did not break over Portugal quite so soon as was anticipated; and before the end of the year Lord St. Vincent was ordered to resume his command before Brest.

Almost immediately after this, Mr. Fox died, and Mr. Thomas Grenville took the place of Lord Howick (Earl Grey) in the Admiralty, where he remained only a few months; George III. being anxious to get rid of a ministry, "many of whom," says Mr. Tucker, "he personally disliked, and the political principles of whom he detested." On the change of administration, Lord St. Vincent immediately resigned his command; and was ordered to strike his flag and come on shore—an order "to which," as he wrote to his Secretary, "he meant to be very prompt in paying obedience."

During this short command we see little to call for any remark. There is, however, an observation his lordship makes in a letter to his former Secretary, who was now the second Secretary to the Admiralty, which rather surprised us. "I pity," he says, "the exposure of the weakness of some of your 'lords, whose dulness I have long been acquainted with.' Now these weak and dull lords were his old colleague, John Markham, and the other naval lords were Sir Charles Pole and Sir Harry Neale. In another letter to Lord Howick he thus expresses himself—"I am sorry to say there are few flags at the main or the fore I have any respect for;" and farther—"If you will, my good lord, bring a bill into Parliament to

disqualify any officer under the rank of Rear-Admiral to sit in the House of Commons, the Navy may be preserved; but while a little, drunken, worthless, jackanapes is permitted to hold the seditious language he has done, in the presence of flag-officers of rank, you will require a man of greater health and vigor than I possess to command your fleets."

In answer to another letter of Lord Howick, who had asked his opinion of Clerk's system of Naval Tactics, he says—"If it had any merit in the battles of the 1st June, of Camperdown, and Trafalgar, that fought off Cape St. Vincent is totally out of the question." That Lord Rodney passed through the enemy's line by *accident*, not by design—that Lord Howe's attack upon the fleet of the enemy was at variance with the tactics of Mr. Clerk—that Lord Duncan's action was fought pell-mell, without plan or system—that the attack of Aboukir furnishes no argument for, or against, these tactics—"that a fleet to windward bearing down at right angles upon the fleet of an enemy must be crippled, if not totally disabled, before it can reach the enemy," (Clerk's position,) "has been disproved by the more recent action, under Lord Nelson, bearing down in two columns at Trafalgar." He adds—"Mr. Clerk is more correct in his statement of the advantages to be derived from being to leeward of the fleet of the enemy." On the whole, he admits that the work is ingenious, and worthy the study of all young and inexperienced officers; adding, however, that he perceives signs of compilation from Père le Hoste down to Viscount de Grenier. The question as to the originality and merits of our distinguished countryman's system, we have long since fully discussed; and shall only now add, as we are bound in fairness to do, that the later tendencies of opinion are rather adverse to that which we upheld.

Lord St. Vincent having now struck his flag for the last time, received a summons to a private audience of the king. After a few preliminaries, the king said—

"Well, Lord St. Vincent, you have now quitted active service, as you say, forever—tell me, do you think the naval service is better or worse than when you first entered it?"

"Lord St. Vincent. 'Very much worse, please your majesty.'

"The King, (quickly.) 'How so, how so?'"

"Lord St. Vincent. 'Sire, I have always thought that a sprinkling of nobility was very desirable in the navy, as it gives some sort of consequence to the service; but at present the navy is so overrun by the younger branches of nobility, and the sons of members of Parliament, and they so swallow up all the patronage, and so choke the channel to promotion, that the son of an old officer, however meritorious his services may have been, has little or no chance of getting on.'

"The King. 'Pray, who was serving captain of the fleet under your lordship?'"

"Lord St. Vincent. 'Rear-admiral Osborne, sire.'

"*The King.* 'Osborne, Osborne! I think there are more than one of that name admirals.'

"*Lord St. Vincent.* 'Yes, sire, there are three brothers, all admirals.'

"*The King.* 'That's pretty well for democracy, I think.'"

How cleverly and adroitly was the fact as to the Osbornes drawn forth by the king! The old lord proceeded to explain it in detail, and ended thus:—

"'Sire, I hope your majesty will pardon me for saying, I would rather promote the son of an old deserving officer than of any noble in the land.' The king mused for a minute or two, and then said—'I think you are right, Lord St. Vincent—quite right.'"

Lord St. Vincent now retired into private life, bearing with him, as Sheridan happily said, "a triple laurel—over the enemy, the mutineer, and the corrupt." The state of his health did not allow him to reside long at his house in London, and his small retreat of Rochetts, therefore, became his principal abode; but he occasionally came up to attend the House of Lords, and sometimes, on particular subjects, he spoke, and with biting severity.

He opposed Lord Grenville's bill for the abolition of the slave trade. He doubted the humanity of the measure, as "from his own experience he was enabled to state that the West Indies was paradise itself to the negroes compared with their native country;" and he could only account for the noble proposer bringing it forward "by supposing that some *obi-man* had cast his spell upon him." He was a steady advocate for Catholic Emancipation. "God forbid," he said, "that any the smallest alteration should be made in the bill to enable the Catholics to serve in the navy and army;" and he expressed his indignation on hearing that Sir John Cox Hoppesley had gone to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle to obtain a decree for the extinction of the Jesuits;—an order to whom we were obliged, not only "for the most useful learning and discoveries of every description, and necessary for the instruction of the Catholic youth throughout the civilized world." With the same feeling of toleration and liberality, he is said to have subscribed £100 towards building a chapel for the Jews, and also to their hospital.

It appears, indeed, that he was generous and charitable, even to profusion; of which several marked instances have been mentioned in the course of our remarks. But he had no commiseration for the exigencies of a spendthrift; and a gambler was his detestation. To an officer who had contracted debt, he says—"Having fought my way up to where I now stand, without the smallest pecuniary aid from any one, even when I was a mid., I cannot possibly entertain an opinion that officers of this day, whose half-pay is considerably more than formerly, cannot practise the

same necessary economy which marked the character of mine." His lordship, in the plenitude of his pecuniary circumstances, never lost sight of a prudent economy; but his generosity was liberally and extensively manifested. "The charity to the poor," says Mr. Tucker, "from Lord St. Vincent's establishment, was equal to that of any mansion in England; and the delightful drives with him to inspect the erection of the cottages he built for some industrious laborers, can never be forgotten." Throughout his whole command, indeed, we constantly meet with instances of his generosity. "Let but a case of real misfortune be brought before him, especially of an officer who had deserved well, and whose necessity was not occasioned by his own imprudence, it would be sure to meet relief, promptly, liberally, and with an exquisite delicacy of feeling still more admirable." There can be no greater or more exalted praise! A private soldier at Gibraltar fell into a deep pit, so filled with mud, and exhaling noxious vapors, that no one would venture down to help him. One Joaquim, who had been boatswain of Nelson's ship, and now in the dockyard, let himself down by a rope, and rescued the poor fellow. Lord St. Vincent presented his deliverer with a piece of plate, value £28, with this inscription—"For preserving a soldier's life at the risk of his own." Hearing by chance that poor Dibdin, to whose happy genius such excellent nautical songs are due, was in distressed circumstances, Lord St. Vincent immediately sent him £100, and desired an enquiry into the real state of his case to be made; "for it would indeed be a shame, Mr. Tucker," he said, "that the man who has *whiled away the mid-watch, and softened the hardships of war*, should be in need, while a seaman enjoys an abundance." What a tribute to the muse of Dibdin, and how noble, generous, and kindly the sentiment which it embodies!

Never, indeed, was there a more compassionate or a more kind-hearted man than Lord St. Vincent. A domestic affliction had greatly depressed his old confidential Secretary's health and spirits. To divert his thoughts, and with no other motive, his lordship said to him that he had long wished to visit the Scilly islands to look at a spot for a lighthouse, and also Cornwall to enquire into the rapid deterioration of copper, and he desired the Secretary's attendance at these inspections; and his humane and now aged chief actually took that long and fatiguing journey ostensibly with these objects, but really to assuage the grief of an old and attached servant.

The loss of Sir Thomas Troubridge sank deeply into his heart. In a postscript to a letter are these words—"Oh, Blenheim! Blenheim! where are you?" After the receipt of every letter he would exclaim—"Where is the Blenheim? What can have become of the Blenheim? I shall never see Troubridge's like again." He called him "the Bayard of the British navy." Google

In 1816, when in his eighty-first year, Lady St. Vincent died. On her monument, by Chantry, in the church of Stone, is the following short but classically simple inscription, by his lordship:—

“Sacred to the memory of  
MARTHA, COUNTESS ST. VINCENT,  
who was eminently pious, virtuous, and  
charitable.”

Her age is not given, but she could not be much less than seventy. No mention is made of her domestic life. It is only stated that she was a lady of kindly feelings; that the state of her health had made her very infirm; and that, as a wife, her adoration of her lord was very ardent. They lived together thirty-four years.

In answer to a note from Captain Tower, accompanied by a bust of Napoleon, in which the Captain says—“I feel a gratification in presenting it to one who knows how to respect a great and fallen enemy,” Lord St. Vincent replies—“You do me justice in attributing the feelings you so well describe to my character; and I blush for those who trample upon a man many of them feared, and all allowed, in the career of his military glory, to be an astonishing character.” And shortly before his death he took occasion to observe—“That it had often been a matter of satisfaction to him, that Bonaparte saw such specimens of our naval officers as Sir Henry Hotham, Sir George Cockburn, and Sir Frederic Maitland.” When reminded that they all had risen from his own school—“No,” he nobly replied, “that is too much. They would have been as great anywhere; it was *with* such men that I formed a school.”

He was much pleased when the present Lord Melville appointed him General of Marines; and took this opportunity, as he had done on a former occasion, of testifying his sense “of the justice which Lord Melville did to the services of sea-officers”—a compliment most justly due to every part of the administration of that amiable and excellent nobleman, who came into office and left it, twice as first Lord of the Admiralty, with an unblemished reputation.

Lord St. Vincent's great desire, in the declining years of his life, plainly for the sake of his profession, was the Garter. He cherished a hope of it, Mr. Tucker says, to the day of his death, frequently observing, “that when so many were worn by the soldiers, the sailors should at least have one; that surely England's naval merit must be equal to that; and that the navy never should be without one.” When the Prince Regent increased the order of the Bath, and created Knights' Grand Crosses, his lordship said, he “did not care whose name they placed on the list, if they had only done him the favor to strike his out; that when he was created a K. B., it was an honorable distinction; but that now he saw names on the list which he thought disgraced it, and all classes

with them.” The Duke of Wellington, according to Colonel Gurwood, was pretty much of the same opinion as regarded the army.

In 1818, then in his eighty-third year, the decay of his health was so perceptible, and his cough so distressing, that he was advised to winter in a milder climate. Captain and Miss Brenton, and a medical attendant, accompanied him to the south of France. Every honorable reception and attention were paid to him in passing through France. He continued at Hyeres until the spring of 1819, and then returned. An anecdote is told by Mr. Tucker, which the writer of this article heard from the noble Earl himself, at his own table at Rochetts. He had been walking in his grounds, and looking at a green-house then building, when his bailiff suggested that a venerable old oak should be felled, as it was rapidly decaying. “I command you to do no such thing,” said his lordship; “that tree and I have long been contemporaries; we have flourished together, and together we will fall.” He was then exceedingly cheerful and agreeable, but occasionally distressed with his cough; yet even at this time, Miss Brenton, who remained in the house, said he came down stairs about five every morning.

In 1821, Lord Melville appointed him to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet; and shortly afterwards the King honored him with a naval baton, accompanied by an expression of “his Majesty's warmest regards, as a testimony of his Majesty's personal esteem, and of the high sense he entertained of the eminent services which his lordship has rendered to his country, by his distinguished talents and brilliant achievements.”

When George IV. was about to embark on his visit to Scotland, Lord St. Vincent proceeded to Greenwich, and slept at the house of Sir George Keats, governor of the hospital, in order to pay his respects to his Majesty on board his own yacht. Long before six in the morning, the old Earl was seen on the terrace with four old pensioners, who had served under him, walking in his wake, and in frequent conversation with them. Their only object was an interview with their old Commander-in-chief, now in his eighty-eighth year. On his return to breakfast he appeared in more than usual spirits, related the interview, and said, “We all in our day were smart fellows.” On this occasion he wore, for the first time, the repudiated Star of the Grand Cross of the Bath, that of the Knights Commanders being usually worn by him. It is stated, as a trait of his kind attention to children, that one day being asked by a child what that star was, and where he found it—“I found it,” he replied, “upon the sea; and if you become a sailor, and search diligently, perhaps you may find just such another.” The interview with his Majesty was long and gracious; it was also the last time that his lordship was on the water, and the last officer who, on duty, had the honor of attending him, was the present Commander

M'Clintock, whose arm assisted his lordship's tottering step on shore from the boat; and then taking off his hat to the youthful midshipman, "Thank ye, sir—thank ye!" said the old Admiral, in his last adieu to the naval service.

From this day, August, 1822, to March, 1823, Lord St. Vincent's robust frame was approaching its last functions; old age, debility, and convulsive fits of coughing had all but worn it out. Yet, on the 13th of that month, while the hand of death was just upon him, he was still alive to the great passing events of the day; and about eight in the evening, after lying in silent exhaustion for two hours, he departed without a sigh or a groan, in the presence of his affectionate friends, Sir George Grey, Doctor Baird, and his faithful old Secretary. It is stated he did not die wealthy. He was succeeded in the Peerage by his nephew, Mr. Edward Jervis Ricketts, inheriting the Viscounty only. His remains were interred at Stone in Staffordshire, quite privately, as his will directed. A public monument is erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral.

We shall here extract Mr. Tucker's synopsis of the Earl's public character and services:—

"To the ardent admirers of the great Admiral, nothing could be more easy or gratifying than to eulogize his naval career, which would not be more glowing than just. To repeat his inexhaustible expedients to overcome difficulties; the reformation, the instruction, the rapid advance of his school; the spirit which he infused of enterprise; the omnipresence which he enforced of obedience; the perfect discipline of his energetic command; the distinguished officers whom he educated; the boldness with which he attacked and defeated an enemy's fleet nearly doubling his own in numbers; the grandeur of his conduct in the mutiny; the wonderful skill with which he drew forth the powers and resources of all ranks of subordinates, and then combined them to work together for the country; his fearless opposition to injurious prejudices and usages of however long standing, however high abode; and, what crowns his course, the ulterior and lasting excellences which have emanated from his system—on all this it would be delightful to indulge."

To this not very felicitous summary, we may add a few words, though we have already touched on most of the transactions in which, throughout his public life, he bore a principal part. It cannot be supposed that, during his long and active career, Lord St. Vincent escaped censure;—proceeding mostly, however, from those civil servants of the naval department whose irregularities—to call them by no harsher name—had provoked his ire, and induced him to the adoption of measures for their correction, which seriously affected the reputation of some, and the interests of many. Neither can it be expected that he passed through the various stages of public life altogether free of blame. But if he had faults, they were so much neutralized by great and eminent virtues—charity, generosity, and magnanimity—as to prevent their

assuming any general or prominent character. Nor was there in his disposition anything sullen or morose, whatever the provocation might be. His anger was never smothered, but readily appeased by giving it full vent. He was undoubtedly severe; but the occasions which called for its exercise fully justified it. These were chiefly two. The first, his prompt measures for the complete extinction of the mutiny in the fleet before Cadiz, augmented as it frequently was by mutinous ships sent to him from England. What the consequences must have been of an organized mutiny in a fleet close to an enemy's port, on a foreign station, cannot be unknown to any, and is fearful to contemplate; but by a stern and uncompromising severity—if sending the criminals to immediate execution, after a legal conviction, can be so called—he saved the fleet, and rescued the country from the dreadful recurrence of a second general mutiny, the first of which had recently, but imperfectly, been subdued at home. The second instance was, his conduct to the officers of the Channel fleet. Here, too, he was not only fully justified, but imperatively called upon, to put in force a rigid system of discipline, which had been unaccountably neglected. On taking the command of this fleet, he found an extraordinary laxity of duty, and disregard of all discipline;—the captains sleeping on shore; boats constantly employed for them; the men deserting by hundreds; the Commander-in-chief very much in London; the other flag-officers, good easy men, letting things go on quietly; and all this while the fleet was supposed to be watching that of the enemy, ready to start from Brest! What a difference of conduct must the Admiral have here found, from that of the active and gallant officers he had been accustomed to command in the Mediterranean, where mutual affection and respect prevailed. But he soon brought these other officers to a sense of their duty and obedience;—by rigid and decisive measures at first, and by subsequent indulgences to all whom he found deserving of them. He thus succeeded in converting their displeasure into regard and good-will. In fact, they soon discovered that, whatever discomfort the exigencies of the service demanded from them, their Commander-in-chief was the first to make the sacrifice and show the example.

The liberality of his political opinions was another fault with many; but though a decided Whig in principle, his political feelings and opinions were displayed only in Parliament, or on public occasions. On service he never suffered them to appear. Throughout the whole course of his professional career, his conduct proved him to be far removed from the influence of party considerations. In the multitude of applications which he received for promotions, from princes of the blood, the highest nobles, and members of Parliament, of his own party, he invariably told

them, as appears from his own Letters,\* that deserving young men, who were sons of old and meritorious officers, always had, and always should continue to have, the first claim on his patronage. In this and all other respects, he was not more steady to his purpose than prompt in decision.

Of great mental and bodily powers, he was never disconcerted by difficulties, and never deficient in means to overcome them. His vigilance was extreme. Nothing passed in the fleet without his observation; and he is described to have had an eye so quick and piercing, that it was often said he appeared to look through one. On shore he was cheerful, lively, and fond of a joke. The account of his calling up Captain Darby at Gibraltar, and detaining him at a bedroom window to listen to a pretended dream he had just awakened from, is more like a story in a novel than an incident of real life, (Tucker, vol. i., 371.) With children he was always playful, though he had none of his own. The two portraits in Mr. Tucker's volumes are good; that given by Captain Brenton is a perfect satyr—a Silenus. In his countenance was a strong expression of intelligence; in his figure, and manners, and speech, he was the picture of a true Englishman.

We have little to say generally on Mr. Tucker's volumes. Though he had every motive to paint the character and conduct of Lord St. Vincent, as regards the public service of the State, in the brightest colors, we must do him the justice to say, that the portrait he has drawn appears to be a faithful and accurate likeness, free from flattery and exaggeration. But, throughout the work, the execution is far from faultless. In point of taste, correctness of construction, and purity of expression, it is eminently defective. His long sentences are sometimes so involved, inflated, and inverted, as not easily to be intelligible. In this latter particular we have seldom, indeed, seen a work so obnoxious to censure. In the use made of the Earl's letters, there is an utter want of literary resource. Had one half of the six hundred he has given been omitted, and the other half dovetailed into the narrative, instead of being huddled together at the end of each chapter, it would have been a great improvement, and a relief to the reader. Every name almost, in these letters, is a blank; in most cases unnecessarily so. These great blemishes and faults will, we hope, be at least partly removed, should another edition be called for.

\* In one to Mrs. Montague, who had solicited the promotion of —, he says "The officers of the Ville de Paris remain as they did when I left her; and my own nephew, commander of the Stork sloop, who is respected as an officer of uncommon merit and acquisitions, stands as he did before I came into office; and I have refused to promote at the request of four princes of the blood."—These were, the Prince of Wales, and the Dukes of Clarence, Kent, and Cumberland.

From Chambers' Cyclopædia.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW—JOSHUA SYLVESTER  
—RICHARD BARNFIELD.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW, so highly eminent as a dramatic writer, would probably have been overlooked in the department of miscellaneous poetry, but for his beautiful piece, rendered familiar by its being transferred into Walton's "Angler,"—*The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*. JOSHUA SYLVESTER, who died in 1618, at the age of fifty-five, and who was the author of a large volume of poems of very unequal merit, claims notice as the now generally received author of an impressive piece, long ascribed to Raleigh—*The Soul's Errand*. Another fugitive poem of great beauty, but in a different style, and which has often been attributed to Shakspeare, is now given to RICHARD BARNFIELD, author of several poetical volumes published between 1594 and 1598. These three remarkable poems are here subjoined:

*The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.*

COME live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That valleys, groves, and hills and fields,  
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies;  
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swain shall dance and sing,  
For thy delight, each May-morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

*The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd.*  
By Raleigh.

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;  
And Philomel becometh dumb,  
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields;  
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps and amber studs;  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need,  
Then these delights my mind might move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

*The Soul's Errand.*

Go, soul, the body's guest,  
Upon a thankless errand!  
Fear not to touch the best,  
The truth shall be thy warrant;  
Go, since I needs must die,  
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,  
And shines like rotten wood;  
Go, tell the church it shows  
What's good, and doth no good:  
If church and court reply,  
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live  
Acting by others actions,  
Not loved unless they give,  
Not strong but by their factions.  
If potentates reply,  
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,  
That rule affairs of state,  
Their purpose is ambition,  
Their practice only hate.  
And if they once reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,  
They beg for more by spending,  
Who in their greatest cost,  
Seek nothing but commending.  
And if they make reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,  
Tell love it is but lust,  
Tell time it is but motion,  
Tell flesh it is but dust;  
And wish them not reply,  
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,  
Tell honor how it alters,

Tell beauty how she blasteth,  
Tell favor how she falters.  
And as they shall reply,  
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles  
In tickle points of niceness:  
Tell wisdom she entangles  
Herself in over-wisness.  
And when they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,  
Tell skill it is pretension,  
Tell charity of coldness,  
Tell law it is contention.  
And as they do reply,  
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,  
Tell nature of decay,  
Tell friendship of unkindness,  
Tell justice of delay.  
And if they will reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,  
But vary by esteeming,  
Tell schools they want profoundness,  
And stand too much on seeming.  
If arts and schools reply,  
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,  
Tell how the country erreth,  
Tell, manhood shakes off pity,  
Tell, virtue least preferreth.  
And if they do reply,  
Spare not to give the lie.

So, when thou hast, as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing;  
Although to give the lie  
Deserves no less than stabbing;  
Yet stab at thee who will,  
No stab the soul can kill.

*Address to the Nightingale.*

As it fell upon a day,  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
Which a grove of myrtles made;  
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;  
Everything did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone.  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn;  
And there sung the dolefull' st ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity.  
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;  
Teru, teru, by and by;  
That, to hear her so complain,  
Scarce I could from tears refrain;



For her griefs, so lively shown,  
 Made me think upon my own.  
 Ah! (thought I,) thou mourn'st in vain;  
 None takes pity on thy pain:  
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,  
 Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee:  
 King Pandion he is dead;  
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;  
 All thy fellow-birds do sing,  
 Careless of thy sorrowing!  
 Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,  
 Thou and I were both beguiled.  
 Every one that flatters thee  
 Is no friend in misery.  
 Words are easy, like the wind;  
 Faithful friends are hard to find.  
 Every man will be thy friend  
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;  
 But, if store of crowns be scant,  
 No man will supply thy want.  
 If that one be prodigal,  
 Bountiful they will him call;  
 And with such-like flattering,  
 "Pity but he were a king."  
 If he be addict to vice,  
 Quickly him they will entice;  
 But if fortune once do frown,  
 Then farewell his great renown:  
 They that fawned on him before  
 Use his company no more.  
 He that is thy friend indeed,  
 He will help thee in thy need;  
 If thou sorrow, he will weep,  
 If thou wake he cannot sleep:  
 Thus, of every grief in heart,  
 He with thee doth bear a part.  
 These are certain signs to know  
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

## KING OF PRUSSIA.

It may arise from his besetting uncharitableness of heart, but *Punch* was never in love with the King of Prussia. When his majesty, under the auspices of good Mrs. Fry, went to Newgate, and when in the female prisoners' ward, his pious majesty dropped upon his knees and prayed, we thought the King of Prussia, as the lawyers say, proved too much. The humility, if true, was too good to last. And so it has proved; for though his majesty was so very good a Christian whilst in Newgate, he can, it appears, play the NICHOLAS in little on the Prussian throne. Sweet and touching is it to contemplate a mighty potentate of earth down upon his knees with BET SLY, SUKE TAGRAS, MOLL FLASHLY, and twenty other forlorn birds of Newgate, "in trouble," for felony and misdemeanor; beautiful, indeed, is the humility! The matron wonders, and the turnkeys cry, "Bless us! what a pious cretur." The story is read and told at melting tea-parties; and the King of Prussia—Mrs. Fry's pet—is received into the

large and tender bosom of female philanthropy. He is a king of comforts—a king of sugar-candy!

His majesty returns to Prussia, and with almost the gloss of his Newgate benevolence upon him, he becomes Jack-of-all-work to the Emperor of Russia. He is NICHOLAS's most humble servant: a tool, a scourge, a Prussian knout in the hand of the imperial executioner.

A number of Poles, dignified by misfortune—ennobled by suffering patriotism—take refuge in Prussia from the bloody fangs of the Russian bear. They are—in a holiday mood, it seems, of the Prussian monarch—permitted by him to find a home in Posen. Their country destroyed to them, their fortunes shattered by as wild and merciless a tyrant as Heaven ever permitted to scourge humanity—they are allowed to find a resting-place in Prussia. They become planted in the soil; when, lo! NICHOLAS has ugly dreams about them,—they disturb his cheerful thoughts,—and, as he cannot have them back, first for the knout, and then for Siberia, why—he begs of his brother Prussia to banish them, accursed from the land. Whereupon, Mrs. Fry's pet shows himself obedient to the greater son of mischief, and, whether or no, the Poles must pack. The soil of Prussia is not favorable to virtuous misery.

Strange are the sympathies of kings! His majesty of Prussia could feel for and pray with Illegal Pawning, with Highway Robbery, with Embezzlement, with Felony, in its many shapes: but for Defeated Valor, Heroic Suffering, Patriotism, in all its glorious and glorifying aspirations—all such are naught, and must not find harbor in Posen.

In Newgate, the KING of Prussia was a Christian; what a pity that he should have quitted it to act journeyman despot at home.—*Punch*.

From *Punch*.

## LAW OF PARENT AND CHILD.

WE now come to the tender subject of parent and child, which Shakespeare has so tenderly touched upon in many of his tragedies. Macduff calls his children "chickens," probably because he "broods" over the loss of them; and Werner, in Lord Byron's beautiful play of that name, exclaims to Gabor, "Are you a father?" a question which, as the Hungarian was a single man, he could not have answered in the affirmative without rendering himself amenable to the very stringent provisions of the forty-fifth of Elizabeth. Children are of two sorts—boys and girls: though the lawyers still further divide them into legitimate and illegitimate.

The duties of a parent are maintenance and education; or, as Coke would have expressed it, grub and grammar. That the father has a right to maintain his child, is as old as Montesquieu—we mean, of course, the rule, not the child or the

parent, is as old as Montesquieu—whose exact age, by the bye, we have no means of knowing.

Fortunately, the law of nature chimes in with the law of the land; for, though there is a game, called "None of my child," in which it is customary to knock an infant about from one side of the room to the other, still there is that natural *σρογη* in the parental breast that fathers and mothers are for the most part willing to provide for their offspring.

The civil law will not allow a parent to disinherit his child without a reason; of which reasons there are fourteen, though there is one reason, namely, having nothing to leave, which causes a great many heirs to be amputated, or cut off, even without the ceremony of performing the operation, with a shilling. Our own law is more civil to parents than the civil law, for in this country children are left to Fate and the Quarter Sessions, which will compel a father, mother, grandfather, or grandmother, to provide for a child, if of sufficient ability. If a parent runs away, that is to say, doth spring off from his offspring, the churchwardens and overseers may seize his goods and chattels, and dispose of them for the maintenance of his family; so that, if a man lodging in a garret leaves nothing behind him, *that* must be seized for the benefit of the deserted children. By the late Poor Law Act, a husband is liable to maintain the children of his wife, whether legitimate or illegitimate; and we would therefore advise all "persons about to marry," that though it is imprudent to count one's chickens before they are hatched, still it is desirable that chickens already hatched, and not counted on, should be rigidly guarded against.

It being the policy of our laws to promote industry, no father is bound to contribute to a child's support more than twenty shillings a month, which keeps the child continually sharp set, and is likely to promote the active growth of the infantine appetite.

Our law does not prevent a father from disinheriting his child; a circumstance which has been invaluable to our dramatists, who have been able to draw a series of delightful stage old men, who have a strong hold on the filial obedience of the walking ladies and gentlemen, who dare not rush into each other's arms, for fear of the old gentleman in a court coat and large shoe-buckles being unfavorable to the youth in ducks, or the maiden in muslin. Heirs are especial favorites of our courts of justice—much as the lamb is the especial favorite of the wolf—for an heir with mint sauce, that is to say, with lots of money, is a dainty dish indeed, to tempt the legal appetite.

A parent may protect his child: and thus, if one boy batters another boy, the parent of the second boy may batter the first boy, and the battery is justifiable, for such battery is in the eye of the law only the working of parental affection; though it is rather awkward for parental affection to take a neo-classic turn in its extraordinary zeal to show itself.

The last duty of a parent is to educate a child, or to initiate him into the mysteries of Mavor at an early period. Learning is said to be better than houses and land—probably because it opens a wide field for the imagination—that Cubitt of the mind—to build upon.

The old Romans, says Hale, used to be able to kill their children; but he adds that "the practyse off cuttinge offe one's own hair was thoughte barberous." This atrocious pun reminds us of the cruelty of a certain dramatist of modern times, who used to write pieces and take his own children to see them, thereby submitting his own offspring to the most painful ordeal; for they were compelled to sit out the whole performance, and were savagely pinched if they fell asleep, while they were, at the same time, expected to laugh and look cheerful at every attempt at a joke which their unnatural father had ventured to perpetrate. In conformity with the maxim that "*paterna potestas in pietate debet non in atrocitate consistere*," it is believed that a child in such a dreadful position as that which we have alluded to, might claim to be released by his next friend, for the time being, the box-keeper.

A parent may correct his child with a rod or a cane—a practice originally introduced to encourage the growers of birch, and to protect the importers of bamboo, as well as to promote the healthy tingling of the juvenile veins; and a schoolmaster, who is *in loco parentis*, is also empowered to do the like by an old Act of Parliament, known as the statute of Wapping.

Children owe their parents support; but this is a mutual obligation, for they must support each other—though we sometimes hear them declaring each other wholly unsupportable.

Illegitimate children are such as are born before wedlock; being, like Richard the Third, "sent before their time into this breathing world:" and though there is a fine maxim, to the effect of its being "better late than never," it is, in some cases, better to be late than too early. They are said to be *nullius filii*, or nobody's children; but so many people are now the children of mere nobodies, that all the old prejudices on this point against innocent parties are becoming quite obsolete, as they ought to be.

There is now no distinction between the two kinds we have named, except that one cannot inherit, and the other can; but some of those who can can't, and some of those who can't are enabled to do what is far better, namely, to give instead of taking.

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MISFORTUNES NEVER COME ALONE.—We see the KING OF HANOVER is announced, as well as the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, to visit England in the month of May. Perhaps it is all for the best that these two monarchs should make their visits at the same time, as instances have been known of one violent poison counteracting another.—*Punch*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## SHOPPING IN LONDON.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day with his friend, to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and many other gimcracks; and having observed them all, and the other funnibums that make up the furniture of a country fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things there are in this world of which Diogenes hath no need." ISAAC WALTON.

WHAT would London be without its shops?

How dull to the pedestrian, on a fine Sunday in June, is the formal, quaker-like aspect of the shuttered shops of Fleet Street and the Strand! How dismal to the loungeur are the tedious streets, where the tobacconists and pastrycooks alone offer their attractions to his excursive eye! How provoking to the pert milliner, whose only day of lifting her eyes from everlasting work is Sunday, when the haberdashery shops, with all their frippery, are as a sealed book, or a fountain shup up.

The shops of London, on Sunday, like a gallery of pictures turned to the wall, on other days display their thousand works of art in the most splendid frames, and the gayest colors; each shop is a *picture*, more or less highly-finished, or colored, according to the wealth and taste of the owner, and drawing its own especial mob of gaping admirers.

Without the privilege of the shop-windows, what on earth would become of our thousands of London loungeurs?

Without their aid, and the auction-rooms, how, in the name of laziness, would the wretched member of a West End club contrive to annihilate the time between breakfast and dinner?

To him, and to the stranger, the unemployed, the idle, the shops of London are means of education and amusement; normal schools of art and industry; repositories of taste and *virtù*; libraries of industry, science, intellect, applied to provide for the artificial wants and multiplied requirements of civilized and social man; museums of manufacturing ingenuity and skill.

If we were called upon to point out a single test by which we might determine the degree of refinement of a people, we would say, look at the shops; *there* you will see, reflected in the number of commodities, the number of *wants* of refined life; and perhaps, after all, it is by the number of our artificial wants that our refinement is to be calculated.

Let a man walk leisurely from Oxford Street, down Regent Street, along the Strand, Fleet Street, Cheapside, "to the India House;" let him stop, and introduce himself to the outsides of individual shops; let him enter into conversation with them, and hear what they have to say; and, if he does not return to his chamber impressed with more vivid ideas of the tremendous wealth, importance, enterprise of this mighty metropolis of shopocrats than he had before, we can only say, he is not the man we took him for.

There is a physiognomy of shop; a decided expression of countenance, that at once indicates to the spectator its social position, and *status* in society. Here is a shop, for instance, with wide mouth, low forehead, bleared eyes, and dusky features; a shop that a poor man would no more think of entering than he would of intruding into a gentleman's parlor; a shop that says as plain as it can speak, "I care, not I, for chance customers, I am a shop of high connexions and good family." The *employés* of such a shop as this are more like clergymen than shopmen; bald-headed, confidential, black-coated, long-service shopmen; men of

good salaries and manner, grave and independent in their deportment, who have been in the establishment nine-and-twenty years come next Lord Mayor's day; and intend to be there the remainder of their respectable lives.

These old established shops stare at a chance-customer; they are civil, but cool in serving you, and take care to charge you a little higher than they do to their own connexions; they will not condescend to enter into conversation with you; and if you make any objection to the price or quality of any article, they return your money with great indifference and solemnity.

Nevertheless, you cannot lay out your money at a greater advantage than in one of these; in fact, they are the only shops to be depended on; they *cannot afford* to cheat you, nor give you a bad article; they are *said* to be dear, because they charge a *high price* for a *good article*, and in this point of view they may be as well called cheap shops as dear.

Contrast one of these with a ticket-shop, or pretended cheap shop, a lying, Jeremy Diddler shop, that pretends to be always selling off at a great sacrifice, as if its sole ambition were to ruin itself for the benefit of a discerning public.

There is something of the cut of the *swell-mob* about one of these cheap shops; it looks as if it had stolen its commodities, or had obtained them upon false pretences, which, in truth, is usually the case; its plate-glass windows, brass sashes, and full-length mirrors, have an impudent, unpaid-for expression.

There are no shopmen in these places, but only somethings between young men and boys; raw, twenty pounds a-year counter-jumpers, in sallow, half-starved cravats, and seedy black coats; there is great bustle and appearance of business, which you never notice in shops that enjoy the *reality*; the shop-boys have a servile, insolent manner, and an open, undisguised desire of cheating and taking you in. You are attracted, if you know no better, by the low prices of articles ticketed in the window, and you enter; you ask to look at the article in the window; this the shopmen will not allow, but assure you they have precisely similar goods, which they proffer for your inspection; if you persist in declining any other article than that you see marked in the window, you will in all probability be insulted, and turned out of the shop, if not sent to the station-house, as has before now happened to an adventurous bargain-hunter. Whatever you are wheedled or bullied into buying at these pretended cheap shops is sure to be dear, or, what amounts to the same thing in the end, of inferior quality; you never quit the counter without the unpleasant sensation of having been taken in, or of having been dealing with people whose trade is to take people in.

We hear a great deal of execration bestowed upon fortune-hunters; but we do not know that there is not another class of sporting characters, almost, if not altogether as detestable, we mean *bargain-hunters*. Time, temper, and shoe-leather, will these people submit to the loss of, for a bargain; will stew themselves in an atmosphere of odoriferous perspiration among greasy Jew-brokers, at an auction, for a bargain; will bid against their best friend for a thing which he wants, and which they don't want, for the love they bear a bargain. Now, what is a bargain? Something purchased for less than its fair marketable value. Who is the sufferer by this! Either the vendor,

the owner, or the poor artizan, whose days and nights of labor have been consumed in its production.

With what excess of glee will a bargain-hunting lady return home with "such a love of a bonnet," "such a beautiful worked muslin," "such a sweet love of a tamboured collar," in the purchase whereof she has been lucky enough or clever enough to get it a bargain—"a mere nothing—an old song—and wonders how they can make it for the money."

Alas! how many tears may not the poor worker of that precious bargain have shed, while wearing her fingers to the bone for wages, mayhap barely enough to keep body and soul together! What struggling hearts may not have bent over the needle or the tambour-frame,—hearts whose only aspiration is for that happy, that longdesired hour, when they will for ever cease to beat,—hearts whose joy, hope, and freshness have long since given place to the complaining bitterness of unremitting, unrequited toil!

Ay, ladies of Britain, go bargain-catching, and give to South Sea islanders and nasty *niggers* the accumulated produce of your savings from the sweat and life-blood of your distressed countrywomen!

We have no patience with the hungry-eyed, greedy-hearted wretches who rush into cheap shops; and the only respectability about the cheap shops is their cleverness in *doing* these hunters of bargains. It is not that the buyer is sure at these places to get an article fifty per cent. *worse*, at five-and-twenty per cent. *less* than a respectable tradesman can afford to sell it for; this we rejoice at; this is a sort of retributive justice; it serves the bargain-hunter right. It is the misery among tradespeople, artificers, shopmen, the screwing of the poor workmen and workwomen, to which the bargain-hunter, by his purchases, is an accessory after the fact, since all who have the misfortune to have any concern with the cheap shops are sure to burn their fingers.

A respectable tradesman has an article in his shop, forming the most valuable portion of his stock in trade, but which he cannot afford to sell, and which secures to the honest purchaser an honest article at an honest price, I mean his *character*. This enables the tradesman to *afford* to do what is fair, and he *does* it; this is a protection to the customer, from imposture far before the mendacious announcements of the ticket-shops; this it is which enables the customer to enter a shop with confidence, quit it with satisfaction, and return to it with alacrity. Believe me, it is worth a trifle *extra* to deal with an honest man, who by straightforward behavior has raised himself to independence.

These observations apply to cheap tea-shops, cheap tailors, cheap jewellers, cheap haberdashers, cheap everything—whatever is too *cheap* is too *dear*. The tradesman will not get rich by this cheap system, and the customer will find, sooner or later, that he has sacrificed his true interest to a mere delusion.

Let us now resume our stroll and our casual observations, as we proceed along the leading line of the world of shopkeepers. Here is an historical shop—a shop that has made a fortune, and founded a family. There it stands, a monument of the supremacy of honest, humble industry in this great and powerful country. There you see it, an estate of five or ten thousand pounds a-year to the tradesman, and the means of a decent liveli-

hood to numbers of industrious heads of families,—and yet it is only a saddler's shop. Out of that shop have been turned boys, sons of the saddler, who stitched therein. These boys have gone to school and college, and have returned with all the honors that intellectual labor can extort from colleges and schools. The eldest son of that saddler has pushed himself, through the several gradations of an arduous profession, to a highly respectable station; the second son of that saddler is at the head and is confessed worthily to be at the head, of a profession the most distinguished by public honors and rewards of any in this country. He has long been a senator and an advocate, and before these pages see the light may probably be a peer. The third son of that saddler has extended, in distant lands, the power and glory of his country by force of arms, and stands confessedly one of the most distinguished warriors of his time. What an accumulation of honor in one family!—what an illustration of the height to which in this country the son of the humblest man may, if he is worthy, attain!

Here is another shop—another saddler's shop. You see a number of clean-faced, well-fed looking fellows, pricking pig-skin into shape. The owner of that shop, once a poor youth, has now a title, a carriage—what did I say? a manufactory of carriages—footmen in sanguine breeches and gold-laced coats; a splendid mansion in one of the most fashionable parts of the town; he is, moreover, a valuable magistrate, an exposé of swindlers and schemers, and a public-spirited citizen; in Oxford Street a saddle-maker, in Park Crescent a gentleman of fortune, at the Mansion House a man of law and authority.

A third shop is a baronet's—a knight of the bloody hand—a man of enormous fortune. Here you must excuse me, while I step in and purchase at the counter of Sir John a pennyworth of sweet oil, wherewith to anoint my razors.

Not to particularise individual shops, it is quite a catalogue to recount the number of men of distinction that have been shopkeepers in London, and whose children now sit in Parliament, on the Bench, adorn the Church and the army, or swell the number of independent families in private life. When a shop is established in London, it is no longer a shop; it is, in point of fact, an *estate*, from which the possessor can quietly retire, receiving his rents, through the hands of his shop-keeping representative, with the same certainty as if his property were in lands, funds, or houses.

Stop here—let us take a lesson in the fine arts at one of these gorgeous print-shops—take care of your pockets, and flatten your nose against the middle of the window. No one heedlessly passes the print-shops; a look at them costs nothing, and there is always something to please. The wealthy and great go inside the shops, pay for prints, and *possess* them; the vulgar and penniless stay outside, criticise the engravings, and *enjoy* them; so trivial, after all, is the difference between the man who has money and the man who has it not.

The sporting print-shops attract us; one sees what is going on in the hunting world, without crossing a horse-back or going to Melton. There they are—magnates of the chase, in hunting panoply, their dogs, horses, and the whole *matériel* of the chase. Next, the caricatures while away ten minutes, not without much risible emotion; the inimitable H.B. puts forth all his powers of humorous ridicule to amuse us wayfarers of the streets;

Brougham, the Proteus of politicians, is pulled into ludicrous postures by a string in the hands of the Duke of Wellington; Palmerston, as Cupid, blows bubbles, that, as he blows them, break in empty air; Peel, as Phaeton, drives his triumphant chariot, oblivious of the melting influence of the sun of public opinion. Our rulers are by the pencil of this witty artist made ridiculous, and we laugh contentedly, in the confidence of our own obscurity. At Cockspur Street, the Haymarket, Bond Street, and Pall Mall, we have displayed before us the classical engravings of the day. Here Turner's extraordinary and incomprehensible experiments in color resolve themselves into subject, and become legible under the hand of the translator. The exquisite dogs of Landseer, with their human faces, are dispersed upon the wings of the multiplying press. Raphael and Correggio live over again in the soft, luscious, lithographic productions of the German school of engraving; Fanny Ellsler, Dumilatre, Taglioni, in their chosen *pas*, bound through the sustaining ether; Wellington, in dresses heroic and academic, as like and as unlike himself as it is possible for the same man at one and the same time to be, smiles and scowls upon the admiring spectators; Peel's bland, immovable, and gentleman-like features are not wanting.

We see in the windows of print-sellers what a nonentity is fame. Here, in the evanescence of a transitory popularity, statesmen have their places in the windows, as on the Treasury bench; when they are in Opposition, they are deposed from the post of honor in the centre of the print-seller's window, and stowed away, no longer marketable, in the unenviable obscurity of the portfolios in the back-shop. The grave has hardly closed on the remains of a royal duke, or other illustrious personage, than he lives again for the mob of gazers at the print-shops, and continues offered for sale until some other great personage appears, whose lineaments become, in life or death, saleable commodities. Even kings are treated with hardly more ceremony by those great potentates of Cockspur Street and Pall Mall. His Majesty of Prussia frowns upon us in all the dignity of his huge moustache, for a week or ten days after he has quitted our shores, when he is deposed from his window, and Espartero reigns in his stead. Queen Christina puts the Regent out of countenance, and the widow, and Narvaez or Bravo, or whoever is uppermost for the day, compels her Christian Majesty to retire into the back-shop, and waste her sweetness in a portfolio.

The print-shops, properly regarded, are not mere galleries of the arts, but popular pictorial histories of England, the Continent, and in a word, the world.

From the print-shops we proceed to the book-shops. These furnish less matter for observation to the lingering mob; the titles are soon read; and, as you are not in the humor, or the funds to buy, the titles are all the information you are likely to obtain.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step—from the print and book-shops to the *gourmand* shops is but twenty yards. Perhaps in nothing is the excess of London luxury more strikingly exhibited than in the *gourmand* shops; where plain roast, baked, or boiled, have no place, where everything is foreign, rich, full of zest, and expensive.

What a variety of stimulants for the palled, exhausted palate has not the research of caterers for

the appetite of luxurious man provided! Here are every variety of continental sausages, while Norwich, Cambridge, Epping are forgotten.—reindeer tongues, Strasburgh bacon,—as if Wiltshire was not good enough for Englishmen,—turkeys stuffed with truffles, wild boar's head, potted meats, fish and fowl in every variety of pot and pan, *pates de foie gras*, fat goose-liver-pies of Strasburgh, powdered beef of Hamburg, and a thousand other contrivances, that might create an appetite "under the ribs of death."

Ha! do I not see a bulky form, swathed hand and foot in bandages of flannel, with bolsters at his back, and pillows supporting his misshapen toes? Now he rubs his chalky knuckles with misshapen thumb—now he plies the brandy-bottle to assuage his agony—'tis Gour, taking his ease in this his own chosen palace, where thousand sprites of dainty meat and drink, potted and bottled, wait to do his bidding on a thousand belly-gods about town. See his sunken eye, his flaccid chops, his greasy lips—bah! let's be off—these delicate meats are delicate poisons!

Here is something more plain English, more honest, more substantial, a butcher's-meat shop. Here you may behold the roast-beef of Old England in all its glory, beef in exaggeration of feeding and condition. That rib, now, is not merely the fat—no, sir, it is the *marrow* of the land!

"The ox was a picture for painters to study,

The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy."

There is not in London—which is as much as to say there is not in the world—a finer sight than the shops of the great victuallers about Christmas time. It is at once a delightful and tantalizing sight. You see it for nothing; but you get nothing by the sight, except a feeling of regret that you are not able to appropriate a portion, as the saying is, to your own cheek.

Here is a shop we should have noticed before—meat after fish—Grove's vension and fish shop. Really this is worth looking at. Here ichthyologists linger delighted; there is always some strange, monstrous fish extended on the marble slab,—a sturgeon, dog-fish, hog-fish, saw-fish, or other curiosity of the deep. Here you are sure to find the largest salmon imported, with shoulders broad as a Bath chairman's, and tail like the blade of a battle-axe; turbot, over whose creamy breast crawls in congenial society the yet live lobster; the speckled trout, bedropped with crimson hail; the luscious carp, the slimy tench, physician of the flood; the gelatinous john d'ory, the delicate little white-bait; the huge crimped cod-fish, with his appropriate garnishing, the smelt. Surely these Groves must be the *Groves of Blarney*, of whom we have heard so much and so often, in poor Power's melodious song,

"The trouts and the salmon they play backgammon,

Sporting so beautifully all the day;

But if you offer to take hold of ever a one of them,

Don't the *polis* immediately take you away?"

Good eating deserves good drinking; and, if you have the wherewithal, you need assuredly not remain many minutes either hungry or dry. In London, the public-house is always either next door but two, or round the next corner, or over the way.

The regular gin-shop or gin-palace is familiar, in exterior at least, to every perambulator of the streets; but, designing our lucubrations for a dis-

tant posterity, a posterity, mayhap, altogether made up of tee-totalers,—for to this perfection, doubtless, shall we come at last,—we think proper to essay a brief description of one of those nurseries of misery, want, and vice, that abound in every quarter of our thirsty metropolis.

The gin-palace, then, is generally at the corner of two intersecting streets, in a gin-drinking neighborhood; it lowers, in all the majesty of stucco pilasters, in genuine cockney splendor, over the dingy mansions that support it, like a rapacious tyrant over his impoverished subjects.

The doors are large, swinging easily upon patent hinges, and ever half-and-half—half open, half shut, so that the most undecided touch of the dram-drinker admits him. The windows are of plate-glass, set in brass sashes, and are filled with flaming announcements, in large letters, “THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN LONDON,”—“CREAM OF THE VALLEY,”—“CREAMING STOUT,”—“BRILLIANT ALES,”—“OLD TOM, fourpence a quartern,”—“HODGES’ BEST, for mixing,” and a variety of other entertainments for the men and beasts who make the gin-palace their home. At night splendid lights irradiate the surrounding gloom, and an illuminated clock serves to remind the toper of the time he throws away in throwing away his reason.

Within, the splendor is in keeping with the splendor without; counters fitted with zinc, and a long array of brass *taps*; fittings of the finest Spanish mahogany, beautifully polished; bottles containing cordials, and other drugs, gilded and labelled, as in the apothecaries’ shops. At one side is the bar-parlor, an apartment fitted up with congenial taste, and usually occupied by the family of the publican; in the distance are *vistas*, and sometimes galleries, formed altogether of huge vats of the various sorts of liquor dispensed in the establishment. Behind the counter, which is usually raised to a level with the breasts of the toppers, stand men in their shirt-sleeves, well-dressed females, or both, dispensers of the “short” and “heavy;” the under-sized tipplers, raising themselves on tiptoe, deposit the three-halfpence for the “drop” of gin, or whatever else they require, and receive their *quantum* of the poison in return; ragged women, with starveling children, match and ballad-venders, fill up the foreground of the picture. There are no seats, nor any accommodation for the customers in the regular gin-palace; every exertion is used to make the place as uncomfortable to the consumers as possible, so that they shall only step in to drink, and pay; step out, and return to drink and pay again. No food of any kind is provided at the gin-palace, save a few biscuits, which are exhibited in a wire-cage, for protection against the furtive hand; drink, *eternal*, poisonous drink, is the sole provision of this whited sepulchre.

There is not in all London a more melancholy and spirit-depressing sight than the area of the larger gin-palaces on a wet night. There, the homeless, houseless miseries of both sexes, whether they have money or not, resort in numbers for a temporary shelter; aged women selling ballads and matches, cripples, little beggar-boys and girls, slaving idiots, piemen, sandwich-men, apple and orange-women, shell-fishmongers, huddled pell-mell, in draggled confusion. Never can human nature, one would imagine, take a more abject posture than is exhibited here; there is a character, an individuality, a family likeness common to the whole race of sots; the pale, clayey,

flaccid, clammy face, pinched in every feature; the weeping, ferret-like, lack-lustre eye, the unkempt hair, the slattern shawl, the untidy dress, the slipshod gait, too well betray the confirmed drunkard.

The noises, too, of the assembled toppers are hideous; appalling even when heard in an atmosphere of gin. Imprecations, execrations, oburgations, supplications, until at length the patience of the publican, and the last copper of his customers, are exhausted, when, rushing from behind his counter, assisted by his shopmen, he expels, *vi et armis*, the dilatory mob, dragging out by the heels or collars the dead drunkards, to nestle as best they may, outside the inhospitable door.

Here, unobserved, may you contemplate the infinite varieties of men self-metamorphosed into beasts; soaker, tippler, toper, muddler, dram-drinker, beer-swiller, cordial-tipper, *sots*.

Here you may behold the barefoot child, hungry, naked, clay-faced, handing up on tiptoe that infernal bottle, which made it, and keeps it what it is, and with which, when filled, it creeps home to its brutal father, or infamous mother, the messenger of its own misery.

Here the steady, *respectable* sot, the good customer, slides in, and *flings* down his throat the frequent dram; then, with an emphatic “*hah*” of gratification, drops his money, nods to his friend, the landlord, and for a short interval disappears.

Here you may behold with pity and regret, and as much super-added virtuous indignation as the inward contemplation of your own continence may inspire, the flaunting Cyprian, in over-dressed tawdriness, calling, in shameless voice, for a quartern of “pleasant-drinking” gin, which she liberally shares with two or three gentlemen who are being educated for the bar of the Central Criminal Court. You may contrast her short-lived hey-day of prosperous sin, with that row of miseries seated by the wall, whose charms are fled, and whose voices are husky, while they implore you to treat them with a glass of ale, or supplicate for the coppers they see you receive in change from the barman; and who are only permitted that wretched place of rest, that they may *beg* for the benefit of the publican, and for his profit poison themselves with the alms of others.

*Their* day is over; night has fallen thick and heavy upon their fate; beggars are they of the poison, which, while it mitigates for the moment their gnawing sorrow, soon

Shuts up the story of their days.

Let us forget this painful scene, and resume our digressive, shop-exploring way.

Of London shops the shawl shops are decidedly the most attractive to the passer-by. These are more like the interior of a Sultan’s divan than an English tradesman’s shop; draped and festooned as they are with the rich productions of the looms of Thibet, Angola, Cashmere, of more than Tyrian splendor of dye, and of patterns varied, it would seem, to infinity. Rich carpets conceal the floor of these establishments, vases of rare and costly china are dispersed about the room, whose great size is relieved by rows of pillars; lustres of brilliant crystal depend from the painted ceilings, and the rosewood *tables* (for here you see no vulgar counters) dispersed throughout the vast apartment are heaped with costly velvets, and piles of cloth of gold.

The goldsmiths, although the display in their

windows may not be so attractive to vulgar eyes as the shawl-shops, far surpass these in internal wealth and variety of costly property.

The chronometer-maker's is a never-failing stopping-place for the shop-window loungers. Let us count the gold watches, as we have nothing else to do; more than three hundred gold watches in the window alone, each reposing in state on its bed of crimson velvet; very satisfactory to the poor author, who is so seldom up to the "time of day," or able to inform the vulgar world "what 's o'clock!" Here is always something scientific at work in the window, attracting mechanical optics; a spiral spring, putting in motion some intricate piece of machinery, or a compensating pendulum, moving from side to side, like a trimming politician in either House of Parliament.

We pause curiously to examine shops that delight in displaying new inventions; grates, for example, warranted to burn no coals, or what amounts to exactly the same thing, in which no coals will burn. An infinity of stoves, calculated to suffocate a family with the greatest economy; candles warranted to burn without snuffing, and candlesticks that snuff their own candles; waterproof coats, caps, *life hats*, preservative from water, not only of the head, but, in case of accident, of the body appertaining thereunto. Apparatus calculated to cook everything for nothing; patent beds, patent easy and uneasy chairs, patent locks, not only impossible to pick, but which detect the picker; articles with outlandish names; *co-razza* shirt-shops; *Hedyosoma* coat-shops, and a thousand other indispensable necessities, made attractive by Greek, and Latin, and Gibberish denominations.

The greatest curiosities among shops are, beyond all question, the curiosity-shops; nor do we think, that, if called upon to exhibit to a stranger by one illustration, the profusion of superfluous wealth in this metropolis, we should not conduct him to a curiosity-shop, saying, "Lo, in such a place as this there are people who expend thousands of pounds."

The useless lumber, or, as Brother Jonathan would call it, "plunder," that abounds in these establishments passes all calculation; but it may be safely assumed that everything bears a price in an inverse *ratio* to its possibility of being applied to any useful purpose. Here are high-backed chairs, with low bottoms, the frames of carved oak, the seats crimson plush, as old as the time of my grandmother's grandmother, who, if she used these, must have

Sat with her toes  
As high as her nose.

Yet this useless apparatus for a hall, or vestibule, will cost you from five to ten pounds a piece, or somewhat about three times the price of a chair that you can sit down on. Here are inlaid cabinets, of ridiculous and tasteless design, whose only merit is the labor that has been wasted in the manufacture of such trumpery; Japan screens, covered with outrageous mimicry of things animal and vegetable, in tawdry colors; hideous idols, bronzes, noseless blocks, and cracked china teapots, bound with tape; old copies of old pictures, for which prices are demanded that make one's hair to stand on end; old rusty armor, swords, helmets, and musty, moth-eaten tapestry; in short, whatever is ridiculous in design, worm-eaten in texture, and in use unprofitable.

Nor, in our enumeration of the endless varieties of shop, must we forget the shops of the lanes, alleys, and other lesser veins of town. These seem to be surviving shops of the last century, which, having fallen into reduced circumstances, have retired from the prosperous thoroughfares to these dusky regions, where presides over their commerce a venerable lady in white hair, and silver spectacles, or a superannuated gentleman, as old as themselves. Hundreds, we might say thousands of these shops, presided over by these ladies and gentlemen, "all of the olden time," are juvenile; that is to say, subsist upon the farthings, halfpence, and pence, affectionate pa's and ma's of all ranks are in the habit of bestowing upon their little ones. The modern Michael Angelo (Titmarsh) in his amusing, instructive, and impartial book on Ireland, records an observation of one ragged urchin to another; "Once," says he, "I had a halfpenny, and bought apples with it." "Dates," observes De Quincy, "we forget, epochs never;" possession of the halfpenny the Hibernian youth could not forget; it was *his* epoch. In London, under the most unfavorable circumstances, the observation would be to the following effect: "Once a week I have a penny, and buy sweet-stuff with it." For these youths, so liberally dealt by, the little sweet-stuff shops in the little lanes and alleys abound in great profusion. Here, under the tantalizing denominations of hard-bake, almond-rock, brandy-balls, bulls'-eyes, elicampayne, sugar-plums, candied almonds, acid drops, Bonaparte's ribs, peppermint, are saccharine juices in great variety and profusion; in the City, however, where children are taught to stuff as soon as they can crawl, these sweet-stuff shops rise to wholesale dignity, and supply not only little children, but the "trade."

In these minor shops, too, one sees restored the little penny-half-penny places of a remote village, where the division of traffic is unknown, and where everybody sells everything at every price; coals, penny battledores, brick-dust, odd, tattered volumes of the Spectator, potatoes, pens and ink, Bibles, bacon, farthing tobacco-pipes, turnip-tops, table beer, the Sunday paper, Warren's blacking, and forty songs for a halfpenny.

But the reader is tired, and thinks it high time to shut up shop.

We are of the same opinion. Dick—turn off the gas—turn out the cat, and up with the shutters!

#### THE COUNTRY IN DANGER.

WHILE reading over the last European papers, in our little office in Boston, we were attracted by a sudden elevation of voice from some Irish laborers in the room below us—and clearly distinguished the following remarkable and significant words—"THE COUNTRY OUGHT TO BE KICKED!" It may be that the conspirators were talking of the Philadelphia war, and only gave vent to the anger of the moment; but it *may* be that this design may be carried into execution! At any rate, we should rather be laughed at for causeless alarm, than sleep on our post; and it is the duty of every patriotic citizen, when sounds of treason meet his ears, to "cry aloud and spare not;" more especially if by so doing he can fill out a column.

From Hood's Magazine.

## IRISH TRAVELLING ANECDOTE.

TRAVELLING is decidedly a pleasant occupation, and nowhere pleasanter than in Ireland for those who love fun; and where you have

"Nothing else to do,"

like the stars in "Molly Bawn," you could not do better than—

"Order your wings and be off to the west,"

as Moore recommends us. It so happens I have the pleasure of knowing both the authors whose lines I have quoted, and I have heard them both speak with enthusiastic warmth of the enjoyment they have had in revisiting the land of their birth, being welcomed by the open arms and hearts of their countrymen, and hearing their own songs reverberated by the echoes of their native hills, and floating across the silver waters of Killarney. Moore, by the way, alludes to this in one of his exquisite melodies, which is too tempting not to quote:—

'T was one of those dreams, that by music are brought  
Like a light summer haze o'er the poet's warm thought,  
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,  
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those  
To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes,  
And the breath of the bugle now waited them o'er  
From Erin's green isle to Gienà's wooded shore.

He listened—while high o'er the eagle's rude nest  
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest,  
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,  
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note that died here  
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,  
Some heaven in those hills where the soul of the strain  
That had ceased upon earth was awaking again!

Oh! forgive if, while listening to music whose breath  
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,  
He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim,  
"Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of fame;

"Even so, though thy memory should now die away,  
'T will be caught up again in some happier day,  
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,  
Through the answering future, thy name and thy song!"

The honest exultation of the poet is here so just, that it delights us, and if ever man deserved it, it is Thomas Moore. But while Moore manifestly exulted in the triumph he enjoyed at Killarney, that spirit of fun, which is sure to steal out of everything Irish, tinged the glowing picture he painted of the reception given to him by his countrymen. "It is all very well," said Moore, "for me to tell you of my being a great personage at Killarney, but Sir Walter Scott, who was there shortly after, told me something which amused me very much, showing what a strange notion these very people had of 'a poet,' though it was for my poetry alone I was to be valued. At a certain point in the lake, the boatman who rowed Sir

Walter told him, *that was the place which Misther Moore liked so much.* 'You mean Moore the poet,' said Sir Walter,—"Faix, he's no poet \* at all, *but a rale gentleman*, for he gave me half-a-crown.'"

Now Killarney is a place Irishmen always rave about, but if they be poets as well, there is no stopping them. I have heard Lover tell how intense was the pleasure he experienced when he was awakened from his slumber after his first night at Killarney by his "Angel's Whisper" being played on the bugle under his window by way of welcome to him, and the other bugle player, who would not be outdone, making a sort of Irish echo by returning "Rory O'Moore."

This was a very elegant way of paying a compliment, by the by, and might be matter of pride to any man. It was certainly a heartfelt pleasure to the author, who was destined, however, to have his pride taken down a peg a few days after. He was proceeding with a friend to Glengarriff, and was waiting beside the mail "car"—(for they have few "coaches" left in the South of Ireland, Bianconi having revolutionized the system of travelling) surrounded by some friends, and most of them people of consideration, waiting for the moment to start, when two travellers by the same vehicle approached, and very unceremoniously took the cloaks of Lover and his friend, which had been previously placed on the side of the car commanding the best view of beauties which lay along the road they were about to travel, and threw them to the other seat. Lover, who has the hot blood of the Celt about him, at once interfered, and an angry altercation was about to ensue, when the driver of the car plucked the offending traveller by the skirt of the coat, and whispered in his ear something which made him give in at once. It was discovered afterwards the driver had pointed out to the offender, that those on whom he had attempted to commit a wrong, were "not to be sneezed at."—"Sure there's all the principal gentlemen of Killarney come out to see them off, and the high sheriff himself at the head o' them, and that the man wrote 'Rory O'Moore' sure, and the devil a one has a better right to the pick and choice of any sate on any car in Ireland!"

The car started, and the gentlemen on either side, in Irish parlance, "kept themselves to themselves;" but on arriving at Kenmare in the evening, the invaders of the cloaked seats thought it better to hold out the olive branch, and sent a note across the coffee-room to express a hope, that, instead of the route being pursued on horseback, as an order from Lover to the landlord implied, a car and pair of horses should be substituted, in which they might be permitted to join. The proposal was accepted, a pleasant supper followed, and an early start in the morning agreed upon.

The road between Kenmare and Glengarriff is extremely mountainous, obliging passengers to alight frequently; and it was in a walk up a stiff hill that one of the strangers in company with Lover suddenly addressed him thus:—

"I believe, sir, I have the honor of addressing a distinguished author?"

Mr. Lover disclaimed any right to so proud a title.

\* The term "poet" is often applied among the lower orders in Ireland to express some reckless crack-brained fellow.



"Oh, sir, I believe a *most* distinguished author."

"Indeed, sir, you are mistaken."

"No, no, sir—I know who you are—I am proud, sir, in having the honor to address the author of 'Jim Crow.'"

"—'Here was an end of my glory,' said Lover —'Rory O' Moore' being confounded with 'Jim Crow,' brought my 'nobbs to nine pence.'"

This anecdote, in a condensed form, has been introduced by Mr. Lover in his pleasant entertainment, called "Irish Evenings," a novelty which most agreeably surprised the town a fortnight ago. When first Mr. Lover's intention was announced of becoming in his own person an expositor of his country's music and character, a good deal of curiosity was excited. The author of upwards of a hundred songs, many of them amongst the most popular of our day; the author of Irish novels, Irish dramas, and Irish legends, was looked upon as likely to do the subject justice; and the world, to whose judgment he ventured thus publicly to appeal, were willing to receive him with welcome. This he must have felt when he heard the hearty and prolonged cheers which greeted his entrance upon the platform of the Princess's Concert Room, (a beautiful room by the way, and admirably adapted to convey sound,) and that welcome given by a distinguished auditory, comprising rank and fashion, and literary and musical celebrity. Mr. Lover plunged at once into his subject; and in an easy and conversational tone touched upon the early musical history of his country, all tending to prove an original school, and a fanciful nomenclature for the strings of the harp. He also contended that music is not to be considered as a frivolous pursuit; that it has played an important part in our own history; and, from Venerable Bede and Cambrensis down to Fletcher of Saltoun, Mr. Lover happily adduced authorities in favor of his position. This dry ground he soon left, however, and asked indulgence for his small voice in giving the appropriate song which followed, "Whisper low," written to the original Irish air of the "The Rejected Lover," which name Mr. Lover said was ominous to him, but hoped, in the words of Rory O' Moore, that "names" as well as "dhrames" might be allowed to go "by contraries." This little point was well received by the audience, and won favor for the reception of this first song, "Whisper low," one of Mr. Lover's very happiest effusions, and which we would quote, did our space permit. As for the singing of this song, it was the most novel thing possible. It was putting to the severest test the problem, whether expression would serve instead of voice. That in private, Mr. Moore has this power in a marvellous degree, is notorious; and it was also well known that Mr. Lover was only second to him in that capability: but whether that *mentality* (if we may use the term) of singing could operate in the large area of a spacious concert room was yet to be tried, and Mr. Lover has made the experiment most successfully.

"One touch of feeling makes the whole world kin?"

And it is the *feeling* which he throws into his song, that makes his hearers forget the want of mere organic power. His singing of the "Angel's Whisper" is so fine a reading of that touching song, that we had rather hear it in his diminished tones, than in all the volume of a tenor, or seductive sweetness of a soprano.

Mr. Lover has shown great judgment in not depending on his own singing alone;—pleasing and *curious* as it is, it might want force for a whole evening, therefore has he selected two charming singers to assist in his illustrations—Miss Cubitt, who is vastly improving of late, and Miss Rollo Dickson (quite new to us,) a sweet and tasteful warbler, whose clear, sound tones, and nice execution won her well-deserved applause—indeed, both the ladies were *encored*; so was Mr. Lover, on his second evening, in "Widow Machree," which he gave with great effect, but he wisely declined the honor, and "begged off," though not without some difficulty, for the audience were rather bent on having it. One word, by the way, on the subject of *encores*. We look upon *encores* in general as injudicious. At the first glance, they seem a pleasing testimony to the power of both author and singer—and singers are only too ready in general to yield to the temptation; but, if we look deeper into the matter, we see that a song, be it ever so good, is never so effective on its repetition. The public are, in this respect, like a child who cries for *another* cake, and when it gets it, cannot enjoy it.

The lecture was, as might be expected from Mr. Lover's acquirements, scholarlike and gentlemanly; displaying taste and feeling where they are appropriate, but much more frequently inspiring mirth; and we certainly never heard more hearty laughter, than that which rung through the Princess's Concert Room. We cannot conclude, without wishing Mr. Lover all the success in his new undertaking. We will go farther than wishes, and prophesy, to him much profit, and to the public a great deal of pleasure.

#### THE HUSBAND TO HIS LATCH-KEY.

HAVE I lost thee, my Latch-Key, or was I so green

As to leave thee this morning behind?

No; thou hast but conceal'd thee, my waistcoat between,

And the texture by which it is lined.

Thou hast rubb'd a great hole in my pocket, I see,

I have worn thee so long near my heart;

And that must be look'd to to-morrow, my Key,

Or else we are likely to part.

I believe we left home at a quarter to noon,

And here we're again at our door;

I don't know what the time is exactly; but soon

I expect we shall hear it strike four.

I cannot conceive what on Earth I should do,

My Latch-Key, if 't were not for thee:

For I never get home of a night before two;

And not very often till three.

And here, till I woke all the street with the row,

In vain I might hammer and ring;

At one time my wife would sit up for me; now,

Oh catch her at any such thing!

But Thou art no changed one, my Latch-Key; and so,

Since I find it's beginning to rain;

By thy leave, gentle Key-hole.—Eh! What? Here's a go!

That woman has put up the chain!

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 5.—15 JUNE, 1844.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

In the management of the Museum of Foreign Literature, we never hesitated to reprint foreign attacks upon the United States, however ill-natured, or however true they might be. We have no sympathy with the very great tenderness of that patriotism which cannot hear of our *alleged* faults, and shrinks from every attack.

But as the good people abroad now begin to know something of us, we may be sure that their attention will be turned more and more this way; and not having the fear of stern democracy, or its great apostles before their eyes, they may, perhaps, not only praise the country itself, less than they ought, but they may even doubt the perfect wisdom or virtue of Whig or Democratic leaders! Shall we, then, who wish to show to this country the public opinion of England and of Europe, upon all leading topics of the day, be afraid to print what may be said of our great men? Are they not deserving of European attention—and must we not know what is said of them? We shall venture to trust to the candor of our readers, and without dread of being suspected to be opposed either to one party or the other, shall, with all the impartiality of history, repeat such praise or censure, as may seem to us of some interest or amusement, whether it agree, or disagree with our private opinions and prejudices.

On the subject of Texas, the comments we copy are somewhat savage; but, although the subjects do not seem to be thought of in connexion, the censure of the British annexations in India, (*against the will of the annexed by the way*) is equally decided, if not so sharp. That is not the “grasping” of a republic.

The question of the meaning of the words “the most favored nation,” in late treaties, is likely to become of considerable importance. If the British interpretation be settled, it is likely to result in more free trade than Lord Aberdeen supposes.

The Spectator's article upon the East India corporation, has interest for all Anglo-Saxon governments, in none of which is the power resident in a single head. The division has succeeded in practice, better than could *a priori* have been supposed. The recall of Lord Ellenborough is a striking proof that “her merchants are princes.” Punch has an engraving representing his Lordship in the character of Othello, bidding farewell to all the pomp that makes ambition virtue; and exclaiming “*Ellenborough's occupation's gone.*”

The Prince de Joinville's abstract speculations upon the feasibility of sending troops to invade England, now that steam is in operation, must often have occurred to Napoleon, if he has continued to be interested in European politics.

Let neither grave or gay readers fail to read the article on the Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression. They will all be pleased with it.

If the conclusions of the writer on the Atmospheric Railway, should be proved to be sound, it will come into extensive use. We do not understand the mode of operation in all respects, but shall probably get more light from other articles.

SIR ROBERT PEEL's Currency Plan will be a very great improvement. The changes in the money market will be regulated by *nature*, and not by the discretion of a Board of Directors. So they will be more gradual, and less.

So far as can be judged of by what came before the public, in the canvass of 1840, Mr. Webster's plans were similar.

The writer of these lines went to Washington in 1833, to endeavor to impress upon General Jackson the great advantage of establishing *our* paper currency upon the same principles, and at the same time of making the change very gradually, through a new charter to the Bank of the United States. But it is not recorded that Hercules did anything in the way of *building up*; perhaps his time was too much occupied by clearing the ground.

After the opportunity of using the Bank of the United States as a *transition state* had passed, we urged successively upon Mr. Van Buren, General Harrison, Mr. Tyler and Mr. Clay, the establishment of the currency on fixed principles, by means of a new department of the government itself, similar in its constitution to the Supreme Court, so as to be above executive control.

The capital proposed, was the Public Lands; the paper issued to be payable on demand at the Mint in Philadelphia. The amount of issue, to be so arranged that it would gradually increase as the needs of commerce required it as a means of domestic exchange. Failure to pay on demand, to ensure loss of office; the profits and interest to be divided among the States.

The whole was founded upon the same principle as that on which Sir Robert Peel's plan rests:—that the amount of the currency should vary by the increase or diminution of gold and silver, but *not* by the increase or diminution of bank notes. So far as the currency is composed of the latter, it should be fixed by strong bounds. We are encouraged to hope *now* for a hearing from the country on a subject which has no connexion with party politics, and shall take an opportunity of again asking attention to a few words on a matter which we have long thought of the greatest importance to the *morals*, as well as the trade of the United States.

From Hood's Magazine.

## A FORCED MARCH WITH ESPARTERO.

AMONGST the various calumnies that have been circulated concerning the late Regent of Spain, perhaps the most glaringly untrue is the imputation of a want of personal courage. Whatever may be his abilities as a statesman or a general, as a soldier his bravery is unquestionable, and, indeed, has often led him into acts which, however laudable they might have been in a young officer who had his way to make in the service, might almost be qualified as rashness on the part of the leader of an army, whose life is of too great value to be risked like that of a mere subaltern. It would be easy to cite a dozen instances of dashing and headlong courage on the part of Espartero. The following anecdote may however suffice :—

It was in the month of April, 1838, that the Carlist general, Count Negri, at the head of two or three thousand men, crossed the Ebro and made an incursion into Castile. As soon as this was known, several divisions of Christian troops started in his pursuit; Iriarte in one direction, Castaneda in another, Espartero himself, in a third. There was a good deal of marching and counter-marching, but Negri's movements were rapid, and his information good, and for some time he managed to elude his pursuers. I was then attached to Espartero's division, and on his escort, which consisted of a troop of English lancers and a detachment of Spanish cazadores of the guard, together with about eighty horses.

The pursuit of Negri had lasted some days, and had brought us to Burgos, whence we marched at daybreak one morning, and late in the afternoon reached a village where we were to halt for the night. The men got into their billets, disencumbered themselves of their knapsacks, were beginning to cook their dinner, for which a severe march had given them a tolerable appetite. It was six o'clock in the evening. Suddenly, a boy, fourteen or fifteen years of age, mounted on a bare-backed horse that was literally white with foam, came dashing full speed into the village, scattering the fires that had been lighted in the street, and causing a woful disturbance among the temporary kitchens of the hungry soldiers. Regardless of the curses and threats vociferated after him, he galloped on, and only drew bit when he reached the centre of the town, where he inquired for the quarters of the general, for whom, he said, he had most important intelligence. Having, at length, been brought before Espartero, he stated that he had seen Negri and his division, not above two or three leagues off, marching in the direction of the Carrascal.

Espartero could at first hardly credit this. None of the information he had had through more regular channels led him to believe the enemy so near. He suspected it might be some stratagem of the Carlists to put him on a wrong scent, and cross-questioned the boy severely and minutely. The lad, however, was perfectly consistent in his replies; nobody had sent him, he said; he saw the Carlists, took a horse out of a field, and came immediately to inform the general.

It would not do to lose a chance. Espartero gave a few hurried orders to his aides-de-camp; and the next minute the tired soldiers were disturbed in their culinary preparations by the roll of drums and braying of trumpets. Horses were resaddled, knapsacks and muskets resumed, half-

cooked rations thrust into holster-pipes and haversacks, and in an incredibly short time the division was again on the march. Upon reaching the place where the boy said he had seen the Carlists, we found indications of the passage of a body of troops. This gave fresh ardor to the pursuit, but, nevertheless, the men were so tired, that it was evident they would never be able to overtake the light-footed mountaineers, we were in search of, and Espartero resolved to push on with his escort, leaving the others to follow more slowly.

*La Escolta! Adelante la Escolta!* was the cry, and away we went; Espartero, his staff and aides-de-camp, about twenty in number, followed by the escort, in all about one hundred horsemen, the best mounted in the division. The lad who had brought the news was with us. The general had promised him a large reward if he had spoken the truth; a rope and a tree, if he was misleading us. The poor boy seemed dreadfully frightened at this, but at the same time persisted in his story.

On we went, at a hand-gallop where the ground was good, as fast as we could where it was steep and broken. We at length reached the Carrascal, which is a table-land of considerable extent on the top of a chain of mountains; this was fine ground for a canter, and we made the most of it. At last, after a rapid and fagging march, we found ourselves, at about two hours before daybreak, on a sort of ridge, whence, looking downwards, we saw the fires of the Carlists who were bivouacked around two or three cottages, which served probably as quarters for their leaders. The night was very black, and we could see nothing but the fires, or occasionally the dark form of some sentinel pacing to and fro before their light. There was perfect stillness in the camp; the Carlists were sleeping, totally unsuspecting of our vicinity.

On our part, we could do nothing but wait for daylight, by which time we trusted the division would be up. It was tantalizing in the extreme to be so close to the enemy, whom we might easily have surprised, and not to have sufficient men to attack him; although, even had we been more numerous, it would still have been the best policy to wait till morning, for in the confusion of a night attack many of the Carlists would doubtless have escaped. There we remained then, perfectly still, awaiting the arrival of the division. It was a most exciting situation; and we were in a fever of anxiety and suspense, fearful lest our prey might yet slip through our fingers. We listened to every sound of the wind and rustle amongst the trees, taking it for the tramp of our approaching troops, although we knew well enough that they must still be a long way behind us.

Two hours passed in this manner, during which we saw the bivouac fires one after the other smoulder away, and become extinguished. At last the faint tinge of gray appeared in the east; a brass band was heard clanging out the *diana*, and immediately all was bustle and preparation among the Carlists. They were soon ready for the march, and presently we saw a long dark line winding like a huge snake through the glimmering twilight; it was the Carlist column moving rapidly away, refreshed by the night's repose, and marching at a pace which made it pretty evident we should never catch them if we waited the coming up of our tired comrades. It was a risky thing to do, to attack upwards of two thousand men with only a hundred dragoons; but the temptation was great, and Espartero was just the man to give

way to it Putting himself at the head of the escort, he gave the word, and dashed after the Carlists at a gallop. As soon as the latter perceived us, their handful of cavalry faced about, and made as if they would have charged us, but when they saw us coming steadily on, they turned and went off at a *saute-qui-peut* sort of pace, which soon carried them to a safe distance. We did not care much about them; there were two thousand infantry marching in a column of fours, and we considered that if we made sure of *those*, it would not be a bad morning's work. We soon overtook them, and without striking a blow, or killing or wounding a single man, we cantered along the side of the column, shouting as we passed, "Halt! Down with your arms! Quarter for all!" The Carlists thought, no doubt, that a whole division was upon them, and, panic-struck, they obeyed our orders, and halted as they were bid. We rode to the very head of the column, right in front of everything, and then halted and faced about, and there we were with all our troubles before us: two thousand prisoners to keep, and a hundred men to keep them!

It was now getting pretty light, and the Carlists were able to see our small numbers. Certainly, if they had chosen to give us a volley, they might have exterminated us, but they still supposed the division to be close at our heels, and thought it better to submit with a good grace. When it became broad daylight, and half an hour or more had elapsed without any accession to our strength, I saw some of the Carlist officers looking at one another, as much as to say, "They have had too cheap a bargain of us." We were scarcely even numerous enough to guard the muskets, and we should have found ourselves in the awkward position of having caught a Tartar, but for the very temerity of the attack, which prevented the enemy from suspecting how far we were from our main body. All remained quiet, and at last, to our great joy, the division came up, and our prisoners were secured, not a man escaping, except the cavalry and Count Negri himself, who accompanied them in their flight, and returned mightily crestfallen to the Carlist country.

Inquiries were now made for the lad who had brought the information concerning the whereabouts of the enemy; it appeared that he had been so terrified and confused by the menace of being shot or hung if he misled us, that when we charged he seized the opportunity of escaping. He concealed himself in some village, and several days elapsed before he could be traced; at last he was discovered, and by Espartero's orders munificently rewarded for the important service he had rendered to the queen's cause.

From Hood's Magazine.

#### A SONG OF THE SEASON.

THERE is a voice through our city sent,  
But not with its thousand murmurs blent;  
For it hath no part in the jarring sounds  
That rise in a city's troubled bounds.

But it tells of the flowers by rock and rill

Whose breath the breezes bring;

And the words of that pleasant voice are still—

"Come forth to meet the spring;

For she comes as full of promise yet

As when Eden's flowers her footsteps met.

"Come forth, for the light of her smile hath shone  
On the far old hills and forests lone;  
They are green with the dews of gentle showers,  
They are rich in the odors of early flowers.

Come forth, for the buds of another spring

May all as brightly bloom;

But the trees of the churchyard's growth may fling

Their shade o'er many a tomb,

And eyes that are beaming brightly now

May gaze no more on the blossomed bough."

They hear that summons loud and long,

In the crowded haunts of the toiling throng;

It fills the dreams of the 'prisoned child

With songs of the woodbirds sweet and wild;

But it whispers love in the sleepless ear

Of the maiden young and pale,

Of a cottage home by a fountain clear,

In a far and sunny vale.

And the young heart answers with a prayer

For the lot of the birds and blossoms there.

It speaks by the prison's dreary walls,

Of plains where the oak's broad shadow falls,

Of dewy dells and of breezy steeps,

Where the stream in its path of freedom sweeps:

And, oh! how its faintest murmurs rise

By the sick and lonely bed,

For they tell of the health and hope that lies

Where the wood-flowers' scents are shed;

But the spring that shines on that slumberer's dreams

Hath never brightened our earthly streams.

It speaks, in the student's lonely room,

Of sweeter love, where the violets bloom

By homes or graves, where he left the truth

And love, perchance, of his blighted youth,

Till the weary eye from pen and page

Turns fondly back at last

To the joy of its early heritage,

In the glow of summers past;

For nought that can meet his onward gaze

Hath half the light of those vanished days.

It breathes on the exile's hours of rest

A dream of the land he loves the best;

Till its scenes arise to his memory's view,

Still bright with the springs his childhood knew,

Oh! could such blessed dreams restore

To the withered hearts of men,

The bloom of those early springs once more!

For the flowers may come again;

But they never can be what they have been

To the heart before it lost its green.

"Come forth, come forth;" how that joyous call  
Is sent like the winds of heaven to all!

But it comes in vain to many a heart,

For whom life hath lost its better part.

Ah! wo for the hopeless years that bring

No summers in their flight;

But joy to the land of our promised spring,

Where the bloom is ever bright;

For hearts who have lost their verdure here

May find it yet in that fadeless sphere.

Thus faintly murmurs a broken string,

Awoke by the passing breath of spring;

But it wakens no more the harp whose swell

Hath echoed its sweetest tones so well.

We heard them far, and we loved them long,

That gentle harp and hand;

But they left our paths for the ceaseless song

Of the minstrel's "Better Land,"

And the isles may listen long in vain,

Till the spring-breeze wakes such a harp again.

Digitized by FRANCES BROWN.

From Hood's Magazine.

THREATENING LETTER TO THOMAS HOOD,  
FROM AN ANCIENT GENTLEMAN.  
BY FAVOR OF CHARLES DICKENS.

[For the benefit of country gentlemen, it may be well to explain, that the neglect of men of Letters, Science and Art, by the Queen—her great attention to General Tom Thumb, and to the Ojibbeway Indians, (one of whom married an English—*Lady*, so an English traveller would have called her had she married here,) are the causes of this writer's alarm. He takes occasion to say a word in favor of perpetual copyright.]

MR. HOOD—SIR,—The constitution is going at last! You needn't laugh, Mr. Hood. I am aware that it has been going, two or three times before; perhaps four times; but it is on the move now, sir, and no mistake.

I beg to say, that I use those last expressions advisedly, sir, and not in the sense in which they are now used by jackanapeses. There were no jackanapeses when I was a boy, Mr. Hood. England was Old England when I was young. I little thought it would ever come to be Young England when I was old. But every thing is going backward.

Ah! governments were governments, and judges were judges, in *my* day, Mr. Hood. There was no nonsense then. Any of your seditious complainings, and we were ready with the military on the shortest notice. 'We should have charged Covent Garden Theatre, sir, on a Wednesday night: at the point of the bayonet. Then, the judges were full of dignity and firmness, and knew how to administer the law. There is only one judge who knows how to do his duty, now. He tried that revolutionary female the other day, who, though she was in full work (making shirts at three-halfpence a piece,) had no pride in her country, but treasonably took it in her head, in the distraction of having been robbed of her easy earnings, to attempt to drown herself and her young child; and the glorious man went out of his way, sir—out of his way—to call her up for instant sentence of Death; and to tell her she had no hope of mercy in this world—as you may see yourself if you look in the papers of Wednesday, the 17th of April. He won't be supported sir, I know he won't; but it is worth remembering that his words were carried into every manufacturing town of this kingdom, and read aloud to crowds in every political parlor, beer-shop, news-room, and secret or open place of assembly, frequented by the discontented working men; and that no milk-and-water weakness on the part of the executive can ever blot them out. Great things like that, are caught up, and stored up, in these times, and are not forgotten, Mr. Hood. 'The public at large (especially those who wish for peace and conciliation) are universally obliged to him. If it is reserved for any man to set the Thames on fire, it is reserved for him; and indeed I am told he very nearly did it, once.

But even he won't save the constitution, sir; it is inauled beyond his power of preservation. Do you know in what foul weather it will be sacrificed and shipwrecked, Mr. Hood! Do you know on what rock it will strike, sir! You don't, I am certain; for nobody does know, as yet, but myself. I will tell you.

The constitution will go down, sir (nautically

speaking,) in the degeneration of the human species in England, and its reduction into a mingled race of savages and pigmies.

That is my proposition. That is my prediction. That is the event of which I give you warning. I am now going to prove it, sir.

You are a literary man, Mr. Hood, and have written, I am told, some things worth reading. I say I am told, because I never read what is written in these days. You'll excuse me; but my principle is, that no man ought to know any thing about his own time, except that it is the worst time that ever was, or is ever likely to be. That is the only way, sir, to be truly wise and happy.

In your station as a literary man, Mr. Hood, you are frequently at the court of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen. God bless her! You have reason to know that the three great keys to the royal palace (after rank and politics) are Science, Literature, Art. I don't approve of this myself. I think it ungenteeled and barbarous, and quite un-English; the custom having been a foreign one, ever since the reigns of the uncivilised sultans in the Arabian Nights, who always called the wise men of their time about them. But so it is. And when you don't dine at the royal table, there is always a knife and fork for you at the equerries' table: where I understand, all gifted men are made particularly welcome.

But all men can't be gifted, Mr. Hood. Neither scientific, literary, nor artistical powers are any more to be inherited than the property arising from scientific, literary, or artistic productions, which the law, with a beautiful imitation of nature, declines to protect in the second generation. Very good, sir. Then, people are naturally very prone to cast about in their minds for other means of getting at Court-Favor; and, watching the signs of the times, to hew out for themselves, or their descendants, the likeliest roads to that distinguished goal.

Mr. Hood, it is pretty clear, from recent records in the Court Circular, that if a father wish to train up his son in the way he should go, to go to Court: and cannot indenture him to be a scientific man, an author, or an artist, three courses are open to him. He must endeavor by artificial means to make him a dwarf, a wild man, or a Boy Jones.

Now, sir, this is the shoal and quicksand on which the constitution will go to pieces.

I have made inquiry, Mr. Hood, and find that in my neighborhood two families and a fraction out of every four, in the lower and middle classes of society, are studying and practising all conceivable arts to keep their infant children down. Understand me. I do not mean down in their numbers, or down in their precocity, but down in their growth, sir. A destructive and subduing drink, compounded of gin and milk in equal quantities, such as is given to puppies to retard their growth: not something short, but something shortening: is administered to these young creatures many times a day. An unnatural and artificial thirst is first awakened in these infants by meals of salt beef, bacon, anchovies, sardines, red herrings, shrimps, olives, pea-soup, and that description of diet; and when they screech for drink, in accents that might melt a heart of stone, which they do constantly (I allude to screeching, not to melting,) this liquid is introduced into their too confiding stomachs. At such an early age, and to so great an extent, is this custom of provoking thirst, then quenching it with a

stunting drink, observed, that brine-pap has already superseded the use of tops and bottoms; and wet-nurses, previously free from any kind of reproach, have been seen to stagger in the streets; owing, sir, to the quantity of gin introduced into their systems, with a view to its gradual and natural conversion into the fluid I have already mentioned.

Upon the best calculation I can make, this is going on, as I have said, in the proportion of about two families and a fraction in four. In one more family, and a fraction out of the same number, efforts are being made to reduce the children to a state of nature; and to inculcate, at a tender age, the love of raw flesh, train oil, new rum, and the acquisition of scalps. Wild and outlandish dances are also in vogue, (you will have observed the prevailing rage for the Polka,) and savage cries and whoops are much indulged in (as you may discover, if you doubt it, in the House of Commons any night.) Nay, some persons, Mr. Hood—and persons of some figure and distinction too—have already succeeded in breeding wild sons; who have been publicly shown in the Courts of Bankruptcy, and in police-offices, and in other commodious exhibition-rooms, with great effect, but who have not yet found favor at court; in consequence, as I infer, of the impression made by Mr. Rankin's wild men being two fresh and recent. To say nothing of Mr. Rankin's wild men being foreigners.

I need not refer you, sir, to the late instance of the Ojibbeway Bride. But I am credibly informed, that she is on the eve of retiring into a savage fastness, where she may bring forth and educate a wild family, who shall in course of time, by the dexterous use of the popularity they are certain to acquire at Windsor and St. James', divide with dwarfs the principal offices of state, of patronage, and power, in the United Kingdom.

Consider the deplorable consequences, Mr. Hood, which must result from these proceedings, and the encouragement they receive in the highest quarters.

The dwarf being the favorite, sir, it is certain that the public mind will run in a great and eminent degree upon the production of dwarfs. Perhaps the failures only will be brought up, wild. The imagination goes a long way in these cases; and all that the imagination *can* do, will be done, and is doing. You may convince yourself of this, by observing the condition of those ladies who take particular notice of General Tom Thumb at the Egyptian Hall, during his hours of performance.

The rapid increase of dwarfs, will be first felt in her Majesty's recruiting department. The standard will, of necessity, be lowered; the dwarfs will grow smaller and smaller; the vulgar expression "a man of his inches" will become a figure of fact, instead of a figure of speech; crack regiments, household-troops especially, will pick the smallest men from all parts of the country; and in the two little porticoes at the Horse Guards, two Tom Thumbs will be daily seen doing duty, mounted on a pair of Shetland ponies. Each of them will be relieved (as Tom Thumb is, at this moment, in the intervals of his performance) by a wild man; and a British grenadier will either go into a quart pot, or be an Old Boy, a Blue Gull, a Flying Bull, or some other savage chief of that nature.

I will not expatiate upon the number of dwarfs who will be found representing Grecian statues in all parts of the metropolis; because I am inclined to think that this will be a change for the

better; and that the engagement of two or three in Trafalgar Square will tend to the improvement of the public taste.

The various genteel employments at court being held by dwarfs, sir, it will be necessary to alter, in some respects, the present regulations. It is quite clear that not even General Tom Thumb himself could preserve a becoming dignity on state occasions, if required to walk about with a scaffolding-pole under his arm; therefore the gold and silver sticks at present used, must be cut down into skewers of those precious metals; a twig of the black rod will be quite as much as can be conveniently preserved; the coral and bells of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, will be used in lieu of the mace at present in existence; and that bauble (as Oliver Cromwell called it, Mr. Hood,) its value being first calculated by Mr. Finlayson, the government actuary, will be placed to the credit of the National Debt.

All this, sir, will be the death of the constitution. But this is not all. The constitution dies hard, perhaps; but there is enough disease impending, Mr. Hood, to kill it three times over.

Wild men will get into the House of Commons. Imagine that, sir! Imagine Strong Wind in the House of Commons! It is not an easy matter to get through a debate now; but, I say, imagine Strong Wind, speaking for the benefit of his constituents, upon the floor of the House of Commons! or imagine (which is pregnant with more awful consequences still) the ministry having an interpreter in the House of Commons, to tell the country, in English, what it really means!

Why, sir, that in itself would be blowing the constitution out of the mortar in St. James' Park, and leaving nothing of it to be seen but smoke.

But this, I repeat it, is the state of things to which we are fast tending, Mr. Hood; and I inclose my card for your private eye, that you may be quite certain of it. What the condition of this country will be, when its standing army is composed of dwarfs, with here and there a wild man to throw its ranks into confusion, like the elephants employed in war in former times, I leave you to imagine, sir. It may be objected by some hopeful jackanapeses, that the number of impressions in the navy, consequent upon the seizure of the Boy-Joneses, or remaining portion of the population ambitious of court favor, will be in itself sufficient to defend our Island from foreign invasion. But I tell those jackanapeses, sir, that, while I admit the wisdom of the Boy Jones precedent, of kidnapping such youths after the expiration of their several terms of imprisonment as vagabonds; hurrying them on board ship; and packing them off to sea again whenever they venture to take the air on shore; I deny the justice of the inference; inasmuch as it appears to me, that the inquiring minds of those young outlaws must naturally lead to their being hanged by the enemy as spies, early in their career; and before they shall have been rated on the books of our fleet as able seamen.

Such, Mr. Hood, sir, is the prospect before us! And unless you, and some of your friends who have influence at Court, can get up a giant as a forlorn hope, it is all over with this ill-fated land.

In reference to your own affairs, sir, you will take whatever course may seem to you most prudent and advisable after this warning. It is not a warning to be slighted; that I happen to know.

I am informed by the gentleman who favors this, that you have recently been making some changes and improvements in your Magazine, and are, in point of fact, starting afresh. If I be well informed, and this be really so, rely upon it that you cannot start too small, sir. Come down to the duodecimo size instantly, Mr. Hood. Take time by the forelock; and, reducing the stature of your Magazine every month, bring it at last to the dimensions of the little almanack no longer issued, I regret to say, by the ingenious Mr. Schloss: which was invisible to the naked eye until examined through a little eye-glass. You project, I am told, the publication of a new novel, by yourself, in the pages of your Magazine. A word in your ear. I am not a young man, sir, and have had some experience. Don't put your own name on the title-page; it would be suicide and madness. Treat with General Tom Thumb, Mr. Hood, for the use of his name on any terms. If the gallant general should decline to treat with you, get Mr. Barnum's name, which is the next best in the market. And when, through this politic course, you shall have received, in presents, a richly-jewelled set of tablets from Buckingham Palace, and a gold watch and appendages from Marlborough House; and when those valuable trinkets shall be left under a glass case at your publisher's for inspection by your friends and the public in general;—then, sir, you will do me the justice of remembering this communication.

It is unnecessary for me to add, after what I have observed in the course of this letter, that I am not,

Sir,  
Ever  
Your  
CONSTANT READER.

Tuesday, 23d April, 1844.

P. S.—Impress it upon your contributors that they cannot be too short; and that if not dwarfish, they must be wild—or at all events not tame.

#### CHESS STUDIES.

*Chess Studies: comprising One Thousand Games, actually played during the last Half Century.* By GEORGE WALKER.—Longman and Co.

MR. WALKER'S boast that this collection of specimens of chess skill is *unique*, and that it will form a complete encyclopædia of reference to the student and player of chess, is quite just and well-founded. It contains upwards of a thousand games, almost all of them the classical exploits of the best chess-warriors of the age.

And, since any record of games was kept, what age in the annals of chess-warfare has surpassed our own—either in attack or defence, in “desperate assault or siege and mine,” in “brilliancy of imagination, thirst for invention, judgment of position,” or *eminent view of the board*? Let Mr. Walker answer:

“Should the bygone century taunt us with Philidor, Bernard, or Legalle, we reply with De la Bourdonnais, Des Chapelles, and M'Donnell:—bearded by Boncourt, and Sarraut; by Lolli, Del Rio, and Ponziani,—we proudly oppose to them the names of Cochrane, of St. Amant, of Staunton, of Der Lasa, of Szen, and Kieseritzkij. Moreover, with a Chess

Museum before us like the present, we can equally adjust the claims to renown presented by the great living players of all the countries of Europe, opposed on the Chess-field in arms to each other. Petroff and Janisch in the frozen north—St. Amant, Calvi, La Roche and Kieseritzkij in their sunny France—Heydebrand Der Lasa, Szen, Lowenthal, and Bledow of Germany—Perigal, Staunton, and Daniels in London town—all pass severally in array before us, like soldiers on parade, or beauties at a court drawing-room.”

This is the proper tone of enthusiasm, and Mr. Walker is one of the few English players living who has the right to use it. He places Mr. Staunton at the head of that select few, and is probably right. But there are not many men, in his position, that would have offered the first rank so freely.

With what a pleasant ardor he also speaks of Mr. Cochrane. This royal and venerable war of chess is certainly the most humanizing of the military sciences.

“Of Mr. Cochrane it may be said, with greater truth than Johnson writes of Shakspeare, that ‘he lost the world for a quibble, and was content to lose it.’ Mr. Cochrane could have been the Philidor of the age; *but would not*. His ardent temperament, as a Chess-player, runs away with his judgment; disdaining to track a beaten path, even if certain victory present itself in the vista of the route. Mr. Cochrane's banner bears for its device, ‘Attack, attack.’ Attack at all risk—attack at every cost. Mr. Cochrane is the most brilliant player I have ever had the honor to look over or confront; not even excepting De la Bourdonnais; and pity it is that his very brilliancy so often mars success. Mr. C.'s game may be compared to the very dashing charges made by the Mamelukes at the Battle of the Pyramids; when they impaled themselves, horse and man, upon the bayonets of France.”

Mr. Walker's *Chess Studies* are in ten chapters: of which the first four are devoted to the most celebrated games of De la Bourdonnais, M'Donnell, and Philidor; the fifth to Philidor's contemporaries; the sixth to Mouret's clever artifices with the automaton-player; the seventh to the best games by correspondence; (this is a very interesting section;) and the remainder to the highest efforts of general modern play, both at home and abroad. The last chapter, with its subdivision of sections illustrative of the various openings, and of the game in all its stages, is in itself, as we have said, a complete encyclopædia of chess reference.

Every student and lover of this fascinating game should possess himself of Mr. Walker's book.—*Examiner*.

THE letters and despatches of Nelson are at length about to be collected and published, in a form corresponding with Colonel Gurwood's celebrated work, “The Wellington Despatches.” The task has been undertaken by a gentleman, Sir Harris Nicolas, whose previous publications are strong evidence of his fitness; indeed, we should have some difficulty in fixing upon one better calculated, from talents and industry, to accomplish the object, and we therefore appeal to all who are in possession of letters and other documents to come forward and assist Sir Harris in the completion of a work of such vast national importance.—*Naval and Military Gazette*, Google



## THE "STRONG WIND" IN ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.

PUNCH has the pleasure to record an interesting event which occurred on Tuesday, the 9th instant. NOT-EN-A-AKM, or "the Strong Wind," interpreter of the Ojibbeway Indians, was married to SARAH HAINES, which name, translated into the Ojibbeway language, means "the London Fog." The ceremony was performed in St. Martin's Church. The Ojibbeway Indians attended, and, with a fine sense of the struggles of matrimonial life, appeared in their war-paint.

Some folks have grumbled at this union; they know nothing of history. The truth is, as we will prove, we owe a large dividend of wives to American savages, and SARAH HAINES, or "the London Fog," is only the first instalment of a long-standing debt.

In April, 1613, PRINCESS POCAHONTAS gave her maiden hand to JOHN ROLFE, "a discreet young Englishman." Yes; "in the little church of Jamestown," says the historian, "which rested on pine columns fresh from the forest, and was in a style of rugged architecture, as wild, if not as frail, as an Indian wigwam," did the beautiful Virginian savage become MRS. JOHN ROLFE. This event happened two hundred and thirty-one years ago, and we have been in debt to the Indians ever since. We put it to MR. HUMR, or any other subtle arithmetician, to calculate the amount of our liabilities. Multiply one wife by two hundred and thirty-one, adding thereto compound interest on the accumulating amount, and our debt to the savages must be something very serious. However, we have begun, though in a small manner, to liquidate it; we have given "the London Fog" to "the Strong Wind," and trust that Pennsylvanian bondholders will take example by our honesty.

We have a superabundant female population. This fact is on all hands allowed and deplored. We see an easy remedy for this. Let parties of Indians be imported. Let us have samples of the Chippewas, the Dog-Ribbed, the Sioux, the Choc-taws—indeed, a company of every tribe of wild men, from Hottentots to Greenlanders—and let them be let loose in our various towns for the sole purpose of captivating the hearts, and so carrying away in lawful wedlock, our superabundant females. By this means we shall honestly liquidate our long-standing debt to the savages, and shall, at the same time, relieve ourselves of over-populousness. War-paint, glass beads, tattoo-work, and tomahawks, have a sweet and proper influence on the female mind. What says the splenetic *Philip Van Artevelde*?

"——the women's heaven

Is vanity, and that is over all.

What's fiercest still finds favor in their eyes;

What's noisiest keeps the entrance of their ears;

The noise and blaze of arms enchants them most.

Wit, too, and wisdom, that's admired of all,

They can admire—the glory, not the thing.

*An unreflected light did never yet*

*Dazzle the vision feminine."*

From which caustic philosophy we may gather this fact, that a savage, to be considered "quite a love" by a civilized maiden, must first be exhibited in front of the lamps.

However, as the romantic devotion shown by MISS SARAH HAINES, or "the London Fog," for NOT-EN-A-AKM, or "the Strong Wind," will doubt-

less become a fashion among our too susceptible countrywomen, we only perform a public duty in enumerating a few of the accomplishments required by a North American Indian of his wife or squaw. She tills the ground, she digs, she sows, she reaps: she pounds the parched corn; she dries the buffalo meat; she carries home the game that her husband kills; she hews wood and draws the water; she builds the wigwam, and in times of journeying carries the poles upon her shoulder. Think of this, young ladies, and say whether it is not more pleasant to hatch canary birds in white satin, and work puppies' heads in Berlin wool? However, for the ruder and more picturesque operations, "the London Fog" is, doubtless, duly prepared; and, therefore, let us return to the sacrifice of the bride, "attired in flowing white," with a "wreath of orange blossoms circling her hair," in St. Martin's Church.

The ceremony was particularly solemn. When "the London Fog" was asked if she would take "the Strong Wind" for her "wedded husband," she replied "*I will*," with an emphasis that showed she had duly weighed the responsibilities of hewing, and delving, and shouldering the wigwam poles. "The Strong Wind," in the most charming way, took the ring from his nose, and placed it on the finger of "the London Fog." He then in the "most graceful manner" kissed his bride, to the satisfaction of everybody, "the London Fog" included. MRS. ELLIS, we were happy to perceive, was in the church, and in the handsomest manner presented to MRS. "STRONGWIND" *The Wives of England*, bound in hymeneal white satin; with a copy of her forthcoming work, entitled *Can Woman make a Lobster-Salad*!

It will particularly gratify our female readers to learn that "the Strong Wind" has promised "the London Fog," on their return to America, to take no other wife, but to remain constant, "solely to her." Should "the Strong Wind" break this pledge, of course "the London Fog" will have the readiest redress at any of the Ecclesiastical Courts to be found in the back woods.

When the bridegroom led the bride to her carriage, there was a shout from the multitude, evidently meant as an approval of the fine moral courage of a young lady, who gives up the sickly refinements of civilized life for the invigorating comforts of savage existence. When the carriage drove off, the crowd shouted again, and the crowd was right; for "the Strong Wind" had carried away, for good and all, "the London Fog."

"The Strong Wind" exhibited himself with his friends, the Ojibbeways, the day after his marriage; and it says much for the liberality of the keeper of the show, that the public were allowed to see the bridegroom without the charge of an additional sixpence. "The London Fog" was to have been visible at the Egyptian Hall, but was prevented by her friends. She ought to have exhibited; it would have been in complete keeping with the pure taste that dictated the marriage.

It is only due to MR. RANKIN, the showman, to observe that he managed the wedding with a fine eye to all advertising purposes.—Punch.

We have reason to believe that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias will arrive in this country on a visit to her Majesty in the course of a few weeks. The Emperor is expected about the second week in May.—Times.

**THE NEW-MARRIED OJIBBEWAY INDIAN.—**

Though we do not usually interfere with matters of a private nature, yet a case of so peculiar a character has been brought to our notice, that we are induced to give the statement publicly, with the hope of drawing forth a satisfactory explanation of the circumstance. A correspondent informs us that Mr. Rankin, who brought over and is now exhibiting the Ojibbeway Indians, and who used his influence to promote the marriage of the interpreter of the party, Cadotte, to a respectable young female, desired the bride to remain in the room with the Indians to render the exhibition more attractive. On her declining to do so, he dismissed, so our correspondent asserts, Cadotte from his party, and the poor Indian, without employment or finances, is now left destitute with his newly-married wife on his hands. We give this statement as it has reached us, with the view of eliciting a satisfactory explanation. We have, of course, no feeling in the matter, and can bear Mr. Rankin no ill will. But, if the facts be as stated, he certainly owes it to himself and to the public, who have largely patronized this singular and interesting exhibition, to publish some justification of his conduct.—*Britannia*.

**QUICK TRAVELLING.**—A few days since, her Majesty's packet, Princess Alice, having on board Mr. Robins, an English messenger, arrived at Dover, from Calais, after a passage of one hour and forty-five minutes. The messenger was just in time for the eleven o'clock train, in which he took his place, and arrived at London at three o'clock; performing the whole distance from Calais to the metropolis, *via* Dover, in the unprecedented short time of five hours and forty-five minutes!

**GALVANIC TELEGRAPH.**—The first intelligence of the arrival of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, from Germany, on Thursday week, was communicated to her majesty at Windsor Castle, by means of the galvanic telegraph on the line of the Great Western Railway. Within one minute of the arrival of his Royal Highness at the Paddington terminus, the information had reached Slough, at which station a special messenger was stationed by command of the queen, who proceeded with the intelligence to the castle, where he arrived in eight minutes and a half from the time of his leaving Slough.

**THE DISTRESSED NEEDLEWOMEN OF LONDON.**—A grand concert in favor of the funds of the Society for the Protection and Employment of the distressed Needlewomen in London, was given last night at Covent-garden theatre. A more deserving object for the sympathies of the public than the unfortunate class for whom they were appealed to on this occasion cannot be imagined; and after all the eloquent appeals and the heart-rending disclosures of which they have of late been the daily object, it was not only a matter of regret but astonishment to find the house presenting the miserable aspect which it did. This cannot be imputed to the want of enticement in the programme, for certainly it was in every respect an attractive one, embracing the names of Ernst, Moscheles, Madame Dulcken, Parish Alvares, Madame and Signor F. Lablache, Miss Romer, and Miss S. Flower. A very full and effective orchestra was also in attendance, and in every respect the arrangements were such as, considering in addition the main object of the concert, would have justified a far different anticipation. In the course of the evening, Hood's "Song of the Shirt," which has been admirably set to music by Mr. J. H. Tully, was sung by Miss Romer. That the funds of the society can have derived much benefit from last night's enterprise cannot be expected; let us hope that they may shortly be increased by a more direct application of public charity.

**GOVERNESS' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.**—The first anniversary festival in support of the funds of this charity was celebrated on Saturday, at the London Tavern, the Duke of Cambridge in the chair. The report showed among the subscribers, her majesty the Queen Dowager, £20; the noble chairman, £20; the Duchess of Gloucester, £10. The total amount was £1052 18s. 6d. During the evening many toasts were given. We feel pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to an institution for the comfort and relief of aged, infirm, and destitute governesses.

The King of Naples has appointed a commission of twenty-two members to collect and prepare for publication all the remarkable unpublished manuscripts connected with the history of his territories, which are to be met with in either the public or private libraries. It is supposed that the labors of this commission will, owing to the immense number of manuscripts, continue from twelve to fifteen years.

**CHRISTIAN SEPULCHRE.**—It is stated that a number of Christian catacombs, supposed to be of the earliest age of that faith, and the first ever found in Greece, have been discovered near Milo.

**CREDULITY.**—In the villages around Wakefield, for some time past, many of the poorer inhabitants have firmly believed in some vague prophecy that the world was to have been at an end on last (Good) Friday. As an instance of this, a man residing at Lee-fair, a week or two since, actually killed two pigs, his property, and distributed the pork amongst his neighbors, in order that they might "eat and be merry," before they died!

**SYRIAN MEDICAL AID ASSOCIATION.**—On Wednesday a public meeting was held at the Hall of Commerce in aid of the above association. Lord R. Grosvenor presided. The association originated about two years ago with a few benevolent individuals who were impressed with the wretched condition of the inhabitants of the land of Palestine as far as medical relief was concerned, there not being a single resident qualified practitioner either in Palestine or Syria, which countries had a population of about two millions. An agent was sent out, in 1842, to Beyrout, in the person of Dr. Thomas Kearns, whose success rendered the practicability of the undertaking no longer problematical. During the first year of his residence he relieved no less than four thousand two hundred and ninety-eight patients, including many difficult and important surgical operations, performed to the satisfaction of all parties. The Dispensary House at Beyrout is beset at all hours by persons of every denomination, who are anxious to obtain advice for themselves or relatives. Many have to traverse the rocky regions of Lebanon, a distance of thirty or forty miles; whilst others come even from Damascus, because in that great city, although there is a population varying from one hundred and twenty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand, there is not a single medical man who is worthy of their confidence; those who profess "the healing art" being either charm-venders, magicians, or adventurers. The following is given in a letter from Dr. Kearns, as a happy illustration of the state of Syrian surgical practice:—"A man fell from a walnut-tree, a height of thirty feet; his arm was broken, and his body severely bruised. On taking him up, the people instantly killed a sheep, and, stripping off the patient's clothes, wrapped him up in the warm sheepskin, (the fleshy side inwards,) broken bones and all, like a mummy! I saw him twelve hours after the accident, and he was then steaming in his new dress. Hearing who I was, they very gladly availed themselves of my services; and I left them quite satisfied with a more enlightened plan of treatment." The claims of the institution were ably advocated by the chairman, Mr. Buckingham, Dr. Croly, and others.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

# THE OMEN.

## A LEGEND OF BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.

BEFORE the bombardment of Bergen-op-Zoom,  
(Not the fatal attack when Skerret and Gore,  
Macdonald, and Carelton, and numberless more,  
Were lost to their country, and plunged us in  
gloom;) But the siege when, old Cumberland acting as bat-  
holder,  
Maurice of Saxony warr'd with the Stadtholder,  
Still, as the fire of his batteries got more range,  
Redoubling the cry of—"No quarter to Orange!"—  
So that, when the poor city surrendered,—'t was  
sack'd  
Which seems a great shame, and is called a great  
fact!—

Well,—before THAT bombardment of Bergen-op-  
Zoom,  
In one of the aisles of its stately cathedral,  
To all English travellers, a wonderful tomb  
Was specially pointed to note by the beadle.—  
And the moment the eye of the stranger espied it,  
Though others more showy by half stood beside it,  
Every monument there, whether urn, bust, or slab,  
he  
Held cheap, as the tombstones in Westminster Ab-  
bey,  
Which headless and dusty, look shockingly shabby :  
Or St. Paul's, where on payment  
Of twopence a head,  
In a temple to pray meant  
They peep-show the dead ;  
Where beadle and verger  
So cruel a scourge are,  
And keen Dean and Chapter  
To screw one so apt are,  
That Sir Christopher Wren would their robbing dis-  
own,  
Could he do in St. Faith's what he pleased with his  
own.

On marble Archdukes  
In flowing perukes,  
A Dutch burgomaster  
In pure alabaster ;  
Electors in steel, and  
Archbishops of Zealand,  
All mitred and crosiered,  
(You'd fancy their prose ye heard,)  
People listlessly gaz'd, like the cockneys who go  
To stare at the wax-work of Madame Tussaud,  
Stiff as pokers or pikestaffs, and ugly as sin,  
Lord Palmerston,—Nap,—and Commissioner Lin!—  
But awful to view was the wonderful tomb,  
Beside the high altar of Bergen-op-Zoom :  
Its emblems mysteriously hinting a doom  
That might take out the shine in cadaverous gloom  
Of the tales of Monk Lewis, Ann Radcliff, and Co.,  
Once the popular authors of *gens comme il faut*.—

To remind us that fragile as glass human fate is,  
A lesson old Time still imparts to one gratis,  
It bore the sad text,—“VANITAS VANITATIS!”—  
And the emblems,—I shudder in writing the tale,—  
Were a skull on a looking-glass,—parti per pale :—  
The technical term may be wrong :—of Sir Harris  
Exactness in matters heraldic the care is ;  
But the objects were plac'd,—as your forefathers saw,  
Sir,—  
The skull like a teacup,—the glass like a saucer.—

Such a blazon announc'd to the prosy and dull,  
Not a crack in the glass, but a crack in the skull,—  
Till the terrible legend was told to its ending.  
But a moment for breath, if you please! 'T were  
like blending

Ash-Wednesday in sackcloth with loose *Mardi Gras*,  
if  
We touch'd on such horrors without a new para-  
graph!—

By the Frith of Forth  
In the canny North  
Once dwelt a noble man ;—  
Brave, braw, and spruce  
Was young Lord Bruce,  
A farthing of Queen Anne!—  
The gamesome and the gay among,  
He bore away the belle ;  
But belles, alas! can wag a tongue  
Their right to rings to tell ;  
And when some blustering brother talks  
Of Mantons and eight paces,  
Even fighting Smith, or doughty Dan  
Or Lady Sale, or Cardigan,  
Or valiant Jack, the Cornish man,  
Might wish he dar'd to walk his chalks  
And ne'er had seen their faces!—

However, Lord Bruce was so general a favorite,  
That, do what he would, 't was the vote of the  
Lords,  
'T would be their *own* loss were he sent to the grave  
for it,  
So they sheathed their toledos, and swallow'd their  
words.

'T was the time when from Scotland King Jamie the  
First  
Brought his naked and hungry, our treasures to  
bone here,  
And a cat-and-dog sort of affection was nurst  
'Twixt the courtiers of England and stout Caledo-  
nia!—  
Mid the proudest at court  
Young Sackville was seen,—  
A champion for England  
A knight for a queen :—

Like Bayard the Spotless,—of chivalrous France a  
star,  
Or the *preux* of our *own* time, to whom he was an-  
cestor,  
Cantilupe,—last of the Dorsets, whose bays  
Crown'd heroes and bards in Elizabeth's days,—

Now Sackville detested the Scotch, and protested  
That Bruce, who just then with his sister was  
flirting,  
If he show'd but his nose in the house, for pro-  
posing,  
Should be seiz'd by his vassals, and tumbled the  
dirt in,  
Wherever they jostled,—no matter the spot,—  
He muttered the insult of—"beggarly Scot!"—  
And Bruce, though 't was hard his emotions to smo-  
ther,  
Had not e'en the resource to retort—"you're an-  
other!"

A Scotman's devotion *pro aris et focis*  
As the love of the Swiss for their fatherland, close is ;  
So that Bruce thus revild, though averse to the ac-  
tion,  
Was forced in the end to demand satisfaction.

But as luck will'd, King Jamie, "their gossip and  
dad,"  
Got a hint of the business, and swore with an  
oath,  
"If he heard of a meeting between 'em, egad!  
He'd settle in Newgate the hash of them both."—  
To the London police  
He gave them in charge,  
Rehearsing the piece  
Of the "Prisoners at large,"—

But they turn'd on their heel, and  
Set sail straight for Zealand,  
With seconds and surgeons  
To act in emergency;  
And landing at Antwerp, upon the Escout, Sir,  
Agreed they would fight the next day, at Tergosa.—

'Tis unpleasant to draw  
On one's brother-in-law:  
And that night, when in bed  
Lord Bruce laid his head,  
And thought of the sorrow  
Might chance on the morrow;  
Having supped on sauer-kraut  
Pumpnickel and stout,  
In which Dutchmen delight,—  
He was tortur'd all night

By a nightmare, just such as one dreams in one's  
flurry  
After seeing Macbeth done to rags at the Surrey!—  
And awaking at daybreak, "used up," and af-  
frighted,  
Beheld what was worse than ten nightmares united!

In that province, where webbed in the foot man and  
beast are,  
A mirror is plac'd in the beds for a tester;  
Like a looking-glass stuck in a comfit-box lid,  
Multiplying by two what must else have been hid,—  
And making the snoozer snooze double,—too bad, O,  
My Wordsworth,—to rest on thy Swan and its Sha-  
dow!

Therein of course Lord Bruce expected  
To see his night-capp'd face reflected;  
But lifting up his eyes,—(the wind  
With hideous moanings howled the while,—)  
Behold a human skull thence grin'd  
Most horribly a ghastly smile!—  
Oh, omen dire.—Oh, omen dread,—  
His face transform'd to a death's head!—

He fainted not, nor call'd for aid  
From waiter, or from chambermaid:—  
But softly to himself he said,  
"I'm a 'gone' coon!—All's up with me!—  
My doom is settled—Q. E. D."—  
As though by Babbage prov'd, or Whewell,  
A victim pre-ordained, he knew well  
That adverse fate, with purpose cruel,  
Had sworn to pink him in the duel!—  
So, having wash'd and said his prayers  
He took his sword and walk'd down stairs.

In the record George Sackville has left of their fight,  
To prove to all England he was not a scamp,—  
He tells us distinctly it rained in the night,  
And the meadow they fought in was wretchedly  
damp.

He felt but the damp to his feet from the grass,—  
But the damper of Bruce was the skull in the glass!  
And dazzled and desperate, he rush'd like a fool on  
His foe,—in a style that would shock Monsieur Cou-  
lon.

From the right breast of Sackville the blood flowed  
in torrents,  
But though pale as a portrait of Canning by Law-  
rence,  
He rallied his strength with a wrench and a start,  
And ran his antagonist straight through the heart;  
The surgeons drew near,—'t was no manner of use!  
As the omen foretold, all was up with Lord Bruce!

The great Earl of Clarendon tells us this story,  
And Steele in the Guardian has placed it before ye;  
But both have in silence the ghost of the skull,  
As an old woman's tale of a cock and a bull.—

Though, when to Culross in process forlorn  
The heart of the dead, cas'd in silver was borne,  
By his mother those emblems were plac'd on his  
tomb  
Beside the high altar of Bergen-op-Zoom.

## MORAL.

The moral of this dread event  
Should be inscrib'd on brass;  
Refrain, young lords, on conquest bent,  
From looking in the glass!

FREE TRANSLATION OF "THE LITTLE FRENCH-  
MAN'S FIRST LESSON,"

Inscribed, with high admiration of his genius, to M.  
de L—, Poet-in-Chief to the "Paris Charivari."

(MAMA LOQUITUR.)

Come and hear me tell,  
Little soldier mine,  
Of those Ogres fell  
Who on Frenchmen dine.  
It will make you mad;  
It will turn you blue;  
Little martial lad,  
Little Frenchman true!

*Car ce sont-là des perfides Albionnais!*

Men who will not fight  
When their neighbors taunt,  
Yet who thrash us quite  
Soundly, when they want:  
Those audacious tars,  
Morning, noon, and night,  
Little son of Mars,  
Hold in mortal spite!

*Car ce sont-là des perfides Albionnais!*

Curse thou, boy, Poitiers,  
Cregy, Azincour,  
Blenheim, Talavère,  
And a hundred more—  
Only Fontenoy—  
Name that comes so pat,  
Little martial boy  
Make the most of that!

*Bah! ce sont-là des perfides Albionnais!*

Who burnt JOAN OF ARC  
(The butcher! nay, the baker!)  
Recent deed and dark?  
Who stormed John of Acre?  
He! The Englishman!  
Be it still thy joy  
Him to curse and ban,  
Little Christian boy!—

*Car ce sont-là des perfides Albionnais!*

They our Hero shut  
Under bolt and lock—  
In a wretched hut,  
On a wretched rock:—  
Poisoned there his food,  
Every pot and pan,  
Roasted, boiled, and stewed,  
Little martial man!

*Car ce sont-là des perfides Albionnais!*

Till, of all bereft,  
That great heart was still;  
And he died and left  
An affecting will;  
Whereon was impressed  
His imperial soul,  
By a meet bequest—  
Child, go read the scroll!

*Ah! ce sont-là des perfides Albionnais!*

ETC., ETC., ETC.

**GREAT MEETING OF SHERIFFS' OFFICERS ON LORD CAMPBELL'S BILL FOR ABOLISHING IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.**—Wednesday last a meeting of Sheriffs' Officers was held at the *Fleece*, for the purpose of taking into consideration the injurious tendency of Lord Campbell's Bill, now before Parliament; a bill which, if matured into an act, will entirely abolish imprisonment for debt, and thereby strike a fatal blow at the interests of a most meek and self-denying race of men, the servants of the Sheriff. The room was crowded by officers distinguished for their service, together with their humbler followers and meaner dependants. Mr. Solomon, amidst great applause, was called to the Chair.

The Chairman, with the choicest flow of language, and with that elegance of manner, which could only be acquired from a long and intimate knowledge of the aristocracy, opened the business of the day. He called upon those about him to be up and doing. Lord Campbell's Bill menaced their very existence as men, as citizens, as wine-merchants, as coal-merchants, as money-scriveners. If they loved their homes—if they valued the sanctity of their bankers' books—if they would not see the bars at their windows made worthless old iron by Lord Campbell—they would defeat so base, so unholy a tampering with a time-honored law, (*Cheers*)—a law under which the British Constitution had attained its present palmy condition—a law under which Eldon had grown gray and Wellington had conquered! (*Vehement cheers.*)

Mr. Levi rose to move the first resolution. He said they had borne more than enuff. Bit by bit hall their profits had been cut huff; and now they vos threatened to be done hup entirely. He vos a young man he vos, but he vos hold enough to remember the days when an onest officer could make his twenty pounds afore breakfast, by bail-bonds. Them days vos gone—(*Groans*)—gone for hever. He eld it for a truth that the law of arrest vos to society vot an oop vos to a cask; it eld it together; take away the oop, and would n't there be a tunblin about of the staves? (*Loud cheers.*) Lord Campbell had a good deal to answer for. (*Hear.*) How he could sleep on his pillar with that bill in his ed, he (Mr. Levi) could n't tell. Some men, however, had no art; and he was afeared Lord Campbell vos one on 'em. (*Cries of "he his—he his."*) The bill vos a great blow at public credit. (*Hear.*) For how, he should like to know, would anybody trust anybody if he could n't have the pleasure of locking him up? Lord Campbell's Hact would make bill-stamps vaste-paper—would hutterly destroy the discount trade, and make the veeds grow in the court-yard of the Halbany! (*Cries of "Shame," and "Ve von't stand it!"*) The doing away vith arrest on Mesne Process vos bad enuff; but let Lord Campbell carry his bill, and adoo to the onest profits of the hindustrious officer—adoo to the vine-trade—adoo to the coal-business—adoo to everything. He saw nothin afore 'em but to go down to the lowest pint of hinfancy, and keep a play-house. (*Sensation.*)

Mr. Nathan briefly seconded the resolution. He would bleed in defence of the law as it existed; and he knew very well—no man better—what bleeding was!

Mr. Lazarus, an elderly gentleman of venerable aspect, and very Roman nose, next addressed the meeting. He had been door-keeper for twenty years at a most distinguished spunging-house in Newman street; a house made celebrated by the men who had enjoyed its hospitality. Ha! the happy, blissful days he had spent there in the good old times of Ellenborough and Eldon! Then, law was a manly sport, and worth something; now it was nothing but child's play. In his days, too, the law fostered such beautiful family feelings; drew son so close to father—brother to brother! For instance; the son, a wine-merchant, at some hundred per cent., *did* the bill; this he paid to

his brother, the attorney, who employed his father, the bum-bailiff, who employed another son, broker and auctioneer, to walk in and sell up. Then a debtor, every bit of him, might be devoured by a whole family, and not a small bone to spare for anybody else. But only pass Campbell's Bill, and what's the debtor worth? Nothing, except to his creditors; they get all he has, and the lawyer and the bailiff are robbed and bamboozled. (*Loud cheers.*) He remembered the time when a sheet of paper sold in a spunging-house for a shilling. Now, the same article was to be had for two-pence. (*Shame!*) He would propose that the Duke of Wellington should be intrusted with their petition; his grace having, with that large humanity which distinguished his statesmanship, actually advised a remuneration for Sheriffs' Officers on the passing of a previous act. Mr. Lazarus concluded by moving the second resolution.

Mr. Cox was only too happy to second the resolution. The bill was a most mischievous and wicked bill, for it went to suppress, if not entirely to destroy, the best feelings of human nature. (*Hear, hear.*) He would prove it. For instance, you looked a man up, and if he himself had nothing, why, nine times out of ten, his imprisonment was made a tax upon his relatives and friends, who then, at any cost, came forward to help him. Abolish arrest for debt, and these beautiful feelings are sufflered to sleep, unknown to all parties. Hence, the act contemplated by Lord Campbell was a wrong done upon the human heart. It was smothering its noblest emotions. (*Hear, hear.*) The question to be resolved was this:—Were the expenses now paid to the Sheriff and his officer to swell the funds for the mere creditor? If such was to be the case, England would no longer be the home for the noble and the free. (*Loud cheers.*)

Other distinguished officers severally addressed the auditory, proposing other resolutions (expressive of unrelenting hostility towards Lord Campbell's Bill,) which were passed, and the meeting broke up; nearly every man present singing in loud and animating chorus the celebrated Hebrew chant—"No more shall the children of Judah mourn!"—*Punch.*

#### BEAU BRUMMELL'S STATUE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

*Punch* has received exclusive intelligence of a subscription which is now quietly growing at White's, at Brookes's, at the Carlton, and other Clubs, for the purpose of erecting a statue to the memory of George Bryan Brummell, the man who invented starched neckcloths, and gave its newest gloss to blacking. The sculptor, whose name we are not at present permitted to reveal, has sent in a drawing of the contemplated statue.

Trafalgar Square has very properly been selected as the place for the erection. There again will dwell in kindly neighborhood George the Beau and George the Fourth. Their lives were lovely, and their joint memories will be appropriately eternized in congenial bronze. The grandson of the pastrycook and the descendant of the Guelfs will be reconciled by the good offices of posterity, and the peculiar virtues that each possessed be brought out in stronger relief by the association. Looking at Brummell, we shall remember, with glowing admiration, the "man who never failed in his tie." Beholding George the Fourth, we shall not readily forget the man to whom all ties were equally indifferent.

Many and deep must be the reflections suggested by the two statues.

George the Beau, by the force of his genius, made himself the master of a Prince. He taught Wales "what a coat was like."

George the King, wanting royal blood, might have made himself master of journeyman tailors.

George the Beau, in beggary, refused to sell the letters of his former friends.

George the King, when Prince of Wales, sold his party at the first profitable opportunity.

George the Beau had wit.

George the King had only malice.

George the Beau would make a joke for the joke's sake.

George the King "hated without cause, and never forgave."

George the Beau felt compunction for his starving "washer-woman."

George the King ran half a million of money in debt, and, sending his bills to be paid by a starving people, felt for no one.

We might go on with the parallel, but believe we have said enough to show the great beauty of contrast that must be revealed by the juxtaposition of Beau Brummell and the "Fat Friend." It is whispered at some of the clubs, that, in addition to the Beau's statue in Trafalgar Square, there will be placed there the *vera effigies* of another of King George's early companions; namely, that of the lamented Marquis of Hertford. There will still be wanting another statue for the one vacant corner. How is this corner to be filled? At present we remember no person worthy of the post. Yes, we have him: Nicholas Suisse!—*Punch*.

#### THE PATRIOT'S ADDRESS TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

My countrymen! Liberty calls you,  
She gives you an Irish broad hint;  
Arise and respond to her watchword—  
"Be sure and remember the Rint."

Long time have oppressors enslaved you,  
Who never thro' pity relint;  
But now is the hour of deliverance:  
Be sure and remember the Rint.

Your tyrants still wish to enthrall you,  
Their hearts are as hard as a flint;  
You may laugh them to scorn and despise them,  
If you only remember the Rint.

My countrymen! Victory 'waits you—  
Bright Fame, in a glorious tint,  
Will paint forth your actions in story:  
Be sure and remember the Rint.

Your fathers have fought and have conquered,  
Their names are recorded in print;  
So eclipse their bold prowess in battle:  
Be sure and remember the Rint.

Our hands shall be freed from the tyrant,  
Each hero be rich as the mint;  
What blessings and comforts await ye,  
If you will but remember the Rint.

What foe can expect to oppose ye,  
Or the growth of your power to stint,  
If you only will do what I tell ye,  
And be sure to remember the Rint?

For myself he may send me to prison,  
I scorn his ferocious intent,  
And I care not a straw for his malice,  
If you will but remember the Rint.

In this glorious cause I have labored,  
For this my best days I have spent,  
You cannot now mean to forsake me.  
Be sure and remember the Rint.

Oh! son of this great, this *green* island,  
I only just give you a hint,  
That I always will stick to my country,  
If she will but remember the Rint.—*Punch*.

**IMPORTANT—TO THE LADIES.** The great success which the "Strong Wind" has met with in the lottery of wedlock, has induced his companions in arms and paint—the Ojibbeway Indians—to advertise for English wives; and as the said Indians are very shortly about to leave the country, early applications on the part of the ladies are desirable. The Indians have already at least one wife, but they promise, even as "Strong Wind" promised, to remain constant to their new helpmates; a promise which, upon their return to the back woods, they will doubtless most honorably perform. We subjoin the advertisements:

No. I. "AH-QUE-WE-ZANTS—the Boy Chief. The advertiser is in his seventy-fifth year, and shall be happy to form a matrimonial engagement with any English lady of known property. The Boy Chief, in his admiration of the martial character of England, will have no objection to the widow of a general officer, if under forty. Her property must not be secured upon herself. She must know how to cure bear's flesh, to hoe, and rake, and dig, and reap. She must also be able to skin rabbits and clean pipes. Principals only treated with. Apply from 10 to 12.

"N. B.—The squaw must have been vaccinated.

No. II. "PA-TAN-NA-QUET-A-WER-BE—the Driving Cloud. The advertiser is the War Chief, aged 51, of a remarkably placable and humorous disposition. He has no objection to treat with a young English lady; and will, on a marriage settlement, secure to her all his scalps. The young lady must have been tenderly and affectionately brought up, as she will have to carry the wigwam poles of the Driving Cloud upon all journeys. She must bring a sufficient income to keep her husband in tobacco, rum, and laziness. English securities preferred: no holder of Pennsylvanian bonds will be treated with.

No. III. "WE-NISH-KA-WEA-BE—Fly Gull and Hereditary Chief, is open to the offers of the ladies of England. Having inherited his dignity, not won it by any deeds or virtues of his own, advertisers are confidently referred to the *Ojibbeway Peerage*, 4to. The birth of the Flying Gull will not allow him to treat with anybody below a baronet's daughter."

GISH-E-GOSH-E-GHEE, the Moonlight Night, and SAMMA, Tobacco, in the most unblushing manner, also forwarded their advertisements; but as *Punch* discovered them to be both married men, with their wives here with them, he, with his known devotion to the proprieties, has of course refused to insert any such invitations to the connubial state.—*Punch*.

**LATE KING OF SWEDEN.**—"Yesterday the body of the late king was clothed in the costume of the Order of the Seraphim, and placed on a catafalque erected in the hall of the palace bearing the name of that order. The features of the illustrious deceased are not, in any respect, altered. The body is to remain there in state for a week."

**RUSSIA AND CIRCASSIA.**—A letter from Trieste says, "By our last arrivals from Constantinople, we learn that Russia has fully succeeded in her appeal to the Porte on the subject of the Caucasian mountaineers. The Porte has not only given all the assurances required of her, but has promised to put a stop to the contraband trade with the coast of Circassia. This trade has been carried on by the Turks, the Ionians, and the Greeks, and by the two latter under the Turkish flag, and even under that of Russia herself."

**DEATH OF W. BECKFORD, Esq.**—The demise of this gentleman took place on Thursday morning, at his residence, Bath. The deceased, who was in his eighty-fourth year, was the father of the Duchess of Hamilton, and was distinguished by his literary attainments. He was formerly proprietor of the celebrated seat, Fonthill Abbey.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

From the Spectator, May 4.

**BUDGET.**—The great annual exposition of our financial state, the Budget, has been presented to Parliament; comprising also some little reduction of taxation, and the foretaste of an important modification of the sugar-duties. As a money account it is gratifying: the past financial year witnessed a gross surplus of revenue over expenditure of more than £4,000,000, or, after paying the deficiency on the previous year, £2,400,000; and making other deductions, there is an available surplus of £1,400,000. The skill or prescience of ministers in estimating their resources and the productive powers of the taxes under an improving state of trade is impugned, and justly; but, luckily, the error is all on the right side: the estimate of the revenue fell short of the actual yield by £2,700,000; the estimate of the expenditure exceeded the actual payment by £650,000. Possibly the improved financial policy of government may, by conducting to these results, have helped to falsify their own predictions; good fortune must have done more; but an error is easily overlooked when the disappointment is only pleasant. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is not over head and ears in debt to the Bank for current cash; and he talks boldly of being independent of that convenient yet burdensome ally. There is advantage as well as novelty in this sound state of affairs; witness the recent operation on the Funded Debt, by which a very considerable annual saving of interest has been made—and more may be effected in the same direction by means of overflowing coffers. The Budget, as far as it goes, justifies the policy of 1842; the revenue, especially the Customs revenue, has improved, and might seem to warrant an extension of it. Mr. Goulburn, however, only ventures on a very small and very timid observance of the principles then laid down, with reduction or abolition of duty on flint-glass, currants, wool, and some other minor matters. The wool-duty is well got rid of; but its abolition provokes new hostility to the impolitic duty on cotton. The sacrifice to Free Trade is small; but, small as it is, the movement is kept up.

**THE RECALL OF Lord Ellenborough** by the East India Directors has been the subject of much speculation, and of a characteristic avowal on the part of the Duke of Wellington; who declared that the acts of the Governor-General had his thorough approval, and that he held the recall to be a proceeding of the grossest indiscretion. Lord Ellenborough's success as an amateur general has quite won the veteran's heart, and he can perceive no ill equal to the removal of the man that played with armies so well. The Duke of Wellington, ever straightforward, has outlived that period of life when men are very solicitous about what will be thought of them, and he speaks without stint. Cautious Sir Robert Peel behaves in an opposite fashion, and questions fail to draw from him any explicit assertion of opinion. The Duke even reserved all reasons for his opinion; so that no one knows why he thinks the East India Directors so indiscreet, nor yet why Lord Ellenborough is recalled. His unpopularity with the officials in India, his retrenchments, his aggressive policy, and other reasons, have been guessed at. It says little that his unpopularity was diminishing; still less, that he was resting after the second game of

aggression, for the directors could not well have stopped him in the midst of a game. Whatever the reason, government and the directors are quite at issue upon it; and it is from the merchant-princes of Leadenhall street that the Peel-Wellington Ministry has as yet received its severest and most mortifying check.

**IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.**—Some measures of special domestic reform have been before Parliament. The most important, and the successful one, is a bill introduced by Lord Cottenham, altogether to abolish imprisonment for debt at any stage; consolidating and assimilating the bankrupt and insolvent law, enabling the debtor to obtain an effectual discharge from his liabilities on an honest cession of his goods, and a creditor to compel the debtor to make that cession; thus giving to either party the power of taking the initiative. Fraudulent debts—that is, as we understand it, the obtaining goods for which the purchaser cannot and does not mean to pay, under the false pretence of contracting a "debt" for them—will be an offence for trial before a jury and for substantive punishment as a fraud, apart from the question of mere debt. The measure is another step towards that "free trade" in credit which would be the really sound system. The laws of debtor and creditor act as a protection to improvidence on both sides: relying on the law to back him, the vender scarcely considers his customer's means of payment, extent of purchases, or personal character—expecting to supply by process of law his own want of caution: the purchaser thus attains a spurious credit, which under a system of purely personal reliance would be beyond his reach; and if improvident, he measures his purchases not by his own means but the vender's confidence. If the law refused to furnish a guarantee to the dealer, except as against positive fraud, credit would come to be tried by the only efficient tests, substantial means and honest name.

**A LAW QUESTION**, one of those that have only been opened, is of a larger kind. Lord Brougham has introduced a bill which consists of a digest of the statute and common law in matters of crime and punishment—in fact, a code of criminal law. The bill was read a second time; it is to be examined by skilful persons during the recess; and next session Parliament will take it up again, finally to deal with it. As to the branch incorporating the statute law, there seems, from what Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst said, to be no doubt that it will be enacted, with the concurrence of Government. Some doubt is expressed as to the expediency of meddling with the common law; and it may be regarded as standing for more mature deliberation, with a probability of success on that point also. The delay is not to be looked upon as mere procrastination: the measure is far too important to be suffered to run the chances of partial frustration by mistakes and flaws in its very substance; and the only certain method of turning out a code, sound and complete as a whole, is to let it be circulated in print, and carefully scrutinized in every part by the best intellects—by men learned in the law, and all other competent students and thinkers, undisturbed by the chatter of Parliamentary "discussion." To take a session more to the great work, matters little with a measure that may signalize a generation. But it must not be allowed to sleep.—*Spectator*, May 18.

**TEXAS.**—The startling announcement has reached London, that a treaty to annex Texas to the United States has actually been concluded—ay, sealed and signed! But stay—it has yet to be ratified by the Senate; so that the impudent manœuvre may be stopped, or at least delayed. By losing its grossness vice loses half its evil; and some years hence, by being less palpably a flagrant offence, the absorption of Texas into the Union would become really less wicked. The case of this state is known to all the world; it has arisen before the eyes of the generation now living. Texas is a Mexican province; American citizens migrate into it, upon sufferance; they grow to be a majority, or at least the most powerful class in that province; they declare themselves “independent;” and now they wish to be taken back into the Union, as American citizens, along with the Mexican territory! It is as if the English in Boulogne were first to declare themselves “independent,” and then to offer to annex Boulogne to England. In the very same way, if Mexico were hospitable to foreigners, the whole of the Mexican republic might be decoyed into the Union. The success of the measure, however, is doubtful. It is suspected to be an electioneering ruse of John Tyler, anxious to curry favor with the populace, in hopes that he may be forced to accept another term on the republican throne. It is only wonderful that Mr. Calhoun should have lent himself to the trick. Luckily, however, there are other political leaders: Mr. Henry Clay, the chosen representative of the Whigs in the approaching election for the Presidency, has forcibly denounced the plan; and Mr. Martin Van Buren, the chosen representative of the Democrats, also deprecates it: reflecting and rational men of “the two great parties in the state,” therefore, are ashamed of consummating the spoliation with such barefaced haste; the Senate is likely to revise Mr. Calhoun’s diplomacy rather unfavorably; and then the treaty will be rejected. Some day, probably, Texas, in the nature of things, must be “annexed;” but time to forget Mexican associations—time for witnesses of the trespass to die off—time for a little further insight into the social nature of slavery and of the Negro race—is due to decency, before another slavery-tainted star be added to the “star-spangled banner.”—*Spectator*, May 18.

**SIR ROBERT PEEL ON THE CURRENCY.**—The second great monetary measure of Sir ROBERT PEEL’s life, the complement to the bill of 1819, was promulgated on Monday. We had some difficulty in believing the anticipations of others early in the session, that he would suffer this opportunity to pass without that revision of the Bank charter which must otherwise have been postponed for ten more years; and while gossips were speculating on his inaction, the minister must have been maturing his pre-determined plan. It was kept so close, however, that even to the last but a very faint notion of it got abroad; and the want of foreknowledge as to his intention imparted to his speech, as he developed his plan, even in so dry a matter as a currency measure, a kind of dramatic interest. The interest lost nothing by his manner of treatment; which was in his happiest style. The few great compartments of his subject were broadly and distinctly marked out; the details, rapidly but lucidly touched, fell into their proper places; so that, while every part was as clear as glass, the relations of the whole were easily kept

in view; and the animated choice of expression, with the strictly practical bearing of the whole, gave to so abstract a subject the character of action. You felt that the speaker was arranging not mere banking-accounts, but national deeds and events. He began by laying down principles. First, he defined the common denomination of value, a “pound,” which means nothing else but a certain quantity and quality of the precious metals—a known *thing* which is adopted as a measure of the value of other things, and not some abstract standard of positive value. Discussing this point, he achieved an easy victory over the “Birmingham” currency-men, his old controversial antagonists. He was very successful in drawing a distinction between those instruments of transfer from specified individuals to individuals, bills of exchange or such other species of paper credit, and promissory bank-notes payable to any bearer on demand, which are real substitutes for money; the distinction is, that bills of exchange represent debt, bank-notes represent coin. His business was to show that the two kinds of paper exercise different influences on the state of the currency; and that measures affecting one kind need not affect the other, as some had pretended. He proved from evidence of country bankers, that the portion of the paper-circulation which consists of country bank-notes is not regulated by considerations of what is best for the public, but is dilated or contracted according to the opportunities offered to the banks of “custom” in their trade; in time of speculation, therefore, impulse is given to over-trading by the extraordinary facilities of obtaining this kind of money; and the consequence is, that the gross amount of money in the country is ever indefinite and irregular in amount, and uncertain in value.—certainty and regularity being the two essential qualities of a proper currency. It has been observed that at this part of his speech there was an hiatus, and that Sir ROBERT PEEL passed from his principles to his practical measures without explaining their necessary connexion. We believe that this characteristic will be found in all his notable speeches, and that it is a trait of his own mind. He is not an original reasoner, nor a bold inventor. With great perceptive powers, he masters the reasonings of other, and with great practical experience and *nous* he contrives a way to give effect to his adopted principles; but, lacking the original logical faculty, he cannot so well explain how the measures grow out of the principles. He leaves that for commentators; who may write for years about what he will do in a session, after he has once made up his mind. You may find the same sort of hiatus in his tariff speech, and many others. His measures are not the inevitable conclusions of his premises—often the inevitable conclusion is something larger; but, allowing for his good journeyman-maxim of working with the instruments ready to his hand, you will generally find the measures pat enough as far as they go. In the present case they go a long way. He takes the existing metallic currency as being all that it is wanted to be; and his grand object is to place the paper currency in as definite and distinct a position as if it issued from the mint and bore its weight of gold stamped upon it. To that end he remodels the Bank of England. It is to be divided into two departments; one to be a bank of issue, and nothing else. Its issues will be made upon two bases, securities and bullion. The securities are to be defined,—a debt of £11,000,000 from government



to the Bank, a kind of government stock to serve as a guarantee for that amount of notes; and £3,000,000 of Exchequer Bills and other public securities, not so permanently fixed; together, £14,000,000. The other department of the Bank will be an ordinary bank—the great bank of the country; managing the public debt, and serving private customers. Bullion deposited in this bank will be transferred to the issue-department in exchange for notes. The issue-bank will have the power within its own hands of contracting its circulation to the extent of the £3,000,000 variable public securities; it will be allowed to extend its circulation on emergency, with the consent of three ministers—probably the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Master of the Mint. In the dilation or contraction of the currency based upon bullion-deposits, the bank must follow the action of the public. Great security and confidence will be produced by the weekly publication of full accounts. An analogous process is ingeniously applied to the multifarious brood of country banks. The banks of issue are to be restricted to their present number—there are to be no more new banks of issue; the notes are to be restricted to their present amount—no bank is to issue more notes than it now does on an average of years; and the amount of such circulation is to be publicly recorded. The maximum amount of the country paper-currency is therefore to be fixed henceforth. Should any sudden deficiency occur in it, as by the cessation or failure of a bank, the Bank of England will apply its power of extending its own circulation; the profits of such extension to go to the public exchequer. Along with these new restrictions go some facilities and improvements for ordinary banking: joint stock banks are to have the privilege of suing and being sued; they are to be bound by the acts of authorized partners, but not of unauthorized partners; in the metropolitan circle they are to issue bills of short date; they are to publish lists of their partners and directors; in the case of new establishments, they must obtain the assent of government, and register prospectuses and other papers. Regarding the measure as a whole, the business of banking is placed on a more certain footing; and the business of issuing paper-money is made distinct, with provision for its gradual absorption by a central body,—a committee of the Bank of England virtually contracting to do the work of a government department in performing the function of a paper-money mint. The total amount of money, metallic and paper, will thus be an ascertained and centrally-regulated quantity; and the “standard of value” will possess as much steadiness as possible.

This great scheme has been received with varying impressions. Some object that it will “make money dear,” and deplore that the minister does not alter the standard of value, as it has often been altered—by swindling sovereigns—since the days of WILLIAM the Conqueror; as if, says Sir ROBERT PEELE, we gain anything in the thing measured by altering the nominal number of inches in a foot! It is remarked more justly, that in our complicated system the disturbing influences are too many to permit the result to be seen at once. But it is anticipated that the great change will be effected with singularly little detriment to private interests; and on the whole, except among “the currency-people,” the scheme is regarded as a very statesmanlike measure.—*Spectator*, May 11.

**LORD ELLENBOROUGH.**—The ugly-looking imbroglio between the government and the East India Directors has been settled in the quietest and most effectual manner. This victory over difficulty may stand by the side of COLUMBUS's egg for simplicity and tact on the part of the cool-headed politician at the head of affairs. There was the Court of Directors in unanimous contumacy—a most respectable and decorous rebellion; there was the most respected Duke of WELLINGTON, with all the plain-speaking indiscretion of a man who has survived petty restraints, openly scolding the Directors, without warrant to show for it—the warrant must not be shown; there was Lord ELLENBOROUGH rising in the stormy horizon in his retrograde movement, from his horrid hair shaking interofficial pestilence and war; and the invidious Whigs and mischievous Radicals already began to call for “papers.” A general blow-up seemed inevitable. Sir ROBERT PEELE tackles the difficulty. He is silent when his colleague gives tongue. He sees and soothes the excited Directors. He yields to their move, now past remedy; and proposes Sir HENRY HARDING as the new Governor-General. Happy thought! Sir HENRY happens to be “the very man” the Directors desire; he is brother-in-law to the offended ELLENBOROUGH; brother-in-arms and most trusted companion to the outspoken Duke; inoffensive to the blatant beast of party. All is quieted. The Duke of WELLINGTON disavows any intention to offend, but thinks that his silence was deemed injurious to the impugned functionary, and feels bound to defend his absent friend; his escapade thus assuming an air of chivalrous generosity forgetful of official etiquette. People would pardon more serious lapses to the honest veteran, and they rather enjoy the opportunity of exercising towards so illustrious a trespasser the patronage of forgiveness.

#### TOPICS OF THE DAY.

**POWERS OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.**—The Duke of Wellington pronounces a decided opinion on the conduct of the India Directors in recalling Lord Ellenborough. This the public cannot do, for want of that information which “discretion” forbids the Directors to furnish without the consent of the government; but there is a point connected with the subject upon which no doubt can exist. We mean, the unfairness of a public censure, by so very high an authority, of men whom the accuser himself deprives of the means of defence. Nor is the injustice of this proceeding the only objection to it. The weight of the Duke's opinion on most subjects is so great, that people are apt to take for granted the correctness of his mere dicta. In the present instance, a mischief ensues which may not be easily remedied. There is at this moment a tendency in public opinion, produced entirely by the Duke's speech against the tongue-tied Directors, to conclude that the East India Company itself is a bad institution. Some go so far as to say that it ought to be displaced by a Board or Office for the government of India. This sudden judgment may not hold, perhaps; but at all events the question is much discussed, and is one of immense importance. On this question, therefore, in the absence of all means of forming an opinion on the particular act of the Directors, we offer some brief remarks.

The main objection that one hears urged against the Company as a means of governing India is,

that such an institution is "anomalous." Anomalous in what respect?—as being contrary to rule, or contrary to practice? A mere closet-statesman, having to frame a government for India, would probably never have hit upon the scheme of creating a joint stock, and letting the shareholders of that private money-interest choose twenty-four of their own number to be the rulers of a great empire: but on the other hand, a statesman of practical ability, or even a true philosopher, (meaning one who observes the divers peculiarities of nations, and who takes into his account the genius of the people for whom he has to plan institutions,) would not fail to perceive the thoroughly English character of delegations of authority, for special purposes, resting on a private interest. Our Indian empire was founded by this means: so were the English colonies of the West Indies; and the thirteen great colonies of North America, which might still have formed part of the British dominions if a centralizing spirit here had not interfered with their charters of incorporation and local government. Within these islands, again, and time out of mind, a vast number of public purposes, which in other countries the supreme authority undertakes, and often fails to accomplish, have been attained by means of conferring power on bodies distinct from the central authority. The principle of such delegations of authority runs through our institutions; the plan of creating special interests armed with special powers, and maintained in independence of the supreme executive, is just what most distinguishes England from such countries as France or Prussia. Nay, it is good old English constitutional law, that not even the Supreme Legislature can alter a charter of incorporation without the consent of the grantees. A keen centralizer may exclaim against the "anomaly" of making any authority independent of the supreme legislature; but even such a one must allow that good has come of it in by-gone times, when Parliament itself was more apt to do wrong than in these days; and at any rate, nobody can doubt that the peculiar self-reliance of the English character, and our practical ability in every kind of affairs, have been in a great measure produced by the habit of exercising authority and bearing responsibility,—a habit which these countless delegations of power for special purposes have mainly occasioned. Many an old English house is very "anomalous" in its variance from the rules of architecture, but none the less useful or comfortable. As these were built in disregard of rule, but suitably to climate and notions of comfort, so our corporations, enjoying power independent of the general government, have manifestly worked well. They may, indeed, be according to rule after all: for is not adaptation to working well the best of rules to go by?

In favor of the particular case of the East India Company, there are many special reasons. Among the chief of these we should be disposed to place the great objection to Mr. Fox's India Bill,—that it was an attempt by the Whig landed aristocracy to lay hold of the patronage of the government of India. The present system of patronage in that department of the state may be "anomalous;" but surely that is a pleasant departure from rule which prevented Mr. O'CONNELL from naming India among "the colonies" in which he undertook to get a place for Mr. EDWARD RUTHVEN. Then, look at the *working* of patronage by the Court of Directors of the East India Company: reckon all

the jobbing, and still the system stands alone in the regular training for official aptitude which it supplies, and in the production of a body of administrators with which no other in the wide British empire will bear comparison. The present mode of proceeding averts two great evils,—first, that of the vastly augmented power of corrupting the House of Commons and the constituencies, which a "Colonial Office" for India would place in the hands of the landed aristocracy; and secondly, that of the incompetence of the officials whom the great Whig or Tory landlords would send to India if political influence disposed of cadetships and writerships. Who can believe that the private interest of politicians in the management of constituencies would work as well in this case, as the private interest of the shareholders of the Company in keeping up the value of their stock?

This brings us to the rationale of a stock-holding interest invested with governing power. The device seems peculiarly applicable to the government of a distant possession which is really incapable of self-government. Its object is to create responsibility where none exists. The proverbial mismanagement of the Colonial Office would show, if the fact were not obvious and notorious, that these islands contain no public sufficiently large and sufficiently interested in the well being of any distant possession, to bring home responsibility to its rulers. "Who cares about India?" is a common saying. In some colonies, such as Canada, we create a local responsibility by means of representative institutions: but whenever a distant country is governed here, so surely the ignorance and indifference of the British public with respect to that country saves its rulers from any real responsibility—excepting only in the case of India. The East India charter makes a public here, moved to keep the directors in order by a strong private interest in the good government of the distant possession. The scheme is not even anomalous, but according to the excellent rule which considers responsibility essential to good government. And again we say, it works well. Could as much be predicated of a Colonial Office for India, such as that which keeps the other dependencies of Britain in a constant state of depression or disturbance?

We cannot help thinking that the discussion as to the propriety of conferring powers of government on the East India Company will do much good. A Doctrinaire school of politicians has grown up of late years in this country, which regards the principle of centralization with great favor, and bestows as much dislike on the old English practice of local and special exercises of authority. It is well that we should look about us in this matter. The new Poor-law, which rightly created a central authority for the purpose of curing the social disease resulting from the payment of wages out of taxes, has suspended our whole system of parish-government, and threatens to destroy it. The condition of the working peasantry, between whom and their employers all sympathy has been removed by the institution of Union Workhouses and Boards of Guardians, is not so satisfactory as to make us deeply in love with the new method. Other cases might be cited, in which we appear to be pushing the principle of centralization somewhat too far. The Prussian mode of government is as unsuitable to this country as houses built after the model of Greek temples. We shall have to return to the subject.—*Spectator, May 4.*

**THE MIRROR OF THE AGE.**—If posterity judge of the present age by its newspapers, they will form a rare opinion of it. Every newspaper consists of two branches—the news, and the argumentative departments. Among the news, the rascalities of life occupy a most disproportionate space. The steady, unobtrusive exercise of the domestic virtues—which is more largely and uniformly distributed through society than in any former age—is the commonplace of life, and affords no salient points to the news-caterer. But the adventures of Lord HUNTINGTOWER and the swindling leeches who clung to him—the Marquis of HERTFORD's "voice from the grave"—bearing testimony to the character of NICOLAS SUISSE—the will-forgeries, poisonings, adulteries, stabbing of sheep by clergymen, *et cetera*—these fill up the news-columns as attractively as their dramatized versions do the minor theatres. The rottenness of life is sought out by the newsmonger as the rottenness of cheese is by the epicure. Its *haut goût* overpowers the faint, delicate odor of good lives. It is painted with such breadth that it seems to overspread the whole fabric of society. And when we take the newspapers in their lecturing vein, matters are but little mended. We find, it is true, champions of religion, morality, and liberty—denouncers of oppression, of sedition, of dishonesty—all laboring away with a three hundred horse-power: but the very excess of their energy is suspicious—one is tempted to exclaim, what a spring-tide of villainies of all kinds it must be that sets in with such force as to call for all these Mrs. Partingtons to sweep it back! The inference suggested by this state of affairs is at least not a cynical one. If our age and country—which, with all their littleness, have rather more than an average share of decorum and benevolence—show to so little advantage in the pages of its chroniclers, may not a similar fate have befallen other ages also! In reading the history of Rome under the Emperors, for example, one wonders how a society so unreddeemedly profligate could hang together. The fact that a large amount of insipid but invaluable domestic virtue is hidden from our view by the exaggerated declamation of reformers on the one hand and the brazen-faced ostentation of shameless profligacy on the other, solves the difficulty. The literary artists of CALIGULA's and NERO's days seized upon the telling points of contemporary society; they gloated on sarcastic or indignant descriptions of vice, and deepened the coloring of popular debasement and servility, in order to make their virtuous characters tell more effectively from the contrast. But in the domestic circles of Rome there must have been a large amount of average honesty—too tame for their exaggerated tastes, but still the salt of the earth, which preserved the body politic from corruption. The same was the case, doubtless, in every age famous for its profligacy. The dissolute courtiers of CHARLES the second in England, and of the Regent ORLEANS in France were the minority of the society in which they lived. And even in the blood-drunken fit of the French Revolution, the majority of the people went about their daily avocations with that routine regularity which subdues men to something very like virtue if it be not the exact reality. If all the mad politicians on every side who kept cutting each others' throats for a few years in La Belle France, had been by some sudden fatality annihilated, a vast majority of the French people would have survived—very common-place people, doubtless, but also

very comfortable people to live among. So, after all, we may charitably hope that human nature is not quite the rascally thing history would lead us to believe.—*Spectator*.

**THE ADJUSTMENT OF THE CIRCULATION.**—The propositions of Sir ROBERT PEEL on Monday last are marked by the great merit of carrying out a comprehensive principle without disturbance of any existing interest. Henceforth, the paper circulation of the country will be subject to no other fluctuations than those to which it would be liable if instead of being the representative of gold it were gold itself. As an economical substitute for the precious metals, it will perform precisely the function it professes, and no other.

In any alteration he might propose, Sir ROBERT PEEL had to select from the doctrines of three different schools: the first, by no means an influential one although obviously attractive to some peculiar minds, consisting of those who seek an "expansion" of the currency—i. e. the issue of inconvertible paper—enabling them to discharge obligations contracted to be paid in the scarce commodity gold, with a commodity, the "scarcity" of which would only be limited by their ideas of what is convenient; the second, maintaining the necessity of a convertible currency, but insisting that the fact of an issuer of a note being bound by law to meet it in gold renders it impossible for him to over-issue—just as if a law decreeing that men shall keep their promises would render it impossible for them to deceive society by promising more than they can fulfil—and insisting that therefore no restriction should be placed upon him; and the third, claiming not only a declaration from the law that all notes shall be convertible, but also a provision to insure that the gold into which they profess to be convertible shall have a local habitation in the cellars of the issuer, so as to render it quite certain that each note is really what it purports to be, the "representative" of something having a tangible existence.

Upon the last of these systems the premier has taken his stand. There could indeed have been little doubt that such would have been the direction of any measure Sir ROBERT PEEL might bring forward; but the largeness of the principle was supposed, under the present constitution of the banking establishments of the country, to involve almost insuperable difficulties, and few were prepared to find that the whole matter might be effected without causing the slightest derangement. The new plan will go into operation without involving any change in our present monetary relations; and yet at the same time that it disturbs nothing, it completely insures a sound system for the future.

To show its simplicity, it is best to state it in an elementary way. The paper circulation of the country may be taken at the present moment at about thirty millions, exclusive of the reserve held by the Bank of England against deposits. If that sum were certain to remain in England in use as at this moment, it would be sufficient that it should be based on securities having a merely national value—such as Stock, Exchequer Bills, &c.; and no occasion for convertibility would exist. But when an increase of imports shall take place, and heavy payments to foreigners consequently become necessary, the holders will send in a large proportion of it in exchange for the security on which it

is based, and which, to meet such a call, should evidently be of a kind possessing not a local but an universal value. Now, the greatest extent to which it is believed a demand of this description could ever go, is to eight millions from the present amount, so as to reduce the circulation of the country from thirty to twenty-two millions; any drain approaching to this extent being held certain to produce a fall in prices, and a general pressure sufficient to turn the exchanges in our favor. Since, therefore, the paper circulation of the country can never fall below twenty-two millions, it is permitted that the various banking establishments now possessing power of issue may issue in the aggregate to that extent upon other security than that of gold, it being next to certain that gold will never be demanded for it: but as it is possible that all beyond this amount may be sent in at any time, it is provided that no more shall be issued except upon a deposit of bullion, so that the notes may be guaranteed by that commodity which when the holders bring them in will be wanted in exchange. The Bank of England are therefore allowed to keep out, as at present, fourteen millions of their notes, represented by profitable securities, and the joint stock and other banks eight millions: this will make the twenty-two millions of national circulation, and the amount of notes of the Bank of England now out upon bullion will alone be subject to fluctuation. As gold flows in, the amount of notes will be increased; as it goes out, notes will be brought in in exchange, and forthwith cancelled—an unprofitable operation, to be conducted as heretofore by the Bank in consideration of their privileges.

But as it is possible that some of the joint stock and private issuing banks may fail or withdraw, and the circulation on securities thus become contracted below the twenty-two millions, it is provided that in such case the government may authorize the Bank of England to advance on securities an amount of notes to supply that which has been extinguished by such failure or withdrawal; the public to pay the expense caused to the bank by the additional issue, and to take the profit arising from the interest of the securities upon which it is made.

As far as the interests of the Bank of England are concerned, it is clear that it will gain an advantage from the stability given to its operations, to say nothing of the future freedom of its banking department. We observe, however, that some of the proprietors complain of a "hard bargain;" but on this point the arrangement between the minister and the governors of the bank seems to have taken place in a spirit highly honorable to both, avoiding all haggling and chaffering in a desire to promote a great national good. That the terms are just, is evidenced by the prices-current. Public opinion as to what the bank might fairly expect was indicated by the price of the stock before Sir ROBERT PEEL divulged his plan; and so completely has he hit the estimate, that the quotation from that time has not undergone the slightest variation.

**THE AUTOCRAT'S VISIT.** More than a month ago, it was positively announced that his most Autocratic Majesty, the "Self-governor" of all the Russias was to pay a visit this summer to her Britannic Majesty. But shadows of doubt and delay appear to be now thrown over this flattering prospect.

"The present state of the Queen," says a diplo-

matic writer in the *Times*, "will very shortly preclude her gracious Majesty doing the honors of her palace." Then, "material obstacles" are hinted at, "arising from the melting of the ice;" and moral obstacles from "urgent affairs on hand." In short, it is apparent that there is a hitch somewhere; and moreover, that the real cause of the Czar drawing back from his journey is not discreetly to be named, while a plausible pretext is not easy to invent. Oh no, it is not the heat melting the ice in Russia, that is the hindrance; it is the moral coldness congealing a less destructible ice here.

All hope, however, is not extinct in the breasts of those who are curious to see foreign kings and other rarities. Lord BLOOMFIELD, who proposed a visit to St. Petersburg, is detained, lest the Emperor should arrive and find no field in bloom. This is hard upon Lord BLOOMFIELD: could not his office be delegated for the occasion to Lord DUDLEY COURTTS STUART, who might do the honors with a peculiar grace to the Sovereign of Poland? Or perhaps Baron ROTHSCHILD, or Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, out of gratitude for the favors their nation have received at the Imperial hands, might undertake the task. A body-guard of Polish exiles may be enrolled to mount guard at St. James's while the Czar remains; and of course all Houndsditch and St. Mary Axe will be illuminated on the night of his arrival!

Seriously, the Emperor of Russia is "an accident," as his better brother said of himself: he is what his position has made him—but that is not a thing to be admired. If he insist upon coming, of course our Queen will receive her guest as her own sense of hospitality and dignity demand; and every attention will be paid to him by our nobility and gentry, which official connexion with the Court may require. But it is to be hoped that, on the part of the independent and right-feeling public, the customary lion-worship will be abated. It would be well that the persecutor of the Jews and destroyer of Poland should be made to understand that he is among a people who cannot respect him, though they have too much self-esteem to treat even an uninvited and unwelcome guest with rudeness.

From the Examiner.—Opposition.

**THE BANK PROJECT.**—Sir Robert Peel's plan for improving the banking system is now before the country, and every feature of merit in it will, we may be sure, stir up a proportionate hostility where present interests, real or imaginary, are supposed to be affected by it. The opinions of the best authorities, on the question are generally in favor of the scheme, and the minister is much, and we think justly, commended for the boldness of his measure, as well as for the general soundness of the principles on which it is founded. Objections attach to parts of the plan, but on the whole it is entitled to much praise, and will connect the name of Sir Robert Peel with a lasting service to his country.

From the Examiner, 11 May.

It is rumored that England is to be honored this summer with a visit from the Emperor Nicholas. Now, as we regard the unbought cheers and hearty welcome of a free people as the highest honor any sovereign can receive, the noblest tribute to beneficence and virtue, we are not a little loth to see them wasted on one who can never appreciate or deserve them as the autocrat of Russia. Great pains

are taken by a portion of the English press—no doubt with very sufficient reason—to mystify the people of England as to the true character of the Russian Government.

We shall give a simple authentic fact, which will enable our readers to judge of the tone and temper of the Czar's government; the baseness of its ends, and the lawlessness of its means.

An ukase dated the 27th of March has just been issued, by which the *annual tax* upon every passport granted for any foreign country whatever, is raised from 50 to 200 silver roubles, that is, to £30 of our money. Nor is this all, the same ukase contains an absolute prohibition on all foreign travel as regards all persons of either sex under 25 years of age, unless such as accompany their parents or guardians. To crown all, the governors of provinces or cities can no longer, as heretofore, grant passports. Every passport must be issued direct from the Imperial Chancery at Petersburg to the remotest parts of that huge empire—with what facility, despatch, and economy, we leave our readers to judge. Illness, commercial affairs, or the profession of an artist, form the only exceptions.

Of course everybody understands the meaning of these prohibitions. Not contented with all he has hitherto done to withhold his subjects from contact with higher civilization, not content with his endeavors to disqualify them from comparing what they witness at home with what they might see abroad, he has now taken a bolder step in the career of intellectual oppression. He appears to aspire to erect around his empire the barriers which his neighbor the Emperor of China has just been compelled to throw down. We can hardly think he will long succeed. Already this measure has excited throughout Russia the greatest disgust and indignation.

We call the attention of the English public to it, because it throws some light on the pretensions of such a ruler to be the civilizer of his people.

From the Britannia.

Monarchs do not always know their own minds, and the changes of imperial and royal council on the subject of the visit to Queen VICTORIA have, for the last three months, distracted the whole *grande monde*. The Czar, a splendid specimen of the locomotive, vibrates between Melton and Mesopotamia, and is evidently uncertain whether he shall run up the Thames, or head the march of an army across the Araxes. LOUIS PHILIPPE oscillates in the same style between the picnics of the Isle of Wight and the police-protected peace of Neuilly. The British public would, as the Lord Mayor's Stentor, Mr. O'TOOLE, hails his guests when the "loving cup" goes round, "greet them both, and give them heartily welcome." Yet, if we were of the Cabinet of the King of the FRENCH, we should advise him to stay where he *can* be protected, which certainly would not be the case in England. The royal life is of value to much more than France: he is the pledge to Europe against the rashness and wretchedness of war. In France he is fortunately guarded from the hand of the assassin. But, if he visited this country, some French conspirator might fatally avail himself of the unguarded condition in which he must move about here, if he moved at all, and destroy a life the most important to Europe. In this language we but speak the opinion of the public. The king is brave and knows how to face peril; but

there is neither courage nor common sense in challenging unnecessary risks, and the grief which would be felt by our country, and the mischiefs which might accrue to every nation of Europe, by such a catastrophe, would infinitely overbalance any pleasure which England might feel in showing its hospitality to a great king and a great man. But the Czar would be secure: his hazards would be much more from our welcome and his own waltzing than from any of the

"Chances that make rough the path of kings."

**LAW REFORM.**—This is the condition to which the law of every great nation must come in the lapse of centuries. New laws or modifications of old laws are called for by the altered circumstances of society: every question submitted to the decision of a court of justice has something peculiar to itself that calls into exercise the ingenuity of the judges in applying to it the general terms of the statute law. Many cases occur that must be decided more by a general analogy than by the letter either of the statute or the consuetudinary law. It is an inevitable necessity that the law—the customs of the country, the enactments of the legislature, the judgments of law courts—must increase in number and complexity with every year. And this process cannot fail in the course of time to render those authoritative sources of legal knowledge so multitudinous and voluminous, that unless some remedy be adopted the law must break down under its own weight; the nation must lose the benefit of a definite and cognizable law, from its law having outgrown the powers of human comprehension.

Two kinds of remedies have been proposed. The favorite panacea in our days has been a perfect philosophical code, that should render unnecessary the constant accumulation of statutes and decisions. Such a task could only be performed by omniscience: but the impossibility has not deterred from making the attempt. BENTHAM had his codes ready cut and dry to offer for the acceptance of every state from the North American Union to Russia. And the Code Napoléon has been held up in its day as something of the kind. It is indeed a fair specimen of what may be expected from any such attempt. That a number of explanatory statutes, of judicial decisions, and of ingenious commentaries, have already been superadded to it, is no disparagement to the Code Napoléon: the exigencies of society, and of such laws as fallible human beings can make, render this constant growth inevitable. But the true ground for adjudging the Code Napoléon a failure is, that owing to its incompleteness and vagueness—the consequence of its being compiled by theorists who had no sharp practical knowledge of the law—it is a bad starting-point for this inevitable accumulation of supplementary enactments, applications, and explanations. Its superficial vagueness infects the whole apparatus that has been constructed upon it.

The best specimen of the other kind of remedy that has at times been applied to law become useless from excessive growth, is to be found in the compilations of JUSTINIAN. The two principal books (the Institutes are a mere elementary text-book for learners) are exactly what the Common Law Commissioners were directed to prepare. The "Codex" is a digest of what may be called the statute law of Rome, which was actually in

force in the time of JUSTINIAN. The "Pandects" are a digest of what may be called the common law of his time. They are neither more nor less than the law of JUSTINIAN's time as it was known to TRIBONIAN and his few assistants. The knowledge which their work shows these accurate and learned lawyers to have possessed of the best enactments, decisions of judges, and opinions of counsel, of their own and preceding ages, was amply sufficient for practical purposes. The Emperor's decree that their digests should have the force of law—that all statutes, decisions, and opinions to be found in them, and none else, should be authoritative—removed the danger to which we are daily and hourly exposed, of judgments pronounced in favor of the party whose lawyer has drawn the lucky ticket in the lottery of decisions. That decree at the same time reduced the valid law within such a compass as rendered a thorough and intimate knowledge of it on the part of practitioners possible. And by the judicious determination to give merely the law as it was—to attempt no impracticable idealization of it—all the sharp-defined forms, all the practical common sense which men trained in real business had impressed upon and inspired into the Roman law, was retained. And the consequence has been, that the law-books of JUSTINIAN were not only an inestimable boon to his own time and nation, but have been the source of much of what is most valuable in the law of every nation of modern Europe.

Digests of the statute and common law of England, executed on a principle analogous to that upon which TRIBONIAN compiled the law-books of JUSTINIAN, appear to be what is most desirable in the present state of our law. A digest of the most important acts of Parliament, and a digest of the most important decisions and opinions, such as is understood to have been prepared by the Law Commissioners, revised, corrected, and augmented by lawyers like Lords COTTENHAM, DENMAN, and LYNDBURST, would be a satisfactory body of law. It would be within the compass of the studies of men of average talent and industry to obtain a thorough knowledge of it. It would insure men against the danger of supposed obsolete statutes or forgotten decisions being raked up against them. It would not render explanatory or emendatory statutes, or reports of the decisions of courts, or text-books and commentaries on special branches of the law, unnecessary; but it would for the time bring back the whole of the law within the sphere of human comprehension; and when the necessary course of events had made the law again too exuberant, the same process of retrenchment might again be adopted. We do not regret the caution evinced by Lord LYNDBURST respecting the immediate adoption of the digest of statute and common criminal law embraced in Lord BROUGHAM's bill; but we could have wished a more decided and hearty expression in favor of the principle of consolidation. What the country most urgently requires is to know what and where the law is. Reform—improvement—will doubtless be required; but let us have a law: at present, from its sheer redundancy, we have as good as none.

Honor to whom honor is due. To Lord BROUGHAM are we mainly indebted for whatever steps have as yet been taken in the course we have indicated as most desirable. The inquiries of the Common Law Commissioners originated in

his motion in 1828; and the commission directing them to extend their investigations to the Criminal Law was issued when he was Chancellor. He has taken charge of—produced to public notice—urged the adoption of—the digest of the criminal law prepared by the Law Commissioners. He has urged upon the ministers the introduction of the digest as a legislative measure of their own; and, failing in this, he has invited the attention of his own House of the Legislature to it. He has by his perseverance awakened a certain degree of public attention and extorted some show of action from government; and if by further perseverance he carry his point, he will confer a benefit upon the country, the extent and importance of which it is not easy to estimate. In that event, he may allow his enemies their small triumphs at hitting the weak points he frequently exposes to their aim—the weighty obligation he confers upon the nation will overshadow them all. It may be said of him, that as a learned and sound working lawyer he was excelled by many of his judicial cotemporaries: it may be said of him, that he could not have compiled the very digest upon which he seeks to build his fame: but it will also be said, that had it not been for the impulse he gave that digest would never have been undertaken, and had it not been for his unflagging enthusiasm it would never have become law.

*Spectator.*

**MORAL PROSPECTS OF THE UNITED STATES.**—It is true that our Transatlantic cousins are more prone to talk about than actually to engage in war; but as the pitcher which goes often to the well comes home broken at last—as the boy cried "wolf" till nobody believed him, and yet the wolf did come—this habitual bluster and rhodomontade may lead to mischief in the end. It is not denied that we have senatorial and extra-senatorial Bobadils here at home quite fit to pair off with those of the United States, and perhaps in number scarcely inferior; but, thanks to something in our form of government or our state of society, they rarely get into the Cabinet, and are always in a minority there.

Mr. President TYLER's advocacy of a crooked policy regarding Texas would be, like the Irish Repeal sympathies of Mr. President TYLER's son, simply ludicrous in a private individual fighting "for his own hand:" but when the chief magistrate of the Union concludes a treaty of annexation with a republic founded on the territory of a neighboring and allied state by citizens of the Union—many of them of rather questionable character—it is time to stop laughing and look after our own property.

It depends upon the American Senate alone to prevent as shabby a violation of the laws of nations as ever was committed by the worst of the old Kings and Kaisars, against whom the freemen of North America hold themselves entitled to rail in the gross. Mr. CLAY's protest against the TYLER policy is honorable to himself and the party he represents: it shows that some of the old blood of the WASHINGTONS and ADAMES still circulates in the land. But it cannot be forgotten that Mr. CLAY is the mouthpiece of a party which, with one or two brief intervals, has been in a minority ever since the election of THOMAS JEFFERSON as President. Mr. VAN BUREN's qualified protest is infinitely less satisfactory than Mr. CLAY's—just as Mr. VAN BUREN is himself in every respect a less satisfactory sort of person. **MR. VAN BUREN,**

it is true, points out the dishonesty and danger of the TYLER policy; but the wind-up of his letter reads vastly like a hint to the Americans, that though he disapproves of annexing Texas, rather than not be President he will consent if they insist upon it. The wavering virtue of Mr. VAN BUREN, and the long-standing minority of the class of statesmen represented by Mr. CLAY, are not encouraging auguries of what is to be expected from the Senate; although that body, like the Supreme Courts of Justice of the Union, has hitherto made a noble stand against the low principles of policy which have found favor in the eyes of the rabble of electors.

If the Senate yield on the question of Texan annexation, our turn will undoubtedly come next. This is more than inference from the applicability to Canada of the immoral principle upon which the Texan treaty is justified. Some of the trappers, whose friends and allies have been urging the Legislature of the Union to seize upon Oregon, it is credibly reported, have already established an organized settlement within the disputed territory. This has all the appearance of an exact repetition of what has been done in Texas. First, a body of unrecognized adventurers form a settlement; then, they are recognized as *de facto* an independent state; and lastly, they are incorporated into the Union. In the Texan treaty, and in the Oregon settlement, we may read what awaits us if TYLER principles and TYLER partisans carry the day in the pending Presidential election and obtain a majority in the Senate.

To us it is no agreeable prospect, to be dragged into war by the unprincipled encroachments of a kindred people. But the citizens of the United States will themselves be the greatest sufferers. We do not, indeed, anticipate, with some, a near dissolution of the Union. There is enough of *esprit de corps* among the States to reconcile the citizens of New York to a common cause with the repudiators of Pennsylvania and Michigan; the anti-slavers of Boston with the CALHOUNS, who look upon the occupation of Texas as nothing but a just and necessary step in defence of the sacred institution of negro slavery; and all to take pride in extending their territory by violent or fraudulent appropriations of what belongs to neighboring powers. It must be a virtuous, a happy society, in which such principles are unblushingly avowed! It is not in the American Union as in the Monarchical States of Europe. On this side of the Atlantic, a line has been drawn between the statesman and the citizen class, which, whatever anomalies it may have occasioned, has at least had the good effect of keeping domestic life comparatively pure from the lax principles of politicians. In our domestic circles a stricter morality has prevailed, and proved a counter-agent to public corruption. But in the United States this cannot be: the corruption of the rulers is there the corruption of all. The low swindling principles of repudiation, the callousness to human suffering of the slave-owner, and the plundering propensities of the conqueror, are not likely to be confined to the cabinet: the poison will penetrate into domestic circles. A class will be formed in every State as demoralized as the rabble of Rome under the emperors.—*Spectator*, May 11.

From Bell's Messenger.

THE ZOLLVEREIN.—Some solicitude has been excited by the pending commercial treaty between

the Northern States of Germany and the United States of America.

It has been reported, but the fact is not true to the extent, that a treaty has been actually signed and ratified between the Americans and the German Zollverein, for the mutual admission of articles at lower rates than if imported from Great Britain and other countries; the treaty being founded, it is said, upon the principle of preferential duties between the German Commercial Union and the government of the United States: the Germans to admit the importation of cotton wool, tobacco, and rice, and other articles from the United States *free of duty*, or at very reduced duties on the two latter articles of rice and tobacco; whilst reciprocal advantages are to be granted to the members of the Zollverein,—to export manufactures and worked-up fabrics to the United States, on the very low duties of custom.

It is needless to state that a very great advantage would thus be secured to the German over the British manufacturers, and that the consequence might, in the commencement, at least, be greatly prejudicial to our interests and trade.

Now there are two considerations suggested by this subject,—both of them matters of difficulty,—which we shall briefly state, and then submit our own views upon them to the reader.

There are two kinds of commercial treaties, and between them the difference does not appear at first sight to be very great, but upon examination, the distinctions are of the first importance. Under one class of treaties it is an article which enters into the substance of the convention, "That it is agreed between the contracting parties, that both countries, as respects the commerce of the other, should be put upon the footing of the most *favoured nations* without any equivalent being given. By the second description of treaties, it is provided that a country shall be placed upon the footing of the most *favoured nations*, provided she makes certain concessions."

It is to be observed that it is a treaty of the first class which now subsists between Great Britain and the United States; consequently, no proposition can be clearer, according to the faith of treaties and the law of nations, than that whilst such treaty subsists as at the *present moment* does subsist between Great Britain and the United States, the North American government cannot admit the productions of the Germanic League, or indeed of any country,—France, Russia, or Germany,—into their dominions,—on more advantageous terms than those upon which the productions and manufactures of this country are admitted.

That such is the natural construction of the American treaty there can be no doubt; the inference, therefore, which we make is, that any reduction of duties made by the United States in favor of Prussian or German manufactures must be equally advantageous, and reciprocally extend to the manufactures of Great Britain.

This subject, having been slightly touched upon in the House of Commons on Tuesday evening, drew from Sir R. Peel a very proper observation. The government, he said, had already taken this question into consideration: but as the treaty to which the Hon. member (Dr. Bowring) had adverted was not yet *ratified*, perhaps it would be better for him not to enter into details, but to content himself with stating that the matter had not escaped attention. There was a treaty in existence between this country and the United States, by



which it was stipulated that England should, in matters of trade, be put upon the same footing as the most *favoured nation*.

The government of the United States has here perhaps involved itself in some difficulties, and it is quite clear that, if they respect treaties, or wish to range within the community of nations, regarding what is just and equal, they will not dare to violate the commercial convention with the same bold and open violence, and in the same manner, as some of their single states have repudiated their debts and loans. The United States, we will venture to say, will not go this length as a body; they have not been so thoroughly corrupted by the example of a few as thus to throw off the general allegiance they owe to the law of nations and natural justice; but that they will attempt some chicanery, and try to escape from their plain obligations, we make little doubt.

We do not now recollect the precise time when our commercial treaty with the United States will expire. We believe it contains a clause, usual in such treaties, that it may be determined by either of the parties upon a three years' notice. The first question, therefore, is,—what are the Americans likely to do, and how are we to counteract them: and the second is what retaliation would be open to us, short of war, in case of their direct violation of an express treaty.

What are treaties made for if not to be observed? and what difference is there in fact between a commercial treaty and any other treaty? They are binding upon the same rules of immutable justice and faith, as succession treaties, boundary treaties and all other national conventions of any kind whatever. We deny that the breach of them does not most directly and conscientiously justify an appeal to arms. The *casus belli* arises upon a wilful breach of a commercial treaty, just as much as it would arise upon the seizure of our vessels upon the high seas, or an invasion of our territories.

Nations, unhappily, have no common superior to which they can appeal; the recourse, therefore, must be, as in all other cases of wanton and wilful wrong, to arms; and whatever party shall be in possession of the government of this kingdom, the United States will find that the treaty of commerce cannot be violated with impunity. Mr. WHEATON's treaty with the Zollverein has excited particular interest and notice, not only in the press and in Parliament, but at the meetings of the Anti and Pro-Corn Law Leagues. On the 24th instant, at Covent Garden, Mr. EWART (M. P.) said:—

"There was America, whose manufactures were extending themselves with colossal strides, which always marked the onward progress of that great country. Whatever we might think of our own manufacturing supremacy, there was one nation which would follow rapidly in our steps, and possibly overtake us; a country whose people had sprung from our own soil, who were descendants of our own forefathers, and who possessed so much of English energy and perseverance, that they might be aptly termed not only English, but ultra English. [Cheers.] That nation was the United States of America. That was the nation with which we had now to contend in the manufacture of those articles in which we had hitherto maintained an easy ascendancy in the markets of the world. America was thus the most formidable manufacturing rival we had to fear. And at this moment, while we had failed in extending by a single treaty the sphere of our commerce and our

trade, we heard only yesterday that the United States had concluded a treaty with the States of the Zollverein, with great advantage to herself. Was it to be borne, then, while our rivals were employing all their energies, and exerting themselves successfully to obtain equality with us, if not actual superiority over us, in manufactures and commerce, that the Parliament of England should continue its slumbers? America had opened to herself a market of twenty-seven millions of people for her produce."

LORD ELLENBOROUGH.—What has been the immediate motive of Lord ELLENBOROUGH's recall remains a secret.

In the mean time the public are free to follow their own conception; and there can be nothing better known than the directorial opinion—long since formed, steadily sustained by events, and growing into strength from hour to hour—that the Governor-General would be a much more useful member of the state writing despatches at the India Board, than making wars in India.

The public press has certainly not leaned heavy on his lordship. It has exhibited none of the bold vituperations which bruised HASTINGS from top to toe, nor of that stern hostility which perpetually assailed the administration of the Marquis of HASTINGS. It has exhibited even something of a quiescent favoritism, a gentle inclination to give him credit for anything that he did, and on the whole the sort of reluctance to find fault which one feels in the instance of promising but immature capacity—of an intelligent child. It might have acted differently with a man of acknowledged intellectual vigor, of a daring spirit, of a systematic ambition, or a superior natural designation to power. But, from the moment when success wiped away the disgraces of Cabul, his lordship became formidable. We pass by the loose and volatile panegyric which attributed the retrieval of the British arms to his lordship. That question has been long since settled. His merit there was, to have left the question of advance or retreat in the hands of the two gallant commanders; as their merit was to have decided on advance, and to have fought their way to the enemy's capital. But the wars of Scinde and Gwalior seem to have been exclusively his lordship's, and on them must his distinctions depend.

Of the war of Scinde no defender has ever appeared. The whole event has been characterized in the strongest language in the Legislature; but there no defender came forward. It has been assailed in all the forms of printing and pamphleteering: still even the stimulus of contradiction has not produced a defender. The most influential public journals have denounced it in the most unhesitating language. But where are we to look for its defender among the boundless diversities of newspaper opinion? The only argument which we ever heard in its favor was, that it was successful.

The war of Gwalior followed. In this war the diplomacy and the arms of England seem to have been in nearly equal peril. Then comes the question, what has been the advantage of this expenditure of blood and gold in both cases? We can judge only from the facts, that in Scinde it is necessary to keep up a force of 12,000 men, of whom one fourth are said to have been in hospital; and the climate is so much dreaded by the Sepoys, that mutiny, for the first time in the last quarter of a century, has shown itself in their ranks. Of



the war of Gwalior the fruits, for good or evil, are yet to be gathered. But of its morality we may form our own opinion, from the proposition uttered, we believe, for the first time in a British legislature, that "in dealing with semi-barbarous nations we must lay aside nice distinctions in morality."

What the Governor-General may have proposed to do, or may be doing, is beyond knowledge; but if there be any truth in the common conjecture that the Punjab was tempting, that the disturbances of Lahore were opening a vista of conquest, or that the army of observation gathering on the banks of the Indus was for any purpose beyond that of absolute defence, we shall rejoice in his speedy return.

We fully believe his lordship to be a well-meaning man; but we regard his policy to be wholly hazardous to India. We have never been able to discover the necessity of his wars; and wars without necessity are contrary to the highest policy of England. We think that he deserves credit for his ready liberality to the troops, for his well-expressed praise of their generals, and for the generous and wise adoption of those marks of honor which have the proudest value to brave men. But England must leave barbarians or semibarbarians to settle their own quarrels; and the most lasting, because the purest, honor which a Governor-General can receive will be the testimony that he has cultivated the natural capacities of our Indian empire, elevated the British name by justice to the natives, and prepared the progress of Christianity by exhibiting the evidence of its value in the transactions of man with man.—*Britannia*, May 4.

INDIA.—The question of the Governor-General's recall was fully asked in the House of Commons on Tuesday last. But the answer, at once satisfying no one, and silencing every one, was given with his usual adroitness by the premier. It was tantamount to, "The thing is done and cannot be mended. Meddle with it and you only mar it. Lord ELLENBOROUGH is certainly coming home. Sir HENRY HARDINGE is certainly going out. Those are the facts of the case, and the House needs not trouble itself with the reasons." Nor need we. For us it is quite enough that the present Governor-General is under orders for home.

The rumors which assume the immediate grounds of his recall are the mere gossip of the day, the chat of St. James's-street, when it lets loose its club-men into the sunshine, the opinions of Almack's, and the profound whispers of the levée. With some the cause lies in financial puzzle, with others in martial ambition, a third party allude to negotiations for an alliance with the Great Mogul, and a fourth to a plan for removing the government to the summit of the Himmalaya, and building an Imperial palace on the model of Aurungzebe's, 27,000 feet above the level of the vulgar world. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

"Sum Davus non CEdipus" is a sufficient excuse for our shrinking from the development of matters so mighty; but the Governor-General is on the wing homeward, and we are satisfied.

Nothing, however, can be plainer than that the late Governor-General was not to be brought into the common category of governor-generalship. He had all the caprices of a great fiddler. Whether he played on one string, or on four, he was equally above the rules of his profession. England de-

sired peace in India. Her policy, her experience, and her humanity equally urged her to live in quiet with her Indian subjects. And nothing could have been more startling to her than to find that Lord AUCKLAND had turned warrior. But his lordship's laurels were speedily cropped. The policy of shutting out the Russians from the north of India, which they never have, and never could have, approached, by attacking the frontier tribes, was laughed at in England; but the tremendous results, the horrid massacre, and the unparalleled defeat, flight, and ruin, raised the public feeling to indignation. But a question of the highest importance is the policy which is to be pursued by the new Governor-General. The question has been asked already in the House, and obtained no answer from the minister; for there is no answer in the formal language that "Sir HENRY HARDINGE must, of course, choose his own policy." He does not choose his own policy, and, whether he be so inclined, he must not. The honest, manly, and Christian feeling of the people of England must choose it for him. It will not suffer a false and furious spirit of aggrandizement to be the policy of Cabinets at home or Governor-Generals abroad. Regarding the Indian as one to whom justice as well as humanity is due, it will not endure to see war after war crushing multitudes of beings into a bloody grave without cause, provocation, or necessity. It will disdain the hollow pretences of broken treaties which those unfortunate people never could have comprehended, and will shrink from the accession of territory which has been first made a charnel for its original possessors. The success of those invasions has not justified them in the national eye. They are denounced at this moment by the honesty of England with as sacred a voice as when the public ear was first startled by their atrocity. In this censure we do not involve the brave army which have made those seizures. We acknowledge as fully as any of their panegyrists the talents and gallantry of the generals; but invincible courage and irresistible strength are not vindications. If by some new gift of power to man, those officers, instead of sweeping the natives before them by shot and shell, could launch the lightnings against them, slay their battalions and root up their fortresses by a flash from the skies, would that be an excuse for the massacre and the ruin? If we make unjust wars—and all unnecessary wars must be unjust, even if conquest gave into our hands every hill and valley from the wall of China to the Caucasus—we should be only preparing ourselves for the more condign punishment—we should be maturing some tremendous reverse—we should with every advance of our standards be only approaching with more rapid strides the edge of that gulf into which our strength, our renown, and our supremacy, would be precipitated forever. There is a God above us. He may be forgotten in the rashness of heated ambition, or in the subtlety of crooked counsel, but he will make himself remembered when all seems secure, and will smite when even the indignant voice of honor and feeling have ceased to complain. There are instances in which Providence has struck so directly and heavily on the heads of the immediate offenders, that no man can shut his eyes to the consequence or the cause. We have already alluded to the Cabul invasion as an example of rash aggression and useless injustice—an impolitic assault on a territory which we could never retain, or which, if retained, must be

wholly unproductive in our hands. But we are entitled to allude to it in the higher sense of an example of Divine visitation. What was the fate of the original promoters and advisers of that wretched war? Who fell first? The whole local government, slain suddenly in all the fancied security of power. Unhappily, too, the blow fell wide, and involved the whole of the gallant army which was the instrument of these grasping councils. We have no instance in the records of British India of such utter extinction of an army. We have no record in the great European war of the French Revolution of so great a loss of life by a British force. We have none so great during the whole military annals of England. Of that brave army but one man escaped to bring his desperate tidings to a British garrison. When was there any destruction like this? And even this trampling of our battalions was not accomplished by rival courage and discipline, but by a mob of peasants half armed, and rude retainers—the wild matchlockmen and spearsmen of the hills, without a single piece of cannon. Yet before this mob perished a more numerous army than prostrated the Mahratta empire at Assaye. And even the means of ruin were scarcely less characteristic. That army was ruined by absolute infatuation. NAPOLEON, at Moscow, when he was ripening his destruction hour by hour, was not more the mark of infatuation. Every step that could be taken by fatuity was taken by the British commanders; every fault that could be committed was blindly chosen; habitual treachery was trusted, habitual hatred was taken for amity; open violence was taken for fidelity to engagements, and with the sword over their necks the British soldiery were duped into relying on Afghan mercy. The result was inevitable ruin. But, with this solemn and terrible warning still sounding in our ears, can we venture on new aggression, indulge in visions of endless conquest, and talk, in the extravagant language of the roval madmen of antiquity, of combining all the East under our dominion? The more modern word is *protection*, but the meaning is the same, the crime the same, and the punishment will be the same. Our late conquests, as they are called, (we can easily imagine the native name for them,) have cost the blood of two thousand or, perhaps, three thousand of our troops, and of, perhaps, ten times the number of the enemy's. Will not these things bring evil? Nothing is more evident than that they have not hitherto brought good, that Scinde is a burden, and that Gwalior is useless. If Sir HENRY HARDINGE carries with him the slightest intention of adopting the "aggressive system," we deeply deprecate his policy. But this we will not believe. He has hitherto had the character of an intelligent and high-principled man, and this he can sustain only by governing India in the spirit of justice, and clearing the British name from the curse of war.

*Britannia, May 11.*

**TEXAS.**—The arrival of the *Acadia* steamer has put the public in possession of the intelligence, so little doubted by any one who has known the grasping conduct of the American republic in all its transactions, the signing of a treaty for the annexation of Texas by the government of the United States. It is, however, said that this is merely an experiment, that the measure has still to make its way through the Senate, and that there is every probability of its *not* being able to

make its way through. This we altogether doubt. The virtue of the Senate is on a par with the virtue of the populace, and, even if some partial opposition for form's sake should be raised, the treaty will be ultimately ratified.

The obvious fact is, that in a republic there can be no public justice; the populace are its virtual governors, the will of the streets sets the will of the Legislature at defiance; and we thus have paupers deciding on property, and bankrupts on justice, clamor putting down conscience, ignorance settling affairs which demand knowledge, and rabble prejudices acting with a sense of full impunity, and rabble passions threatening every man who has the honesty to stand up for the common principles of justice between nations.

The annexation of Texas will undoubtedly be scorned by all honest men, as one of the most flagrant offences ever committed by a nation professing a respect for human rights, and reprobated by all rational men as one of the most barefaced violations of all the principles of reasoning.

The case is distinctly this:—Some years ago Texas, a province of Mexico, being largely peopled with refugees and squatters from the United States, revolted and went to war with the parent state. Mexico being unable to conquer her revolted subjects, Texas declared itself independent and established a Republican government. This government was acknowledged by England and other countries, but never by Mexico, which, of course, still regarded Texas as simply its rebel province, which it was resolved to bring back whenever it should have the power. Texas, at length, feeling that it is unable to sustain the struggle with Mexico, proposes to become a portion of the United States, for the express purpose of preventing its conquest by its original masters, and there the matter stands at this moment. To such a proposal what ought to be the language of the American?

"We are at peace with Mexico, and we therefore must not interfere with her rights. If the independence of Texas shall be acknowledged by Mexico, then we may accept it as a portion of the United States. But Mexico still regards Texas as one of her provinces, and not less such because it may have for a while repulsed the power of the parent state. But, if we take it into connection with us, we prohibit Mexico from ever becoming mistress of it again, which she fully intends to do, and has every right to do. Thus we actually rob a state with whom we are at peace."

And the arguments by which the letters of the Secretaries of Government attempt to support this desperate appropriation are perfectly suited to its character. They pretended, in the first instance, that America had a right to the annexation, *because* England probably would either seize Texas, or at least make some alliance with it which might become injurious to the United States. But this was promptly and distinctly disclaimed by the English Cabinet. The next pretext was, that England, in expressing her opinion against the continuance of slavery in Texas, intended to make that a commencement for intrigues against the slave system in the United States. To that Lord ABERDEEN gave the most complete denial.

The pretext now is, that England, by making the general declaration of her wish to see slavery extinguished in every part of the world, renders it *necessary* that America should possess Texas; as

if, in *process of time*, any abolition should occur there, it *might* injure the interests of the slave-dealing states of America. Thus, though no attempt whatever is made, nor intended to be made, on the slave system of America, the Government of the United States is to feel itself authorized to take possession, merely to prevent an evil wholly improbable and utterly disclaimed. The true reason is, that America longs to possess this portion of her neighbor's goods, a fertile territory nearly as large as France.

It would be only trifling with the common understanding of man to expose the ridiculous arguments to which those arguers are driven. It is enough for the world to know that the republic which laid down as its first principle that "all men are by nature equal," comes forward now as the formal advocate of slavery, and the only one except the King of Ashantee. Slavery is for the first time defined to be "a political institution," not a suffering and a misery—a sale of beings as immortal as ourselves, and the abandonment of men, be their color what it may, to the wretchedness, the vice, the cruelty, and the despair which must be included in all the general corruptions of transatlantic slavery.

It is enough to excite universal disgust to know that in America human beings are actually born and reared for exportation, like pigs; that creatures capable of local attachment and natural affections are habitually dragged from the place of their birth and all their early associations, and sent into distant countries for sale—thus incurring, from mere avarice of their fellow-man and the mere circumstance of being born, that separation from country and friends which marks the punishment of felons in Europe; or that children are torn from their parents, never to see or be seen by them again in this world; and all this only to put money in the pocket of a ruffian with his mouth stuffed full with the verbiage of liberty and philanthropy.

But one of the arguments of CALHOUN, the Secretary of State, is, actually, that slavery is a good to the negro, and that he becomes "blind, deaf, dumb, or idiotic" when free. What the wretched African may be among a slaveholding population, or a rabble of canting democrats, is nothing to the purpose. Let the question be asked, what he is in his country! Is he a sufferer by the loss of eyes, tongue, or understanding in his own country? We have heard no more extraordinary libel on freedom in the lips of an inquisitor or a gaoler. At all events, this is the first time in which we have ever heard the continuance of slavery justified as a "political institution," necessary to the state; or an act of palpable insult to the law of nations justified by a state convenience and an imaginary contingency. In the great dramatist's phrase:—

"This will not, and it cannot, come to good."

*Britannia.*

It is not to be supposed that republics are less greedy and ambitious than monarchies; they are often influenced by the worst passions of royal houses and dynasties, and are, generally speaking, only more covetous and sordid, in so far as the democratic feeling preponderates above what is peculiar to an educated aristocracy. In one of the speeches of Mr. Windham at the close of the French war by the peace of Amiens, that statesman acutely observed—"That, though the United

States had not been rocked in the same cradle of revolution as France, they had imitated some of her deeds in a manner more ignoble and profligate; and that whilst Buonaparte had been appropriating to himself whole kingdoms in Germany and Italy, the United States of America had seized upon a brace of continents as their shares of the plunder, and that Louisiana and New Florida had passed into their hands almost without the discharge of a musket."

In treaties made by the United States it does not always happen that a ratification follows a convention. In the late treaty of the German Zollverein for admitting the commodities of those states upon very low duties into America, to the manifest infraction of the commercial treaty between the United States and Great Britain; the convention, though made, has not yet been ratified; and it is not improbable that the American Senate will reject this treaty for the annexation of Texas, and upon these two grounds; that it is an act of appropriation made without the consent of the mother country, Mexico, from which Texas has been torn by the fury of civil war; and secondly, on the principle that such an appropriation would not carry along with it the sanction of Great Britain and other European powers.

The two points which concern Great Britain in this case are, first, the relations in which we have voluntarily placed ourselves as regards Texas on the one hand, and the United States on the other; and the second point for consideration is, how we should be affected, both according to the principles of our treaty and the laws of humanity, in case the Senate should adopt the treaty, and Congress proceed to enforce the annexation of Texas against the government of Mexico.

As respects the first point, the late American papers contain several official despatches from our own government, which the President has laid before the Senate; and one in particular from Mr. Pakenham, the British minister, containing a letter from the Earl of Aberdeen, addressed to him at Washington in February last.

Now it is impossible to read this letter without perceiving how much we have been embarrassed by the late imprudent policy of the Whigs in their absurd recognition of the independence of Texas without first procuring the consent of Mexico.

By recognizing the independence of Texas, we have placed her in the condition of negotiating for herself, and left her free to annex herself to Northern America, and to incorporate and merge her own independence and self-government in the general confederation of the United States. It is thus difficult to see what right we have to interfere to prohibit this annexation. If Texas be independent for one purpose she is independent for another; and the Continental Powers might as well have interposed some forty years ago, to have prevented the union of Great Britain and Ireland, as we interpose to prohibit Texas from sinking her independence in the general government of the United States. Lord Aberdeen's letter, indeed, does not point to any such intention on the part of Great Britain, and if we are right in collecting the spirit of it, it seems indirectly to sanction any steps which Texas or the United States may take to carry the incorporation into effect. The letter is rather addressed, indeed, to urge Mexico to recognize the independence of Texas, and to point out to the United States, and to the whole world, the constant and immutable purpose of England, to

procure the general abolition of slavery in its two branches of slave-trading and slave-holding; that is, of foreign importation and domestic slavery.

And here we cannot overlook the obstacle which has been raised up against our own humanity, by our too precipitate recognition of the independence of Texas, to which we were principally urged by a treaty, offered upon their part, as a condition of the recognition, namely, that they would not only refrain from slave-trading, but pledge themselves to put down the entire system of domestic slavery as rapidly as possible. This was the main inducement to the recognition of the independence of Texas on the part of Great Britain, and we cannot but perceive that in case of the incorporation of Texas in the American Union, all power to enforce this condition of the treaty will be altogether lost. Whilst Texas remained independent we had a right to call upon her to make constant efforts to uproot slavery from her soil. It was for this purpose we recognized her independence and advanced her to a free state. But the moment Texas is merged into the United States, we can no longer use this language. She has passed from us, and we have no longer any control over her. We have given you independence, and like a prodigal you have sold it; and you can no longer concur with us, even if sincerely disposed, in that great work of benevolence for which we contracted with you in the first instance. In passing into the body of the confederated States of North America, you engage in new ties and bonds directly opposed to your former assurances and our expectations. The Southern States, of which you become one, are zealously upholding that very condition which it is the object of England to destroy throughout the whole compass of the globe.

In addition to these unpleasant consequences of the annexation there is yet one other observation which applies itself to the new condition of Texas, supposing the incorporation takes place. England can no longer interpose with Mexico to recognize the independence of her chief province, and for this cogent reason, that Texas has ceased to be an independent State herself by becoming one of the American Union and Confederate States. As respects Mexico, Texas has not only achieved her independence, but, having obtained it, has also sold it; and in this state of things Great Britain can no longer interfere with the parent State.

But it is still possible that one or two states of circumstances may arise, and lead to considerable embarrassment, both on our part and on that of the United States. The first is, an attempt, not improbable, of the United States, to force upon Mexico the recognition of Texan independence by arms; and the next is,—the non-consent of the other European powers to the annexation.

In the first case, we think Great Britain will have a right to interfere, and to say that Mexico shall not be compelled to surrender up her province by force; in which case the United States could do nothing without exposing themselves to a war, and this they would not be disposed to hazard for the sake of the intended annexation. Again, the other states of Europe, not having recognized Texas, would have a full right to resist the Americans in what may be deemed a conquest upon the southern continent. Now in the event of either of these circumstances occurring, much public confusion would arise. England might be compelled to interfere to prevent Mexico being forced, and the European States might be inclined to resist

the further aggrandizement of the United States. It is, therefore, our sincere wish that the Senate at Washington may reject the message of the President, and prefer their present safe condition to the hazard of a future war.

#### FRANCE.

**PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.** Paris has been startled by the appearance of the Prince de Joinville as a pamphleteer, in opposition to the ministry but in harmony with the war-party. Ministers are reported to have protested against the publication of the prince's lucubrations; the king himself is said to have exerted his paternal authority in an endeavor at suppression; but the royal agitator was obstinate, and the pamphlet was published on Wednesday. It is a Cassandra-like warning on the state of the French navy. The author disclaims animosity to England and desire for war; but speculates freely on the feasibility of attacking this island, and of destroying our confidence in our insular position and in our commercial marine. When sailing was the only resource of the navy, he says, France could not compete with England, because success belonged to whichever nation could furnish most sailors. Now an engine takes the place of a hundred sailors, and France could always furnish enough soldiers and money for a steam-marine. To preserve peace, one must be prepared for war; and steam-navigation gives France an opportunity of attaining equality with England. But her ministers have allowed England to get the start; hence his pamphlet.

**SLAVERY.** The most important circumstance of the week is the declaration of M. Guizot, that the French Government have resolved to abolish slavery. In the Chamber of Deputies, on Saturday, a petition was presented from the operatives of Paris for the abolition of negro slavery in the French colonies. An animated debate took place on it, in the course of which M. Guizot explicitly declared that it was the determination of the government to abolish negro slavery in the French colonies, and that in their course they would be guided by the example and the experience of Great Britain. Ultimately the petition was referred to the Minister of Marine.

The importance of that declaration cannot be estimated too highly. The moral effect of the abolition in the French colonies will be immense. It will be a great step to the extinction of slavery all over the world.

The *Patrie* states that M. Thiers has concluded his *History of the Empire*, and is to deliver the manuscript on Tuesday to the publisher, who is to pay him 500,000 francs for the work.

There is no other topic of interest in the French papers, if we except some remarks on the address of the Archbishop of Paris to the King on his majesty's *fête-day*, on Wednesday in last week. The Primate did not conceal his dissatisfaction at the present state of the University question, nor did the king scruple to hint a charge of contumacy and ingratitude. The archbishop did not attend the banquet given in the evening.—*Britannia*, May 11.

#### SPAIN.

THERE has been a change of Ministry in Spain, and no one seems to care one straw for the matter, except the gentlemen of the *Bolsa*, the *Bourse*,

and the Exchange. The story told is strange. Senor Gonzales Bravo resigns, because he objects to restoring confiscated church property. This is pretty tantamount to Mr. Gregory, editor of the *Satirist*, refusing to be First Lord of the Treasury, because he objected to the Archbishop of Canterbury being allowed to reside at Lambeth.

Christina and her Moderado politicians resemble much a crew of those inexperienced sailors, who venture to sea with no reliance upon their own skill, or upon the compass, but who direct all their zeal and hope to the image of the patron saint, the object of their orisons. Christina and Narvaez scorn constitutional law and rights,—the mariner's compass of the political ocean,—whilst they kneel down to Pope and Church to save them; Pope and Church having as much influence over the political doings of an emancipated people like the Spaniards, as the image of the saint has over the winds, which he is thought to control.

But the Pope is true to the traditional craft of his court. Revolutionary France was about as unmanageable a subject as the Court of Rome could have had to deal with; but when Bonaparte wanted to be crowned, like Charlemagne, by the Pope's hands, the Pontif seized his advantage and secured the *concordat*. By this *concordat* the Pope has a veto upon the nomination of all bishops, whilst the appointment of all the clergy of France is exclusively in episcopal hands. Such a church militant was never allowed to be formed in a free country. Now has come the turn of Spain. Christina has been naughty. Her marriage with Munoz is not a regular one, and puts one in mind of the observation of the gentleman in the "*Demoiselles de St. Cyr*." "Fie," says a lady to him, "you so gallant, whilst you are a married man."—"Je le suis si peu," is the reply. Now Christina is so little married, that she wants the Pope, for her children's sake and her own, to make up all defects. His Holiness does not refuse, but he imposes as a penance or a price the restoration of church property at least to the secular clergy. His Holiness, by this demand, has come in conflict with the great power of the age, the money market, for not only is the property mortgaged to the creditors, but in the sales of it the state bonds are taken in payment to a certain degree, which keep up the price of said bonds; and the struggle of the *Bolsa* versus the Pope, will be fierce.

On the part of Christina this is merely a domestic move; but in the opinion of Narvaez it is a great political affair: he is zealous to build up a monarchy like Charles the Fifth, and although he wants all the materials, he still thinks it may be done if he could get a Ximenes to aid him. And he has got an Archbishop of Toledo, as proud and as bigoted as need be, but poor as a rat, who says, "Give me money, and I will give you power." But where the power or the money is to come from is a mystery, and must remain so, especially as this alliance between Church and State begins by a downright quarrel with the monied potentates.—*Examiner*.

**SOCIAL STATE OF SPAIN.**—The following extract from a private letter, dated Madrid, May 4, and which we copy from the Morning Post, contains some singular illustrations of the state of society in this ill-governed and distracted country:—

"But now for a few details as to its social relations. I shall take my illustrations from commercial life. No one that is familiar with commercial

habits of business in England can be otherwise than struck with the singular customs of mercantile men here. Having a letter of introduction and of credit upon a great merchant in one of the first towns of Spain, I had the opportunity, whilst enjoying the hospitality of the worthy senor, of seeing his manner of doing business. Having asked him where he kept his bank, he showed me a strong room, where piles of uncounted silver were heaped upon the floor. Having asked an explanation, he said he kept his money in this form, because if robbers broke in they might take as much as they could carry, and still not ruin him. But a far more curious instance is the following:—There exists a firm of the highest possible respectability, and doing immense business in the wine trade, in a town of forty thousand inhabitants, within a few miles of a seaport of still greater dimensions. This firm, thanks to the disorganized state of the country, keeps constantly upon the premises from £15,000 to £20,000 in gold, ready for the purchase of vintages of wine. Many have been the attempts to break into these immense warehouses. For instance, a barber's shop next door was hired by some unknown parties, and a hole bored through the party-wall. This proceeding was fortunately found out, the aforesaid house purchased and razed to the ground, and a strong room built in the very centre of the warehouses. There £20,000 in gold were locked up at first; but, fortunately, one day, the senor of the house had £8,000 removed into a cellar of difficult access, below ground. A few days afterwards, on going to the strong room, the cashier found that all the money had disappeared, excepting a few bags of French five-franc pieces, which the robbers probably did not find convenient to carry off. The locks of the doors had not been tampered with—the robbers had entered by the common sewer of the town, at a great distance, and there had begun mining and vaulting in the most scientific manner, until they found themselves beneath the strong room, which they pierced through from below, and effected their purpose. The head of the firm, who was absent, on returning home, vainly sought to discover the robbers. A young friend of his, however, found out the clue; but having unfortunately stated his suspicions one night at a coffee-house, he was assassinated at twelve o'clock at night, just as he was going out of his door. The principal authors of the robbery and subsequent murder are more than suspected to be a mason well acquainted with the premises, and a lawyer, who has ceased to visit the owners, but who was wont to be a constant visitor previous to the robbery, and go about the warehouses hitting the floor with his cane, no doubt sounding, to ascertain the progress of the mining operations. These two worthies have lately lived in splendor, and in perfect impunity—thanks to the terror they inspire. Such is the social state of Spain."

#### HAYTI.

The following lamentable account of the insurrection at Hayti we copy from the *Jamaica Gazette* of the 8th April:—

The French brig *Adelina*, Capt. Tahet, arrived in this port on Saturday evening, bringing disastrous intelligence, and no less than 140 passengers, including 25 children—all persons of color, and compelled to fly from their native land, to seek refuge under the flag of foreigners. The new

president, Herard, had marched with a large army for St. Domingo city, to quell the insurrection in the eastern portion of the island. Taking advantage of the absence of the general and troops, the black people rose *en masse* on Sunday, the 31st ultimo, and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of the brown population. On Wednesday the National Guards of the town of Aux Cayes went out with two pieces of ordnance to suppress the rebellion and punish the rebels, but, as we have learned, their own general commanding delivered up the cannons to the blacks, and joined them himself. Thus strengthened they drove the National Guard back to Aux Cayes, entered the town, and commenced a relentless butchery—murdering every brown person, without regard to sex or age. The wretched inhabitants had no means of defence, no refuge, save on board the few foreign ships lying in the harbor—French, American, and English. Into these they crowded in confused and huddled batches—men, women, and children literally covering the decks, and exhibiting a distressing spectacle of misery and sudden destitution. But the decked vessels were not sufficient to hold the number of wretched refugees; the port was dotted over with small open boats, each containing as many human beings as it could hold, who dared not remain on land to await certain massacre, and yet could have little hope of escape by sea. Capt. Tahet could not think of leaving to a miserable fate those who had fled to his protection and the guardianship of the tricolor. He was bound for France, and had but provisions sufficient for his crew. With disinterested generosity he sailed for Jamaica, and here has safely landed his unhappy freight.

#### MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

**COMMERCE IN THE CHINESE SEAS.**—The French government have published extracts from despatches of their naval commanders in the Chinese seas, relative to the commerce of those countries. The report of the commander of the *Heroine* concerning the trade of the Dutch with Japan, is curious and circumstantial. The Dutch send a vessel of 1000 tons to Japan each year, one half the freight of which is sugar. Camphor and copper are what they import in return. Twelve Chinese junks generally sail each year from Ningpo to Japan. Last year 16 were sent, and the Japanese made no objection to the augmentation. The 16, according to the French captain, were laden with *English woollen, cotton, and silk stuffs*. Captain Belcher, of the *Samarang*, has been ordered to survey the coast of Japan, and, if possible, form some trading arrangement for the English. The captain of the *Heroine* states the sugar of Cochin to sell there at from 34 to 4 piastres the picul, but, as the king has the monopoly of trade, and as he gives exports but in proportion as the imports please him, the trade is far from certain.

**A STOUT ROPE.**—A rope has just been spun by the Gourcock rope-work company, which exceeds in its dimensions anything of the kind ever manufactured on the Clyde. It is 672 feet in length, and 11 inches in circumference, and weighs 32 cwt. 2 qrs. 7 lb. It was finished in three hours. It is intended for a coal-pit near Glasgow.

**GIIPSY WIT.**—A short time since, two young ladies were accosted by a gipsy woman, who told them, that, for a shilling each, she would show them their husband's faces in a pail of water; which, being brought, they exclaimed, "Why, we only see our own faces." "Well," said the old woman, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

**SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.**—About three weeks since, as some men were employed sowing oats near Marshwood, in the parish of Dulverton, Devon, they heard the sheep-bitch, and a bitch terrier that had accompanied them, barking in the adjoining wood, and fancied it was at some bird on one of the trees. After finishing their work, they went to look for them, and strange as it may appear, found the sheep bitch suckling four young foxes which the terrier had helped her to dig out. Both the dogs had whelped about ten days before, and had their young destroyed. The cubs are doing well, and may be seen at Mr. Webber's, Draydon farm, under the fostering care of both the sheep-bitch and terrier, who share in their support, and who appear to vie with each other in cherishing them.

**BAR TO MARRIAGE.**—The government of the principality of Waldek, in Germany, have given public notice, that no license to marry will hereafter be granted to any individual who is addicted to drunkenness; or, if he have been so, he must exhibit full proofs that he is no longer a slave to this vice. The same government have also directed that, in every report made by the ecclesiastical, municipal, and police authorities, upon petition for license to marry, the report shall distinctly state whether either of the parties desirous of entering into matrimonial connexion, is given to intemperance or otherwise.

**A FAMILY BOTTLE.**—About sixty years ago, a pair of bluecaps built their nest in a large stone bottle, which was left to drain between the lower boughs of a fruit tree, in the garden of Calender, near Stockton. Every year since that period, they, or their progeny, have regularly reared their young in the same bottle; and during the last few days the birds have again been busily employed in constructing their nest in their old domicile, in the neck of which they are constantly entering in and out all the "live long day." The neck of the bottle just admits the birds.—*Cumberland Packet*.

**WHOLESALE MARRIAGES.**—During the whole of Tuesday, Duke's-place, Aldgate, and its vicinity, presented a gay and animated appearance, in consequence of the numerous weddings which had taken place amongst the "ancient people." In the Roman Catholic Church, marriages are prohibited, except under peculiar circumstances, during Lent, so that it is a very common custom in Ireland, especially the humbler classes, for a number of couples to get married on the Shrove Tuesday. Amongst the Hebrew community a similar prohibition for 28 days exists, and Wednesday being the day preceding the commencement of the prohibition, no fewer than 28 marriages were said to have been solemnized at the three eastern Synagogues—namely, Duke's-place, Great Saint Helen's, and Leadenhall-street.

**BIRTH IN A WHEELBARROW.**—On Saturday, a woman named Thompson, who procures a scanty subsistence by vending hearth-stone, was taken suddenly ill whilst passing through the East India-road, Poplar, and it soon appeared that she was in strong labor pains. A crowd soon collected, which attracted some constables to the spot, who, in the exigency of the case, had no other resource than to deposit her in her own wheelbarrow, where she was quickly delivered of a fine female child. The poor woman and her infant are both doing well.

**AN ARISTOCRATIC CONVICT.**—We find the following in the *Aix la Chapelle Gazette*.—"The Baroness de Zoller, the wife of a very distinguished officer, has been condemned to five years' imprisonment for having confined her mother, who was about to marry a protestant. She wanted in this way to prevent the marriage. A petition was sent in by her friends praying for a commutation of the punishment, but the king replied that, looking at the nature of the offence, this was impossible."

**THE GREAT CHESS MATCH.**—It having been insinuated by the French champion, M. St. Amant, that Mr. Staunton, in his late proposals for playing a match at chess with any player in Europe, had imposed conditions which he knew were unacceptable to him, our countryman instantly published a prompt and decisive refutation of the charge, in the shape of a challenge addressed to M. St. Amant himself for a new match.

**UNDER the date of "Dresden, 29th April,"** the *Globe* says—"Queen Victoria will not come to Germany this summer; but the King of Saxony will go to England on the 29th May, to pay a visit to the English Court. His Majesty will also visit Scotland. The whole journey is to be accomplished in six weeks."

**ANTI-STATE CHURCH.**—Delegates from all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, assembled at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on 30th April, as an "Anti-State Church Conference," to consider the best means of effecting a severance between the Church and the State. Upwards of twelve hundred delegates were present; amongst whom were, Dr. Bowring, M. P., Mr. S. Crawford, M. P., Mr. J. S. Trelawney, M. P., Mr. J. Sturge, Dr. Epps, and several dissenting ministers. The Reverend John Burnet was called to the chair. A long report was read by Dr. Cox, and speeches were made by Mr. Sharman Crawford, Dr. Bowring, and others; all in accordance with the main object. The Reverend Dr. Young moved a resolution, declaring that "the Conference was not intended as a demonstration of nonconformist strength, and that its object was the disenthralment of religion from the influence of secular control." In the course of the two next days, several other papers were read and resolutions passed on the subject of ecclesiastical establishments; one resolution announcing an appeal to Parliament for the abolition of all laws supporting any particular form of worship or exacting public contributions in support of it. On Wednesday, it was resolved to establish a society to be called "The British Anti-State Church Association," and to hold a conference every three years. An executive committee was appointed to carry out the plan; and, with thanks to the officers of the conference, the assembly broke up.

The average number of letters passing through the Post-office every week at the present time, as shown by returns to the House of Commons just published, is upwards of 4,598,573. A correspondent remarks, that "if every letter thus sent economically for one penny during a single week were to pay twopence—one penny for postage, and one penny to the national testimonial to Rowland Hill—it would add £19,019 to the subscription."

**FURNITURE OF NAPOLEON.**—On Wednesday a sale by auction of the property of the late Sir Hudson Lowe, including some portion of the furniture which was in the possession of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena, took place at the auction rooms of Mr. Phillips, by order of the executors of Sir Hudson Lowe. These consisted of about twenty lots, and among them were a large mahogany frame indulging chair, banded with ebony, on castors, from the Emperor's study, 15*l.* 5*s.*; a small circular mahogany pillar and claw table, on which Napoleon burnt pastiles, 6*l.* 6*s.*; a six-foot pedestal library table, formed of mahogany and yew tree, on which table he almost always wrote, 18*l.* 18*s.*; an ebonied arm chair, with cane seat and back, formed of common materials (there was a hole in the cane seat, which had been caused by being constantly used, and it was stated by some brokers in the room not to be worth 1*s.* 6*d.*). From the chair being light it was carried about by the Emperor when he took his walks at Longwood. It was bought for £6.

The Queen had appointed Philip Henry Stanhope, Esq., (commonly called Viscount Mahon,) and the Right Honorable Thomas Babington Macaulay, "to be additional Commissioners for the purpose of inquiring whether advantage might not be taken of the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament for promoting and encouraging the Fine Arts."

The amazing increase in the daily duty of the General Post-office is manifested in every department. Since the reduction of the rates on foreign, colonial, inter-colonial, and inland letters, the number, both inwards and outwards, has materially increased.

**A LIVERPOOL MERCHANT.**—In 1836 the transactions of Mr. Brown's house amounted to £10,000,000. In 1837, the American banks, all over the Union, went down one after another, and many together, almost with a universal crash. They fell, and their fall involved the Messrs. Brown. The latter were not crushed, but they were bruised. American commerce was at that time a towering pile in course of erection; bank credit was the scaffolding. It fell, and the Browns were not far from being smothered in the rubbish. Had they possessed less than the strength of giants they could not have extricated themselves, and, giants as they were, they would have struggled in vain had not a powerful hand assisted them. The British government saw, and looked with apprehension as it saw, the struggles of this gigantic establishment. From Inverness to Penzance there was not a single town but would have felt its fall. In Sheffield and Birmingham, and the towns surrounding them, and in Manchester, Leeds, and all the great factory communities, a large number of the merchants and employers, and, as a matter of course, every man and woman employed were less or more involved in the fate of this establishment. The government of that day saw the imminent peril, and so did the directors of the Bank of England; the latter met, and passed a resolution to give assistance to Mr. Brown to the extent of two millions. The exact sum which he was authorized to draw—a loan of money to an individual unparalleled in the history of the world—was £1,959,000. Of this loan he took advantage to the extent of between eight and nine hundred thousand pounds, which he has since repaid, besides clearing off all other embarrassments. What Mr. Brown's personal fortune may be now, it is not necessary to inquire. It is ample—probably not less than the sum which he was authorized to borrow from the Bank of England in 1837, probably more.—*Chronicle.*

A LETTER from Stockholm states that, from motives of economy, the king will not get himself crowned either in Sweden or Norway. Three other kings, those of France, Prussia, and Belgium, not having undergone this ceremony, the king of Sweden, it is said, feels that he can very well dispense with it.

LETTERS from Paris state that a new absentee-tax, ordained by the Emperor of Russia, has frightened home numbers of that nation. For a family of three, who pass a year away from Russia, the absentee-tax amounts to about £240.

The English vocalists find separate entertainments, in which story and song are combined, the most popular and profitable. Mr. Lover has brought out a new budget of national melodies and anecdotes, which he christens the *Irish Brigade*: hilarious echoes responded to their rattling fire of jokes, and whenever the Irish Brigade has a field-day—appropriately numbered among *Irish Evenings*—the corps will come off with flying colors.

MR. WILSON has also produced a new entertainment of Scottish song, the *Jacobite Relics*; affording a rich fund of characteristic melodies united with



sweet poetry and racy humor. It carries us to the very fountain-head of this peculiar inspiration—goes so far back as the battles of Killcrankie and Sheriffmuir, and comes so far down as the eve of the '45. Wilson appears to have taken a new lease of his voice, so fresh and sound does it ring upon the ear—we never heard it to more advantage than this week.

**DECORATIVE DESIGNS FOR THE NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSES.**—Our attention has been drawn to a pamphlet furnishing explanations of a design for providing stained glass windows for the House of Lords, illustrative of the principal eras in English history. A specimen of the stained glass, and a complete design for one window, are now on exhibition among the decorative specimens in the St. James'-street Bazaar. The design is certainly clever, and the plan of surrounding the monarchs of England with the great men who reflected most lustre on their reigns, ingenious and well devised. The details are of course susceptible of any required alterations, should the idea be favorably received. It is an historical fact that the tapestry hangings in the House of Lords furnished Chatham with the theme of his grandest burst of eloquence when Lord Suffolk justified the employment of the wild Indians against the devoted colonists in the American war:—

"From the tapestry that adorns these walls the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain—in vain he defended and established the honor, the liberties, the religion, the Protestant religion, of this country against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery, if these more than Popish cruelties are let loose among us."

Obviously it must be for the advantage of the country that its Senate House should be decorated with whatever can fill the mind with grand and elevated thoughts, or which can recall past glories and inspire sentiments of principle and patriotism. In this way it would seem that the stained windows, besides being highly ornamental, and ministering to that taste for art which is always healthful and purifying, might present a pleasing record of illustrious examples of genius and virtue, and throw upon the very floor of the house, as the sun shone through the painted glass, reflected images of national triumphs in the arts of peace and war.

**HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.**—An occurrence of a distressing character took place on Freckleton marsh. A young man, named Walton Kirby, set off with the intention of proceeding to Preston with his intended bride to make some purchases. The latter, it appeared, had started before him, but he not being aware of this, was loitering with the expectation of meeting her. He was, however, passed by a man who informed him that she was some distance in advance. On hearing this he took a short pipe, which he was smoking, from his mouth and put it in his coat pocket, and then started off at a quicker rate. A brisk wind was blowing, and it is believed that this caused the fragments of the tobacco in the pipe to set fire to his coat, which he did not perceive till it was beyond his power to extinguish the flames. A cottager, named Henry Harrison, having his attention attracted by the flames, saw a man prostrate on the ground, but before he reached him the poor fellow had started off in the direction of the toll-gate, distant about a quarter of a mile. The flames had spread over his garments so rapidly that when he arrived at the gate-house scarcely a fragment of clothing was left upon his person, a belt which he wore only being entire; even his shoes were calcined by the fire. When Harrison arrived at the gate the poor man was imploring assistance from the gate-keeper, which, however, was inhumanly refused, and Harrison was

under the necessity of taking him to his own cottage, distant upwards of a mile, where he furnished him with clothes. No hopes are entertained of his recovery.—*Preston Chronicle*.

**POST-OFFICE RETURNS.**—The ordinary Post-office returns, which have just been made to Parliament, show, among others, the following results:—

The number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom, in 1843, was upwards of 220 millions. The three weeks which are given of 1844, show an increase over the corresponding week of 1843, of a quarter of a million letters per week—this is an increase in the rate of increase, owing, no doubt, to improvement in trade. The letters of the London district post are now at the rate of twenty-six millions per annum, or fully double the number under the old system, notwithstanding that, up to the date of the returns, there had been no increase in the number of town deliveries. The gross revenue of the year 1843 was £1,620,867, and the net revenue £640,217; showing in each instance an increase, as compared with 1842, of about £10,000; which, considering the important reductions in foreign rates, is as much as could be expected. We have stated the revenue as it ought to have been given in the return—it is given at about £85,000 less, owing, as explained in a note, to certain old debts (some fifty years old) having been written off. The gross revenue is now about 70 per cent. of that received under the old system, and it exceeds that obtained during the fourpenny rate.

The money orders still increase in number and amount. The sum annually remitted through the Post office in England and Wales alone is now nearly five millions. The increase of money orders, since 1839, is twenty-five fold.—*Examiner*.

**DRUNKENNESS AND MURDER.**—A Dantsic journal publishes the following horrible account, and guarantees its authenticity:—The clergyman of a village in Lithuania had amongst his parishioners a young man dreadfully given to intoxication. Finding all other means of reforming him useless the clergyman took him one day to the church, and there made him swear solemnly, in the presence of the image of Christ, that he would abstain altogether from spirituous liquors. In the evening of the same day the young man met some friends, who invited him to a public-house. He refused, and told them the motive of his refusal, for which he was so ridiculed that he at length consented to accompany them, and soon fell dead drunk from his chair. In this state the publican had him removed to the house of his father and mother, who, being very religious persons, and knowing the oath that he had taken, were much shocked at his perjury. They called together all the members of the family, and it was decided that he had made himself the slave of the devil, and that it would be pleasing to God to put him to death immediately. They consequently mixed some pulverized arsenic in an infusion of herbs, and giving it to the drunkard, who was still insensible from the fumes of the brandy that he had taken, he died in a few hours in violent convulsions. His murderers have been arrested, and will be brought for trial, for a crime committed by them under an idea that it would be agreeable to the Almighty.

A wet silk handkerchief, tied, without folding over the face, is, it is said, security against suffocation from smoke; it permits free breathing, and at the same time excludes the smoke from the lungs.

A LETTER from St. Petersburg states that it is proposed to construct a new line of communication from the frontier between Russia and Galicia to the seaport of Odessa, and that by means of the junction of the railroads at Cracow a similar communication will be opened with the Baltic and the North Sea.



The German Society for emigration to Texas, has purchased 450 square miles of that country, near St. Antonio de Bexar, and send their first batch in September.

**EXTRAORDINARY TAKE OF SALMON WITH ROD AND LINE.**—Four inhabitants of Newark have caught, at a place called the Devon Mouth, which empties itself into the Trent, near the above town, no less than 32 salmon, varying from 8lb. to 16lb. each; a circumstance not to be remembered by the oldest inhabitant living. The fish were taken within three days.—*Doncaster Gazette*.

**THE LEADING DIPLOMATISTS OF EUROPE.**—It has been much the fashion of the day to express an absurd wonder that the Jews possess so much influence in so many European cabinets. Why, they possess this influence in all, for show me the cabinet in which one at least of the privy councillors is not a Jew. A few years ago I went to negotiate a public loan to St. Petersburg. On my arrival I had an immediate interview with the Russian minister of finance, Count Cancrin; I found him the son of a Lithuanian Jew. I afterwards went to Madrid on a like errand, and I had to transact business with the Spanish minister, Mendizabal, the son of a Spanish Jew. Something connected with this loan required me to proceed straight to Paris, to consult the president of the French Council, Marshal Soult, in whom I found another Jew. Marshal Massena was also a Jew, his real name being Manasseh. Nor did my experience end here. Having a short time afterwards to go to Prussia, I was attending the council of ministers, when Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew.

From the Montreal Courier, April 12.

**STRANGE MALADY IN NEW BRUNSWICK.**—We translate the following from the *Quebec Canadian*: we have seen no account of the affair in any of the lower province journals as yet:—

"The Governor of New Brunswick, Sir W. Colebrooke, has sent a message to the legislature on the subject of a disorder, the most hideous and fatal, which exists among the French population on the borders of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and which the medical men of the neighborhood consider, resembles the leprosy of the 17th century. It appears that this disgusting malady made its first appearance in 1842, and that, since that year, seven persons have died of it after languishing for five or six weeks in the most miserable condition. One of these patients, who had been '*sequestrée*' in a log hut, and fed through a hole, died, as is believed, in a state of mental derangement, and the contagion was so much dreaded, that, in some cases, the inspector of the poor had been himself obliged to carry to these unfortunate creatures the food necessary for their subsistence, and for which, they still preserved their natural appetite and desire.

"There are at this moment twelve patients laboring under this malady in the county of Gloucester, and about the same number on the other side of the line which separates that county from that of Northumberland. Amongst the cases enumerated is that of a woman who was shipwrecked at Carraquet, on her way to Quebec, and who afterwards returned to Chatham, where the malady developed itself, and was communicated to two other persons in the family with whom she resided, and also to a child who frequented the house, who all died. It appears that the disease is invariably fatal.

"The reading the different documents which accompanied the message, excited a lively sympathy for these unfortunates. Doctors Thomson and Earl both declared their opinion that the disease was not leprosy. The former recommends above everything, to change the manner of living and food of these poor people, and to impress both on their minds and

bodies, by education and amusements, an action more healthy and vigorous. The chamber, by a unanimous vote, granted 500l. to the executive, to procure for these unfortunates the assistance of medicine,—to separate those who are afflicted with this horrible malady from the other inhabitants, and to ameliorate the short span of existence which remains to the afflicted."

**BURIED TREASURE.**—In a field at Croalchapel, near Closeburn limekilns, while Thomas Wightman was engaged, on Monday, in ploughing a piece of ground which, till last year, had not been previously turned up, having formed part of Barnmoor-wood, he came upon a large number of old silver coins of Edward I. of England, and of the Roberts and Davids of Scotland. It was considered that not fewer than 10,000 pieces were found. The discoverer of the treasure, however, was not sufficiently selfish to conceal his prize; but having given notice of the circumstance to some of his neighbors, crowds immediately assembled of men, women, and children, from all parts of the neighborhood, and numbers of the thrifty housewives were seen literally carrying away the money in lapsfuls.—*Dumfries Standard*.

**A MARKED MAN.**—In the history of escaped convicts, there never was perhaps, one more easily recognized than one who has recently escaped from New South Wales, and is supposed to be at present in London. He is described in the *Hue and Cry*,—"Adam and Eve, tree and serpent, B. S. T. S., bust of a man, mermaid, half-moon, ship, George and the dragon, man, birds, heart and darts, hope and anchor, T., crown and flags, on the left arm; seven dots between the finger and thumb of the left hand; man and glass on the back of the left hand; ring pricked on the middle finger of left hand; two pugilists on the centre of chest. His name is Truelove Smith, and he is about 24 years of age. He was tried at Cambridge, on the 15th of May, 1830, and sentenced to transportation for life in his 10th year."

**WOOD PAVING IN THE CITY.**—By a decision of the Commissioners of the Court of Sewers, on Tuesday, it was determined that the plan of wood-paving should be proceeded with.

A treaty is said to be in progress to annex the principality of Oldenburg Birkenfeld, consisting of 675 geographical square miles, and about 30,000 inhabitants, to Prussia. This junction is to be effected either by exchange or purchase.

**INDIA RUBBER MATTING.**—The government have ordered the new garrison church at Portsmouth to be covered with this extraordinary manufacture, to prevent the soldiers from suffering from rheumatism, &c., brought on by sitting with their feet on the cold stones.

**WHITE CROWS.**—We were shown to-day, at a house in the Kirkgate, a brace of crows, nearly as white as snow. They are this year's birds, and were taken out of the same nest in company with a brother or sister of the ordinary color. When anxious for food, they caw their vernacular in splendid style, run about the floor, and are as well-grown as birds can well be of the same age.—*Dumfries Courier*.

**DUE PROPORTIONS.**—"Jock," said a farmer's wife to the herd callant,—"Jock, come in to your parritch, the flies are drowning themselves in the milk." "Nae fears," replied Jock, moving very deliberately towards the scene of action, "Nae fears, they'll wade through 't." "Od, you little rascal, do you say you dinna get enough o' milk?" "Ou, ay, plenty for the parritch."

General Espartero (Duke of Victory) and his lady and niece are passing the season in comparative retirement at their villa, called Abbey-lodge, Parkroad, Regent's-park.

From the British and Foreign Review.

*The Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression, as connected with the Fine Arts.* By the late Sir CHARLES BELL. Third edition, enlarged. London: Murray, 1844.

THESE Essays have long been prized by those who are so fortunate as to possess even the former editions of them, as one of the most valuable contributions of English literature to the arts, and one of the most pleasing volumes of an English library. We gladly therefore announce their reëappearance in an entirely new form, rewritten, rather than revised, and with such copious additions, especially with reference to the higher branches of the subject, that they must be considered as a new work. They formed, indeed, the earliest and the latest object of their lamented author's tasteful solicitude. They were originally composed, chiefly perhaps with reference to the very striking designs of his ingenious and expressive pencil, before the serious pursuits of life began, and before his subsequent experience and reflection had given him the key to those phenomena which in art he illustrated, and explained in science. The first edition of the work appeared nearly forty years ago, in 1806, when Sir Charles Bell left Edinburgh to fix his professional residence in London. During the most active years of a life which was unceasingly devoted to the arduous duties of the medical profession, and to the promotion of the highest branches of medical science, the revisal and illustration of this volume was his habitual recreation. In 1824 a second edition was produced, with considerable additions; but from that time Sir Charles Bell resisted the demand of the public for a further issue of this book, until he should have had an opportunity of verifying his principles of criticism in art, by the study of the greatest works of the Italian masters. With this especial object, he visited the continent in 1810; a brief but extensive excursion enabled him to refresh and to corroborate those impressions and convictions which had been the delight and the study of his life; and upon his return he recomposed the whole work for a third edition. Materials were collected in abundance, and for the most part they had been already adapted to the purposes and subjects of these Essays. The text had already been prepared for the press; and the care of the editor appears to have surmounted most of the disadvantages inseparable from posthumous publication. Some of the more fugitive notes from the author's journals have been subjoined, which record with the rapid grace of an artist's pencil the vivid pleasures of an Italian journey to a man endowed with so simple a love of nature, and so cultivated a comprehension of art. These remarks bear with singular originality and acuteness on the style and the works of the great masters; and if they sometimes wear the shape of a sudden conception, rather than of mature thought, they are not the less characteris-

tic of that ingenuity and enthusiasm which Sir Charles Bell carried as far in the practice of the fine arts as in the more profound researches of science. It deserves, indeed, to be recorded that his early studies on the subject of expression in painting, and his observation of the effects of passion and emotion on the face and frame of man, first engaged this eminent surgeon in those investigations of the nature of the nerves and of their influence on the muscles, which led to his important discoveries in the nervous system; till, as he advanced in the demonstration of those truths which he detected in the animal economy, he derived from his more extended knowledge of the physiology of man, a more complete theory of art and a more solid foundation for those principles of criticism, which no one had before applied with equal precision to the productions of the great artists. Thus he tended, by a noble sympathy between his habitual and favorite pursuits, at once to increase the sphere of knowledge and to perfect the truth of art; whilst either gift was used alike to simplify our understanding of the works of the Creator, and to raise our conceptions of natural beauty.

It has sometimes been asserted that the pursuits and practice of the medical profession tend to deaden sensibility, and to bring the loftiest and noblest powers of the human mind into too close a subjection to the conclusions of material science. The philosophy of Broussais and the heartlessness of Roux or Dupuytren, may have given a color to such imputations; but a host of names crowd upon the memory from the records of all nations, and from none more than our own, to repel the charge. The proper function of medical science in its highest sense, is not to degrade the spiritual inmate of the human frame to the level of the machinery so admirably adapted to his service, but rather to pursue through the intricacies of contrivance the purposes of life, to acknowledge the energy of being in those functions to which it imparts activity, and to trace in the mysterious sympathies and expressions of the body the higher laws of that vital power which the body obeys. To such objects as these no man ever aspired more constantly, and we will add, more devoutly, than Sir Charles Bell. His sensibility was of the most delicate kind; and his mind seemed to turn with predilection from the distressing studies of pathology to the observation of the phenomena of health. It is related of him, that in the course of his great discoveries in the nervous system, which it was absolutely necessary to carry on upon a living animal, he was arrested on the very verge of demonstration by a degree of compassion for an ass, which he could not surmount; and he declared that he had rather abandon the discovery on which his fame was to rest, than put that animal to torture. An abler hand however, in a contemporary journal, has traced the course of his professional life and his scientific discoveries; and we are most

happy to perceive that the services rendered by Sir Charles Bell to the cause of science have since been acknowledged by a pension to his widow, out of that most inadequate fund which the parsimony of Parliament has placed at the disposal of the Crown, for the reward, or rather the bare recognition, of the most important benefits which can be rendered to the nation and to humanity. The appearance of the volume before us suggests a different view of the pursuits of its distinguished author, and to that we shall exclusively confine ourselves.

Sir Charles Bell presents, we believe, a solitary instance of an extraordinary proficiency in medical science, amounting even to the genius of discovery, combined with a cultivated and profound acquaintance with the principles and practice of art. If, on the one hand, his name has been placed by a high authority in medical criticism by the side of that of Harvey, and if his investigations of the nervous system are the greatest additions to animal physiology which have been made since the discovery of the circulation of the blood; on the other hand, we venture to affirm that, as a manual to the young artist, or as a canon of sound criticism to the general reader, these Essays deserve to find a place by the side of the Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It does not, indeed, necessarily follow that a knowledge of anatomy must extend the sphere, or improve the productions of the arts. The Greeks, whose studies of the human frame were confined to the observations of the external muscles, exceeded in their statues all the performances of more scientific artists. But there is a point at which the observation of nature, the truths of science and the perfection of art, seem to meet. Under various forms and accidents the same thought is expressed—the same emotion conveyed; the mind acts visibly; the sympathy of the spectator is excited; in a word the idea assumes its form. That it is so, no one has ever doubted, and all criticism and precept has recommended the study of expression to the artist, as the beginning and the end of that language which he lends to life. But expression in the fine arts, as it is commonly understood, is the mere imitation of the natural phenomena which accompany emotion: Sir Charles Bell for the first time analyzed and explained the causes of these phenomena; he has shown what the physical effects of the emotions of the mind really are, and how they act upon the organs of life; he has brought us within another circle of those concentric laws which include the creation—a circle nearer to the centre of life and truth. In a word, in exploring the most hidden cells of our physical structure, he has brought to light truths to which the proper name of philosophy preëminently belongs. In other forms, the records of these discoveries will invite the scrutiny of the man of science; but in this volume, they may be studied in their application, without a trace of the repulsive associations of

medical literature, and with all the charm they derive from a graceful pencil and an original pen.

The following extract contains the fundamental principle on which these speculations rest:—

"We have learned enough to know that the impressions communicated by the external organs of sense belong really to the mind; and there can be no doubt that there is a mutual influence exercised by the mind and frame on each other. This is not asserted on the mere grounds that each affection which is deeply felt, is accompanied by a disturbance in our breast; nor on the language of mankind, which gives universal assent to this proposition; but it may be proved by circumstances of expression, in which we cannot be deceived. I shall make it manifest that what the eye, the ear, or the finger, is to the mind, as exciting those ideas which have been appointed to correspond with the qualities of the material world, the organs of the breast are to the development of our affections; and that without them we might see, hear, and smell, but we should walk the earth coldly indifferent to all emotions which may be said in an especial manner to animate us, and give interest and grace to human thoughts and actions.

"The heart has an appropriate sensibility, by which it is held united in the closest connexion and sympathy with the other vital organs; so that it participates in all the changes of the general system of the body.

"But connected with the heart, and depending on its peculiar and excessive sensibility, there is an extensive apparatus which demands our attention. This is the organ of breathing: a part known obviously as the instrument of speech; but which I shall show to be more. The organ of breathing, in its association with the heart, is the instrument of expression, and is the part of the frame, by the action of which the emotions are developed and made visible to us. Certain strong feelings of the mind produce a disturbed condition of the heart; and through that corporeal influence, directly from the heart, indirectly from the mind, the extensive apparatus constituting the organ of breathing is put in motion, and gives us the outward signs which we call expression. The man was wrong who found fault with nature for not placing a window before the heart, in order to render visible human thoughts and intentions. There is, in truth, provision made in the countenance and outward bearing for such discoveries.\*

"One, ignorant of the grounds on which these opinions are founded, has said, 'Every strong emotion is directed towards the heart: the heart experiences various kinds of sensation, pleasant or unpleasant, over which it has no control; and from thence the agitated spirits are diffused over the body.'

\* This observation appears to have been borrowed by Sir C. Bell from a small treatise by the French physician La Chambre, entitled "l'Art de connaître l'homme." The passage may be found quoted by Lavater, in the first volume of his "Essays on Physiognomy," p. 56. Most of the principal authorities on the science are collected in the same place. The passage from Haller's "Elementa Physiologiae," tom. v., p. 590, is well worthy of notice, for it contains a careful investigation of the effects of passion on the countenance. Lavater himself applies the term *physiognomy* to the science of the features in a state of repose; and he calls the science of expression *pathognomy*, as it concerns the features under the influence of passion. But all these writers treated of the movements or form of the features as if they were directly affected by the disposition or emotions of the mind. Sir Charles Bell was the first physiologist who showed that the affections of the mind first acted upon the heart, and that, by means of the respiratory nerves, they then produced a certain reaction, which we call expression, in the countenance.

The fact is certainly so, although the language be figurative. How are these spirits diffused, and what are their effects?

"We find that the influence of the heart upon the extended organ of respiration has sway at so early a period of our existence, that we must acknowledge that the operation or play of the instrument of expression precedes the mental emotions with which they are to be joined, accompanies them in their first dawn, strengthens them, and directs them. So that it is not, perhaps, too much to conclude that, from these organs moving in sympathy with the mind, the same uniformity is produced among men, in their internal feelings, emotions, or passions, as there exists in their ideas of external nature from the uniform operations of the organs of sense.

"Let us place examples before us, and then try whether the received doctrines of the passions will furnish us with an explanation of the phenomena, or whether we must go deeper, and seek the assistance of anatomy.

"In the expression of the passions, there is a compound influence in operation. Let us contemplate the appearance of terror. We can readily conceive why a man stands with eyes intently fixed on the object of his fears, the eyebrows elevated to the utmost, and the eye largely uncovered; or why, with hesitating and bewildered steps, his eyes are rapidly and wildly in search of something. In this, we only perceive the intent application of his mind to the object of his apprehensions—its direct influence on the outward organ. But observe him further: there is a spasm on his breast, he cannot breathe freely, the chest is elevated, the muscles of his neck and shoulders are in action, his breathing is short and rapid, there is a gasping and a convulsive motion of his lips, a tremor on his hollow cheek, a gulping and catching of his throat; and why does his heart knock at his ribs, while yet there is no force of circulation?—for his lips and cheeks are ashy pale.

"So in grief, if we attend to the same class of phenomena, we shall be able to draw an exact picture. Let us imagine to ourselves the overwhelming influence of grief on woman. The object in her mind has absorbed all the powers of the frame, the body is no more regarded, the spirits have left it, it reclines, and the limbs gravitate; they are nerveless and relaxed, and she scarcely breathes; but why comes at intervals the long-drawn sigh?—why are the neck and throat convulsed?—what causes the swelling and quivering of the lips, and the deadly paleness of the face?—or why is the hand so pale and earthy cold?—and why, at intervals, as the agony returns, does the convulsion spread over the frame like a paroxysm of suffocation?

"It must, I think, be acknowledged, when we come to arrange these phenomena, these outward signs of the passions, that they cannot proceed from the direct influence of the mind alone. However strange it may sound to unaccustomed ears, it is to the heart and lungs, and all the extended instrument of breathing, that we are to trace these effects.

"Over such motions of the body the mind has an unequal control. By a strong effort the outward tokens may be restrained, at least in regard to the general bearing of the body; but who, while suffering, can retain the natural fulness of his features, or the healthful color of his cheek, the unembarrassed respiration and clearness of the natural voice? The villain may command his voice, and mask his purpose with light and libertine words, or carry an habitual sneer of contempt of all softer passions; but his unnatural paleness, and the sinking of his features, will betray that he suffers. Clarence says to his murderers,

"How deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?"

"But the just feelings of mankind demand respect;

men will not have the violence of grief obtruded on them. To preserve the dignity of his character, the actor must permit those uncontrollable signs of suffering alone to escape, which betray how much he feels, and how much he restrains.

"Even while asleep, these interior organs of feeling will prevail, and disclose the source of expression. Has my reader seen Mrs. Siddons in Queen Katherine during that solemn scene where the sad note was played which she named her knell? Who taught the crowd sitting at a play, an audience differing in age, habits and education, to believe those quivering motions, and that gentle smile, and those slight convulsive twittings, to be true to nature? To see every one hushed to the softest breathing of sympathy with the silent expression of the actress, exhibit all mankind held together by one universal feeling; and that feeling, excited by expression, so deeply laid in our nature, as to have influence, without being obvious to reason."

This universal meaning of expression which, as the author elsewhere observes, is to passion and the emotions of the heart what language is to thought and the operations of the mind, is co-natural with man. It precedes the first inarticulate sounds of infancy; it hovers over the closing scenes of decay and death. It speaks when speech is silent. It is the common utterance of the white man and the black, of the bondsman and the free, of savage and of civilized life. Artificial manners may mask or constraint degrade it; but they cannot obliterate it, though for its highest development it requires a life of liberty, cultivation and truth. It even creates a tie of sympathy between man and the higher animals; for in all alike the upturned eye has supplication in it, the quivering muscles are relaxed by grief, the frame is knit and the teeth set by rage. It gives to instinct the eloquence of intelligence; but it rises in man alone to the highest pitch of delicacy and variety,—to laughter and to tears,—and gradually declines as it descends the vast ladder of animated life, where it occurs as the invariable exponent of the vital powers. Such observations as these have been developed with the greatest felicity in these Essays. We select the example of the eye:—

"We have said that the eye indicates the holier emotions. In all stages of society, and in every clime, the posture and expression of reverence have been the same. The works of the great masters, who have represented the more sublime passions of man, may be adduced as evidences; by the upturned direction of the eyes, and a correspondence of feature and attitude, they address us in language intelligible to all mankind. The humble posture and raised eyes are natural, whether in the darkened chamber or under the open vault of heaven.

"On first consideration, it seems merely consistent, that when pious thoughts prevail, man should turn his eyes from things earthly to the purer objects above. But there is a reason for this, which is every way worthy of attention. When subject to particular influences, the natural position of the eyeball is to be directed upwards. In sleep, languor and depression, or when affected with strong emotions, the eyes naturally and insensibly roll upwards. The action is not a voluntary one; it is irresistible. Hence, in reverence, in devotion, in agony of mind, in all sentiments of pity, in bodily pain with fear of death, the eyes assume that position.

"Let us explain by what muscles the eyes are so

revolved. There are two sets of muscles which govern the motions of the eyeball. Four straight muscles, attached at cardinal points, by combining their action, move it in every direction required for vision, and these muscles are subject to the will. When the straight muscles, from weariness or exhaustion, cease to guide the eye, two other muscles operate to roll it upwards under the eyelid: these are the oblique muscles. Accordingly, in sleep, in fainting, in approaching death, when the four voluntary muscles resign their action, and insensibility creeps over the retina, the oblique muscles prevail, and the pupil is revolved, so as to expose only the white of the eye. It is so far consolatory to reflect, that the apparent agony indicated by this direction of the eyes, in fainting or the approach of death, is the effect of encroaching insensibility—of objects impressed on the nerve of vision being no longer perceived.

"We thus see that when wrapt in devotional feelings, and when outward impressions are unheeded, the eyes are raised, by an action neither taught nor acquired. It is by this instinctive motion we are led to bow with humility—to look upwards in prayer, and to regard the visible heavens as the seat of God.

'Prayer is the upward glancing of the eye,  
When none but God is near.'

"Although the savage does not always distinguish God from the heavens above him, this direction of the eye would appear to be the source of the universal belief that the Supreme Being has His throne above. The idolatrous Negro in praying for rice and yams, or that he may be active and swift, lifts up his eyes to the canopy of the sky. So, in intercourse with God, although we are taught that our globe is ever revolving; though religion inculcates that the Almighty is everywhere, yet, under the influence of this position of the eye, which is no doubt designed for a purpose,—we seek Him on high. 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.'

"See, then, how this property of our bodily frame has influenced our opinions and belief; our conceptions of the Deity, our religious observances, our poetry and daily habits."

Even the beard and hair have their appropriate meaning and effect:—

"The stages of man's life are outwardly characterized. An opinion prevails that the form and lineaments of old age are a consequence of the deterioration of the material of our frame; and that the resemblance so often drawn between an aged man leaning on his staff and a ruin tottering to its fall, is a perfect one. It is not so; the material of the frame is ever the same; years affect it not; but infancy, youth, maturity, and old age have their appropriate outward characters. Why should the forehead be bald and the beard luxuriant, if not to mark the latest epoch of man's life? or what reason can be given for the hair not growing on the chin during the vascular fullness of youth, but that it would be inconsistent with the characters of that time of life to be provided with a beard?

"When these Essays were first written, there was not a beard to be seen in England, unless joined with squalor and neglect; and I had the conviction that this appendage concealed the finest features. Being in Rome, however, during the procession of the Corpus Domini, I saw that the expression was not injured by the beard; but that it added to the dignity and character of years. It was evident that the fine heads by the old masters were copies of what were then seen in nature, though now but rarely. There were beards which nearly equalled that of the 'Moses' of Michael

Angelo in length, and which flowed like those in the paintings of Domenichino and Correggio.

"The beard is characteristic of nations. In the East it is honored, and to be shaved is the mark of a slave. A beard of three hands' breath is a goodly show; but to exceed that requires a life of repose: violent exercise in the field shortens the beard. The Turks have a very poor beard. The Persians have noble beards, and are proud of the distinction. The beard of Futeh Ali Shah, the late king of Persia, reached below his girdle, was full and fine, and remarkable in a nation of beards for having no division in the middle. Such a beard, during the active period of life, shows finely on horseback; being tossed over the shoulders in the wind, and indicating speed. In the natural beard, the hair has a peculiarity depending on the place from which it grows. The hair of the upper lip is more profuse, and even in the oldest man is of a darker hue than that of the under lip; so that falling on the lower part, it can still be distinguished as it mixes with the purer white. Again, the hair descending from the sides of the face attains a greater length than that which comes from the chin; and this is more especially the character of age.

"In the French regiments they set frightful fellows, with axes over their shoulders, to march in front: on their heads is a black bear-skin cap, of the form and dimensions of a drum, and they select men with beards of the same hue, which grow in a bush, the counterpart of that on their heads. But the face, as seen between the two black masses, is more ludicrous than terrible, and has an effect very different from what is intended. A common fellow's beard, like a common fellow's countenance, is coarse.

"Even in the Franciscan and Capuchin monks, the beard has not always the fine character displayed in the works of the old painters. Their models are gone with their times. Something excessive and ideal may be represented by the beard. Michael Angelo has, perhaps, followed Scripture, in the beard of his 'Moses,' which floats below the girdle; and in the fresco of Jeremiah, in the Sistine Chapel. The finest painting of the beard that I have seen is by Correggio, in the Scala of the Albergo dei Poveri, in Genoa,—a fresco of the Saviour, in the arms of the Almighty, where the beard of the Father flows beautifully. In short, the beard may become, with knowledge and taste, the most characteristic part in a figure.

"*Expression in the Lips and Moustaches.*—Things familiar do not always give rise to their natural association. I was led to attend more particularly to the moustaches as a feature of expression, in meeting a handsome young French soldier, coming up a long ascent in the Coté d'Or, and breathing hard, although with a good-humored, innocent expression. His sharp-pointed black moustaches rose and fell with a catamountain look that set me to think on the cause.

"Every one must have observed how the nostrils play in hard breathing. We have seen that there is a muscle which is the principal agent in this action; and it may be felt swelling during inspiration, when the finger is pressed on the upper lip, just under the nostril. It is the *depressor alae nasi*. The action of this muscle, under the roots of the hairs on the lip, sensibly moves them; and as all passionate excitements influence the respiratory actions, the nostrils and moustaches necessarily participate in the movement in violent passions. Thus, although the hair of the upper lip does conceal the finer modulations of the mouth, as in woman, it adds to the character of the stronger and harsher emotions.

"I continued to think of this in descending the Rhone, in company with some French officers, they were merry with wine, and I saw their moustaches, black, red, and white, animated in their songs and laughter; and although with a *furouche* character, these appendages rather added to than concealed expression. We see the pictorial effect in the hilarity of the Dutch boor."

It will already have been perceived from the extracts we have given, that the science of expression as it was understood by Sir Charles Bell, touched the confines of those psychological studies, which demand for their discussion the strictest accuracy of philosophical language and the careful lucidity of logical arrangement. To these abstruse inquiries, however, the peculiar qualifications and pursuits of the author did not lead him. It cannot but be regretted, for the sake of one of the most curious problems of metaphysical science, that Sir Charles Bell's attention does not appear to have been directed to Descartes' Treatise on the Passions, or to the few philosophical writers who have treated the subject, although with scientific attainments very far below his own. We are inclined to suspect that a more close examination of the question would have induced him to modify his opinion, that "the faculties owe their development as much to the operation of the instruments of expression as to the impressions of the outward senses." Such a doctrine would lead far into the blank labyrinth of secondary causes; it tends to convert into a fallacious original what is in truth a faithful copy or image of the mind. We cannot omit, however, one paragraph which conveys a philosophical reflection in very striking language:

"Pain is affirmed to be unqualified evil; yet pain is necessary to our existence; at birth it rouses the dormant faculties, and gives us consciousness. To imagine the absence of pain is not only to imagine a new state of being, but a change in the earth, and all upon it. As inhabitant of earth, and as a consequence of the great law of gravitation, the human body must have weight. It must have bones, as columns of support, and levers or the action of its muscles; and this mechanical structure implies a complication and delicacy of texture beyond our conception. For that fine texture a sensibility to pain is destined to be the protection; it is the safeguard of the body; it makes us alive to those injuries which would otherwise destroy us, and warns us to avoid them.

"When, therefore, the philosopher asks why were not our actions performed at the suggestions of pleasure, he imagines man, not constituted as he is, but as if he belonged to a world in which there was neither weight nor pressure, nor anything injurious,—where there were no dangers to apprehend, no difficulties to overcome, and no call for exertion, resolution, or courage. It would, indeed, be a curious speculation to follow out the consequences on the highest qualities of the mind, if we could suppose man thus free from all bodily suffering."

From these topics it is agreeable to turn to the vivid and graceful impressions, snatched alike from nature and from art, in the course of Sir Charles Bell's Italian journey. There is not a higher gratification in life,—and possibly it partakes of the enlarged pleasures of a better existence,—than to pass, prepared for the change, into a region where the visions of the fancy and the abstract truths of the intellect are realized in the most perfect forms of beauty. As our author crossed France, the southern enthusiasm kindled his artist's nature. He saw men in the novelty of

various manners, and the picturesque forms of warmer climates. Sometimes in the common accidents of life, and more frequently in the peculiarities of foreign gesticulation or the ceremonies of the Catholic church, an observation, which might have escaped a less watchful eye, went to illustrate speculations which originated in very different scenes. A man who should devote his life to pursue and to interpret the language of expression, has at once before him an endless variety in a perpetual identity,—the variety of human nature, the identity of man. To the great artists of Italy, similar scenes and observations furnished the models they so admirably imitated: to the critic in his humbler sphere, they furnish the true key to the appreciation of those works. The following passage will be read with great interest:—

"In the same day I made careful examinations of the anatomical studies of Michael Angelo, in the collection of the Grand Duke of Florence, and I compared them with his noble works in the tombs of the Medici. I observed that he had avoided the error of artists of less genius, who, in showing their learning, deviate from living nature. I recognized the utmost accuracy of anatomy in the great artist's studies; in his pen-and-ink sketches of the knee, for example, every point of bone, muscle, tendon, and ligament was marked, and perhaps a little exaggerated. But on surveying the limbs of those fine statues, this peculiarity was not visible; there were none of the details of the anatomy, but only the effects of muscular action, as seen in life, not the muscles. As, perhaps, this is the most important lesson which can be given to the artist, I shall venture to transcribe the notes I made at the time.

"The statue of Lorenzo di Medici, Duca d'Urbino, by Michael Angelo, is in the Capella di Principi, of the church of St. Lorenzo. Under the statue are two figures, one of Twilight, and the other of Daybreak. I observed in the male figure, which is of very grand proportions, the clavicle or collar bone, the head of the humerus, the deltoid and pectoral muscles developed beyond nature, yet singularly true in the anatomy. Such a shoulder was never seen in man, yet so finely is it imagined, that no one part is unduly exaggerated; but all is magnified with so perfect a knowledge, that it is just as a whole, the bone and the muscle corresponding in their proportions. In the same chapel are the statues of Giuliano di Medici, Duke of Nemours, and brother of Leo X., with the recumbent figures of Day and Night. It is in these finely conceived figures that we have the proof of Michael Angelo's genius. They may not have the perfect purity and truth that we see in the antique; but there is a magnificence, which belongs to him alone. Here we see the effect of muscular action, without affected display of anatomical knowledge. The back is marvellously fine. The position of the scapula, for example, makes its lower angle throw up the edge of the latissimus dorsi, for the scapula is forced back upon the spine, in consequence of the position of the arm. Michael Angelo must have carefully studied the anatomy in reference to the changes produced in the living body by the action of its members: the shifting of the scapula, with the consequent rising of the mass of muscles, some in action, some merely pushed into masses, are very finely shown."\*

"Having just come from observing his sketches of the anatomy of the knee-joint, I was curious in my

\* "I might make similar remarks on the statue by John of Bologna,—Januarius sitting, shivering under a shower, in a fountain in the Villa Petraia, near Florence."

observation of the manner in which he made his knowledge available in the joints of these fine statues; and they gave rise to the following remarks.

"If an artist, with a knowledge of the structure, should look upon the knee in a bent position, he will recognize the different bones and ligaments. But if he look upon it in an extended position of the limb, or during exertion, he will not distinguish the same parts. The contour, the swelling of the integument, and the fullness around the joint, are not produced by the forms of the bones, but by the rising up of the parts displaced by the new position of the bones. The fatty cushions which are within and external to the knee-joint, and which serve the purpose of friction-wheels in the play of the bones upon each other, no longer occupy the same relative places; they are protruded from the depth of the cavity to the surface. How well Michael Angelo knew this, these statues of Day and Night evince.

"In these statues, great feeling of art and genius of the highest order have been exhibited; anatomical science, ideal beauty, or rather grandeur, combined. It is often said that Michael Angelo studied the Belvidere Torso, and that he kept it continually in his eye. That fine specimen of ancient art may have been the authority for his grand development of the human muscles; but it did not convey to him the effect which he produced by the throwing out of those magnificent and giant limbs. Here we see the vigor of this sculptor's stroke and the firmness of his touch, as well as his sublime conception of the human figure. We can imagine that he wrought by no measure or mechanical contrivance; that he hewed out the marble as another would cast together his mass of clay in a first sketch. Many of his finest works are left unfinished; it appears that he found the block of marble in some instances too small, and left the design incomplete. For my own part I feel that the finish and smoothness of the marble is hardly consistent with the vigor of Michael Angelo's conceptions; and I should regret to think that such a genius should have wasted an hour in giving softness or polish to the surface.

"Who is there, modern or ancient, that would thus voluntarily encounter all the difficulties of the art and throw the human body into this position, or who could throw the shoulder into this violent distortion, and yet preserve the relations of the parts, of bone and muscle, with such scientific exactness? We have in this great master a proof of the manner in which genius submits to labor, in order to attain perfection. He must have undergone the severe toil of the anatomist to acquire such a power of design, which it was hardly to be supposed could be sufficiently appreciated then or now.

"Without denying the beauty or correctness of the true Grecian productions of the chisel, they ought not to be contrasted with the works of Michael Angelo to his disadvantage. He had a noble conception of the august form of man; to my thinking, superior to anything exhibited in ancient sculpture. Visconti imputes inferiority to Buonarroti; and, to confirm his views, compares the antique statues restored by him with the limbs and heads which he added. But I can conceive nothing less suited to the genius of the artist than this task of modelling and adjusting a limb in a different position from that which is entire, and yet so as to preserve the proportions and character of the whole. The manner of his working, and the urgency of his genius for an unrestrained field of exertion, unfitted him for that kind of labor, while it is a matter of necessity that a copy shall be inferior to an original.

"What the figures of Night and Morning had to do before the degenerate son of the Medici is another matter. They seem to have been placed there as mere ornaments, and in the luxury of talent, to give the form and posture of the human figure, '*per ornamento e per solo spoglio di giacitura e de' forme.*'"

"When in Rome I was impatient until I stood before the statue of Moses, so much had been said of its extraordinary merit, and also so much of its defects. It is a noble figure, with all the energy of Buonarroti displayed in it. It is not the anatomy alone which constitutes its perfection; but there is the same mind displayed in the attitude, the habili-ment, the beard, and all the accompaniments, as in the vigor of the naked shoulders and arms. It is the realization of his high conception of the human figure."

Sir Charles Bell inclines to give to the great sculptors of Italy a preference over the artists even of Greece, probably from the excellence of the former in that kind of powerful expression and character which he himself was best able to appreciate. Yet his criticisms on the "Laocoon" and the "Dying Gladiator" are of great value. We can only make room for the latter:—

"The 'Dying Gladiator' is one of those masterpieces of antiquity which exhibits a knowledge of anatomy and of man's nature. He is not resting; he is not falling; but in the position of one wounded in the chest, and seeking relief in that anxious and oppressed breathing which attends a mortal wound with loss of blood. He seeks support to his arms, not to rest them or to sustain the body, but to fix them, that their action may be transferred to the chest, and thus assist the laboring respiration. The nature of his sufferings leads to this attitude. In a man expiring from loss of blood, as the vital stream flows, the heart and lungs have the same painful feeling of want, which is produced by obstruction to the breathing. As the blood is draining from him he pants and looks wild, and the chest heaves convulsively. And so the ancient artist has placed this statue in the posture of one who suffers the extremity of difficult respiration. The fixed condition of the shoulders, as he sustains his sinking body, shows that the powerful muscles, common to the ribs and arms, have their action concentrated to the struggling chest. In the same way does a man afflicted with asthma rest his hands or his elbows upon a table, stooping forward that the shoulders may become fixed points; the muscles of the arm and shoulder then act as muscles of respiration, and aid in the motion of the chest, during the heaving and anxiety which belong to the disease."

We conclude with a passage which has much of the grandeur of those exalted works by which it appears to have been suggested:—

"There is a link of connexion between all liberal professions. The painter may borrow from the physician. He will require something more than his fancy can supply, if he has to represent a priestess or a sybil. It must be the creation of a mind, learned as well as inventive. He may readily conceive a female form full of energy, her imagination at the moment exalted and pregnant, so that things long past are painted in colors as if they stood before her, and her expression becomes bold and poetical. But he will have a more true and precise idea of what is to be depicted, if he reads the history of that melancholia which undoubtedly, in early times, has given the idea of one possessed with a spirit. A young woman is seen constitutionally pale and languid; and from this inanimate state no show of affection or entreaty will draw her into conversation with her family. But how changed is her condition, when instead of the lethargy and fixed countenance, the circulation is suddenly restored, the blood mounts to her cheeks, and her eyes sparkle, while both in mind

and body she manifests an unwonted energy, and her whole frame is animated. During the continuance of the paroxysm, she delivers herself with a force of thought and language, and in a tone so greatly altered, that even her parents say, 'She is not our child, she is not our daughter, a spirit has entered into her.' This is in accordance with the prevailing superstition of antiquity; for how natural to suppose, when this girl again falls into a state of torpor, and sits like a marble statue, pale, exhausted, taciturn, that the spirit has left her. The transition is easy; the priests take her under their care, watch her ravings and give them meaning, until she sinks again into a death-like stupor or indifference.

"Successful attacks of this kind impress the countenance indelibly. The painter has to represent features powerful, but consistent with the maturity and perfection of feminine beauty. He will show his genius by portraying not only a fine female form with the grandeur of the antique, but a face of peculiar character; embodying a state of disease often witnessed by the physician, with associations derived from history. If on the dead and uniform paleness of the face he bestows that deep tone of interest which belongs to features inactive, but not incapable of feeling; if he can show something of the imprint of long suffering isolated from human sympathy, throw around her the appropriate mantle, and let the fine hair fall on her shoulders, the picture will require no golden letters to announce her character, as in the old paintings of the Sybil or the Pythoness."

To such fragments as these nothing need be added. It is well that the discoveries and the reflections of such a mind should be placed within the reach of the public at large in an accessible and attractive form. The truest acknowledgment of the services rendered by such men is the respect which every one may pay to their literary remains; and we are persuaded that the success of this volume will not be inferior to that of the admirable treatise on the Hand, and not unworthy of its accomplished author's lasting fame.

TAHITI.—The report of Admiral Thouars respecting the late events at Tahiti, has given occasion for an unusual display of the sensitiveness of our Gallic neighbors on any point in the slightest manner reflecting upon the national honor. If anything were wanting to justify the recall of Admiral Thouars, ample reason would be found in the report which he has just made. In speaking of the English missionaries, he has both gone out of the way, and exhibited either his ignorance or his malignity by describing them "as men chosen from the very dregs of society in London; taken from among laborers, such as blacksmiths, carpenters, and others of that class." It is almost needless for us to make any remarks upon such a statement; but we cannot refrain from offering a comment in the shape of an extract from a description of the condition of this same island by the present Minister of Marine, to whom, unhappily for Admiral Thouars, but happily for the cause of humanity and truth, his report was made. A few years since the present Minister of Marine visited Tahiti, and this is his description of the island under the influence of these low-born missionaries:—

"The state of the island of Tahiti is now very different from what it was in the days of Cook. The missionaries of the Society of London have

entirely changed the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Idolatry exists no longer; they profess generally the Christian religion; the women no longer come on board the vessels, and they are very reserved on all occasions. Their marriages are celebrated in the same manner as in Europe, and the king confines himself to one wife. The women are also admitted to the table with their husbands. The infamous society of the Atreois exists no longer; the bloody wars in which the people engaged, and human sacrifices, have entirely ceased since 1816. All the natives can read and write, and have religious books translated into their language, printed either at Tahiti, Ulitea, or Eimeo. They have built handsome churches, where they repair twice in the week, and show the greatest attention to the discourses of the preacher. It is common to see numerous individuals take notes of the most interesting passages of the sermons they hear."

We have before us a letter from a Frenchman at Tahiti, and published in a French paper, which bears a similar honorable testimony to the happy results of the labors of English missionaries; and which states that five-eighths of the natives can read and write. Would that we could say the same of France, two-thirds of the population of which country are in a state of gross ignorance, no less than 17,000,000 of them being unable either to read or write.

A letter from Stockholm, says—"The late king, who died intestate, has left an immense fortune in landed property alone, consisting chiefly in vast domains and iron mines, situated in almost all parts of the kingdom, even in Lapland, which are estimated at eighty millions of francs.

A return of the yearly income and expenditure of the board for the encouragement of trade and manufactures in Scotland, gives the total amount of the income of the board as 4,539*l.*, and the expenditure 4,217*l.*

A cast-iron pulpit has been erected in the Jewish Synagogue, Seel street, Liverpool. This is said to be the first regular pulpit erected in a Jewish place of worship in this kingdom.

A grant of 1,000*l.*, being the first grant from the fund of 10,000*l.* voted by Parliament, for the purpose of providing public walks for the use of the inhabitants of large towns, has been allotted to Oldham.

COMMUNION SERVICES FOR THE NAVY.—Ten services of communion-plate are ordered to be sent to each dock-yard, to be placed in charge of the storekeepers, who are to furnish each ship to which a chaplain is appointed with one service of plate. It is to be given in charge to the chaplain, who will be held responsible for it.

SCRIPTURE READERS.—A society has just been established entitled "An Association for Providing Scripture-readers in connection with the Church of England," under the sanction of the Bishops of London and Winchester.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS is going to Italy at the end of June for a sojourn of some months. He also intends visiting France and Switzerland. We believe we may expect another "Christmas Carol," and also a fiction of greater magnitude and more coherent purpose than he has yet accomplished.



From the British and Foreign Review.

1. *Stories of the Gods and Heroes of Greece*, told by *Berthold Niebuhr to his Son*. Translated from the German. Edited by SARAH AUSTIN. J. W. Parker, London, 1843.
2. *The Home Treasury*. Edited by FELIX SUMMERLY. London: J. Cundall, 1843.
3. *Puss in Boots*: illustrated by OTTO SPECKTER. London: J. Murray, 1843.

If as much ingenuity had been expended in tracing the origin and causes of what is called national character, as in inventing hypotheses to account for it, we might perhaps by this time have arrived at some knowledge of the great secret of moulding the moral form of man. But in all that has been said or written on this subject, it is no less remarkable than melancholy how little evinces any humane intention, how little has been productive of the smallest good, how little shows any knowledge, or even any desire to obtain knowledge, of the secret causes which so powerfully modify our common nature. Striking contrasts and brilliant sketches, unfair satire and passionate invective,—or, at the best, fanciful theories,—have been lavished on a subject deserving the most profound, cautious and candid examination. For it ought to be the common labor of the wise and good to understand and correct the variations—be they what they may—of the human mind from the pole of truth. National vanity and national antipathy ought to yield to that benign humanity which looks down upon all infirmities with equal pity, and deems no question insignificant, no labor irksome, no sacrifice painful, so that it can trace one error to its source and then destroy it forever. But we may hope that the bitter and causeless hate of nations is dying away; we at least, in England, are no longer convinced that an unusual garment is a sign of depraved morals, or a strange dish a proof of an imbecile intellect; and if it be true that some of our neighbors still cling to the dream of a monopoly of excellence, we at least must renounce all such extravagant pretensions for ourselves with still greater eagerness than we deny them to others. The time is come when patient and benevolent research may be applied to the important subject of the moral differences in the human family, with a view to mutual correction and improvement.

It has often struck us that a humble, though not unimportant, and certainly not an uninteresting branch of this inquiry would relate to the books written professedly for children. Often, while turning from the practical and positive children's books of England to the more imaginative and tender infant literature of Germany, we have asked ourselves, how far each was the cause, how far the effect or the expression, of national character. If, as we are persuaded, they are both the one and the other, there can be no doubt as to the course which reason and conscience would dictate

to all those who have the business of administering mental food to the infant generation, whether parents, writers, or publishers. Whatever were the reigning prejudice, the common defect, the darling sin of the country in which they live,—whatever the epidemic prevailing in the moral or intellectual atmosphere in which the infant mind has to develop itself,—they would anxiously withhold all that could dispose it to receive the contagion,—they would provide whatever could correct the noxious influences. Unfortunately all—parents, writers and publishers—do the very reverse of this; the first, from ignorance, fashion, and prejudice; the second, from these mingled with pecuniary interest; the third, mainly from the latter motive. Accordingly, whatever be the common obliquity of the old, it is sure to be consciously or unconsciously assumed and prescribed as the *norm* or pattern for the young;—in England, devotion to material objects and social distinctions, flat empiricism, blind religious antipathy; in France, monstrous national conceit, adoration of military renown, and love of theatrical effects; in Germany, misty abstractions and unprofitable *sensibilité*. Such are among the qualities, the reproduction of which seems destined to be eternal, and which go to form what is called national character. We know few things more useful, few that would require more sound and enlarged philosophy, than a fair comparison and complete analysis of the children's books of these three nations, so nearly on a level in civilization, so different in spirit. They are the mould in which each generation fashions the succeeding one to its own image, the link which connects the mind already formed to the tone and temper of its nation with that yielding mind which has its impressions to receive and its bent to take. That which is effected in infancy, by these unregarded instruments, could never be accomplished at a later stage of life by all the weight of science or all the persuasion of eloquence. The imagination has taken its tone, the heart has conceived the wishes, the hopes, the objects, which will be the springs of action through life. The studies of the man may awaken reflection or impart knowledge, but the first books which stirred his fancy or touched his heart are those which gave an indelible color to his character.

In every country and age children's books will partake of the prevailing tone of literature; or, rather we should say, in the fresh and vigorous stage of literature there will exist no such thing as children's books; because the books fitted to delight a simple and imaginative people will also delight children. So long as the literature of England retained its pith and vigor, its simplicity of style and fulness of thought and fancy, we hear nothing of children's books. "*Robinson Crusoe*" and "*Pilgrim's Progress*," the two books which have probably been read by a greater number and with greater interest and deeper effect than any others, were certainly not written for children.

But as this creative power and simple grandeur were extinct, or nearly so, in the seventeenth century,—as the eighteenth, critical and sceptical, could create nothing that children or child-like men could care to read, it became necessary to make books professedly and specially for the entertainment of children, a sort of *industrie* never enough to be deplored. Berquin, Madame de Genlis, and a host of imitators in France, Germany and England, sent forth, for the enfeeblement and demoralization of the young world, a mass of affectations and simulations of virtue, pretty much alike in design, but colored in each country to suit the national taste; till at length they attained such a pitch of mawkishness, that the whole race of faultless, theatrical, preaching and whining papas and mammas, aunts and children, became intolerable and gave place to better things. The original aim of this class of books was “to check the immorality of the age.” In many writers this was no doubt sincere,—in many it was affected,—in all absurd. The cause of virtue is not to be served by falsehood, and all affectation is falsehood.

This most tiresome and unprofitable class of fictions may be considered to be extinct: it was succeeded by one of a very different character.

The beginning of the present century was marked by a tendency to what the French call material improvement, which has since spread widely and rapidly. From the time when the excitement of war ceased, the minds of Englishmen became absorbed in the pursuits which conduce to wealth or to the physical well-being of man. This movement was instantly accompanied by a corresponding change in the character of children's books. All that could tend to nourish the imagination, or to suggest reflection on the unseen, (self-reflection included,) was rejected as useless and even pernicious. Not only the mawkish modern fictions, but the delightful stories in which were embodied the fancy, the tenderness, the humor, the wisdom of ages,—which had travelled from the remotest climes, and found acceptance among people in every stage of culture, which with some slight change of costume or of incident had been adopted into every tongue,—were denounced as absurd and false. Babes and sucklings were made judges of evidence and calculators of probabilities; and the good-natured old man, who thought to amuse his infant hearer with what had delighted himself, was silenced by the preliminary inquiry, if it was all *true*? If even Mrs. Barbauld's matchless infants' books were tolerated, it was because they contained some “useful facts,” and not for the engaging charm of their childish prattle, or the poetical and religious feeling which pervades them. Facts were now the order of the day.

There is no doubt that the originators of this movement were earnest and sincere reformers. Insofar as their object was to substitute such information as could, by any artifice, be made pala-

table to children, or such lessons in domestic morality and the conduct of ordinary life as could be illustrated by stories, for the feeble and vulgar dregs of the Berquin school, it was laudable and successful. What they undertook to drive out of the field, was equally devoid of imagination and good sense, or what is called practical knowledge. The time was come when one of these was indispensable.

It belonged to the temper of the age and of the country we live in to choose the latter. One or two admirable and popular writers of children's books did much to sanction and adorn this taste; but in fact they only obeyed an impulse, which it would have required much greater strength than they possessed to resist. They were among the organs and illustrators of a great tendency. The only objects deemed worth striving after are wealth and political or social consideration. To obtain these, a man must be possessed of some art or knowledge, by which he can make himself immediately useful or acceptable to those who have wealth and consideration to bestow: hence moral science fell into complete neglect, and may be said no longer to have a place in England. The highest speculations, if unconnected with polemical theology, (and hence with political and social power,) have no audience. The cultivation of the reason, the study of the spiritual nature and destiny of man, require more time and abstraction from the world than a competitor in the actual race of life has to give. To what end, then, develop in the child a taste for the impalpable—the unreal, as it is called? We will not say that this train of reasoning passed distinctly through the minds of the makers of children's books; but, by instinct or by design, they acted under the prevailing social influences. It is sufficiently evident that the heart and the fancy of childhood cannot take in the objects which fill the minds of “practical” full-grown men; the only means of fitting them for the reception of such views, is to wean them from the bright visions and wandering speculations which are their natural element. Children, therefore, were to be seduced into practical studies by those monsters—formed of more heterogeneous parts than sphinx or chimæra—stories to teach facts or morals, or more honestly forced to swallow the chaff of catechisms and compendiums as food. Accordingly, the starry sky, inviting to wonder and worship,—the beautiful flowers and animals, objects of its tender care and sympathy, and personages of many a pretty and touching drama,—the wide and strange world, and the adventures of its hardy explorers,—the heart-stirring events and awful figures of history,—all in short that could inspire love, pity, reverence and religion, were made the subject of catechisms. We once heard a child say, that she had learned thirteen of these instruments of mental torture and compression by heart. We need not say that the poor thing had, in the operation, lost the peculiar faculties with which heaven in

its wisdom has endowed the newly-awakened soul. It had (not willingly indeed) bartered its birth-right for a mess of pottage,—the sense of the great, the wonderful and the beautiful, the power of placing these in countless combinations,—for the memory of barren facts of weight, number and measure, of which it could know neither the connexion nor the evidence.

It may be said that this is an extreme case:—we willingly admit it. We are far from denying that in many books, of great excellence in their kind, the facts are well selected and amusingly told, and that they are often such as it is a matter of conventional necessity to know,—if indeed we may abuse the word *knowledge* for the mere passive reception of certain assertions, which we take on credit. Such admission of unconnected and undigested matter into the mind can of course never be productive of any moral growth or fruit, and should pass for exactly what it is worth,—a convenient conformity to general usage. Works of the kind in question do perhaps sometimes answer a higher end,—that namely of stimulating the curiosity of children; and if that curiosity is then allowed free course and ample food, an active, fruitful mind may be developed; but we suspect this is very rarely the case.

In the whole of this large class of books England is preëminent, and is justly regarded on the Continent as the great fountain of nursery learning. The excellence of the workmanship is as little to be denied as that of the intention. A still more valuable preëminence is the unhesitating confidence with which the most careful mothers in Germany give their children English books, compared with the cautious admission of those of other countries. We have remarked with pride, that even those who cannot read English themselves, rest on the generally recognized safe morality of our books for childhood and youth, with a security which will we trust never be deceived.

But while we gladly do homage to all that is praiseworthy in such productions, we confess that we doubt whether the well-meant endeavor to bring everything down to the level of a child's mind, or to cram it with heterogenous particulars, be favorable to the production or nurture of any large intellect or elevated character. To speak plainly, we are convinced it is not. We complain, and with justice, of the universal diffusion of slight and superficial knowledge—the neglect of philosophy, the reign of empiricism in every branch of science, the absence of all æsthetic culture, the dearth of originality. And how do we attempt to remedy these defects? We give to our children books which are exactly adapted to lay on a varnish of science and literature over the whole surface of society, and to check the natural workings of the infant mind. It is not only the imagination, but the reason of children that is stifled. We have repeatedly seen, and never without wonder at the conceit it betrayed, a book taken out of the

hand of an eager, attentive child, “because he could not understand it;” as if any human being would, for his own amusement, continue to read words to which he affixed no meaning. “Oh but,” we are told, “he would understand them imperfectly.” And what then? If you desire that your child should grow tall and erect, do you confine him in a room, the ceiling of which is exactly as high as his head? If you wish his body to unfold itself and acquire bulk and vigor, do you swathe it in tight bandages? Yet such is exactly the moral practice of good and careful mothers with their children. Nay, the absurdity and cruelty is in this case even greater; for the height and bulk of the body can be ascertained, but who shall take measure of that most wondrous, variable, quick and busy spirit, the mind of a young child? Who shall say that, because it does not understand a thing to-day, it will not understand it to-morrow? An hour, a minute, is often sufficient to suggest new trains of thought and open new combinations of facts. And what a burst of the young buds of reason and imagination have we witnessed, when a child has been left to its own unaided selection among books which it could not understand! At first the little discoverer has to grope his way through occasional darkness; but the lights that break in upon him are the brighter for the contrast, and lead him on with all the ardor of hope. How far more stimulating than the monotonous twilight to which you would condemn him! “The only books from which we really learn,” says Göthe, “are those which we cannot judge. The author of a book which we are capable of judging must learn of us.”

The early history and training of the greatest men is a subject of the deepest interest, and we have always been extremely anxious to see what were the books from which they received their first impressions. As yet it has not happened to us to have read of or known a person of vigorous and original mind, who had not been allowed free access to strong meat, as soon as the appetite for it was excited.

An equally empty pretension is that of “forming the taste” of children, by pointing out the beauties of what they read. This is exactly the process by which to secure their having no taste at all. Beauty wants no showman or direct expositor; she reveals herself to the eyes prepared to behold her; till they are so, there is nothing to be done. She reveals herself, too, under a thousand different aspects; each of us must behold her as he can,—as his gifts and opportunities will allow. It is easy to make a child repeat after its mother or teacher that a passage is beautiful, but no real intuition of beauty was ever the result of any such process. The taste may be, and ought to be, cultivated, but by negative rather than positive means,—by placing within reach the best and highest models, on which the imagination and judgment can exercise themselves, and still more

by carefully removing all that could corrupt, enfeeble or debase them. For this reason it is obvious that our remarks do not apply to parents who fill their houses with the common trash of circulating libraries and book-societies. An informed mind left to itself, among the noxious stimulants, or no less enervating common-place superficiality of a literature written in and for idleness, must come to all the maturity it can ever attain, without having had a glimpse of the great, the beautiful, or the true. These are to be found in the works of genius, purged and sanctified by time. An active, susceptible mind, permitted to hold early converse with antiquity, and with the noble spirits of the best days of modern Europe, will stand the fairest chance of becoming original, discriminating and elevated, and at the same time simple and reverential. And such reading is the most inviting to a healthy mind. How captivating to children is the simplicity of Herodotus! We have seen a little girl, who could but just read, leave her children's books and return to him again and again. Xenophon is scarcely less engaging. Plutarch, as full of noble and gentle sentiments as of interesting events, attaches all generous children. The want of good and agreeable translations of these and other writers of antiquity, is a great evil; they would be read by children and by the people, who would not only be won by their simplicity, but elevated by their grandeur. A free acquaintance with great models is absolutely indispensable to the formation of that discriminating sense of the beautiful which we call taste, and this acquaintance cannot begin too soon. In like manner, it is not by telling a child that this or that picture is fine, but by giving it, from the very first, the best copies or prints we can command of the greatest masters, and keeping out of its way all mediocrity, that a pure, sound and unerring taste can be formed.

We must say here, that we are not in general great friends of "illustrated" books for children—not indeed for anybody, but that is beside the purpose. The artist gives his own conceptions, often very prosaic or very false, and this anticipates or thwarts the workings of the child's imagination. No expedient could be more ingeniously contrived to make it dull, cold and barren. Let the images have what merit they may, the mere fact that they are passively received, instead of being created and combined, is enough. The best pictures to children's books therefore are the rudest, which are merely suggestive. Pictures without text have a wholly different effect; there the child's imagination furnishes the story, as in the other it furnishes the forms. Otto Speckter's charming designs for "Puss in Boots" are fitted for adults, not for little children; they contain traits of wit and humor which cannot be appreciated without a knowledge of the world; such, for instance, as the opprobrious treatment which clearly awaits all dogs under the feline ascendancy (as exemplified

in the last plate)—a stroke of political satire which no child, one hopes, could enter into.

Our own language furnishes a boundless store of enticing and invigorating food. The immortal works of Bunyan and Defoe—those wells of pure, unadulterated English—have been the delight, the passion of many of the greatest and wisest men of the last generation. We have seen Shakspeare read and re-read by children of seven or eight years old with an intensity of interest and pleasure, very different in kind, no doubt, but equal in degree to any he could excite in the most learned and sagacious of his commentators. What can be more likely to touch the young heart with a love of nature, a tender concern for all that feels, a sense of the wonder and beauty of creation, and the wisdom and love of its Creator, than that most charming and English of books, White's "History of Selbourne?" where the simplicity of the man is so exquisitely set off with the graces of the gentleman and the scholar, and so sanctified by those of the Christian. Where is the child's natural history book comparable to this? Why are such books as Anson's Voyages, and all the host of similar records of skill and intrepidity, to be altered and curtailed till they have lost all truth and vigor? The relations of travellers have each a characteristic stamp, which is not among their least interesting qualities; this is necessarily effaced in abridgments.

One great evil of professed children's books is their shortness. Children are now so accustomed to the stimulus of incessant variety, to turn from book to book and from subject to subject, that the power of steady and unforced application is daily becoming more rare. At a later age, when the necessities of life require it, this has to be painfully acquired, often to the destruction of health of body and mind. This was not the case when a child had to seek out his amusement in folio histories or quarto travels, as Göthe tells us he did in Gottfried's Chronicle and the "Acessa Philologica." We remember hearing a woman of the last generation, whose intellectual qualities were only inferior to her moral, (if indeed we can separate what had the same stamp of energy, justness and greatness,) say, that the earliest book she remembered being interested in was Rapin's "History of England." Her sister, two or three years older than herself, read it to her aloud; it was their free unbidden choice. We imagine the two little girls seated on low stools, the elder with the huge folio on her knees, the younger in all the radiant beauty of a golden-haired English child, with her doll in her arms, listening with fixed attention, and day after day following the driest of historians through his ponderous work. Exquisite and true picture, which we commend to any painter who could conceive it! he will find no living models for it. In this case, not only an intellect and a character of the highest order were developed, but a style of writing and speaking,

distinguished for vernacular purity, clearness and precision, was formed, by the mere access to, a library composed of the classics of the English language. Nothing else came in her way. She was taught little (which, with an over-estimate of what she did not possess, she always unduly regretted,) nor was she either commanded or forbidden to read anything. She had much to do, and little external excitement; it was presumed that reading must be her pleasure, and her father possessed no trash. We have quoted an individual case, because we happen to know it intimately; but we have had an insight, less near, but still sufficient to corroborate this, into several others, especially among women. Nearly all those we have known who rose much above the average of their sex had pretty nearly a similar mental training, or rather growth,

We shall be asked if then we pretend that no books should be written for children? Certainly not; for though we are convinced that the highest order of minds must be produced by this process of free internal development, yet there remains a vast middle class who are not capable of sufficient independent action to carry them through such a process. These are the children whose imaginations are too feeble and inert to seize on half-understood images, to work on hints, to supply what their imperfect knowledge of facts leaves broken or defective. There are others whose reasoning faculty is too sluggish to delight in combining and inferring, (the never-ceasing occupation of intelligent children,) or whose curiosity is not robust enough to endure the fatigue of much toil in search of sustenance. For such as these, it is necessary to clear away the difficulties which afford wholesome exercise to stronger minds,—to deal in simple, clear, direct narrative,—to give inferences and conclusions ready made,—to point out the *why* and the *because*. It is not that much will come of such a training; but the faculties, which would never struggle into life if left to themselves, may be nurtured, not into vigor, but at least into existence. What we protest against is the tyranny of prejudging the case, and subjecting all alike to a regimen fit only for the infirm. Let the robust choose their own diet. No test is required but the child's own inclination, provided always that wholesome food, *and no other*, is within his reach; if his faculties are of the kind capable of self-development, he will do the rest for himself.

Of course all this has not the smallest reference or application to the process of learning, properly so called, which is the appropriate labor and duty of childhood—the burden it ought to bear, and will bear, gallantly and well, if there is no attempt at tricks to disguise it. Toil is the portion of us all; this is *your* present lot of toil; in time it may, if you choose, bring you advantage and pleasure:—such is the language to hold to children, whom it is neither easy nor safe to mys-

tify. School, or whatever be the substitute for it, is the appropriate sphere for the exercise of the attention and the memory—for compulsory application to uninviting things, and conformity to rules not understood; in short, for discipline—great and glorious nurse of *men*, whose godlike face a womanish and mistaken tenderness has sought to mask; not perceiving how easily unspoiled childhood learns to love her awful beauty and to trust in her truthful promises; while those of the flatterer, who talks to it of learning without labor, are felt to be false long before they are found to be destructive. School-books, therefore, can hardly be too special, nor school methods too rigorously calculated: all latitude or choice is misplaced here.

By children's books are generally meant books which children voluntarily read, and to those our observations are confined. We perceive with pleasure that a reaction is taking place in favor of the only class of books which we admit to be *necessarily* appropriate to children—we mean fairy tales, or to borrow from the German the more comprehensive word for wonderful stories and legends—*Märchen*. The series of little books included under the title of "The Home Treasury," which appears at the head of this article, is one indication of this change, and provides well and usefully for a demand which is rapidly increasing. The tales that have hitherto appeared are edited with good taste and judgment, and are rendered in every way attractive to the eye; their real charm is however deeper and far more valuable. The announcement of this series will explain its intention; in its general spirit we entirely agree—how far we may differ, with respect to the value of illustrations, will appear from our previous remarks.

"The character of most children's books published during the last quarter of a century is fairly typified in the name of Peter Parley, which the writers of some hundreds of them have assumed. The books themselves have been addressed, after a narrow fashion, almost entirely to the cultivation of the understanding of children. The many tales sung or said from time immemorial, which appealed to the other, and certainly not less important, elements of a little child's mind, its fancy, imagination, sympathies, affections, are almost all gone out of memory, and are scarcely to be obtained. 'Little Red Riding Hood,' and other fairy tales hallowed to children's use, are now turned into ribaldry as satires for men; as for the creation of a new fairy tale or touching ballad, such a thing is unheard of. That the influence of all this is hurtful to children, the conductor of this series firmly believes. He has practical experience of it every day in his own family, and he doubts not that there are many others who entertain the same opinions as himself. He purposes at least to give some evidence of his belief, and to produce a series of works, the character of which may be briefly described as anti-Peter-Parleyism. Some will be new works, some new combinations of old materials, and some reprints, carefully cleared of impurities, without deterioration to the points of the story. All will be illustrated, but not after the usual fashion of children's books, in which it seems to be

assumed that the lowest kind of art is good enough to give first impressions to a child. In the present series, though the statement may perhaps excite a smile, the illustrations will be selected from the works of Raffaele, Titian, Hans, Holbein and other old masters. Some of the best modern artists have kindly promised their aid in creating a taste for beauty in little children."

Let no one imagine we consider it a matter of pride or congratulation, that fairy tales lose their magic power over the mature man. On the contrary, it is because it is the exclusive prerogative, the divine gift of childhood, wholly to enjoy and half to believe these delightful fictions, that we shall ever condemn the presumptuous rebellion against nature which the withholding of them supposes. We look upon children who have been deprived of this poetry of infancy as defrauded not only of an intense pleasure, never to be regained, but of one important part of their internal development, which, if checked in its natural season, is destroyed forever. The idea that children will, in the face of their daily experience, continue to believe in talking birds and flying dragons, in giants that eat little boys, or fairies that change mice into footmen, is too absurd to be answered; there is not the smallest danger of the kind. But there is a danger that children brought up to imagine they know what is true, and nothing but what is true, and to have no sympathy with the invisible, should end by feeling nothing and believing nothing but objects of sense.

We do not find in fairy-tales the smallest danger of injury to the reasoning faculty, the paramount importance of which we fully acknowledge. The inductive faculty, so far from being weak, is peculiarly strong in childhood:—why?—because their learning or experience enables them to judge of the truth or falsehood of the data on which they reason? Not a whit: they *know* nothing of the kind; they may be told this or that, but all the phenomena of nature are new to them, and may, for aught they know, be new to the world—that is, supernatural. The clearness and precision of their inferences arise wholly from other causes. They have no interest and no prejudice—no favor and no false shame; in their natural state they go straight on to a consequence, with a fearless justness which we have often admired—admired with a melancholy feeling that it could not last. It is the world and its vile realities, its interests and its constraints, and not fairy tales, that stunt and distort the noblest of all our faculties. The robbing us of the one next to it in dignity—imagination—will not help us.

We reluctantly notice an objection, which will probably be made, to permitting children to read books written for men; we mean on the score of what is called their impropriety. There is little use in reasoning with persons who believe that virtue is to be secured by enfeebling the mind and character, or whose powers of observation and deduction are so small as to render them inacces-

sible to evidence. Those who have duly reflected on the nature of a child's mind, on the subjects which are fitted to excite its interest, and to which alone it can, by its organization and the range of its experience, be awake, will need no evidence indeed to convince them that these timorous and misplaced precautions are not only useless, but pernicious;—useless, inasmuch as a young child in its natural state is utterly unconscious of, and indifferent to, the class of subjects which are supposed by its elders, (from their own lamentable self-knowledge,) to have such dangerous attraction for it; and pernicious, because the whole force of that attraction, whatever it be, is thus reserved for the moment at which it is really felt, and consequently really dangerous. It will not be pretended that, as far as boys are concerned, it is possible by external precautions to defer free converse with books longer. The period of emancipation from the restraints of childhood must leave a young man to the guidance of his own taste, reason and conscience, in the choice of his reading; and woe to him if he has no better safeguard than the entire novelty of every coarse expression or equivocal allusion!

With regard to the other sex, the same impossibility does not exist. A careful mother may prolong indefinitely the vigilant *surveillance* of her daughter's reading, and we are assured that in France this is actually the case. Up to the time of their marriage, when this and other restrictions drop at once, young ladies not only read no novels, (a privation upon which we sincerely congratulate them,) but no books except those supposed to be expressly fitted for their age and sex. Whether the result is, on a comparison with the greater latitude allowed in this and other respects to English girls, unfavorable to the purity of mind and conduct of the latter, we leave it to our readers to determine. Without pretending to judge a question on which far too many hasty and unfair decisions are pronounced on every side, we shall only venture to express our conviction, that in simplicity and purity of heart and life, and in devotion to domestic duties, the women of England—especially those whose understandings have been early schooled and fortified by intercourse with the great and wise—are at least not inferior to any who have ever entered on the perplexing realities of life, from the walls of a convent, or encountered its temptations with the ignorance and inexperience of a babe.

It would seem superfluous to repeat that we mean, and can mean, no such absurdity as that *all* books are fit for children; but we know the unfairness with which opinions are distorted, and we therefore say again, that we take for granted that the books open to their choice would be only such as have the tendency common to all the highest flights and exercises of human genius and human reason—namely, to make us sensible of our position on earth and our kindred with heaven, and to excite in us the earnest purpose and the humble hope so to think, to feel, and to live, as not to belie our high calling. With such aspirations, religion in its purest and sublimest form—the religion of him whose life was the clear and perfect manifestation of the Godlike—naturally allies itself, and is indeed inseparable from them; for when the soul of man has reached its utmost strength and elevation, it can find employment and rest only in the Divine.

From the British and Foreign Review.

1. *Report of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Frederic Smith and Professor Barlow, to the Right Honorable the Earl of Ripon, President of the Board of Trade, on the Atmospheric Railway.* Presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty. London, 1842.
2. *Rapport, adressé à M. le Ministre des Travaux Publics, sur le nouveau mode de locomotion, dit Système Atmosphérique.* Par. M. EDMOND TEISSERENC. Paris, 1843.
3. *Report on the Railroad constructed from Kingstown to Dalkey, upon the Atmospheric System, and upon the application of this System to Railroads in general.* By M. MALLET. London: John Weale, 1844.
4. *A Treatise on the Adaptation of Atmospheric Pressure to the purposes of Locomotion on Railways.* By J. D' A. SAMUDA. London: John Weale, 1841.
5. *The Atmospheric Railway.* A Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Ripon, President of the Board of Trade, etc. By JAMES PIM, Jun., M.R.I.A. London, 1841.
6. *Observations on the Report of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Frederic Smith, R.E., and Professor Barlow, on the Atmospheric Railway.* By T. F. BERGIN, M.R.I.A. London, 1842.

AMONGST the inventions which within the last twenty years have rapidly followed one another, in the application of steam power to works of public utility, the most important is the railway. Scarcely fifteen years have elapsed, since the practicability of this means of locomotion was untested even by experiment; and the astonishing rapidity with which, as soon as this point was ascertained, the invention was brought into general use, is itself a criterion of its vast importance.\* During the last twelve years, several thousand miles of railway have been laid down in the British empire; and above sixty millions sterling had in 1841 been embarked in railway speculation; independent of this, is the still greater projected extent of its adoption on the Continent. When we consider all the difficulties to be overcome, the immense amount of labor to be encountered, and the enormous capital that has been so easily found and so readily embarked in this gigantic enterprise, we find cause for admiration, not less at the power, skill and industry which have been brought to bear upon this herculean task, than at the apparently limitless resources of our national wealth.

The invention and the successful application of such a power might appear sufficient for one age, were it not that the characteristic of power is to

multiply itself, and that every new discovery proves only the incitement to fresh efforts of inventive genius. We are not content to look back upon what has been achieved, but press continually forward to what we are capable of accomplishing: new means beget fresh wants, and these again are the stimulus to those whose task it is to provide for them.

The history of the discovery which we shall sketch in the present article, presents an interesting chapter in the annals of invention, apart from its vast importance in reference to practical results; and we deem a subject of such universal concernment to be deserving of an historic record. With this view we shall, in the first place, relate briefly the origin and progress of the invention of the Atmospheric Railway, and shall reserve our remarks on its application to the conclusion of this article.

The first idea of employing the power of air in land-carriage\* occurred to a gentleman at Manchester, Mr. Taylor, (the inventor of the first power-loom,) in 1805. In conversation with two friends, Mr. Duckworth and Mr. Clegg, the subject was discussed; and, although these gentlemen were all of opinion that the idea was capable of being realized, the means of accomplishing their object was so surrounded with difficulties, that the subject was ultimately dropped without any steps being taken or experiments made. The plan proposed was in principle the same as that which is now in successful operation in Ireland,—namely the application of atmospheric pressure obtained by the exhausting power of the air-pump. Mr. Taylor's scheme only extended to the conveyance of letters and despatches; he suggested that a tube, large enough to contain a parcel, should be laid down from one town to another: at these places a stationary steam-engine should be erected, which should exhaust the tube. The parcels being placed in the tube at one end, and the latter exhausted by an engine at the other, the pressure of the air would carry the contents of the tube along with immense velocity; at each station or town the letters and parcels intended for that district would be taken out, and the rest forwarded to their destination. This ingenious suggestion was never published; we believe that it has remained to the present time wholly unknown: its interest will be seen as we proceed.

In 1810, Mr. George Medhurst, an engineer in London published a pamphlet, in which he proposed "a new method of conveying goods and letters by air;" and in 1812 he published his calculations and remarks on the practicability of the scheme. "These publications," he says, "met with that indifference and contempt which usually attend all attempts to deviate so widely from established customs." His suggestions led however to no attempt to test their correctness; but in 1827 Mr.

\* The Liverpool and Manchester line was opened to the public September 15, 1825.

\* Mr. Papin originally suggested employing atmospheric pressure against a vacuum, but not for these purposes.

Medhurst printed another pamphlet,\* in which the author suggests four applications of the principle of atmospheric pressure to purposes of travelling, which we will describe in his own words. The passages we select contain the whole account of what he purposed to accomplish, the rest of the pamphlet being filled with calculations and details of management, which it is unnecessary to quote.

"In order to apply this principle to the purpose of conveying goods and passengers from place to place, a hollow tube or archway must be constructed the whole distance, of iron, brick, timber, or any material that will confine the air, and of such dimensions as to admit a four-wheeled carriage to run through it, capable of carrying passengers, and of strength and capacity for large and heavy goods. The tube or aerial canal must be made air-tight, and of the same form and dimensions throughout, having a pair of cast-iron or stone wheel tracks securely laid all along the bottom, for the wheels of the carriage to run upon; and the carriage must be nearly of the size and form of the canal, so as to prevent any considerable quantity of air from passing by it. If the air is forced into the mouth of the canal, behind the carriage, by an engine of sufficient power, it will be driven forward by the pressure of the air against it; and if the air is continually driven in, the pressure against the carriage, and consequently its motion, will be continually maintained."—p. 3.

"When the carriage is to go through the canal, from the engine, the air must be forced into the canal behind it; but when it is to go the contrary way, the same engine is to draw the air out of the canal, and rarefy the air before the carriage, that the atmospheric air may press into the canal behind the carriage, and drive it the contrary way."—p. 15.

The next suggestion of Mr. Medhurst was as follows:—

"It is practicable, upon the same principle, to form a tube so as to leave a continual communication between the inside and the outside of it, without suffering any part of the impelling air to escape; and by this means to impel a carriage along upon an iron road, in the open air, with equal velocity, and in a great degree possessing the same advantages as in passing within side of the tube, with the additional satisfaction to passengers of being unconfined, and in view of the country. If a round iron tube, 24 inches in diameter, be made, with an opening of 2 inches wide in the circumference, and a flanch 6 or 8 inches deep on each side of the opening, it will leave a channel between the flanches, and an opening into the tube. If such a tube is laid all along upon the ground, with the iron channel immersed in a channel of water, and a piston or box made to fit it loosely, and pass through it upon wheels or rollers, this box, driven through the tube by the air forced into it, may give motion to a carriage without, by a communication through the channel and the water. No air can pass out of the tube while the channel is immersed in water, unless the air is of such density as to force the water out of the channel, and then the air will follow it and escape; but there is an

opening made for a bar of iron to pass from the running box, in the interior of the tube—to which a rod or crank may be brought from the carriage in the open air, and from that receive its motion."

A third plan was the following:—

"A plan to combine the two modes together, that the goods may be conveyed within the canal, and a communication made from the inside to the outside of it, so that a carriage may be impelled in the open air, to carry passengers, would be an improvement desirable and practicable. It must be effected without the aid of water, that it may rise and fall as the land lies; and it must give a continual impulse to the outside carriage, without suffering the impelling air to escape. For this purpose there must be some machinery which will diminish the simplicity, make it more expensive, and more liable to be disordered, unless executed in the most substantial and perfect manner; but by skill, by experience, and sound workmanship, it may be accomplished in various ways."

Mr. Medhurst suggested a fourth idea:—

"The same principle and the same form, may be advantageously applied to convey goods and passengers in the open air, upon a common road, at the same rate of a mile in a minute, or sixty miles per hour; and without any obstruction, except, at times, contrary winds, which may retard its progress, and heavy snow, which may obstruct it. If a square iron tube be formed, two feet on each side, four feet in area, with three sides, and one half of the top of cast iron, the other half of the top made of plate iron or copper, to lift up and shut down in a groove in the cast-iron semi-top plate, as before described; and if a strong and light box or frame be made to run upon wheels, within the tube, and an iron arm made to pass out, through the opening made by lifting up the plate, as before described, this arm may give motion to a carriage in the open air, and upon the common road, without any railway, if the pressure within the tube is made strong enough for the purpose."

This pamphlet is now simply an interesting historical document: the suggestions of its author led at the time to no practical result, because, although he understood the principle, the point upon which its applicability entirely depended was unattained: the difficulty was, to find the means of rendering a tube sufficiently air-tight, and at the same time of allowing a piston, which should connect the motive power *within* the tube with the bodies to be propelled on its outside, to pass freely along an opening in this tube.

Previously however to the appearance of Mr. Medhurst's second tract, a patent was taken out by Mr. Vallance in 1824 for a plan of locomotion by atmospheric pressure. This was merely a modification of Mr. Medhurst's first scheme of exhausting a tunnel large enough to contain a train of carriages: a stationary engine was to be erected at one end of this tunnel, which, it was supposed, would create a sufficient vacuum for the pressure of the air acting on a piston, attached to the first carriage to impel the whole train forward. It is astonishing that a plan, for many reasons so palpably impracticable, engaged the attention of any man of sense, or was made

\* It was entitled "A new system of inland conveyance for goods and passengers, capable of being applied and extended throughout the country, and of conveying all kinds of goods, cattle and passengers, etc."



the subject for a patent. A model of this railway was exhibited at Brighton, but this was the extent of its application.

We shall briefly notice a claim put forward by Mr. Pinkus to be the inventor of a pneumatic railway. He obtained a patent, March 1st, 1834, for a contrivance precisely similar to that which Medhurst had published seven years before, excepting that he proposed to use a rope for the continuous valve, and substituted a cylinder for a square tube, which he describes as follows:—

“A flexible cord lies in the groove at the top of the cylinder, for the purpose of closing the longitudinal aperture; this cord is to be of the same length as the pneumatic railway, and to fit tightly into the groove or channel.”

The failure of this scheme was shown by the fact, that Mr. Pinkus took out a new patent in 1836, in which he says,—

“The method of carrying it into practice consists in a method or in methods of constructing the pneumatic valve and the valvular cord, and in the manner of using the same, one of which methods hereinafter described, I design to substitute for and in lieu of the valve and cord described in the specification of my said former patent.”

It is unnecessary to describe the specification of this contrivance, which proved a second failure; but we must note that it in no way anticipated or resembled the subsequent invention of Mr. Clegg. The difficulty had still to be conquered, and no approach to this had been made, since Mr. Medhurst first suggested the idea of making a continuous communication between the inside of the tube and the carriage without, sufficiently air-tight for the object required. On the 3d of January, 1839, Mr. Clegg took out his patent, which we shall presently describe, and on the 3d of August following Mr. Pinkus took out a third patent, in which he introduces a valve in every respect similar to that of Mr. Clegg, and further proposes to seal it with a composition to be alternately fluid and solid, as described in Mr. Clegg's patent, with the only difference that the composition was to be melted by a galvanic wire instead of a heater. This patent was enrolled eight months after the publication of Mr. Clegg's specification.

All the attempts hitherto made to overcome the difficulty we have mentioned had failed, until the invention of Mr. Clegg effected this, in a manner which, from subsequent experiments, removes any doubt as to the practicability of the atmospheric railway, and opens a new prospect of advantages, the extent of which cannot at present be calculated. The principal feature of this invention consists in “a method of constructing and working valves in combination with machinery,” to be applied to “railways or other purposes, by a line of partially exhausted pipes for the purposes of obtaining a direct tractive force to move weights, either on the railway or otherwise.” The following extract from Mr. Clegg's specification explains this:—

“My improvements consist in a method of con-

structing and working valves in combination with machinery. These valves work on a hinge of leather, or other flexible material, which is practically air-tight, (similar to the valves commonly used in air-pumps,) the extremity or edge of these valves is caused to fall into a trough containing a composition of bees' wax and tallow, or bees' wax and oil, or any substance or composition of substances which is solid at the temperature of the atmosphere, and becomes fluid when heated a few degrees above it. After the valve is closed, and its extremity is laying in the trough, the tallow is heated sufficiently to seal up or cement together the fracture round the edge or edges of the valve, which the previous opening of the valve had caused; and then the heat being removed, the tallow again becomes hard, and forms an air-tight joint or cement between the extremity of the valve and the trough. When it is requisite to open the valve, it is done by lifting it out of the tallow, with or without the application of heat, and the before-named process of sealing it, or rendering it air-tight, is repeated every time it is closed. This combination of valves with machinery, is made in the application of these valves to railways, or other purposes, by a line of partially exhausted pipes for the purposes of obtaining a direct tractive force to move weights, either on the railway or otherwise.”

In a pamphlet printed in 1841, Mr. Pim, the treasurer of the Dublin Railway Company, addressed a letter to the Earl of Ripon, then President of the Board of Trade, on the subject of the atmospheric railway. From this work we shall extract a simple description of the invention.

“On this system of working railways, the moving power is communicated to the trains by means of a continuous pipe or main, of suitable diameter, laid in the middle of the track, and supported by the same cross-sleepers to which the chairs and rails are attached. The internal surface of the pipe being properly prepared by a coating of tallow, a travelling piston made air-tight by leather-packing, is introduced therein, and is connected to the leading carriage of each train by an iron plate or couler. In this position, if part of the air be withdrawn from that length of pipe in front of the piston by an air-pump, worked from a stationary engine or by other mechanical means, placed at a suitable distance, a certain amount of pressure on the back of the piston (being the locomotive force) will take place, proportioned to the power employed. In practice, and to work economically, it will be sufficient to produce an exhaustion of air in the pipe, equal to causing a pressure from the atmosphere, upon or behind the travelling piston, of 8 lbs. per square inch, which is only about one-half the pressure due to a vacuum. Supposing the main pipe to be of 18 inches diameter, it will receive a piston of 254 superficial inches area, on which, with the above pressure, a tractive force of 2,032 lbs. is consequently obtained; and this is capable of propelling a train weighing 45 tons (or eight to nine loaded carriages,) at the rate of 30 miles an hour, up an acclivity of 1 in 100, or 53 feet per mile. The iron couler being fixed to the travelling piston within the pipe, and also to the leading carriage of the train, connects them together, moving through an aperture formed in the top, and along the whole length of the pipe; while one set of vertical rollers attached to the piston-rod, at some little distance behind the piston, progressively lift up for the space of a few feet, and

another set of rollers attached to the carriage close down again, a portion of a continuous flexible valve or flap, of peculiar construction, covering the aperture; and it is the very simple, ingenious, and efficient mode of successively opening, and closing down and hermetically sealing this valve, as each train advances and moves on, that constitutes the merit of the invention, and the foundation of the patent; the operation consisting first, in opening the valve to admit the free admission of the external air, to press on the back of the piston, and produce motion; and then in effectually closing down and sealing the valve again, so as to leave the pipe in a fit state to receive the travelling piston of the next train, and ready to be again exhausted of its air. Stationary engines of sufficient power, proportioned to the amount of traffic and speed required, would, in practice, be placed at intervals of about three miles apart, and be arranged to work the railway to that length, alternately on either side of their position, as might be required." —pp. 6-8.

The means of stopping a train and passing from one section of pipe to another, are as follows:—

"When it becomes necessary to stop or retard the carriages, in addition to the use of a common break, a valve in the travelling piston may be opened by the guard or conductor of the train, whereby, the external air being admitted in advance of the piston into the exhausted portion of the pipe, the propelling power is at once destroyed. The separating valves, in the main or pipe between each section or division of the line, being made self-acting, there will be no occasion for stopping, or even for retarding the movement of the train, in passing from one division of the pipe to another, as the air is successively exhausted by the stationary power placed at the proper intervals. The carriages may, therefore, pass continuously, at any required velocity, as if drawn by a locomotive engine; and it is necessary to keep this circumstance in mind, as by any other system of traction by stationary engines than the atmospheric, a stoppage and a change at each engine is unavoidable."—pp. 9, 10.

It is difficult to appreciate fully the simplicity and beauty of this invention, and the facility and regularity with which the tube and valves act, without examining the apparatus or plans of its construction. The exhaustion of the main tube, and the propulsion of the piston and carriages attached, are easily comprehended; but the mode of passing from one section of the pipe to another, above alluded to, requires more attention: this is explained in the description given by M. Teisserenc in his report to the French government, to which we shall presently allude:—

"Quand on sort de la sphère d'action d'une machine pneumatique, pour entrer dans la sphère d'action de l'appareil pneumatique suivant, il est donc convenable que l'air du tube dans lequel on entre soit déjà raréfié; mais alors le tube est fermé à ses deux extrémités. Nouvelle difficulté pour éviter le choc du piston arrivant avec toute sa vitesse acquise contre la soupape de clôture, pour ouvrir cette soupape avec un petit effort, de manière à donner passage au piston, sans donner passage à l'air extérieur, sans arrêter, sans ralentir seulement le convoi. Ici il a fallu encore recourir

à une disposition fort ingénieuse. La soupape de MM. Clegg et Samuda s'ouvre au moment où le piston ferme déjà le tube, et par l'action même du piston; l'effort est presque nul, la rentrée de l'air n'en est pas augmentée. Quant à la sortie du piston d'un tube, elle ne donne lieu non plus, à aucun choc, bien qu'une soupape de clôture se trouve aussi à l'extrémité du tuyau, et voici comment: l'appareil pneumatique placé sur le côté du chemin communique avec le tube de propulsion par un tube aspirateur. Il a suffi de placer ce tuyau aspirateur à quelques mètres en deçà de l'extrémité fermée par la soupape de sortie pour rendre toute rencontre entre le piston et cette soupape impossible. Dès que le piston a dépassé le tube aspirateur, l'air n'étant plus enlevé devant lui se comprime de plus en plus, augmente progressivement de densité jusqu'au moment où la pression intérieure étant supérieure à la pression atmosphérique, la soupape s'ouvre d'elle-même."—*M. Teisserenc's Report*, p. 112.

[On leaving the sphere of action of one pneumatic engine, to enter into the sphere of action of the next pneumatic machinery, it is necessary that the air of the tube into which you enter should be already rarefied: of course the tube is closed at both its extremities. And here is a new difficulty, to avoid the shock of the piston, coming with full momentum against the valve which shuts it up, and to open that valve easily, so as to give a passage to the piston and not to the outer air, and without stopping, or even retarding the train. This required a very ingenious device. The valve of Messrs. Clegg & Samuda opens at the moment that the piston enters the tube, and by the action of the piston itself. The force used is very small, and very little air gets in. When the piston goes out of one of the tubes, there is no more shock, although a valve is at the end of the pipe. It is in this manner. The pneumatic machine placed at the road side, communicates with the propelling tube, by an air tube. And by placing the air tube a short distance before the end of the tube closed by the valve, it is made impossible for the piston to strike against the valve. When the piston has passed the air tube—the air being no longer driven away, is more and more compressed, increasing in density until the pressure from without the valve, being greater than the atmospheric pressure, the valve opens of itself.]

Soon after Mr. Clegg had taken out his patent, he exhibited a model thirty feet long at Paris; and a second model, one hundred and twenty feet long, was erected in 1840, by Messrs. Samuda at their manufactory in Southwark, which excited much attention. In the autumn of the same year a space of ground at Wormholt Scrubs, half a mile long, was placed by the directors of the Thames Junction Railway Company at the disposal of Messrs. Clegg and Samuda, (who coöperated in carrying out the invention,) for the purpose of laying down a line of railway on the atmospheric principle; and in May, 1840, this experimental line was opened. An event so interesting attracted a large concourse of persons to the spot; and by the

issue of the experiment then to be tried, would probably be shown the practicability or failure of the invention: several members of the Cabinet, and a large number of persons of rank and eminent engineers were present. The success which from the first attended these experiments realized the expectations of Messrs. Clegg and Samuda; they were repeated several times each week during a twelvemonth, and continued less frequently a second year. Engineers and persons connected with railway companies came from Paris, Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin and other parts of the continent, as well as from every part of the British dominions, to examine the apparatus and witness its operation. The results of these experiments appeared in a pamphlet in 1840, which was reprinted in an extended form in 1841. We shall refer to the points of chief interest.

The inclination of the line was 1 in 120; the vacuum-pipe half a mile long and 9 inches internal diameter; the exhausting-pump was 37½ inches diameter and 22½ inches stroke, worked by a steam-engine of 16 horse power.

"For the purpose of experiment, a series of posts were fixed along the half mile every two chains, and a barometric gauge was attached at each end of the pipe, for the purpose of ascertaining the degree to which the pipe was exhausted. A vacuum equal to a column of mercury eighteen inches high was obtained in about one minute, and both gauges indicated the same extent of vacuum at the same instant."

Following out the registered results obtained during six months, it was found that a main pipe of 18 inches diameter would be sufficiently large for a traffic of 5000 tons a day, viz., 2500 each way, supposing the inclination of the line to average 1 in 100.\* But among the most important of the

\* The patentees give the following details:—"A main pipe, 18 inches diameter, will contain a piston of 254 inches area: the usual pressure on this piston, produced by exhausting the pipe, should be 8 lbs. per square inch (as this is the most economical degree of vacuum to work at, and a large margin is left for obtaining higher vacuums to draw trains heavier than usual on emergencies)—a tractive force of 2032 pounds is thus obtained, which will draw a train weighing 45 tons, at 30 miles per hour, up an incline rising 1 in 100. Two and a half miles of this pipe will contain 23,324 cubic feet of air, ⅓ of which, or 12,439 cubic feet, must be pumped out to effect a vacuum equal to 8 lbs. per square inch; the air-pump for this purpose should be 6 feet 7 inches diameter, or 24.7 feet area, and its piston should move through 220 feet per minute, thus discharging at the rate of  $24.7 \times 220 = 5434$  cubic feet per minute at first, and at the rate of 2536 cubic feet per minute when the vacuum has advanced to 16 inches mercury, or 8 lbs. per square inch, the mean quantity discharged being thus 3985 feet per minute: therefore  $\frac{12439}{3985} = 3.1$  minutes, the time required to exhaust the pipe; and as the area of the pump piston is 14 times as great as that in the pipe, so the velocity of the latter will be 14 times as great as that of the former, or 220 feet per minute  $\times 14 = 3080$  feet per minute, or 35 miles per hour. But in consequence of the imperfect action of an air-pump, slight leakages, etc., this velocity will be reduced to 30 miles per hour, and the time requisite to make the vacuum increased to 4 minutes: the train will thus move over the 2½ miles section in 5 minutes, and it can be prepared for the next train in 4 minutes more,—together 9 minutes; 15 minutes is there-

facts deduced from these experiments are the following, which refer to the effects of wear and tear on the apparatus:—

• • • "The workings of the system are equally perfect during all seasons,—through the height of summer and in the severest winter that we have known for many years: in no single instance during the whole time has any derangement of the machinery taken place, to prevent, or even to delay for one minute, the starting of the trains. The main pipe and valve have considerably improved by working; the composition for sealing the valve has become so much more firmly bedded in its place, that while in June last we were only able to obtain a vacuum equal to a column of mercury 19 to 20 inches high, we now obtain from 22 to 24 inches, and occasionally 25. The speed, originally from 20 to 30 miles per hour, now ranges from 30 to 45. The whole attendance the valve and main received during this period was that of a single laborer for about one hour every week: the composition now in the valve-groove has never been changed; and 56 lbs. weight only has been added to supply the waste; the cost of this composition, which consists of wax and tallow, is 1s. per lb."—p. 11.

The success of these experiments, and the general attention which was drawn to the subject, forced it upon the notice of the government. Mr. Pim, who took a warm interest in the promotion of so important an enterprise, printed a detailed description of the atmospheric railway, the great public advantages which its adoption held out, and urged the subject strongly on the attention of the Board of Trade. In consequence of this appeal, Sir Frederick Smith and Professor Barlow were appointed to examine the experimental works at Wormholt Scrubs, and to furnish a report upon the applicability of the system. This document, addressed to the Earl of Ripon, was presented to Parliament, and is dated February 15, 1842. Its contents consist chiefly of calculations on the details of working, too purely scientific for our examination here. We cannot, however, but notice the partiality of the general remarks, the evident desire to suggest every doubt and to minimize every advantage of the atmospheric system. Notwithstanding this bias, however, the admissions forced upon its authors are decisive. The chief points on which questions naturally present themselves, and to which we shall first confine our attention, are the following: we quote them from the Parliamentary Report:—

"It is no longer a question whether trains of carriages may be worked by means of atmospheric pressure; the points now to be decided are:—

"1. Whether this principle admit of its being advantageously applied to greater distances than half a mile, which is the length of the present experimental line" [at Wormholt Scrubs.]

fore ample time to allow between each train, and supposing the working day to consist of 14 hours, 56 trains can be started in each direction, or 2520 tons, making a total of 5000 tons per day. The fixed engine to perform this duty will be 110 horses' power, equivalent to 22 horses' power per mile in each direction."

"2. The probable expense of constructing a railway on this principle, and of supplying the locomotive power.

"3. The relative economy in working such a line, as compared with a railway worked by locomotive engines.

"4. The degree of safety which the atmospheric system affords, as compared with other locomotive means."

The first of these points appears to be decided, by the successful results obtained on the railway from Kingstown to Dalkey, extending nearly two miles, which has been recently completed: these are still more satisfactory than the former experiments on a line of half a mile: but we shall have occasion to refer to them hereafter. We shall here quote the observations of Mr. Samuda on this point:—

"In answer to the first objection we would say, in every case where a train has been started, the pipe has first been exhausted to eighteen inches of mercury or upwards. . . . From the barometric gauges fixed at both ends of the pipe, the vacuum is ascertained to be formed to an equal extent throughout the whole length without any appreciable difference of time. The pipe laid down is nine inches diameter and half a mile long, and a pressure equal to a column of mercury eighteen inches high is obtained in one minute by an air-pump thirty-seven and a half inches diameter, moving through one hundred and sixty-five feet per minute. Now it is obvious that, if the transverse section of the pipe be increased to any extent, and the area of the air-pump *proportionately* increased, the result will remain unaltered,—i. e., half a mile of pipe will be exhausted in one minute; and supposing the air-pump has to exhaust three miles, it will perform the operation in six minutes: it is also obvious that if the area of the air-pump be increased in a greater proportion than that of the pipe, the exhaustion will be performed more rapidly, or *vice versa*. These results are matters of absolute certainty, as convincingly clear as that the power of a steam-engine must be regulated by the area of the piston on which the steam acts. No person of scientific attainments will for one moment doubt that, if a steam-engine were made with a cylinder twice the area of the largest cylinder ever set to work, the power obtained would be in proportion to the increased area. And so with the air-pumps before alluded to; the excess of work is immediately arrived at, that an air-pump six feet three inches diameter will perform over another of three feet one and a half inch diameter, the speed of the pistons being the same in both instances. So plain and self-evident is this result, that we believe the most skeptical will admit it to be correct; and this being granted, the applicability of the system to a line of any length must follow; for whatever the length of railroad be,—whether three, or thirty, or three hundred miles,—no different effects have to be produced. The working a road thirty miles long would be the same thing as working ten roads each three miles long. Every three miles an engine and air-pump is fixed, which exhausts its own portion of pipe before the train arrives; thus, as the train advances, it receives power from each succeeding engine in turn (and without any stop-

page, unless required, until it arrives at its final destination,) and the air-pumps continuing to work, after the train has passed, on the section they act upon, re-exhaust it in readiness for the next.

2. With respect to the cost of construction, we now possess satisfactory data upon which to form a calculation. In the first place, on the atmospheric system one line of rails is proved to be sufficient, and half the expense of rails is thus at once saved. But in addition to this, the weight of the rail may be reduced very considerably, in consequence of the weight of the locomotive engine (from fifteen to twenty tons) being got rid of.

M. Mallet, in his recent Report to the French Government, (to which we shall refer hereafter,) makes another valuable suggestion, which will probably lead to a further saving:—"Could we not besides (as is done on the road from Kingstown to Dalkey, where the trains run more than five hundred metres by momentum, the piston out of the pipe) have long interruptions of the main pipes, at the ends of which the trains arriving at new mains should regain their lost speed. Great economy would follow such an arrangement. Of the different combinations which might thus be formed, much yet remains to be said."—p. 44.

Another considerable saving is effected in the expense of forming the road. Those who have studied the cost of constructing railways, know well how large an item this forms. A slight inclination in the course renders a succession of embankments, cuttings, viaducts, &c., necessary, which have not only to be made in the first instance, but to be maintained and repaired. The cost of this is too obvious, to any one who has travelled on our present lines of railway, to need indication.

M. Mallet, in speaking of the width of way required on the present system, says:—

"This width, more than quadruple that of the road, is rendered necessary by—First, the foundation of the slopes required by the cuttings and embankments. Secondly, the spoil banks. Thirdly, the side roads. Fourthly, the drains or ditches; and fifthly and lastly, the sidings for stations on the line. Of these five causes the principal is the foundations for the slopes, which are often very considerable. The necessity of great radii of curvature, and especially that of small inclinations, leads inevitably to this. With the atmospheric system, the earthworks, and consequently the extent of the slopes, will be much less considerable. To estimate the cost of compensation on this system at five ninths of that on the ordinary railroads would be to overrate this part of the expense."—p. 40.

And again:—

"Passing now to works of art, I shall remark that a great number among them, as bridges, under which the railroad passes, will be considerably reduced in their dimensions. Instead of a height of 5<sup>m</sup> 50 under the crown, these bridges will need to have no more than 3<sup>m</sup> 50 at most,

since it will not be necessary to leave passage for the chimneys of the locomotives. The quantity of embankment at the approaches to these bridges will be proportionally less."—p. 41.

The fact has never been questioned, that the atmospheric railway admits of much steeper gradients; and, without entering on the wide field of calculations of economy and public advantage which this simple fact opens, we shall limit our remarks to one point of view, and leave our readers to follow out the deducible reasonings. A locomotive engine weighing seventeen tons will only draw a load of about thirty tons up an inclined plane of one in one hundred at the rate of twenty miles an hour. If required to draw any additional weight, at this small speed, another engine must be attached,—that is, the cost of working must be *doubled*. This is alluded to by M. Teisserenc :—

"Ne pouvant diviser les trains, ni créer à volonté des trains supplémentaires, aussitôt qu'un convoi est trop chargé, il faut atteler deux locomotives, c'est-à-dire doubler les frais de transport. Les accidents sur les trains menés à très-grande vitesse ont d'autant plus de gravité que le nombre des voitures attelées est plus considérable. Non seulement ils frappent un plus grand nombre de personnes, mais la masse en mouvement étant plus grande, les chocs, en cas d'arrêt brusque, sont plus difficiles à amortir, plus désastreux dans leurs conséquences."—p. 107.

[There being no way of dividing the trains, nor of bringing forward supplementary trains at pleasure, as soon as a train is found to be too heavy, it becomes necessary to attach a second locomotive, which doubles the expense of transportation. When an accident happens to a train going very fast, the mischief is increased in proportion to the number of carriages in it. Not only by the increased number of passengers, but the mass in motion being larger, it is more difficult to deaden the shock, in case of a sudden stoppage, and the consequences are the more disastrous.]

We now turn to the atmospheric principle. The stationary engine of one hundred horsepower, now at work on the Dalkey railway, draws seventy-two tons at twenty miles an hour, along a line of one and three quarter miles upon a gradient of one in one hundred. The parliamentary reporters admit that, whilst "a great part of the power of the heavy locomotive engine is expended in overcoming its own gravity and resistance, it is equally true that, on the atmospheric principle, the whole additional force is exerted on the load itself." This advantage of the atmospheric principle consequently admits the power of working lines economically on a large range of gradients from which locomotive power is necessarily excluded; the question of limit is, in fact, one not of power but of economical calculation. "The atmospheric system," says M. Mallet, "is, so to speak, master of the acclivities, and affords opportunities of making calculations which the present system, with its stringent conditions, does not admit of." To overcome the resistance of a load up a steep hill, the power of the engine must be

increased; and it is only a question, in each particular instance, whether this will be more expensive than tunnelling or embanking. The parliamentary reporters remark, that "to work steep inclines by means of larger tubes would involve the necessity of stopping the train at the foot of such planes, and of again overcoming the inertia of the load; in both instances causing a loss of time." This objection is answered by Mr. Bergin as follows :—

"Assume for a moment, which however I altogether deny, that it was necessary to vary the size of the main on every ascent, and to stop the train at the foot thereof, for the purpose of changing the piston, I should say the cases are very few indeed in which the engineer, when laying out a line of railway, could not so arrange his plans that these stopping places should be the most desirable for stations, and thus render the accommodation afforded to the public perfectly compatible with the efficient and economical working of the line. But I do not agree in supposing it necessary to change the dimensions of the main on every steep incline; \* \* \* the less the exhaustion in the main, the greater the quantity of air extracted at each stroke of the pump in proportion to the power expended; or, in other words, the less the exhaustion (within proper limits) the diameter of the main being proportionately increased, the greater the economy of the system; and in this assertion I am fully borne out by the reporters' investigation. Further, this reduction of vacuum does not materially affect the velocity of travelling, which is essentially dependent on the *discharging power* of the air-pump. Such being the fact, an engineer, when looking out a line of railway, and starting with the knowledge that he is not restricted to levels or even to moderate gradients, would find few districts in which he would not be able to form the railway almost on the very surface of the country; for he would be at liberty to avail himself of almost any ascent; the only consequence of his doing so being an increased expenditure of power, precisely in the ratio of the increased resistance."

There are many other incidental advantages, of an importance scarcely yet appreciable, which are obtained by the simple command of steeper gradients. It will be seen that this opens at once a much wider and more free choice to the engineer in the course of his line, and the expenses of compensation for the value of property may frequently be affected and considerably reduced or avoided.

Independent, however, of mere economical considerations, we remark the incalculable advantage of effecting the *possibility of railroads* in countries where locomotive power must ever remain inapplicable. Mountains may be bored, valleys may be bridged with viaducts, or filled up with embankments, but the power to effect this does not depend merely upon skill and the command of capital; it is restricted within the limits of prudential economy, of that foresight in man which regulates expenditure by anticipated profit—which plants the grain, that it may increase and multiply. These gigantic works will only be undertaken

where the existing or anticipated traffic justifies the speculation; and we may hence estimate, in some degree, the value of an invention which offers so wide an extension of these advantages of communication, whilst it holds out increased inducements of profit to enterprising capitalists to promote the public benefit.

3. We now proceed to the relative expenses of working, on which point the parliamentary reporters make the following remarks:—

“This is a question to which no general answer can be given, because it depends entirely on the daily amount of traffic. We have no doubt that a stationary engine properly proportioned, according to the rules we have indicated for a pipe three miles long, would be able to work trains on a line every quarter of an hour, or every half hour, each way, during the day, (say of twelve hours,) amounting to one hundred and forty-four miles. Now to work this distance by a locomotive engine, at the moderate estimate of 1*s.* 4*d.* per mile, would amount to 9*l.* 18*s.*, say 10*l.* per day; whereas the stationary engine power would not cost one half that sum, and consequently a saving in working expenses would arise of 1800*l.* or 2000*l.* per annum. But if only half this duty were required, the expenses of the two ways of working would be much nearer equal; and again, if only half the latter duty were to be performed, that is of trains starting only every two hours each way, the advantages would be on the side of the locomotive engine. The fact is, that in one case the expenses per diem will be nearly the same, whether working at intervals of an hour or at every quarter hour; whereas in the other the charge is nearly proportional to the work actually performed.”—*Report*, p. 5.

This we assume to be correct; at the same time it will be borne in mind that, by ascertained facts, the atmospheric railway is now shown to work as easily at the rate of fifty to sixty miles an hour, upon an ordinary line, as at twenty miles,—with the remarkable advantage, that increase of speed does not increase the cost. In some respects, the tendency of increase of speed is even to lessen cost; for instance, it has been shown that the leakage is diminished in proportion to speed, and a saving is thus effected. Assuming therefore, on the other hand, that the traffic on a line renders it desirable to start trains every quarter instead of every half hour, it is easily accomplished. The statement of the parliamentary reporters shows how the economy on the atmospheric system would increase in such cases. And here we must remark a singular advantage of employing stationary engines, alluded to by M. Teisserenc.\* The cost of a locomotive engine, in action, is nearly the same whatever load it draws; and the cost of repairs is proportionably smaller upon an engine of large size and power; such a motive power can therefore be only profitably worked with large trains, and this very fact tends to limit considerably the number of daily trains, and consequently the ad-

vantages of railway travelling.\* A necessary regard to public security leads to the same conclusion. The rapid succession of trains upon a line is a constant source of danger, and delays are therefore unavoidable. Upon an atmospheric railway, on the contrary, the greater the number of trains started in a day, (without reference to their load,) the more economical is the system of working. By the registered experiments on the Dalkey railway, a train with a load of seventy-two tons, takes five minutes and thirty-three seconds to perform the journey of a mile and three quarters. Now, as upon this system no two trains can possibly move at once on the same section of pipe, no delay is required in starting the trains, to avoid danger from their overtaking one another. As soon therefore as one train has passed off a section, the tube is ready to be exhausted again (which is effected in about three to five minutes,) and to receive the next train immediately. Upon these facts it is easy to form any calculations; motives of economy would lead to the starting of as many, instead of as few trains as possible; and whilst no accident could by any chance occur from a rapid succession of trains, it is needless to remark that the public would be incalculably benefited.

An important point will be here observed,—that a considerable saving in the cost of working is effected by the very means which the public advantage requires—namely, by despatching trains as speedily as possible. Their weight is consequently diminished, and the piston, having less to draw, may be proportionably smaller in diameter. This reduces the cost of the pipe (which is the chief item in the first outlay of construction) in nearly the same proportion as the speed is increased, and as the rapid succession of trains is effected. In short, the economy of working and the advantage to the public are here identical.

Upon this subject we will only observe, that a consideration next in importance to that of security, is that of *velocity*—the power obtained by so much greater speed in carriage—and the manifold results which are connected, directly and indirectly, with this advantage. To these results we can only draw the reader's attention in a general way; the value to the government of a double rate of speed (independently of a reduced rate of carriage) is incalculable, for the transmission of despatches, troops, etc., but above all for the service of the Post-Office. We may imagine, but cannot estimate, the vast effect on the revenue and business of the Post-Office, which must accrue from the following advantages:—as quick a succession of trains as might be desired,—a speed of transmission more than double the present,—a large reduction of the expenses of carriage,—besides opening the possibility of employing railways in lines where they are now wholly impracticable. Without considering the really most important

\* See his Report to the French Government, p. 107.

gain to the nation—of the new facilities of correspondence—we limit our remark to the effects on the Post-Office revenue.

Another source of economy in working on the atmospheric system is, that the power expended may be exactly regulated according to the power required. M. Mallet remarks on this point:—

“Whatever be the load of the trains, the Rouen Railway Company pay 1*l.* 10 per kilomètre for locomotive power; whilst on the atmospheric system the action of the engines might be diminished, and the power proportioned to the resistance by making no more rarefaction than necessary. It would be possible, for instance, to use on ordinary occasions an exhaustion of twelve or thirteen inches;—this could easily be obtained in two minutes. Thus, at each trip, three minutes' work of the engines would be saved.”—p. 52.

The Parliamentary Report states, that “in the cost of the maintenance of way, there would be a difference in favor of the atmospheric principle.”

An objection has been raised to the atmospheric system, on the ground of the expense of the stationary steam-engines and establishments, and the liability to accident. This is replied to by Mr. Samuda as follows:—

“The objection as to the complexity and outlay attendant on a number of fixed engines, may perhaps be better answered by taking a review of the number and expense of these engines and the duty they are required to perform. On a line 30 miles long, supposing the average distance between the engines to be 3 miles, there would be 10 engines and air-pumps with their engine-houses; and if the railroad were appointed for transporting 5000 tons per day over the whole distance, (considerably more than double the amount carried daily on any railroad in England,) the expense of one of these stationary engine establishments would cost complete £4200, which, multiplied by 10, will give £42,000—total cost on the whole line. But it is a fact which probably must have escaped the notice of those urging this expense as a drawback to the atmospheric system, if they were ever acquainted with it, that to perform a traffic of only 1700 tons per day, upwards of one locomotive engine per mile is necessary; and as each locomotive costs £1500, the total capital required for locomotive power on a railroad 30 miles in length would be £45,000; in first cost, therefore, there would be a saving of £3000 in favor of the stationary power; but this is far from being the most important saving. Every mill-owner in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and any person connected with mining operations, will readily admit that this outlay being once incurred for a steam-engine to drive his machinery or drain his mine, and his engine being once fixed on *terra firma*, its deterioration, uncertainty of action, or annual expense of maintenance, is not a source of annoyance or anxiety to him. Five per cent. per annum on the cost will more than cover all repairs necessary to be performed to it, and all oil, hemp, and tallow used in working it. It is the exception, and not the rule, if a stationary engine once fixed, meet with a derangement to render a stoppage necessary.

The annual expenses will be for repairs  
at 5 per cent. on £42,000,

£2100

For coal for these engines, (when transporting 2000 tons per day,) 6420 tons  
per year, at 20*s.* per ton,  
Wages to engine-men and stokers,

6420  
1500

£10,320

“The Liverpool and Manchester Railway is 30 miles long, and is the only railway that transports as much as 1700 tons per day over its whole distance; and the annual expense of its locomotive department, including coke, is about £50,000 a year. Need we make any further comment, when the annual expense of power for the atmospheric system is £10,320, and for performing the same traffic on the locomotive system upwards of £50,000 is found necessary? Great as the pecuniary advantages have been shown to be, we must not forget to correct the third objection; viz., the erroneous opinion that the system is faulty because an accident occurring at one of these stations would interrupt the traffic on the whole line. *Primâ facie*, this argument is correct, but we have already shown how small the chance of accident is to a stationary steam-engine . . . To make assurance doubly sure, a pair of engines and a pair of air-pumps, each of half the requisite power, may be fixed at each station: should anything cause one engine and pump to stop, the traffic would not be interrupted; the only delay would be the retardation of the train while passing over that section of pipe where only half the power was in action; and, until the cause of the stoppage were removed, the trains would be some five or six minutes more than usual performing the journey.—p. 17.

We must notice one more objection of a serious nature, connected with the employment of a single line of way,—viz., that an accident occurring at one of the stations, or anywhere along the pipe, may interrupt the traffic on the whole line. Upon this point Mr. Samuda remarks:—

“The next objection we have to meet is the interruption to the traffic from some derangement in the pipe. This comprehends, 1st, an accident to the pipe itself; and, 2d, from the composition not being effectually sealed.—An accident to the pipe can only occur from breakage, and, unless designedly perpetrated, could never happen at all. But for the sake of argument, we will suppose a pipe has been broken—no matter how; the time of removing it and replacing it with another would be considerably less than the time now necessary to clear off the fragments of a broken engine and train after a collision; and supposing a length of valve to require replacing, it could be done in less time than replacing a rail when torn up by an engine running off the line. If, instead of one, there were one hundred places along the pipe where the heater had imperfectly performed its functions, the admission of atmospheric air through the composition in these places would only reduce the column of mercury a few inches: no stoppage or interruption of the traffic could possibly occur from this cause; and by comparing the quantity of air pumped out at each stroke of the pump, with the quantity that will leak in at each imperfectly sealed spot, any such erroneous idea will be removed. Perhaps on this head an appeal to experience will be more satisfactory than any argument, however strong. In the whole of our workings, the column of mercury has never varied in height more than two inches on the same day;

and as it requires eight times the number of minutes to destroy the vacuum in the pipe, when the engine is at rest, than it takes to raise it when in action, it follows that one eighth only of the power (two horses) is all that is employed to overcome leakage. Perhaps the necessity of stopping the traffic of a line in the event of an accident, until the damage is replaced or the obstacle cleared away, should be regarded upon all railways as a peculiar advantage: by this necessity all chance of 'running into' is avoided; and where stationary power is employed the difficulties of communication which a locomotive line has to contend with are overcome. By means of an electric telegraph, every engine-station along 100 miles of road may be communicated with in half a minute, and thus the traffic may be suspended and resumed at pleasure."—p. 17.

M. Mallet has examined this objection in the following passage:—

"It has been said, should any accident occur on your single way, the traffic is all stopped; whereas with two lines of a locomotive road, if anything happens to one you have the other remaining. I will not dispute the validity of this objection, neither will I destroy it; but I can greatly lessen it in stating that very many of the accidents which happen on the locomotive lines, become an impossibility upon the atmospheric. No collision, no probable running off the rails: from whence then will accidents arise? From evil-disposed persons injuring the road! In that case, the lines of locomotives are as open to their attacks as the atmospheric, and they might as well injure two lines as one. I see not any chance of stoppage, except from the breaking of an axle or a wheel, and these are mishaps which occur but seldom; besides which, when they do, the road could speedily be cleared of one carriage rendered unfit for service. I will not for a moment deny that there may be occasions of interruption of the transits; so there are also upon the locomotive lines, in spite of their two lines of way."

4. In the last place we have to consider the safety afforded by the atmospheric system, as compared with other locomotive means. This is a subject of such paramount importance, that, were any one system proved to afford increased security, purchased even by increased cost of construction and working, a proper regard to public safety of life and limb ought to preponderate over pecuniary motives. When, however, on the contrary, an invention offers the means of reducing the expenses of travelling, and at the same time of obviating the possibility of accident, such a benefit to mankind ought at least to be met with every attention and encouragement. If any one feature characterizes the principle of the atmospheric railway, it is the very element of safety which lies in its construction and in the mode of its working. On this point we shall first quote the opinion of M. Teisserenc:—

"*Au point de vue de la Sécurité.*—Il est facile de montrer que le système atmosphérique remédie à toutes les causes principales d'accident sur les chemins-de-fer en usage aujourd'hui. Quelles sont, en effet, ces causes: les collisions entre les trains, la sortie de la voie, la rupture des essieux

des locomotives, les éboulements dans les grandes tranchées, les incendies. Avec l'appareil atmosphérique, pas de collisions, pas d'incendies, pas de rupture d'essieu; la voie modelée sur le niveau naturel du sol ne nécessite pas de grands mouvements de terre; le train tenu par un point fixé ne peut guère quitter les rails."—p. 117.

[As to safety, it is easy to show that the atmospheric system removes the causes of most of the accidents which take place on our present railroads. These are: the collision of trains; running off the rail, breaking of the axles of the locomotives; slides in deep cuts; and fire. With the atmospheric machinery there can be no collisions, no fires, no breaking of the axle. The road being laid upon the natural surface of the soil, renders great alterations of level unnecessary; and the train being held by a fixed point can hardly ever run off the rails.]

Mr. Samuda remarks upon this subject as follows:—

"Besides these advantages, this system possesses others of still more importance to the public. *No collision between trains can take place*; for as the power cannot be applied to more than one piston at a time in the same section of pipe, the trains must ever be the length of a section apart from each other; and if from any cause a train should be stopped in the middle of a section, the train which follows it will be obliged to stop also at the entrance of the pipe, as there will be no power to propel it until the first train is out. It is also impossible for two trains to run in opposite directions on the same line, as the power is only applied at one end of each section. A train cannot get off the rail, as the leading carriage is firmly attached to the piston, which travels in the pipe between the rails; and the luggage and carriages cannot be burnt, as no engines travel with the trains."

The opinion given by M. Mallet fully confirms this statement. "Firstly," he says, "this system, from not employing locomotives, is exempt from all the dangers to which accidents to them expose us. . . . In the second place, the risk of collision entirely vanishes, and perfect security may be enjoyed on that head, two trains never being able to run in the same pipe at once." Again he says:—

"Upon an atmospheric railroad there is no possibility of running off the rails; or at least, if one carriage gets off the rails no accident can result from it. First, the leading carriage, firmly and closely attached to a pipe, which may well be regarded as immovable, from its own weight and the strength with which it is fastened down, cannot run off the rail. Those which follow it, and are linked to each other, would have even more difficulty in getting off the rails. But on a railroad, whilst the guiding carriage maintains its way, it is of little consequence if one of those behind misses the rail; its wheels may plough up the soil beside the track, but as it cannot get away no danger is to be apprehended, and the worst that can happen will be a check in the speed. This is an important result for the construction of roads upon the atmospheric system. Curves also, which on the locomotive system may not be made less than 800<sup>m</sup> radius, may by this system be taken much sharper. I do not think that it is wise to reduce



them as far as those of the road of Kingstown to Dalkey; but I look upon radii of 300<sup>m</sup> to 400<sup>m</sup> as quite possible."—p. 28.

This point is of such singular importance to the public, that we deem it desirable to compare the opinions of all those engineers who have examined and reported upon the merits of the system; as it is essential that the fullest satisfaction should be afforded. We shall further quote a passage from Mr. Bergin's pamphlet, in which he notices a remark made in the Parliamentary Report—that it is a great element of safety for the source of power to be present with the train.

"There remains but one other matter to which I think it necessary to advert; but that one is, in my judgment, of such paramount importance, that, more than any other, it characterizes the atmospheric system; I mean the safety of the passengers; not merely relatively to other modes of transit, but the highest attainable degree of absolute safety. \* \* \* Now what the locomotive system is in point of safety to the older modes of travelling, I believe the atmospheric to be to the locomotive: in a word, as free from hazard as it is possible for any human contrivance to be. What elements of danger are there?—collision is impossible, all recognized causes of fracture of parts are almost altogether absent. \* \* \* In speaking on this subject, the reporters say, 'On railways, it is a great element of safety that the source of power is present with the train, and may be almost instantly turned off if any necessity shows itself for the stopping.'—The presence of the engine, it is too well known, has *not* always proved a source of safety, as no inconsiderable portion of the very worst of railway casualties have been *solely occasioned by it*. The latter part of the sentence is generally true; but in this respect there is no difference between the locomotive and the atmospheric systems; or if there be, it is in my opinion in favor of the latter, inasmuch as the means of turning off the power are still more certain; the regulator or steam-cock of a locomotive engine may stick fast, so that the engine-man cannot move it; this I have more than once known to be the case. But there are abundance of contrivances in daily use, any one of which is adequate for uniting the travelling piston to the train, and in which no difficulty of separation, nor apprehension of any derangement, can possibly exist. Besides, even were this not the case, this separation or casting off is not the only means at the command of the conductor; in common with the locomotive-train he has the break, and in addition he has the power of instantly opening a communication between the exhausted main and the atmosphere; this latter of course is not so immediate in its action as shutting off the steam in a locomotive, but combined with the break, which from the much less weight and momentum of the atmospheric train, I know by frequent trials, (even at full speed, and with the full motive pressure in operation,) to be much more effective than with a locomotive engine, I believe it practicable to bring to rest a train moved by atmospheric pressure, *in as short a space as is consistent with the materials of the carriage holding together*."

Thus, so far from its being a cause of insecurity for the source of power to be distant from the train, the very reverse is the case. "La locomotive

porte avec elle," observes M. Teisserenc, "un élément terrible de destruction, le feu, dont le catastrophe du 8 Mai, les accidents arrivés sur le chemin de Liège, sur celui de Tsarkoé-Selo à St. Petersbourg, ne font que trop ressortir le danger." Similar casualties of daily occurrence, attended with more or less mischief, might be quoted. The objection stated in the above extract has been carefully examined by M. Mallet, who says in conclusion:—"I must add, that it is not true to assert that there is no communication between the engine-man and the train. The barometer, which he has continually before his eyes, ever indicates the power he is exerting over the piston, and the increased or diminished velocity of the train is perfectly known to him by the rising and falling of the mercury. The barometer, also, is an instrument which it requires very little instruction to understand and make use of."

But independently of the removal of this source of danger, it is manifest that, in the very point in which the parliamentary reporters ascribe exclusive safety to the locomotive system, the atmospheric has the advantage of not only possessing *all* the means of safety attached to a locomotive engine, unattended by any of its dangers, but others in addition. We may observe that the weight of the engine being dispensed with, the momentum of a train is reduced in proportion. The necessary weight in a train to convey two hundred passengers upon the locomotive system amounts to seventy-seven tons; whilst on the atmospheric system it is only thirty-three tons. So that the application of the break on the latter system will stop a train in half the time that it would with locomotive engines. Mr. Bergin has alluded to these in the above extract, but we may notice still another.

When the power is turned off in a locomotive engine, the momentum is checked by the break, and by reversing the action of the engines. Upon the atmospheric system, the required object is, as it were, also provided for in a beautiful manner by the natural action of the principle employed. The conductor no sooner opens the communication between the exhausted main and the atmosphere, (which is accomplished by the simplest means,) than the very power which had before served to impel the train, now, when it is required to act contrariwise, tends to retard it. As soon as the air is admitted *before* the piston, not only is the motive power stopped, but the very momentum of the train accelerates its own stoppage, by compressing the air before the piston; so that its density acts as a check *powerful in proportion to its speed*, and diminishes only as the train stops.

The action of this same principle meets another question. It has been asked whether, supposing any leakage or accident should happen in the tube before the piston, in ascending a steep incline, the train would not run backwards by its own force of gravity! Supposing any such accident to happen, the same principle of nature which we have noticed

would act to prevent this result: the momentum is proportioned to the inclination, and the greater the speed from this cause, the greater would be the compression of the air—in fact the power to resist it. This beautiful operation of a principle of nature, so simple and self-adjusting, will be intelligible to every one.

We have thus noticed the chief points alluded to in the Parliamentary Report. A reply to many of the statements contained in it was published in the pamphlet by Mr. Bergin, of Dublin, to which we have alluded: in this he examines at great length the result of the experiments instituted by the parliamentary reporters, and their theoretical investigations, especially with respect to the estimated expenditure of engine-power required to maintain the exhaustion in the working main—the exhausting power of the air-pump, and the proportionate amount of leakage in the long valve and the piston in the main tube. Mr. Bergin examines, in a second class of observations, the remarks founded upon these calculations, which he considers as mere matters of opinion, and to which our attention has been more immediately directed. We shall proceed to notice the comparison of the merits of the two systems given by the patentees:

“We will first notice the principal defects in railways worked by locomotive power. These are, the expenses consequent upon their formation and working, in addition to the impossibility of obtaining a speed beyond 25 miles an hour, without incurring a more than proportionate additional expense. For an engine that would draw 61·29 tons on a level at the rate of 25 miles an hour, would,—if required to travel 30 miles an hour, only be able to draw 29·66 tons,—or, for the additional 5 miles in speed, a loss of more than one half in power. These evils arise from the following causes: first, from the necessity of making the roads comparatively level, owing to the nature of the power employed. The whole power of the locomotive engine is not available to impel the train, because it has to drag itself and tender. Thus a great portion of its power is consumed even on a level; but that loss of power is greatly augmented when contending with the slightest ascent.”—*Samuda*, p. 21.

Here we must observe, that the velocity of travelling offers a remarkable contrast between the locomotive and atmospheric systems of railway. On an atmospheric line, increase of speed does not increase the cost of transit: the amount of discharging power expended during the transit of a given load, over a given distance, is the same, whatever the speed; and at the same time a saving in the loss from leakage is effected also in proportion to speed. On a line worked by locomotive engines it has been clearly proved that an increase in the velocity of the train from 25 to 30 miles per hour, is attended with a loss of more than half the effective power of the engine. This disadvantage is also attended by another serious one when an engine has to draw a train up an inclined plane,—a difficulty which augments in an increasing ratio

to the inclination; an engine that would draw 269·87 tons at 10 miles an hour, on a level of one in 1000, can only draw 84·07 at the same speed on a gradient of one in 100. Thus, as Mr. Pim well observes, “the power is lost or absorbed in the inverse ratio in which it requires to be augmented, precisely at the moment when it is most important to obtain an increase.”

The following table, taken from Mr. Wood's “Practical Treatise on Railroads,”\* shows the gross load which a locomotive engine, capable of evaporating sixty cubic feet of water per hour, will drag, exclusive of the tender, at the under-mentioned rates of speed, on different inclinations of planes. This will enable the reader to estimate the advantage which the atmospheric railway possesses:—

| Inclination of plane. | 10 miles an hour | 12½ miles an hour | 15 miles an hour | 17½ miles an hour | 20 miles an hour | 22½ miles an hour | 25 miles an hour | 27½ miles an hour | 30 miles an hour |
|-----------------------|------------------|-------------------|------------------|-------------------|------------------|-------------------|------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| Level.                | 316              | 251               | 191              | 137               | 84               | 132               | 64               | 108               | 75               |
| 1 in 1480             | 325              | 262               | 206              | 150               | 97               | 143               | 66               | 101               | 65               |
| 1 in 1224             | 397              | 315               | 242              | 176               | 106              | 166               | 82               | 125               | 82               |
| 1 in 1120             | 276              | 176               | 136              | 106               | 75               | 111               | 58               | 84                | 54               |
| 1 in 1000             | 269              | 171               | 131              | 97                | 68               | 108               | 53               | 82                | 41               |
| 1 in 900              | 264              | 169               | 128              | 95                | 67               | 106               | 50               | 80                | 40               |
| 1 in 800              | 255              | 164               | 123              | 90                | 62               | 102               | 47               | 77                | 38               |
| 1 in 700              | 246              | 157               | 117              | 85                | 58               | 98                | 43               | 73                | 34               |
| 1 in 600              | 234              | 146               | 108              | 78                | 53               | 93                | 39               | 69                | 31               |
| 1 in 500              | 220              | 137               | 102              | 73                | 49               | 87                | 35               | 64                | 28               |
| 1 in 400              | 201              | 124               | 93               | 66                | 44               | 80                | 31               | 58                | 24               |
| 1 in 300              | 175              | 109               | 81               | 56                | 38               | 70                | 26               | 50                | 20               |
| 1 in 200              | 138              | 85                | 63               | 43                | 30               | 55                | 20               | 40                | 16               |
| 1 in 100              | 84               | 51                | 38               | 26                | 18               | 33                | 12               | 24                | 8                |

Mr. Samuda states further the disadvantage of the locomotive system:—

“Secondly, by the necessity of having great weight and strength of rails and foundation consequent on the employment of locomotive engines. These engines (exclusive of tender) weigh generally from 14 to 15 tons each; and, in addition to the rigidity of road required to sustain this weight passing over it on one carriage, the motion transferred to the wheels by the engines alternately on each side, causes a continual displacement or forcing out of the rails.

“The third, and perhaps the greatest evil, is the heavy expense attendant on working a railway by the ordinary method; and this item is rendered more excessive by the necessity of having a large number of extra engines in store, to keep an adequate supply in working order. By reference to the half-yearly accounts of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the annual expense for locomotive power and coke is found to be from £50,000 to £60,000 a year, nearly £2000 a mile per annum, on a traffic of about 1700 tons a day. This amount is exclusive of first cost and interest on the original stock.”—p. 22.

This item is one of serious importance. The Parliamentary Report states, that “in respect of locomotive outlay, a line worked by locomotive engines, in order to be well stocked, should have an engine per mile in addition; this mode of working requires water-stations, engine-houses, repairing-shops, etc.” Thus the expense of all these engines, required to be constantly out of use, is exactly so much capital sunk, and yielding no

\* Third edition, page 581.

interest. Nor is this a trifling matter, when we consider that each engine costs on an average above £1500, and that the expense of repairs on each in the year amounts to above fifty per cent. All this expense and loss upon capital invested is saved by the employment of a stationary engine, upon which the wear and tear is scarcely worth consideration. We recur to Mr. Samuda's statement :—

"The fourth evil is the large consumption of fuel in proportion to the power obtained; which arises, in part from the great velocity in the movement of the pistons, preventing the steam from acting on them with full force; which causes a back pressure on the pistons, reducing their force in proportion to the velocity at which they move. The power of the engine is thus constantly diminished as the velocity of the train is increased. To so great an extent is the combined action of these defects felt, that when travelling at twenty miles per hour, the effective power of the engine is reduced to half that which would be obtained from the same quantity of steam generated and fuel consumed with a stationary engine. When travelling at thirty miles per hour, it is reduced to less than one-fourth; and at a speed but little exceeding forty-five miles, the power is so far destroyed that the engine will scarcely draw more than itself and tender. An additional waste of fuel, to an immense extent, is also occasioned by the loss of power (as already shown) on inclined planes. And, lastly, the chances of accident from collision, running off the rail, bursting of boilers, etc.; \*\*\* From the foregoing remarks it will appear that the evils of the present system are entirely attributable to the use of locomotive power, and the remedy must be sought for in the employment of stationary power in its stead."—p. 24.

With these disadvantages are contrasted the anticipated results of the atmospheric system :—

"1st. The loss of power occasioned by the locomotive engines having to draw their own weight is entirely avoided; and steep hills may be ascended with no more additional power than that actually due to the acclivity, as there is no weight except the train. There is no other known power which can be applied to locomotion without carrying considerable weight and friction with it. The ill effects of locomotive engines have been already pointed out, and the same disadvantages exist in the application of ropes, which must be drawn along with the train, and become an increased incumbrance on inclined planes. The defects of ropes in other respects are too generally known to need comment.

"2d. The weight of the rails and chairs on the new system may be less by one-third than where locomotive engines are employed, as the carriages of the train will be too light to injure them. The annual charge of maintenance of way will, from the same cause, be reduced to a considerable extent.

"3d. The wear and tear of locomotive, compared with stationary engines, is as 18 to 1.

"4th. By the new system the full power of the engines is always obtained; and on an incline, the additional quantity of fuel consumed in ascending will be saved in descending, as the trains run

down by their own gravity. The expense of fuel will be further decreased, as the expense of using coal is only half that of coke.

"On the new system the velocity depends entirely upon the velocity with which the air is withdrawn from the pipe; therefore, by simply increasing the air-pump, any speed may be attained; and with a fixed quantity of traffic per diem, no considerable increase in the fuel consumed or any other expense is incurred for improved speed, further than the small additional power required to overcome the increased atmospheric resistance. An actual saving in the first cost of a railway constructed for high velocities may be effected, because by performing the journey in less time, a greater number of trains may be despatched each day, and their weight diminished; therefore the piston, having less to draw, may be smaller in diameter. The cost of the pipe (which forms the largest item in the first cost of this railway) will thus be reduced in nearly the same proportion as the speed is increased."—p. 26.

M. Mallet, in his Report to the French Government, makes an important observation on the effect which a reduction of speed, in the passage of a train, exercises upon the motive force. In describing various experimental trips which he made on the Dalkey line, he says, that in one journey, when travelling at the rate of forty-five miles per hour,—

"During our course the barometer sunk to twenty-one inches; this fall was caused by our going on quicker than the air could be withdrawn. The air which remained in the pipe caused a condensation which lowered the barometer. In the following experiment, made with the same train, a contrary effect was produced. Set off at eight inches, viz., with a power of seven hundred and four pounds. We went on very slowly, and saw the mercury rise to twenty inches gradually. In this manner the air-pump produced a vacuum quicker than we proceeded, and this is a very important point of the atmospheric system. *If a slackness is produced by overloading a train, or if the train stops, the propulsive force instantly augments.*"—p. 16.

We shall not enter into further details of the probable saving to be effected by employing atmospheric pressure on railways. The calculations of the patentees show a large estimated reduction of cost in the construction and laying down of a line on their plan, and a saving of more than one half in the annual cost of working; and we have some guarantee for the general accuracy of their calculations in a comparison of their estimates with the actual cost of construction of the line at Dalkey. This gives us ascertained data. The cost of the apparatus complete, and placed on the line, is £4300 per mile; and that of the steam-engines, vacuum-pumps, engine-houses, etc., £1000: in all, £5300. At the same time we must here mention the remark made by M. Mallet, in describing this apparatus, that the engine "is evidently more powerful than is required for working this road:" he adds,—*"I am informed that it would make a vacuum in a pipe of six miles long; they rarely*

work this engine to more than half its power at present."

In consequence of the success of the experiments at Wormholt Scrubs, the company of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway, backed by the opinion of Mr. Pim, expressed their desire to adopt the atmospheric principle in an extension of their line from Kingstown to Dalkey. In furtherance of this object they applied to government for a loan of money, on the security of their existing railway, to carry on the works. In the meanwhile, the report above alluded to had been delivered to the Board of Trade, which fully admitted the accomplishment of the *principle* of the atmospheric railway, in the following words: "We consider the principle of atmospheric propulsion to be established, and that the economy of working increases with the length and diameter of the tube." With a creditable public spirit, the government consented to assist in the trial of this national undertaking, and granted a loan of £25,000 to the Dublin and Kingstown Company. The company however could not obtain a line of road without applying for a bill to Parliament; and to obviate the delay and expense which this would occasion, the Board of Works granted them the use of ground in their possession, which had been used for conveying stone from the quarries near Killina to the harbor of Kingstown. The nature of this road presented every difficulty to the formation of a railway; nevertheless the patentees felt such a confidence in their project, that they were glad to have it tried and tested for the first time under circumstances of such unusual difficulty. The accomplishment of the work may on this account be regarded as doubly important. From the nature of the line of road, a series of sharp and difficult curves was unavoidable, upon which no locomotive engine could run without the utmost risk, and at a slow pace. These are now passed with the greatest ease and smoothness at sixty miles an hour, and with loads attached of seventy-two tons at the rate of twenty miles. Another point has here been decided, upon which in fact the applicability of this railroad to extended lines of traffic in a great measure rests,—namely, the power of passing with facility from one section of pipe to another. At present, only one section of pipe is in operation, and consequently this experiment cannot be fully shown: its success however is ascertained by the fact, that the train has repeatedly passed off one section, with the greatest ease and regularity. The operation of the valve which divides the sections is simple and beautiful,—we have already quoted M. Teisserenc's description of this,—and the simple fact of the successful operation of this valve is conclusive. If a train can pass without stoppage off one section, it must necessarily enter at once upon the next, and there can be no question as to the facility of repeating this along a line

of any length: a hundred stations can as easily be passed as one.\*

The excellent Report of M. Teisserenc, to which we have had occasion to refer, was founded on observations made upon the experimental line at Wormholt Scrubs. After detailing the difficulties and dangers attending the locomotive system, he thus compares it with the atmospheric:

"Le système atmosphérique est exempt des défauts que nous venons de reprocher aussi bien aux locomotives qu'aux machines à câbles. Son application dispenserait à la fois et du poids inutile du moteur dans le premier système, et du poids inutile de l'intermédiaire dans le second; elle permettrait l'excessive division, l'excessive multiplicité des trains, sans accroître les chances de collision, comme cela a lieu dans le système locomotif; sans augmenter la dépense, résultat de l'emploi des locomotives ou des machines à câble, elle fournirait un moteur dont la puissance, bien loin de diminuer avec le poids des objets à traîner, avec la roideur des rampes à franchir, tendrait, au contraire, à croître dans le même sens. Elle rendrait possibles toutes les vitesses avec des charges utiles considérables, sur les chemins les plus planes comme sur les railways les plus inclinés. Bien loin de nécessiter une application lente de la puissance motrice au départ, un ralentissement progressif à l'arrivée, elle permettrait d'accumuler à l'avance la force motrice, de manière à imprimer rapidement aux trains leur maximum de vitesse. Avec elle seraient impossibles et les collisions et les accidents résultant de la présence du feu. Les sorties de rail deviendraient extrêmement difficiles; les effets de la force centrifuge très peu redoutables; puisque le train, composé au plus de deux voitures, serait étroitement lié à la voie. Enfin, construits pour recevoir des voitures trois et quatre fois moins lourdes que les locomotives, les chemins n'auraient plus besoin de rails aussi pesans, de points aussi résistants; les collisions n'étant plus à craindre, pas plus que les encombrements, puisque les marchandises voyageraient aussi vite que les voyageurs, une seule voie serait suffisante. Rien de plus simple, d'ailleurs, que la théorie de l'appareil au moyen duquel on réalise ces nombreux avantages."

—p. 108.

[The atmospheric railway is free from the evils which we have found in locomotives, and in trains drawn by cables. We are able, by means of it, to avoid the weight, in the first case of the locomotive, and in the second, of the cable; it permits us to divide trains at pleasure, and to increase as much as we please their frequency, without increasing the danger of collision, as we should do with locomotives; without increasing the expense, as we should if we used locomotives, or drew the trains by cables: it furnishes a moving power which so far from diminishing with the weight of the train, or the steepness of an ascent, tends to increase under these circumstances. It renders all desirable speed practicable, upon a level road as

\* Great credit is due to the engineers, Messrs. Samudras, for the skill and talent displayed in constructing the Dalkey railway, and improving many of the details of working.

well as upon the steepest descents. So far from its being necessary to apply power moderately at starting, and to stop very gradually, it is safe to accumulate the moving power, so as to gain the maximum of speed as early as possible. Collisions and fires are impossible. It will be very difficult to run off the rail:—the effect of the centrifugal force will not be formidable; for the train, consisting at most of two carriages, will be strongly attached to the road. Finally, adapted to carriages three or four times lighter than locomotives, the roads will not need rails so heavy, nor such strong supports. There being no danger of collisions, or of being detained by lumber, (for goods will travel as fast as passengers,) a single track will be sufficient. And above all, there is nothing more simple than the apparatus by which all these advantages are gained.]

This Report awakened the attention of the French Government; and as soon as the works at Dalkey were in a sufficiently advanced state, they sent over another engineer, M. Mallet, Inspector General of Public Works, to furnish a second report. This recently appeared in the French journals, and we shall extract a few passages from it, containing the results of trials upon the Dalkey railway, which are of great interest:—

“Après avoir reconnu que le vide était obtenu d’une manière plus parfaite qu’on n’aurait osé l’espérer, je me suis occupé de la vitesse. Je rapporterai ici quatre expériences.

1. Avec un convoi pesant 38 tonnes (la tonne anglaise est de 2240 livres,) le baromètre marquant 25 pouces, l’on a monté en 3 minutes 15 secondes. Par prudence, l’on a employé les freins pour franchir les courbes, ce qui a produit un ralentissement. Le maximum de vitesse, dans cette expérience, a été de 40 milles (16 lieues) à l’heure.

2. Avec le même convoi, l’on est monté en 3 minutes 7 secondes: maximum de vitesse, 45 milles (plus de 18 lieues.)

3. On est parti, le baromètre marquant 8 pouces, avec le même convoi. Pendant le trajet, le baromètre est monté jusqu’à 20 pouces. Le voyage a été effectué en 4 minutes 30 secondes. Sur quelques points, l’on a marché à 30 milles (12 lieues.)

4. Enfin, le baromètre marquant 25 pouces, l’on est parti avec un convoi de 69 tonnes. Le temps du trajet a été de 5 minutes 20 secondes.

Pour descendre, l’on a employé la gravité. A cet effet, l’on a rangé le piston de côté (ce qui se fait avec la plus grande facilité,) afin qu’il ne rencontrât pas de tube. Le temps de la descente a été d’environ 5 minutes. Le mouvement était ralenti par le frottement dans les courbes. Je n’ai rien à dire de ce moyen, usité par plusieurs chemins de fer.”

[After satisfying myself that the vacuum was formed more perfectly than I could have expected, I turned my attention to the speed. I will describe four experiments:—

1. With a train weighing 38 tons, the barometer at 25 inches, we went up in 3 minutes 15 seconds. As a precaution we used the break in going round the curves, which lessened our pace. The greatest speed in this experiment was 40 miles an hour.

2. With the same train, we went up in 3 min. 7 sec.; greatest speed 45 miles.

3. We set off with the same train, the barome-

ter at 8 inches. During the passage, it rose to 20. The trip was made in 4 min. 30 sec. At some parts we went at the rate of thirty miles.

4. Lastly—with the barometer at 25, we set out with a train of 69 tons. The time was 5 min. 20 sec.

For descending, we employed gravity. To do this, the piston was fastened on one side (which is easily done) so that it might not touch the tube. The descents took about 5 min. The motion was retarded by the friction of the curves. I have nothing to remark on this practice, which is common on many roads.]

The following results of experiments subsequently made on the Kingstown and Dalkey line are extracted from the “Railway Times” of December 2, 1843. Their importance justifies our inserting them at length.

“Without the slightest hesitation, we have to state that the result of very minute investigation on the spot has fully confirmed the opinions to which we had previously come, from the scientific discussion of the principle, and from the operations of the very imperfect apparatus at Wormholt Scrubs.

“The line between Kingstown and Dalkey is 13 miles in length, in which there is a rise of 71½ feet, making an average ascent of 1 in 115, towards Dalkey. The main pipe between the rails, which is 15 inches internal diameter, commences at the Kingstown station, and is continued to within 500 yards of Dalkey. The communication between the main pipe and the steam-engine (at Dalkey) is formed through the medium of a close pipe, laid outside the trackway, and attached at the lower end into the main and at the upper end into the vacuum pump. A branch valve is placed at the junction between the close and open main, which allows the vacuum pump to act on the main, or be shut off from it, at pleasure. The dimensions of the engine are,—cylinder, 34½ inches diameter; stroke, 5 feet 6 inches; speed, 242 feet per minute. It works expansively, the steam being admitted in the cylinder at 40 lbs. above the atmosphere, and cut off at one-fourth stroke when the engine is at its full load; it is then expanded for the remaining portion of the stroke, and condensed in the usual way. The degree of cut-off is regulated by a cam worked by the governor, and is therefore proportionately shorter, as the duty of the engine is less; but in no case is the steam admitted for a greater distance than one-fourth of the stroke. The vacuum-pump is double acting. The dimensions are,—diameter, 67 inches: stroke, 5 feet 6 inches; speed, 242 feet per minute. With the above apparatus we saw a vacuum formed in the entire length from Kingstown to Dalkey—

|  |           |
|--|-----------|
| Equal to a col. of mer. 10 in. (or ¼ of an atmos.) | in 0’ 36” |
| “ “ 15 (or ½ “)                                    | in 1’ 51” |
| “ “ 20 (or ⅔ “)                                    | in 3’ 30” |

For the purposes of observation, distance posts were placed along the line at intervals of two chains, every tenth post (or one-fourth mile) having a distinguishing mark: and the following were the results of some journeys made for us during our visit:—

“Journey A.—Gross load 62 tons; maximum speed during trip for 2 chains was = 24 miles per hour; total time of journey, 4 min. 48 sec.

“Journey B.—Gross load 72 tons; maximum

speed during trip for 2 chains was = 20 miles per hour ; total time of journey, 5 min. 33 sec.

"Journey C.—Gross load 75 tons ; maximum speed during trip for 2 chains = 21·17 miles per hour ; total time of journey, 6 min. 2 sec.

"Journey D.—Gross load 30 tons ; maximum speed during trip for 2 chains was = 51·5 miles per hour ; time at passing  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile-post 2 min. 57 sec. ; total time of journey, 3 min. 24 sec."

In the same journal of December 16th appeared the following additional details :—

"In following up the investigation, it should be observed that local circumstances, amount of traffic, and steepness of gradients, will to a certain extent influence this consideration ; but with the view of rendering it as generally applicable as possible, we have made the calculations on a similar scale to that in use on the Kingstown and Dalkey line, and have deduced such of the working expenses therefrom as the time it has been in operation will allow. We apprehend that this scale will never have to be exceeded on lines of the *largest* traffic. Where it is decreased the cost will be proportionately lessened, so far as regards construction. The decreased scale will only influence the weight of trains. The speed can be preserved on the smaller as on the larger scale, by maintaining the same relative proportions between the vacuum-pump and the main.

"The scale employed on the Dalkey line is—Vacuum tube, 15 inches diameter ; vacuum pump, 67 inches diameter ; engine, 100 horse-power. It will be well to notice the duty such an apparatus will perform on a level and up various rates of inclination. This proportion between the pump and the tube enables trains to be propelled 50 to 60 miles per hour, and will draw a train of 200 tons on a level.

A train of 80 tons up an incline rising 1 in 160.

|   |   |    |   |   |   |           |
|---|---|----|---|---|---|-----------|
| " | " | 72 | " | " | " | 1 in 140. |
| " | " | 65 | " | " | " | 1 in 120. |
| " | " | 58 | " | " | " | 1 in 100. |
| " | " | 53 | " | " | " | 1 in 90.  |
| " | " | 48 | " | " | " | 1 in 80.  |
| " | " | 44 | " | " | " | 1 in 70.  |
| " | " | 39 | " | " | " | 1 in 60.  |
| " | " | 33 | " | " | " | 1 in 50.  |

"The cost of the atmospheric apparatus complete, and placed on the line, is £4300 per mile ; and of the steam-engines, vacuum-pumps, engine-houses, etc., £1000 ; total, £5300. It would scarcely be useful to notice the other items that are necessary to complete a railway on this system, as the earthwork will vary materially according to the nature of the country through which it passes. In a difficult country the saving from adopting such gradients as would be suitable for the atmospheric instead of the locomotive, would considerably more than equal the entire £5300, while on a level or easy country a balance of expense would remain against the atmospheric system up to this point. In all cases the smaller quantity of land that would be required, the diminished size of the bridges, the lighter rails, the absence of all coke and water-stations, workshops, and stock of locomotives, will have to go to the credit of the atmospheric system against the cost of vacuum tube and engines."

"Among some interesting experiments made at Dalkey are the following. The first series shows the uniformity of the sealing process. During the

same day, and after the running of each train, observations were taken of the time required to re-form the vacuum to the height of 15 inches, which was as follows :—

After the 4th trip the barometer rose to

|   |      |   |   |                    |
|---|------|---|---|--------------------|
|   |      |   |   | 15 inch. in 1' 45" |
| " | 5th  | " | " | 15 " in 1 40       |
| " | 6th  | " | " | 15 " in 1 42       |
| " | 7th  | " | " | 15 " in 1 40       |
| " | 8th  | " | " | 15 " in 1 45       |
| " | 9th  | " | " | 15 " in 1 40       |
| " | 18th | " | " | 15 " in 1 42       |
| " | 19th | " | " | 15 " in 1 45       |
| " | 21st | " | " | 15 " in 1 45       |
| " | 22nd | " | " | 15 " in 1 43       |

"The second series shows the amount of leakage due to the longitudinal valve, as separated from that due to the air-pump, travelling piston and station valves. In the following experiments the vacuum was in every instance raised to 22 inches ; the engine was then stopped, and the tube was allowed to fill with air by the leakage (from all sources) into it.

|  |                 |
|--|-----------------|
| With the train { the gauge fell 18 inches } Min. |                 |
| at Kingstown { i. e. from 22 in. to 4 in. }      | in 11 33-100th. |
| Advanced $\frac{1}{2}$ mile " " "                | in 10 88-100th. |
| Advanced $\frac{1}{4}$ mile " " "                | in 10 76-100th. |

the leakage being at the rate of *one inch* in 36·83 sec. in the first instance, *one inch* in 36 sec. in the second instance, *one inch* in 35·91 sec. in the third instance,—showing the additional leakage from the long valve to be only so much as was represented by the gauge falling per inch  $\frac{83}{100}$  of a second quicker in the first instance and  $\frac{91}{100}$  of a second in the last, and the additional power to compensate this being all the increased haulage power required per half mile. This is an experiment of no ordinary interest, inasmuch as it confirms the notion that the advocates of the system have long urged for it, namely, that every extension of the length is attended with increased advantages, and that while the Atmospheric Railway is equally applicable to short as to long lines, it is by no means applicable only to the former, which its successful application on a short line has induced many to imagine."

We had cited the above experiments, before the appearance of M. Mallet's report ; they however give substantially the same results, but in a more condensed form. Subsequently to the appearance of M. Mallet's first report in the French journals, a second and more detailed one, addressed by him to the French Government, has been published in Paris, and an English translation in London. That gentleman states, that "the fame of the success of this second experiment, made on a scale far greater than that at Wormholt Scrubs, spread itself into France. Immediately M. Teste, the minister, and M. Le Grand, Under Secretary of State of the Public Works, whose attention had been roused by the previous report of M. Teisserenc, desirous to know all the improvements and advantages of a system which might exercise so great an influence on the future prospects of railroads in France, gave me an order to embark for Ireland."

This report is divided into four chapters : the first contains a description of the line, from Kings-

town to Dalkey, of the apparatus, and details of experiments; the second chapter treats of the application of the atmospheric system to railroads in general; the third gives the comparative expense of laying down a locomotive railway and one on the atmospheric plan; and the fourth gives the comparative cost of working on the two systems. We have had occasion to cite many remarks contained in this report, regarding the general merits of the atmospheric railway; and it is unnecessary to review it more critically. The chief part is occupied with a minute and careful detail of the experiments which M. Mallet instituted on the Dalkey railway, and upon which his opinions are founded: these merit a close examination, and will be peculiarly valuable to scientific men interested in the subject of railways. M. Mallet examines every advantage and disadvantage of the atmospheric system,—its applicability to existing and new lines, and under every circumstance attending construction. The English translation of this report is of much less value than it might have been, had the French measures and values been reduced to the English equivalents; but a point of still greater importance (and which we are surprised not to see noticed by the translator) is, that all the calculations of M. Mallet are founded upon the French prices of iron and of labor—naturally so in a report addressed to the French government; but unless this fact is borne in mind, throughout the calculations, and the difference noted between the English and French prices of iron, the reader is liable to be seriously misled. Premising this remark, we observe that M. Mallet calculates that, in the cost of construction, the atmospheric system would effect a saving of one-seventh, and in the cost of working a saving of two-fifths. The same calculation, made upon the value of iron in England, would show of course a very much greater reduction. M. Mallet examines carefully and impartially every objection which has been, or is likely to be, raised to the atmospheric system; and in concluding this part of his Report he says:—

“I do not think I have omitted any of the objections which have been pointed out to me. Several are worthy of being taken into consideration. But do any of them present insurmountable difficulties? Are they of a nature to induce us to abandon the invention? I do not think so, and therefore I advocate a trial. If the system had already arrived at perfection no trial would be necessary; we should have but to lay down the works, certain of success; but in spite of the enormous step shown to have been gained in Ireland, much yet remains to be done. Let its judges remember what the locomotives were at their commencement, and the enormous amount of improvement they have experienced during the last twenty years.”—p. 32.

There are many other points, connected with the construction and working, examined by M. Mallet, to which we should have referred, did our space allow,—with respect to the crossings, for

instance, which we shall give in M. Mallet's words, with a suggestion he offers:—

“They are done precisely as on the locomotive roads; for this they divide the pipe; but not to destroy the continuity of the aspiration, the two divided pipes are connected by means of another pipe sunk in the ground, which curves back at a right angle at its two ends, to branch into their lower portion. The points of junction are above the valves of entrance and exit, which the interruption of the pipes compels them to put at their extremity. When in a proper state for use, the valve at the extremity of the pipe at the side by which the train would arrive is closed, as well as the entrance-valve of the other pipe. When the leading carriage appears, the first will be opened as usual by the compressed air driven forwards by the piston. Another valve, placed in the pipe of communication, will be closed at the same time by the effect of the passage of the train. That at the entrance of the next pipe will be opened, when the piston shall have entered this pipe, by the valve-man, or, what is better still, by the train itself. Another means which might be employed consists in not dividing the pipe, but making two inclined planes at  $0.05^\circ$  of slope, per meter, for the passage of carriages. In this case three openings are required, two for the wheels of the carriages, and the third for the piston-rod, the wheel which presses the valve and the cylinder which compresses the composition. The openings would be too large and too deep to allow of their being left uncovered. It would be easy to adapt thick planks of deal, with a counterpoise for this purpose.”—p. 29.

In having occasion to consider attentively, and to cite from, the official reports presented to the English and French governments, we regret to have a comparison forced upon us disadvantageous to the former. The object of a government, in appointing competent judges to report upon any scientific subject, is not merely to have objections raised and difficulties suggested, but to have every advantage as well as every defect of the system explained intelligibly and impartially. This is the view which M. Teisserenc and M. Mallet have taken of their duty; they have given precisely the information, fully and candidly, which might enable the French government to form their opinion on the merits of the invention, and their reports contain a large body of valuable information and remarks. In the English report, whilst the applicability of the atmospheric principle and its advantages, in point both of economy and safety, are distinctly admitted, these admissions appear to be unwillingly extorted, and every advantage is reduced to its minimum of computation. In the French reports, the importance of trying the merits of the invention is pressed upon the government, and an earnest desire is manifested to promote the investigation of a great work of national importance.

The historical sketch of the invention and application of the Atmospheric Railway here terminates; it is no longer an experiment, but an established means of transit, tested and proved by fair and repeated trials, and by the opinions of the most

eminent engineers,\* English and continental, who have witnessed and watched its success, and expressed their opinions satisfactorily upon the subject. Indeed, it is this testimony that has induced us to offer the present article to our readers: we waited until practical results had been obtained, and the merits of the invention had been placed beyond a doubt, before we felt it right to express an opinion. It has ceased to be a question limited to the circle of purely scientific inquiry, and now comes to be regarded in the results of its application; the power being once obtained, it remains only for enterprise to accomplish the rest, and to render it available to the service of man. The subject of the atmospheric railway has, since the opening of the Dalkey line, excited a daily growing interest, and the attention of governments and companies is drawn more and more to the adoption of the system.

In the course of a recent discussion in the House of Commons, on the appointment of a select committee to consider the standing-orders relating to railways, Sir Robert Peel stated that he had concurred in the opinion,—

“That the public and the government are not to be precluded from availing themselves of any suggested improvement or invention of science, which may probably affect the present railway property; as also in the remark that we are not to be called on to compensate a company for its choosing a line upon which it may have been found necessary to expend £60,000 per mile. Far from it; if you can successfully compete, by means of any invention, upon a turnpike-road with such a railway company, you are perfectly at liberty to do so. If new discoveries are made applicable to rapid conveyances, the public will avail itself of them, and those improvements will always be the best security and check against imposition or exaction. What may be attempted by means of the Atmospheric Railroad it is difficult to conjecture; but I know that those who have witnessed its exhibition near Dublin, have returned to this country with changed opinions as to its applicability to longer lines than one or two miles. The proprietors of railways must soon find out that they are deceiving themselves if they neglect to provide third-class carriages. But the true interests of society will best be protected by holding over them the checks of competition, and of the improvements that may take place in science, rather than by attempting forcibly to control these companies, by attempting to reduce their profits or take the management of their property out of their own hands.†”

This is the sound and only safe course of legislation,—to encourage competition, is an indirect and proper means of checking monopoly.

\* Amongst the opinions expressed by the most eminent of our engineers is that of Mr. Brunel. The prospectus of the Gravesend and Chatham Company, which has recently appeared, contains a recommendation of the Committee, founded upon the opinion of their engineer, I. K. Brunel, Esq., to adopt the atmospheric system. The prospectus states that,—“The Committee, having made a satisfactory enquiry as to the decided economy with which the Dublin and Kingstown Extension Railway is now being worked as an Atmospheric Line, and their Engineer having satisfied himself as to the advantages this plan of motive power affords, recommend its adoption on the proposed line of communication, both as a means of keeping the capital within a very moderate compass and increasing the profits by a reduced charge of working.”

† See debate of February 6, 1844. The importance of the Atmospheric Railway has been several times forcibly

In consequence of the determination of the government to continue the mail-packet station at Holyhead, a line of railroad is projected from that place to join the Chester line. With a view to ascertain the practicability of adopting the atmospheric principle on this line, (chiefly as a means of obtaining for the mails a considerable increase of speed,) Mr. Robert Stevenson has been desired to examine the works on the Dalkey railway, and to furnish a report to the government.

We shall, in conclusion of this article, briefly advert to some of the advantages which may be derived from the adoption of the atmospheric railway, in a social, industrial and commercial point of view. We have here a new and astonishing application of power opened to us, and it is impossible to anticipate all the important results to which this may lead. Success has silenced the questionings and hostility of interested opponents to the system; and if men are wise, they will at least pause before they rush into new speculations on a system which will probably soon be superseded.

The introduction of the atmospheric railway opens a new era in the means of transit, because, from the great reduction in the cost of construction and working, it is clear that we must enter upon an entirely new scale of economical calculations. This will operate in manifold ways; it will enable railway companies to lower their rates, whilst deriving even greater profits than at present, and thus to open means of travelling to larger classes of the community. Again: one great feature in the atmospheric railway is, that it is practicable on lines of road where the locomotive system is wholly inapplicable and useless. Let any one take a map of England and trace the net of railroads which have come into active operation within a few years: let him imagine this immense benefit, which at present is restricted by the cost attending it to traffic between large towns, extended over the whole country, carrying passengers and produce from one little market-town to another, bringing all this advantage to every man's door and placing it within every man's enjoyment. The benefits to the nation, in calling out her industrial powers, assisting her commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural interests, form too large a subject for us to enter upon here, but too obvious and important a consideration to escape attention. In a moral point of view, likewise, the result would be to extend largely the advantages of social intercourse and of education in every shape, which are now only to be found in large communities,—in fact, of centralizing the power and raising the moral character of the nation.

We have uniformly urged the importance of calling into action, by multiplying facilities, all the sources of our national wealth; and we have pointed this out as one great means of substantially benefitting Ireland. To unfold the resources of a country, is to teach a people their value,—the most important lesson of national politics and national economy conveyed in the most practical and intelligible form. It is impossible to estimate the change which a large system of railroads intersecting Ireland in every direction, stimulating production and exciting the energies of her population, would produce; and if that country, whose interests we are bound to promote, not less from mo-

alluded to in the House of Commons, and we observe that Mr. Shaw has given notice of a motion, after the Easter recess, for the appointment of “a Select Committee to inquire into and report upon the importance of an early and complete trial of the Atmospheric Railway.”



tives of policy than of justice, has a claim to share in any great work of national benefit, it has an especial claim in the present instance, where Irishmen have been foremost to second the efforts of English skill and talent, and to overcome the obstacles opposed to the public good by private interests and monopoly. If the Atmospheric Railway should prove, as we anticipate, a new source of benefit to mankind, it will be remembered, not ungratefully in this country, that to Ireland we owe its first encouragement and adoption.

Extending our view to the Continent, some idea may be formed of the extent to which the nations of Europe will be benefited by this invention of Mr. Clegg, from the length of the lines of railways now constructing in central Europe.\*

In Austria the line from Trieste to Vienna is progressing. The atmospheric pressure removes the grand difficulty presented within a short distance of the capital, at the traverse of the chain of Alps which forms the boundary of Styria. Without such aid it would be a most costly work to carry a railroad over the Noric and Carnian Alps to the sea, even if the plan of inclined planes were resorted to. From Vienna the line passes to Olmütz, where it branches off westward through Prague to Dresden and Hamburg. From Olmütz a second line goes northward to the Riesen mountains, and through Silesia to Stettin. A third line, which runs to the salt mines of Galicia, will join the Russian railroad from Cracow to the Baltic, by the valley of the Vistula. In mountainous countries, the momentum acquired from descents is available for succeeding ascents, and the difficulties in the one system become facilities in the other.

The prosperity of Hungary is indissolubly linked with a good communication between the valley of the Save and the Adriatic Sea. A road of sufficient width, and of splendid construction—a monument of the public spirit of the Hungarian nobles—runs over the Julian Alps from Carlsbad to Vienna; its length is ninety English miles. The atmospheric railway could profitably be adapted to that road, whose gradients, although moderate, no locomotive engine could overcome. In this manner, the energies of twenty millions of Austrian and Turkish subjects would be made available in the markets of Europe, and the products of some of the finest countries of this quarter of the globe would be added to the general stock.

Berlin is to be connected with Hamburg by a direct line, and with the Rhine by two lines of railways. One will pass through Minden to Düsseldorf and Cologne, and there unite with the Belgic-Rhenish net. A second will pass through Cassel to Frankfort, and join the Taunus railway. To the east, a line to Königsberg is projected. From Frankfort, Hesse Darmstadt is continuing the Taunus line to Heidelberg and Mannheim, where the Baden net will take it up, and carry the communication on to the Swiss frontier. A railway is now constructing from Basle to Zürich. The Wirtemberg net of railways will connect the Baden and Hessian nets with the lake of Constance and with Bavaria: they cross the heights that separate the Rhine and its tributaries from the Danube. One line of this net, which has been

considered scarcely practicable, is that from the Rhine by the way of Pforzheim and Stuttgart to Ulm, in which the ascent at Geisslingen is looked upon as insurmountable. By the aid of the atmospheric pressure this obstacle can be overcome, and the Rhine be connected with the Danube at the shortest interval. The Bavarian net is to consist of a central line running from the foot of the Alps to Saxony, which is to be traversed at right angles by a line from the Austrian to the Wirtemberg frontier, passing through Munich to Augsburg.

A most important decision has been made in Bavaria, to commence the line that is to connect Bamberg with Frankfort immediately. The country between these two towns is so mountainous, that it would require an immense outlay to construct a locomotive railroad. The atmospheric system, by availing itself of the principle of gravity, might perhaps be even more economically adapted to such a line than to a level.

Of the immense advantages which these vast countries will derive from the adoption of the atmospheric pressure to railway carriages it is therefore needless to say much. The anxiety entertained in all these countries to be released from the necessity of providing coals for these lines has been proved, by the reward of 100,000 florins voted by the Germanic Diet to the inventor of a galvanic machine at Frankfort. It is true that the machine has not been finished, and the money is consequently not yet paid. No machine depending upon a moving principle scarcely less costly than coals, can pretend to vie with the beautiful simplicity of the atmospheric pressure.

It is not merely the difficulty of providing coals that is an obstacle to railways on the continent. The cost of carriage of such a bulky article, in a country where the communications are indifferent, is a serious inconvenience, and one that, on the large net of railways we have described, would form an enormous drain upon the industrial resources of the country. A similar difficulty presents itself in central India, where railroads connecting the capitals have become almost indispensable, both in a military and in a political point of view. With the atmospheric system, the difficulty of collecting depôts of coal is obviated, and we may soon expect to see a railway connecting Bombay and Calcutta.

In this article we have endeavored to give our readers, first, an historical sketch of an invention which promises to realize such important benefits; secondly, an intelligible description of the construction and working of the apparatus; and thirdly, an examination of the merits of the system. We have consequently deemed it necessary to extract largely from all the reports and documents hitherto published, in separate and detached forms, —to cite the opinions of those eminent engineers who have instituted experiments and carefully examined the system in all its bearings, and lastly, to give the results obtained on the trials that have been made: these are of a peculiar value at this stage of the invention, as affording facts upon which calculations and reasoning may be grounded. We have carefully considered what might be most serviceable to the public to know, and in conclusion must express a hope, that the recommendation urged upon the French Government by M. Mallet, to give the system a fair and full trial, will not be thrown away upon the government of our own country.

\* At the end of last year there were twenty-one lines of railroad open in Germany, the total length of which was 1033 miles. The railways then in progress would extend to nearly 1000 miles. Since that period many others have been projected.

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 6.—22 JUNE, 1844.

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We have submitted to the Post Office department, a claim to send the *Living Age* as a newspaper to all parts of the country. That we print carefully, and dry and press our work before distributing it, ought not to be an impediment to it. And it is more a newspaper than many others to which the privileges of that order have been adjudged.

We have still some hope that the present Congress (for it is still in session while we write) may enact some law which will save to us and the postmasters all difficulty of construction, and will allow the public the fuller enjoyment of what ought to be one of the chief advantages of our government. If public opinion has been so far respected in England as to cause the establishment of cheap postage—may not we expect to have it, especially after the success of the experiment in Great Britain? The revenue of this department would be increased, if the postage were greatly lessened. If there be no reform, private enterprise will undermine it. We had offers to carry the Museum at one quarter the government price. It is true that this would not have been available for the scattering residences of very distant subscribers—but it would have taken away most of what is profitable to the Post Office. We wait in hope of better policy.

This number of the *Living Age* is dated 22d June—but the editor's labor on it ends at least a week before that time. It must afterwards pass through the hands of the printer—and being dried and pressed must then remain at the bookbinder's a day or two. Then it is our calculation to have it sent away so early as to travel hundreds of miles before the day of its date. In order that subscribers in distant places, who are supplied by resident booksellers, may receive the work early, we shall hereafter be ready to deliver it to country dealers, *on or before Thursday*. It may be well therefore for them to leave orders beforehand with their Boston booksellers, or at this office.

The *Man of Genius* we give more as a specimen of a French Tale, than for any great merit of its own. And yet it gives us some insight into the French marriage customs—of which we read so much in another shape, in connexion with *Madame Lafarge*.

Brummell we give again, because the *Spectator's* review is kinder—and because the additional anecdotes are sure to be entertaining.

We very much like the *Spectator*. It has a practical, sagacious view of all matters. It is one thing to be well-read in the science of Political Economy, and a far higher to apply its principles in actual life. The artificial state of society and

industry in England, makes wise and necessary, many variations from what might be true doctrine in countries less crowded, and more natural. See the article on *Laissez Faire*.

Leigh Hunt was terribly mangled, under the title of the *Cockney School*, by the vigorous and unscrupulous partisanship of Blackwood. A great part of his life has passed under the shadow of this thunder-cloud. In his declining years the better part of his character has a more favorable exposure, so far as criticism is concerned. The *Examiner* is good authority in all matters of taste, apart from his political prejudices, and his hatred of the church and "priests."

Cheap "Books for the People" are manufactured to great extent in England. There it is found possible, as we hope to show that it is *here*, to combine reduction of price with great neatness of execution. Many of these cheap English books are really models of elegant simplicity in printing, &c.

"Ethiopia shall yet stretch forth her hands unto God." We published more than a year ago a very good article upon Moffat's *Missionary Researches* in Southern Africa, which opened a new scene to all readers, and was very popular. The book itself has since been reprinted here, and has met with a good sale. Major Harris's book is another very important opening of this dark continent, and we shall probably have traveller after traveller reporting to us. We earnestly advise our younger readers to peruse articles such as these with the map before them—so as to have clearer views of the geographical and other connexions. A large globe in an accessible corner, (cannot Yankee ingenuity make a three foot globe for a possible sum? we have seen English paper globes inflated with air)—a large globe at hand—and maps on the walls of a dining-room or hall, or as near the reader's eye as possible, would perform a very important part in the education of children, and be of great use at the same time to their parents.

Captain Sabertash in *The Sliding Scale of Manners* has many hits which will tell as well here as in England.

We have not overlooked the article on the Marquis of Custine's *Russia*—and were amused at the complete dissection, exposure and refutation to which his critic subjects him. He appears to be as little of a gentleman as the English marquis, Londonderry. But his book is hardly of sufficient interest in the United States, to justify us in copying so long an article. And upon the general subject—*Russia*—we think we can find better matter.

Translated, without acknowledgment, for the World of Fashion.

THE MAN OF GENIUS; A LITTLE FRENCH NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was nothing spoken of, for more than three weeks, in the little town of S—, but the approaching marriage of the daughter of M. Gaudiffret the notary, who after twenty-five years spent in the exercise of all the virtues of his calling, at length looked forward to the enjoyment of repose, and was about to resign his charge in favor of a young man, who combined all the necessary qualities to fit him to become at once his successor and his son-in-law. M. Gaudiffret destined both his office and the hand of his beloved daughter, Herminie, for the happy man, the choice of whom had cost him a great deal of trouble and anxiety; for he had been obliged to institute the most minute and complicated inquiries, and to lavish all the art of most laborious diplomacy, together with no small sum in the way of travelling expenses, in order to obtain, on the occasion, exact and satisfactory information, and sufficient guarantees of aptitude, and above all, of morality. Thus had M. Gaudiffret found a son-in-law, who, if not highly accomplished, at least promised to constitute the happiness of Herminie, and to continue the prosperity of the establishment; and this son-in-law, so selected and approved, this son-in-law who had passed through so difficult an ordeal, was no other than the second clerk of one of the first scrivener's offices in Paris; a young man who, after five or six years of a painful apprenticeship, had limited his ambition to the humble position of a provincial notary.

M. Gaudiffret, who was resolved to take on his own shoulders the whole responsibility of choosing a husband for his daughter, and seemed to feel a kind of paternal pride in declining the intervention of every officious matchmaker and intermeddler, addressed those few words only to Herminie, after his return from the capital, where he had just concluded the final matrimonial preliminaries:—

"My daughter, my dear daughter, you will be satisfied."

In vain did Herminie enquire into details—those explanations which are so interesting to young ladies on the eve of pronouncing the fatal "yes;" in vain did she seek to gratify her legitimate curiosity as to what her father had seen, or as to the motives which had determined him in his choice.

M. Gaudiffret entrenched himself behind a wall of impenetrable reserve. He evaded her questions; and when Herminie, provoked and annoyed by this inflexible silence, threatened her father with some manifestation of ill-humor, the notary had recourse to the invariable formula of,

"My dear—dear daughter, you shall be satisfied."

At length Herminie came to the prudent resolution of awaiting with resignation the moment when she would be able to form her own opinion of her father's judgment in the affair. She feared, indeed, that M. Gaudiffret might not have been too indulgent upon certain points, the importance of which he did not perhaps fully appreciate; but at all events the husband, in search of whom he had gone to Paris, possessed in the eyes of Herminie a recommendation which predisposed her favorably towards him; for not only did he come from Paris, but he had even pursued all his studies

there, and that not in an obscure boarding school, but in a royal college, renowned for its princely patronage, and for its classic connexion with the Tuileries.

Miss Herminie had no very decided taste for the profession of a notary. If her father had consulted her, or taken into account her peculiar inclinations and secret sympathies, he would have discovered that her imagination had sometimes pictured to her a husband entirely unconnected with the business of old files and musty manuscripts. She had hoped that marriage would at least have delivered her from the *ennui* of a country town, and it was on this account that she had shown herself so severe, so rigorous, indeed, towards her numerous local admirers. She could not suppose—she could not for a moment admit, that a young man in the provinces could be possessed of any mind or good taste; and although she looked with an indulgence, no doubt somewhat prejudiced, on the little town of S—; although she could discover in it the traces of a sufficiently advanced state of civilization, in point of luxury and industry, she had not seen in it any young man who was worthy of the hand of M. Gaudiffret's heiress.

It was, therefore, an important concession, a great sacrifice, which this gentleman had made to his daughter's taste, in undergoing the fatigue and expense of a peregrination to the metropolis, in search of a Parisian husband for the haughty and fastidious Herminie; but at the same time it must be confessed—and this circumstance might have diminished some of the merit of his devotedness in the eyes of his daughter—that M. Gaudiffret enjoyed the occasion as one which enabled him to see Paris, of which he had previously no knowledge, except whatever he had gleaned from the narratives of travellers, and from books of geography.

Thus had the old notary, in pardoning Herminie for her ill-founded repugnance to the aspirants of her native town, calculated on her entire and unreserved docility in other matters. He could not entertain the slightest apprehension that his daughter would raise any other more exorbitant pretensions. He wished his son-in-law to be a notary, and to take his office as a fortune with his daughter; and Herminie had resigned herself to submit to this decree of the paternal will.

At length came the happy day—the great day fixed on for the arrival of the intended son-in-law, whom M. Gaudiffret had chosen.

A letter from the young man preceded him in the town of S—, announcing that he would alight from the diligence about noon, provided, indeed, the *conducteur* did not deceive him.

Herminie was most anxious to peruse this missive, which her imagination had transformed into an epistle full of tenderness and sentiment; but the old notary obstinately refused to gratify his daughter's curiosity, by allowing her to judge of this specimen of Parisian style. He had, perhaps, divined Herminie's intention; and as the letter of the intended happened to be a singular example of conciseness, he hastened to deposit it in his pocket, after having announced to his daughter the news of an approaching arrival, which would put an end to her impatience and her incertitude.

It had just struck eleven by the time-piece in the old notary's cabinet, when Herminie knocked at his door.

"Well, what is wanted now?" said M. Gaudiffret, assuming an air of bad humor.

The door opens.

"T is I, papa."

"Ah! I was thinking so; but why do you come to disturb me?"

"What! is it not at noon that M. Bernard is to arrive?"

"Yes. But what then? Let him come."

"But, papa, would it not be proper——"

"To go and meet him, is it? To help him off the diligence? Could you think of such a thing, my dear! What opinion would Bernard form of us and of our habits! It is his business to come, and ours to wait here."

Herminie blushed on receiving this short lesson on taste and decorum.

"Ah! truly, you are right, papa," she said; "and I quite forgot that M. Bernard is a young man from Paris; that he understands the rules of politeness, and above all, of his position."

"Certainly, my child. And he is, besides, a young fellow of genius."

"A young man of genius! You did not tell me that before, papa."

In pronouncing those latter words, Herminie could not dissemble her joy.

"A young man of genius!" she repeated; "can that be the case?"

"And what is there wonderful in that?"

"Only that to be a notary, it is not quite a necessary condition——"

"I know that well enough; and I am the first to make the admission, although I belong to the respectable body of notaries. I prefer, it is true, for a son-in-law, an intelligent and honest young fellow, closely devoted to his business, to an amiable fop, who would spend his time making puns and jests, rather than attending to his clients; but a young man who combines the useful with the agreeable—*qui miscuit utile dulci*, as we used to say long ago in college—has a double merit in my eyes, and that is what has decided me in favor of M. Bernard."

Herminie flung her arms round the neck of M. Gaudifret, who was somewhat surprised at so lively a display of emotion.

"Come, come, my child; be calm, and prepare thyself for a formidable trial. The moment approaches; you yourself will also be judged, and Bernard is perhaps difficult to be pleased. If, perchance, he were to accuse me of having misled him by exaggerated eulogiums; if he discovered that the original was inferior to the portrait!"

Herminie cast down her eyes, for her father's remark had suddenly raised doubts and even fears in her mind; and a profound silence succeeded to this interchange of words between M. Gaudifret and his daughter. The latter, in fine, in order to conceal her uneasiness from the searching investigation of the paternal eye, took up from the notary's desk the local journal, of which he was the oldest and most constant subscriber—a circumstance, by the bye, which he never omitted to mention as often as he corresponded with the editor of the said journal, on the subject of certain advertisements relating to judicial or electoral affairs.

When it struck twelve, Herminie was still poring over the columns of the journal, and M. Gaudifret continued his occupation, endorsing, with the usual flourish appended to his name, and according to the ancient and solemn usage, certain old papers which were piled up before him.

"Past twelve!" cried the young girl with an accent of ill-humor and impatience. And she flung the journal on the desk.

M. Gaudifret was not a man to be disturbed by so trifling an affair. He raised his eyes, looked at his daughter, smiled; and then, continuing his work, pretended not to observe the abrupt exit of Herminie, who closed the door after her with unusual violence. The notary was not disturbed by it. He was habituated to such movements, to such almost dramatic exits on the part of his daughter.

Suddenly the bell, which, in most country towns in France, is a substitute for the heavy knockers at the Parisian doors, was set a ringing by a vigorous hand.

"T is he!" said Herminie, partly opening the door of her father's cabinet.

"Who is he?"

"Why M. Bernard to be sure."

"Who told you 'twas M. Bernard?"

"I have guessed it. I will wager that it is he. I have seen him from my window, and besides that, he saluted me very politely."

"You may be mistaken, my child; and in order to avoid the dangerous effect of any mistake of that kind, I advise you to retire a moment: I shall inform you when it is time for you to appear; prudence requires it."

"I shall obey you, papa."

The sound of steps ascending the stairs, and directed towards the notary's cabinet, hastened the retreat of Herminie. She was leaving by one door, whilst a man was entering by another. This, in fine, was Jean Pierre Bernard, the son-in-law elect, and expectant successor of M. Gaudifret.

## CHAPTER II.

On coming to the little town where an office and a wife were awaiting him, Bernard thought that he might dispense with any information about the locality; he knew nothing whatever about the manners and habits of the province, and thought he had no occasion for any particular precautions, or attentions, in what he called a two-fold affair of business. M. Gaudifret's word was pledged to him, on the condition, however, that he should not be found too displeasing to his daughter; but this condition, this stipulatory clause, gave him no uneasiness. In the first place he was young, and although his physiognomy was somewhat common place, he could not be considered as ugly. Then he came from Paris, where he had been second clerk in a second rate office, and a third rate dandy. But Bernard, habituated from an early age to set no value except on realities in this world, predestined, as it were, to be a scrivener, had limited his literary studies to Massé's dictionary; and, gifted though he was with peculiar fitness for business, he never for a moment dreamt that he was about to encounter any literary ordeal in a little town which was not the residence of even a sub-prefect of police, he did not imagine that he had been preceded by the reputation of being a "young man of genius," a reputation which it was necessary for him to sustain under the penalty of rejection, and of being obliged to return to Paris without either office or wife.

The first interview which he had with his intended, in the presence of M. Gaudifret, was favorable to the young adventurer; indeed it was, to him, one of complete success, and might have

induced him to feel guaranteed from any future change or unfortunate vicissitude. It is true that on that occasion the conversation turned only on the inconveniences of the diligence—on the more or less picturesque prospects which were to be enjoyed along the road, and on the amusements and curiosities of the town, with respect to which M. Gaudiffret offered his services as *cicerone* for the following day to his intended son-in-law.

Hermine was pleased with Bernard's appearance, and dress, and manners; in respect to those things, indeed, he had no reason to dread a comparison with any rivals in the town of S—; but that was not all; he had, besides, to face the perils of another ordeal, perils of which he had no idea—no suspicion.

On that day, therefore, he slept midst dreams of happiness, and awoke under the influence of most delightful illusions. In the transports of his felicity he had well-nigh exclaimed—"I came—I conquered!"

M. Gaudiffret, himself, had concluded, from this first interview, that the marriage and the cessation of his office were definitively arranged; he congratulated and applauded himself on the result of his journey; he was proud of his good luck; and in the evening, when Bernard had retired, his first word to his daughter was a question, the answer to which, he anticipated, would be to him as a bulletin of his victory.

"Well, my daughter," said M. Gaudiffret, before imprinting on her forehead the usual paternal kiss, "are you pleased?"

Hermine hesitated to reply; and this hesitation was a subject of surprise to her father.

"You have not heard me," said the latter; "come, are you pleased?"

"Yes, papa, yes."

"Ah! that is fortunate; but that 'yes' does not seem to me free from all mental restriction. What, then, is wanting in Bernard? It would indeed be difficult to please you, if you were not content with such a husband as that. Is it his personal appearance that you find fault with?"

"I have not said it was, papa."

"One of the best second clerks in Paris; a young man full of probity and intelligence—a fine fellow—in fact—"

"But—but, papa, did you not tell me that he was a young man of genius?"

"Ha! ha! ha! I see how it is. Why did you not say that before?"

And M. Gaudiffret began to laugh, on learning what prevented Hermine from giving to her father's choice her full and unreserved approbation.

"But, in the name of goodness, give Bernard time for a fair trial. As yet he is but just arrived, and has not had time to look about him in a place to which he is altogether a stranger. I, however, who have often chatted with him in the capital, and who have seen him in the drawing-room of his late employer, I assure you that he is neither an imbecile nor a blockhead, but that, on the contrary, he can support a conversation most respectably on any subject."

"But, papa, is there any literature in question?"

"Literature, do you say! why he speaks like a professor when you take him to that subject. But, in fact, you will be much better able to judge of him to-morrow, when he shall be completely restored from the fatigues of the journey. You shall yourself interrogate him, if you wish; and you shall see that he is a well-informed man, a man of

letters, and even much more so than it befits a notary to be. Go, my child, sleep in peace. You shall have a husband who will be a credit to you in every respect."

Hermine, somewhat tranquillized by those fresh assurances of her father's, made up her mind, and retired to her chamber. She slept but little, and on the next day took place the great party, at which Bernard was presented with great solemnity to all the members of the family; and to the friends and acquaintances invited to that preliminary feast, as a preface to the nuptial ceremonial.

Bernard, naturally a little timid, had not perhaps all the necessary self-possession and assurance in the presence of this odd assemblage, thus collected together expressly on his account. Constantly the object of prying looks, to which his most trivial movements were subjected, he could not conceal the *ennui* and embarrassment which it caused him, to play so disagreeable a part. Besides, there were among the rest, secret enemies, who had come with dispositions hostile to the Parisian, whom the indiscreet vanity of M. Gaudiffret had too much extolled, for he did not take into account the susceptibilities of his fellow-townsmen, who, on their side, sought for nothing better than an opportunity of avenging themselves for the disdain shown by the notary towards the local aspirants.

After dinner, during which a degree of stiffness and constraint, arising out of the relative position of the various parties, had prevailed, the company retired to the notary's drawing room, where, thanks to the coffee, liqueurs, and punch, the conversation assumed a more animated tone.

The object of his journey presented itself in a strong point of view to the mind of Bernard. He began to perceive that Hermine looked poutingly, and that M. Gaudiffret himself seemed somewhat fretted by his disappointment. He then called up all the resources of his memory and of his experience, to put on an air of amiability, and the change which took place in his manner was abrupt and striking. He launched at once into the midst of the conversation; he entered into discussions with the greatest talkers in the company; he attacked all subjects with the most reckless audacity; and the justice of the peace's registrar, a man who enjoyed the reputation of being a profound political economist in the little town of S—, paid homage to the great information of M. Gaudiffret's intended son-in-law.

Hermine looked at Bernard with an air of surprise, mingled with satisfaction. The old notary triumphed; and the whole company was charmed with the improvised essays of the Parisian second clerk, who, in less than an hour, and with the assistance of the punch, had redeemed all his advantages, and retaken all the ground he had lost.

Hurried away by his enthusiasm for Bernard's encyclopaedia, M. Gaudiffret all at once proposed to him the following *point blanc* question:—

"What is the news, M. Bernard, in the literary world?"

Bernard replied, unhesitatingly, by some reflections on the last new works, of which he had seen the advertisements in the newspapers, and on the dramatic pieces which he supposed he had seen in Paris just before he came away; he spoke about the Theatre Français and Mademoiselle Rachel; about the classic and romantic schools of writers; about the ancient tragedy and the drama of modern times, and all with a degree of ease and facility that completely carried away the feelings of his

audience. Envy was silenced, and provincial pride bowed in the presence of incontestable superiority.

A little old man, in a white perriwig, then approached Bernard. It was the mayor's adjunct.

"Sir," said he, addressing the young Parisian, "your name is not unknown in literature."

Bernard looked at the adjunct and blushed.

"Forgive me, I pray you, if I have wounded your modesty," added the adjunct; "but after hearing your literary dissertation, it has just occurred to me, that I read some charming *feuilletons*, inserted in one of the first class journals of the metropolis, and bearing a signature which you well know. I would lay a bet that you are the author of those articles."

"I, sir! really I did not think ——"

"You would be very wrong, sir, in not acknowledging it. Those *feuilletons* were most successful in Paris and in the departments."

There was a moment's silence, and then Bernard, who blushed more and more, and stammered some nonsense about modesty, at length assumed an air of resignation.

"It is true, sir," he replied, "that it has sometimes occurred to me to seek for relaxation in literary trifles, to which, however, I have never attached any importance; and then you know, *solatia musæ*—the muses at once divert and console us. That, in fact, is all the excuse I have to offer."

And as he spoke, Bernard cast his eyes on the floor with an expression of humility bashful in the extreme. M. Gaudiffret looked at his daughter and smiled; and then leaning towards her, whispered in her ear,

"Didn't I tell you he was a young fellow of genius?"

"He writes *feuilletons*," replied Herminie, in a low tone of voice.

"And speaks Latin," added her father.

In the mean time, the mayor's adjunct required from Bernard a more ample confession.

"Yet, sir," he said, addressing the young Parisian, "I cannot bring to mind precisely the name of the journal which you enriched with your contributions—with the productions of your muse. Would you be so kind as to come to the aid of my unfortunate memory?"

Bernard was by this time too far advanced to retire. He would willingly have evaded the last question of the adjunct, but his reputation was at stake; and so were other interests, which were of more consequence than the gratification of his vanity.

"Oh, it was, indeed, quite against my will that my name was attached to those little *feuilletons* which you may have seen. I solemnly assure you, that I looked upon them as matters of no consequence whatever, and I thought that they were long since condemned to eternal oblivion."

"But what is the name of that journal which has thus escaped from my memory?"

"The *Independent*."

"The *Independent*!" repeated all present.

Bernard, fatigued and embarrassed with his part of the modest author, then entered abruptly on the subject of general politics, in order, if possible, to efface the recollection of both the *Independent* and the *feuilletons*, which had, quite unknown to him, distinguished the name of Bernard throughout the country.

### CHAPTER III.

When sleep had dissipated the fumes of the punch which had somewhat disturbed the good sense of Bernard, usually so sober and modest, he could not bring to mind, without ill-humor, the last episode of the evening, although he was himself the hero of it. He regretted having yielded so far to the impulse of ridiculous vanity, as to undertake playing a part in which he did not take the slightest interest; and his more mature reflection made him discover more than one danger in that title of a man of genius, author, and above all of journalist, in a little town domineered over by every species of provincial prejudice. Nevertheless, he also perceived in his indiscretion some mitigatory circumstances; for the desire of pleasing Herminie, whose secret he had discovered, and whose nonsensical vanity he wished to flatter, had no small share in a piece of imprudence which had rendered him liable to severe criticism, and exposed him to more than one kind of inconvenience. He also encouraged himself with the reflection that M. Gaudiffret himself looked on him with indulgence; if, indeed, he did not participate in his daughter's admiration for the literary talent which his indiscretion had thus led him to assume.

For a moment he felt inclined to go and seek out M. Gaudiffret, to ask a private audience of him in his cabinet, and there to avow to him that he was a total stranger to every species of literature; and that far from having ever thought of composing a *feuilleton*, and getting it printed in the *Independent*, he was altogether ignorant of the very existence of such a journal. But his heart failed him, and he could not muster courage to make such an avowal. He dreaded the disenchanting of Herminie, and feared that if her illusions were all at once dissipated, and that she were compelled to look on her husband only as a simple mortal, a mere prosaic notary, she might take it into her head to conceive such an antipathy for the metropolitan second clerk as it would be impossible to surmount. Bernard, therefore, came to the determination of submitting to his usurped reputation, if he could not help it; and he hoped that oblivion would come to his aid, and that by avoiding every species of discussion and disquisition except on subjects immediately appertaining to his own profession, he might even himself forget the innocent little untruth by which he had trumped up such hazardous pretensions.

While Bernard was engaged at his toilette, which this flux and reflux of considerations and resolutions had prolonged to a most unusual length of time the preliminary operations of shaving—while the intended spouse of Herminie thus fluctuated between hope and fear—in his little room at the auberge of the Bull and Crown, Mr. Notary Gaudiffret was receiving the visit of a certain gentleman in black, who wore knee breeches, and entered with an air of great solemnity.

"Oh! is it you, Mr. Mayor?" cried the notary, going to meet him; "what is it that could have procured for me the honor of so early a visit?"

The Mayor, for he it was, did not answer immediately, but taking a chair, sat down, after having made a signal to M. Gaudiffret to do the same. He then looked at the notary, who was not a little surprised at the preamble.

"What! M. Gaudiffret, is it you—a man who is esteemed and respected by his neighbors—a man who—Alas! who could have thought it!"

And the mayor uttered a profound sigh, which might easily have been heard by the two clerks who were engrossing some documents in the office adjoining the notary's cabinet. Gaudiffret grew pale and red by turns during that long apostrophe, which had the appearance of an anathema.

"Conclude, for heaven's sake conclude, my dear friend, or Mr. Mayor; for after the words which have just fallen from you I know not whether I am to forget or not the kind relations and neighborly feelings which have so long existed between us."

"What! M. Gaudiffret; you do not understand! you do not divine!"

"I faith's I certainly don't. I am no sorcerer."

The mayor then assumed an air altogether solemn and tragical.

"Is it possible that you can give your daughter's hand, and your establishment to a—a—I know not whether I could have the courage to pronounce that frightful word—that horrible word."

"Is it possible that Bernard could be a—or a—oh, impossible."

"It is much worse than that, sir; and still you know it very well. Let us have no more of your pretended surprise and ignorance. You know very well that your intended son-in-law is one of those disturbers of the public peace—one of those anarchical writers, who—one of those pamphleteers who daily scatter abroad in society—the firebrands of discord. In a word, that he is a journalist!"

"A journalist! Oh, if that be all, Mr. Mayor, you give me some relief: why did you not say that sooner, for really I was beginning to have some doubts. I might even say some fear."

"But do you know what a journalist is—and still more a Parisian journalist!"

"Well, I think on the subject you are not likely to tell me anything I do not know already."

"And this is the son-in-law and successor whom you have gone in search of to the modern Babylon! I compliment you on your choice, sir. Good morning, M. Gaudiffret, good morning. But, woe to you, and to your daughter, and to your establishment, if you persist in your unfortunate resolution."

Scarcely had he pronounced these words when he rose, and turning a last terrible look on the stupefied notary, who was confounded with the malediction, was directing his steps towards the door, when Gaudiffret becoming sensible of his movement, seized him by the shoulder.

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Mayor, do not thus condemn people without hearing them. Bernard is an honest man, who understands his business right well. I have obtained the most satisfactory account of him; he was second clerk in a respectable office in Paris, and he has obtained the good opinion of my daughter."

"So much the worse, my dear sir, so much the worse for her. I lament her lot, the poor child! from the bottom of my heart. Were there not at home with ourselves, in our own good town, young men of merit enough! She had only the trouble of choosing; but nothing would do for her but a Parisian for a husband! Good morning, M. Gaudiffret; reflect at your leisure, and if it be not yet too late, if you set any value on the esteem of honest men, and on mine, as well as on my friendship, you will send M. Bernard back to Paris. A journalist here! Why 't would be as bad as the Cholera Morbus!"

And the mayor, making a precipitate exit, re-

fused to listen to the observations or new arguments of M. Gaudiffret, who began to be a little shaken by the menaces of the municipal magistrate. When alone he began to reflect on what had just passed, on the consequences which might arise to his establishment and to his daughter from an alliance with a young man who had been preceded by so dreadful a reputation. Bernard, then, if he was to believe the mayor, was a well known and professional newspaper writer; and he had dissembled the strange combination of the clerkship and of journalism! Gaudiffret, however, did not overlook the subject of the recommendations which he had got with Bernard; and, besides, there was nothing to show that even if the young man were able, as he had declared on the evening before, to insert some articles in the newspapers, that he would not still give up all literary pursuits to devote himself seriously and exclusively to the notaryship. Although, however, the old notary did not participate in the ridiculous prejudices, of which the mayor had just before been the furious interpreter, still he did not feel courage enough to combat against them, and put himself in a state of permanent hostility and open war with the authorities of the town of S—. Hence, after having turned the matter a long time in his mind, he decided on seeking an explanation from Bernard before taking any determination which might be painful both to him and to his daughter; and in the solitude of his cabinet he began to exclaim in a passion, "A curse upon all newspapers, and newspaper writers!"

He had scarcely pronounced this excommunication when Herminie entered without any preliminary demand or permission. She perceived the uneasy and agitated air of Gaudiffret.

"Papa," she said, "has anything occurred to disturb you—any unpleasant circumstance in the way of business?—on the eve of a wedding?"

"On the eve of a wedding, my daughter," said the notary, interrupting her, "on the eve of a wedding one is often further from it than one thinks."

"What do you mean, papa? And has not Mr. Bernard returned yet? Is it possible that any misfortune could have happened to him, or any accident?"

The notary looked at Herminie, and sighed.

"Well! papa, you do not answer me?"

"Alas! my dear child, I fear that obstacles—unexpected difficulties are in our way. I had not been told everything about Bernard; and what I have just learned"—

"You terrify me, papa."

"My daughter, I fear greatly that M. Bernard has too much genius; or rather that he has not that kind of genius which is adapted to his position."

Herminie now smiled, notwithstanding the melancholy expression with which Gaudiffret endeavored to accompany the declaration.

"Genius, papa!" she exclaimed, "no one could have too much of that. Yesterday you spoke very differently; you did justice to M. Bernard; you admired as I did, or perhaps more than I did, the very animated elocution of that young man, and the extent and variety of his knowledge, and to-day"—

"To-day, my child, to-day!"

The sound of the bell happily came to Gaudiffret's relief, and prevented him from pronouncing the distressing confession which was just about to escape from his lips. A man handed a note to M.



Gaudiffret. The latter opened it impatiently, and read the following words, written in haste :—

"By the time that this note shall be placed in your hands, I shall, perhaps, have ceased to exist."

The notary read no more : he endeavored to repress his emotion : then crushing the letter he put it in his pocket, made a sign to the messenger to leave the room, and followed him as if for the purpose of speaking to him in private.

Hermine, left alone, awaited her father's return to obtain from him the explanation of a mystery which filled her breast with cruel perplexity : but Gaudiffret augmented her misery by prolonging his absence.

What can have been the matter ! We shall see.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"I have the honor of addressing M. Bernard!"

"I am the person, sir ; may I beg to know your business with him?"

Such were the preliminary expressions exchanged between Bernard, at the moment of his leaving the Bull and Crown, and a young man who wore the genuine moustaches of a hussar, or of a fencing master at a provincial school, and who carried in his mouth an earthen pipe at least two feet long. Near the latter was another individual, who appeared to be his companion, and seemed to be concealing something in the folds of his *paletot*.

Bernard was greatly surprised at the question, as he could not understand how his name should be known there, where he had but just arrived ; but he perceived by the manner of his interrogator that the latter wished to display a hostile intention, and an air of menace. Bernard, although he was neither a Cid nor an Achilles, was not devoid of spirit, and he at once prepared himself for the chances of the rencontre.

"I am glad, sir," added the unknown, "that I have not been mistaken ; I have sought you, sir, for a long time."

"Sought me, do you say ! Then it was fortunate that I came here ; and if I could have expected that any one in this town desired to see me, I would have hastened to gratify him, and save him the trouble of making further search. Is it any matter respecting a money loan, or an auction of immovable property?"

"No, sir ; 't is nothing of the kind : it is an affair of an article."

"Of contract?"

"Of a newspaper article, sir. Do you understand me, sir?"

The unknown laid great emphasis on the last words, and twisting his moustache, he emitted a blast of tobacco smoke towards his interlocutor, who retreated a few paces to escape the cloud.

"A newspaper article!" exclaimed Bernard.

"Well, I can't understand that."

"In the *Independent* ; you have some knowledge, of that, I dare say."

That name grated painfully on Bernard's ears. It immediately revealed to him the conversation, and the literary triumph of the preceding evening, founded at it was on a supposition which he then thought altogether harmless. He hesitated to reply, and his interrogator continued in a loud voice :—

"Do you mean to say that you don't know the *Independent*, and the author of this abominable, this infamous feuilleton?"

"What ! sir, there is then such a journal?"

"Oh, you affect ignorance, because you dare not meet the object of your calumnies!"

"Permit me, sir, at least to explain myself."

"Look, Mr. Editor, do you recognize that signature?"

The young man took a newspaper from his pocket, and showing it to Bernard, continued :—

"Behold, sir, this paper of the 5th of March, 1833 ; whose is this signature attached to that feuilleton entitled 'the Provincial Coffee-house !'"

Bernard cast his eyes on the newspaper. It was in reality the *Independent*, of the existence of which he had not the slightest knowledge, and the feuilleton was signed "Bernard ;" the circumstance being thus the result of a strange circumstance, a singular fatality.

What was our friend, the second clerk, to do ! Should he deny his responsibility for the article, discover the identity, and appeal to an *alibi* ? He would not have been believed ; provincial silliness would have seen nothing in all his protestations, but the shifts and evasions of cowardice. Bernard determined at once on the course he was to adopt ; and forming a heroic resolution, he was resolved to undergo all the consequences of his newspaper character.

"Well, sir!" said he, approaching the provincial, the very Quixote of his parish ; "Yes, sir, it is I who wrote that article one of those days, I forget which, but no matter."

"The 5th of March, 1833, sir ; the article is not old."

"And what then?"

And he stood haughtily before his antagonist, and so near him that he had almost broken the enormous pipe of the latter.

"What then ! what then ! Why that you must give me satisfaction, or else!"

"Satisfaction for what, if you please?"

"For what ! d—n me ! For your article to be sure ; for the personalities, the insults, the calumnies which it contains !"

"Calumnies against whom ? Surely not against you, of whom I have no knowledge."

"What ! is it possible to designate any man more clearly—to hold any man more unequivocally up to public ridicule and scorn—and that, too, an honorable citizen, an elector, an officer of the National Guard?"

"Permit me at least to read, or rather re-read the article."

"No jesting, sir ; you have grievously insulted me—your pretended sketch of local manners ; I recognized myself at once, under the pseudo name of Leonidas, the hero of the coffee-house of the little town, and you have the audacity, or rather the effrontery, to come into that town where!"

"Enough, enough, M. Leonidas ; have you arms ? I am ready ; come on."

The decided air of Bernard, and his laconic ultimatum, made some impression on the provincial.

"Stop a moment, sir," said the latter. "You know, or rather you do not know, that as the offended man I have a right to the choice of arms."

Bernard shrugged his shoulders.

"Small swords, pistols, sabres, your choice, sir ; 't is all the same to me. Forward, march !"

In saying these words he hummed the air of the *Parisienne*.

The haughty expression of the self-styled journalist, contrasted with the embarrassment and surprise of M. Leonidas, who expected to come off more easily with his Parisian adversary.

"Sir," he said, "I have brought my duelling-pistols, which I always use in affairs of honor, of which affairs I have hitherto had at least twenty."

"Good! then this will be the twenty-first, M. Leonidas."

"Sir, notwithstanding your feuilleton, my name is not!"—

"Sir, I care not. It pleases me to call you M. Leonidas. Forward, march!"

The provincial made a signal to his Acolyte, who drew from under the skirts of his paletot the famous pistols, and exhibited them to Bernard.

"One moment, gentlemen; I ask your permission to write a word to a person of my acquaintance."

Bernard tore a leaf from his memorandum book, wrote a few lines with his pencil, handed the note to one of the servants of the inn; and then rejoined the two provincials.

"Now, gentlemen, I am at your disposal."

"But you must at least have a second."

"The first person we meet will answer the purpose. Forward, march!"

The notary's clerk stepped in advance, again humming the air of *Là Parisienne*.

#### CHAPTER V.

They had already got outside the town, and approached a little wood adjoining. Thus far they had advanced without conversing. Once only, some one essayed to break the silence, and perhaps to make way for a reconciliation: but 't was not Bernard who did so: it was M. Leonidas himself who had risked some timid overtures, under the form of almost good-natured questions, addressed to his antagonist. The second clerk, however, made no reply.

"May we not halt here?" said the latter, with the abruptness of impatience and ill-humor. "We have no need of much room to settle our little differences."

The three personages were at this time behind an old garden wall; they stopped, and Bernard immediately set about measuring the ground.

"Twenty-five paces, sir," said the provincial.

"Fifteen, if you please. 'T is all one to me."

"Whereas we may kill each other very well at twenty-five paces distance, I don't see why"—

"Very well, very well."

Bernard's *sang froid* might have led one to think that he was altogether disinterested in the matter, and only going to act the part of second. The courage of the provincial, on the contrary, was not equal to his boastings and insults, but he sought to put the best face he could on it. He kindled his pipe, which had been extinguished, and while smoking, went to take his post; suddenly, however, he bethought himself that Bernard had no second, and reminded him of that circumstance.

"True," said the clerk, "we must proceed legally."

He then cast his eyes around him, and perceived at some distance, a villager on his way to the town. He beckoned to him to approach, and as the countryman happened to be an old soldier, there was no difficulty in explaining to him the service for which he was required, or in inducing him to render it; and the two adversaries forthwith took their respective places.

Other villagers and some of the towns-people, attracted by these preparations, now came up to be present at the duel between a notable of the town, and a stranger whose fate began to inspire

some uneasiness, as his adversary passed for being first-rate at the sword and pistol.

"'T is your turn to fire first, M. Leonidas," cried Bernard.

He awaited his enemy's fire; at the signal given by the seconds the shot went off, and the ball passed three or four feet above his head." It was now his turn; he adjusted his pistol, but before firing, he exclaimed:—

"M. Leonidas, your pipe is a great deal too long."

And the bowl, carried off by Bernard's bullet, left a fragment of the shank in the mouth of the astonished M. Leonidas. Appalled and horrified, the provincial abandoned his pistol, which fell to the earth, and was falling himself after it, when the seconds ran to support him.

"He is hit," exclaimed the spectators.

"I only wounded his pipe," said Bernard, while he proceeded to reload his pistol, with perfect *sang froid*.

But the crowd gathered round the Parisian, anxious to see a young man who had shown so much dexterity, coolness, and generosity; for they all admitted that the life of his adversary had been in his power.

"Are you satisfied?" said Bernard to M. Leonidas, who came towards him, holding the two fragments of his pipe.

"Yes, sir," replied the latter, extending his hand in friendship.

"Well, then, I may now tell you, and in doing so I call those who hear me to witness my declaration, that the feuilleton in the *Independent* was not written by me; and that I did not even suspect an hour ago, that such a journal was in existence; and for the truth of this I pledge you my word of honor."

"What! then you are not a journalist?"

"No, sir. I have never been one, and most likely never will."

"But the signature to this article?"

"It is the name of a great many people; of some wise men, and of many fools."

"Oh, now I understand. But why did you not tell me that sooner?"

"I had my own reasons for not doing it."

And the two adversaries turned their steps towards the town, accompanied by a crowd, who exerted all their ingenuity to conjecture the cause of that singular duel, but who agreed in bestowing on Bernard the title of hero. The people were, besides, especially delighted with the lesson which had just been given to M. Leonidas, that haughty autocrat, and intolerable tyrant of the provincial coffee-house.

#### CHAPTER VI.

In the mean time, consternation and despair reigned in the habitation of Gaudiffret. After having received Bernard's gloomy note—a note, indeed, which was far from being explicit, and which the notary had almost interpreted as alluding to a suicide—he immediately went to obtain some explanation of that horrible mystery. His questions at the Bull and Crown were to no purpose. No one there could tell him whither Bernard had gone; and on his return home he had to submit to all the assaults of Herminie's curiosity and uneasiness; so that at length he suffered some expressions to escape from him which inspired his daughter with the most frightful presentiments.

"Where is M. Bernard! What has become of M. Bernard?"

And poor Gaudifret could only reply to those interrogatories by profound sighs.

But on a sudden some dull and distant murmurs were heard; they resembled those of a popular tumult, approaching the house of M. Gaudifret; he opens the window of his cabinet, and perceives below, surrounded by a great number of the inhabitants of the town and country, Bernard—Bernard himself, dressed in black, and walking as if in triumph. M. Leonidas, the mayor's nephew, had given him his arm, and the mayor himself accompanied him, and spoke to him in a most gracious manner. At her father's call, Herminie runs to enjoy the spectacle, so soothing to her heart. The cortege halts before the notary's door, and the mayor now perceiving Gaudifret at his window, exclaims:—

"Oh, my friend, I congratulate you on having such a son-in-law: how much I was mistaken with respect to him!"

Bernard himself now arrives, and casts himself into the arms of the notary.

"What has happened to you?" said Gaudifret.

"A slight discussion only; something in the shape of a duel. It was all on account of a feuilleton—an article in a newspaper, which I did not write, and which I was not able to write. But all is now arranged, and it has turned out to have been no more than a mistake. I was taken for a journalist, for a man of genius; I neither am nor wish to be one or the other."

"But you have not then written for the *Indépendant*?"

"No more than you, M. Gaudifret: but if I really had done so, it is not a thing for which I should have blushed."

"The Lord be praised!"

Herminie cast down her eyes and blushed.

"M. Gaudifret," said the mayor, "permit me to render a solemn homage to your son-in-law. He has behaved himself with equal courage and generosity. Challenged and insulted by a hair-brained fellow, he had the life of my nephew at the muzzle of his pistol, as he has proved, by his expertness. He has nobly avenged himself; and I hope that henceforth M. Bernard will be pleased to count me among his friends and clients."

The mayor shook Bernard heartily by the hand, while at the same time Herminie looked on the young clerk with a most amiable smile; for the hero of the duel, the vanquisher, who was at once so generous and so excellent a shot, had completely absolved, in the eyes of the young girl, the fallen journalist.

Eight days after this event, Bernard was the husband of Herminie; he sat in state in the office and in the cabinet of the ex-notary, Gaudifret; but besides all that, he was the leading citizen of the little town of S——.

At the present moment, he is Commander-in-chief and Generalissimo of the National Guard of the little town. His chief clerk is M. Leonidas, who has shaved his moustaches, and goes no more to the coffee-house. As to the newspapers and the feuilletons, he reads but few of them, for he has no time to do so; but he talks very often about them, for he remembers with pleasure that famous feuilleton, the responsibility of which he had so foolishly assumed, and to the result and consequences of which he now gives his benediction.

**A HINT FOR PUBLICISTS OF ALL KINDS.** When I see men late in life thrust themselves into the world's face without a call, I feel a contemptuous pity for them; but they are always punished; they find themselves misplaced; and the more they try to adapt themselves to the tone of an age to which they belong not, the more awkwardly they succeed. Not only the fashions in dress and manners change, but the ways of thinking, nay, of speaking and pronouncing. Even the taste in beauty and wit alters. A Helen, or a Lord Rochester, perhaps, would not be approved but in one specific half-century. Sir William Temple says, that the Earl of Norwich, who had been the wit of the Court of Charles the First, was laughed at in that of Charles the Second. I myself remember that Lord Leicester, who had rather a jargon than wit, which was much admired in his day, having retired for a few years, and returning to town after a new generation had come about, recommenced his old routine, but was taken for a driveller by the new people in fashion, who neither understood his phrases nor allusions. At least, neither man nor woman that has been in vogue must hazard an interregnum and hope to resume the sceptre. An actor or actress that is a favorite may continue on the stage a long time: their decays are not descried, at least not allowed by those who grow old along with them; and the young, who come into the world one by one, hearing such performers applauded, believe them perfect, instead of criticizing: but if they quit the stage for a few years, and return to it, a large crop of new auditors has taken possession, are struck with the increased defects, and do not submit, when in a body, to be told by the aged that such a performer is charming, when they hear and see to the contrary. *Walpole.*

**LOVE OF COUNTRY.**—Several of the French journals, in announcing the recent death of M. Raoul, a celebrated file-maker, relate the following anecdote:—Napoleon, when First Consul, called upon him incognito, and, after having tested the superiority of his files, said—"You live in a country which gives poor encouragement to industry; why do you not go to England, where merit of this kind is encouraged? There you would get a good price for your secret." "Sell my secret to the English!" said Raoul: "Poor as I am, I would rather die of hunger." Napoleon was delighted; but would not reveal who he was. The next day, however, he sent a present to Raoul of 50,000*fr.*, and gave him a building in which to establish a factory. Such a man deserved to be honored.

**EXPORT EXTRAORDINARY.**—There is an export house whose establishment is in Manchester, which, from the magnitude of its business, is perhaps unparalleled—that is, in the same business—namely, exporters of cotton twist and piece-goods. The firm referred to is known to pack no fewer than 25,000 to 30,000 bales per annum, each weighing half a ton; this latter quantity gives 82 bales a day, equal to 41 tons, or 287 tons weekly—or 15,000 tons a year. The carriage or freight paid by this house is really astounding. The present charge to Hull is £2 per ton, and which, at this rate, amounts to £500 per week, presuming that the bales take this route, which, no doubt, nine-tenths of them do. The annual payment on this head will therefore be within a fraction of £30,000. The statement will no doubt cause much surprise, but there is every reason to believe that it is based on facts.—*Leeds Mercury.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE DODO.

WE (the Divan) have received letters enough to tie into a tolerably thick bundle, thanking us for the instructions on the best mode of fitting any one joke into the greatest variety of circumstances, which appeared in our last, under the head of a "Theme, with variations." "Dull-dog" tells us that, after having fired off well-tried Joe Millers for twenty years, without finding so much as a simper, he has, by following our method, produced three guffaws, two chuckles, and a giggle, since the first of April. "Slow-coach," whom his friends despaired of seeing him in any other capacity but that of a respectable mute, has actually set two tables in a roar; and "Horrid-bore," who was never known to go twice to the same house, really made himself so funny at the domicile of an eminent Baltic merchant, that he received an invite to dinner on the day-week of his first appearance. We thank our correspondents, and congratulate them on the solid advantages they have reaped by studying the doctrines we have put forth, not in the shape of dry precepts, but of unctuous examples.

But another class of persons claims our attention. We mean those who are, for some cause or other, constantly called upon to write verses. Now, many of these, when suddenly required to make a song to a given tune, to scribble a chorus for the end of a farce, or to jot down an impromptu on the blue leaf of an album, suddenly find themselves at a non-plus,—not because they are not masters of rhyme and metre, but simply because they cannot get a subject. We propose to show that, far from this want being a just cause for embarrassment, it is absolutely impossible *not* to find a subject. The first thing that catches the eye, or comes into the head, will do, and may be treated in every manner. In this age, although only a chosen few can fill the part of fiddler, opera-dancer, juggler, or clown to the ring, these occupations requiring innate genius, he who cannot become a poet is a very poor creature. But, to our task; we take the Dodo, that ugly bird, which every child knows from its picture in the books on natural history, as a subject that seems of all others the least promising, and we shall show our readers how artistically we can manage it in all sorts of styles.

I. THE DESCRIPTIVE. For this we must go to our encyclopædias, cram for the occasion, and attentively observe the picture. "Our Rees" tells us that the Latin name for the bird is "Didus," that the Dutch are said to have found it in the Mauritius, and called it "Dodaerts;" while the French termed it "Cygne à Capuchon;" and the Portuguese, "Dodo." Its existence, it seems, has been doubted, and at all events it is now supposed to be extinct.

In the island of Mauritius once a sturdy Dutchman found  
Such a curious bird as ne'er before was seen to tread  
the ground;  
Straight he called it "Dodaerts;" when a Frenchman  
gazed upon  
Its hood of down, and said it was a "Cygne à capuchon."

French and Dutch might be content with making sorry names like these,  
But they would not satisfy the proud and high-souled Portuguese;

He proclaimed the bird a "Dodo." "Dodo" now each infant cries.

Pedants, they may call it "Didus;" but such pedants we despise.

'T was a mighty bird; those short, strong legs were never known to fail,  
And he felt a glow of pride when thinking of that little tail;  
And his beak was marked with vigor, curving like a wondrous hook;  
Thick and ugly was his body,—such a form as made one look.

No one now can see the dodo, which the sturdy Dutchman found;  
Long ago those wondrous stumps of legs have ceased to tread the ground.  
If perchance his bones we find, oh, let us gently turn them o'er,  
Saying, "'T was a gallant world when dodos lived in days of yore."

II. THE MELANCHOLY SENTIMENTAL.—We need only recollect that when the dodo lived somebody else lived, who is not living now, and we have our cue at once.

Oh, when the dodo's feet  
His native island pressed,  
How many a warm heart beat  
Within a living breast,  
Which now can beat no more,  
But crumbles into dust,  
And finds its turn is o'er,  
As all things earthly must!

He's dead that nam'd the bird,  
That gallant Portuguese;  
Who weeps not, having heard  
Of changes such as these?  
The Dutchman, too, is gone:  
The dodo's gone beside;  
They teach us every one  
How vain is earthly pride!

## III. IMPROMPTU for a lady's album.

The dodo vanished, as we must confess,  
Being unfit to live from ugliness;  
Surely, methinks, it will not be too bold  
To hope the converse of the rule will hold.  
If lovely things no power from earth can sever,  
Celia, we all may swear, will live forever.

## IV. BACCHANALIAN, with full chorus.

The dodo once lived, and he does n't live now;  
Yet, why should a cloud overshadow our brow?  
The loss of that bird ne'er should trouble our brains,  
For, though he is gone, still our claret remains.  
Sing dodo—dodo—jolly dodó!  
Hurrah! in his name let our cups overflow!

We know that he perished; yet why shed a tear?  
This generous bowl all our bosoms can cheer.  
The dodo is gone, and, no doubt, in his day  
He delighted, as we do, to moisten his clay.  
Sing dodo—dodo—jolly dodó!  
Hurrah! in his name let our cups overflow!

## V. THE REMONSTRATIVE, addressed to those who do not believe there ever was a dodo.

What! disbelieve the dodo?  
The like was never heard.  
Deprive the face of nature  
Of such a wondrous bird!  
I always loved the dodo,  
When quite a little boy,  
I saw it in my "Goldsmith,"  
My heart beat high with joy.

I think now how my uncle  
 One morning went to town ;  
 He brought me home a "Goldsmith,"  
 Which cost him half-a-crown.  
 No picture like the dodo  
 Such rapture could impart ;  
 Then don't deny the dodo,  
 It wounds my inmost heart.

#### DIFFUSION OF SHAKSPEAREANITY AT COURT.

Our gracious Queen, as we briefly stated in our last, summoned a few nights since Mr. Charles Kemble to Buckingham Palace, that he then and there might enter upon the goodly work of diffusing Shakspeareanity through the hearts and minds of the natives abiding within the royal precincts ; and we are happy to learn that although Mr. Kemble found the greater number of the individuals in a very benighted condition in as far as related to their knowledge and appreciation of the ennobling qualities of the Great Teacher, they nevertheless—the great defects of their education considered—evinced a degree of interest and aptitude, which Mr. Kemble believes may in good time be made to produce the very best fruits.

We have received a letter from Mr. Kemble on the subject. It will be seen from the document that he has unconsciously fallen into the missionary style of composition ; a circumstance, perhaps, hardly to be wondered at, when we consider the importance of his new duties.

#### FROM CHARLES KEMBLE TO PUNCH.

MY VERY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Delighting in the interest you have always manifested for the progress of literature and the arts, cherished and honored as they are by our beloved mistress, the Queen, I hold it to be no other than my duty to forward to you, and through you to the whole universe, the subjoined report of my labors up to the present time at Buckingham Palace, for the diffusion of Shakspeareanity throughout the court.

Her Majesty received me with the greatest cordiality, and Prince Albert, by the very attentive manner with which he listened to me, showed an example of decorum which I am sure was not lost upon the inferior people. He is evidently a young man of good natural understanding, although the unfortunate prejudices of his station may have hitherto caused him to neglect his Shakspeare for the more frivolous pursuits of rabbit-shooting and sitting for five hundred portraits. Nevertheless, the many questions he put to me respecting Shakspeare, namely, as to where the poet was born,—whether he had been apprenticed to any business,—whether he died married or a bachelor,—whether he had really invented mulberries,—with other curious interrogatives, all showed to me that the mind of the Prince was at least hungry for a better knowledge of the Moral Master. Indeed, I have every hope, from the interest already awakened in the royal breast, that Prince Albert will, in a short time, wholly renounce the idols of the Opera ; and, as a most convincing proof of his belief in Shakspeare, sit out the *Petruchio* of Mr. Webster.

I shall now, Mr. Punch, proceed to give you a few cases illustrative of my success in Queen Victoria's Court, heartily hoping that they will be multiplied ten thousand fold. For most charitable reasons, I suppress the names, giving only the occupations of my neophytes.

"A Maid of Honor, age 23.—Had certainly heard of Shakspeare, when a little girl and before she came to court ; but had seldom had her attention called to the subject since. Did not know where he was born. Believes that he was dancing-master to Queen Elizabeth. Thinks she has heard it said that he was a low man, and wrote very bad English ; for that reason

was advised never to hear him except in Italian at the opera. Knew an opera called *Otello* ; was sure she knew it, because Grisi and Lablache played in it ! Had certainly heard of the swan of Avon ; believes that she once saw it in the Zoological Gardens. It was a white swan."

[I am happy to inform you, Mr. Punch, that such has already been my success with this benighted young woman, that she has broken a very pretty plaster statuette of Rubini on her dressing-table, and every night takes her rest with the Family Shakspeare under her pillow.]

"A Woman of the Bedchamber, age 32.—Had heard of Shakspeare several times. Saw *The Murder of Marbeth* once ; was sure it was the *Murder of Macbeth*, for a Mr. Charles Kean played the principal part. Never went to the play ; no, never ; that is, except on a royal visit, which was as good as never. Remembers to have seen Mr. Balfie's *Falstaff* at the opera ; liked it very well ; but thought *Falstaff* at the play-houses only fit for low people. Remembers to have heard of *Romeo and Juliet* when a girl. Never looked into Shakspeare ; it was not considered proper. Had seen General Tom Thumb three times ; kissed him on each occasion. Once heard part of the *Tempest* ; thought Caliban a disgusting creature ; had seen and liked the *Ojibbeways* very much."

[I assure you, Mr. Punch, so great has been my influence over this darkened individual, that she has not visited the opera this ten days, and, as a proof of her conversion to Shakspeare, has expressed herself ready to go even to the Victoria to endure him.]

"A Gentleman of the Bedchamber, age 40.—Had heard of Shakspeare, but thought him a bore. Had seen *Hamlet* once ; he didn't mean the silversmith, but *Hamlet*, the Duke of Denmark ; thought it very dull and unsatisfactory. What had *Hamlet* to complain of ? Wasn't he a prince, with a devilish fine girl to marry, and all that ? Thought there was no interest in *Hamlet* ; liked something that touched the feelings ; for instance, admired the *Maid and Magpie*."

[Judge my delight, Mr. Punch, when, after only three interviews with this forlorn individual, he was found devouring Shakspeare raw at the Pavilion.]

"An Equerry, age 27.—Had, in his time, heard of Shakspeare : might have been a slap-up fellow in his day, but was too slow for these times. Once saw the *Merchant of Venice* ; old *Shylock* was a bill-discounter of the tribe of Levi. Never went to the play. Never missed Carlotta Grisi."

[This gentleman, after only two readings, dismissed twenty pictures of the Pets of the Ballet from the walls of his bed-room, and promoted to his dormitory a magnificent bust of Shakspeare.]

Such, Mr. Punch, are a few of my conversions at the Palace. As I proceed in my labors you shall hear more ; meanwhile, believe me,

Yours, with fervent admiration and respect,  
 CHARLES KEMBLE.

Garrick Club, May 7.—Punch.

#### TO THE AGE-FEARING.

Why should the aspect of the vale of years  
 Banish thy smiles ? Imports it much, I pray,  
 How dark the path that leads thee to the day ?  
 Lo, all thine own yon gathering cloud of fears !  
 Lo, all thine own the mist of falling tears,  
 Weeping around the portals of the way,  
 From this world, full of beautiful decay,  
 Unto the lasting light of purer spheres !  
 What dost thou long for most ? what most lament ?  
 If perfect love—if youth and beauty spent ;  
 And thy companion-spirits too soon rent  
 From thy sad heart—behold the road to all !  
 Oh ! let not then that gracious gloom appal,  
 When first its shadows round thy footsteps fall.

Beniley.

From the Spectator.

# CAPTAIN JESSE'S LIFE OF BRUMMELL.

IT has been the fashion to sneer at Beau BRUMMELL, (after his reverses,) but he at least did what no other man could ever do—without birth, rank, fortune, or forerunning reputation of any kind, he established himself as the autocrat of fashion among the proudest and most exclusive aristocracy in Europe. Other instances may be adduced of men with as little of high or solid merit filling a similar conspicuous position in the eyes of the great, but not from their own intrinsic qualities. Antinous, and other celebrities of ancient times, were supported by the Imperial power, to whose vices they administered. The same may be said of Carr and the two Villierses,—who, moreover, attained rank, wealth, and political influence. Beau Brummell had no pretensions to court favor, and for the longer period of his career he had for an enemy the most malignant “fine gentleman” that ever breathed; yet neither the power of Heir Apparent, Prince Regent, or leader of the ton, sufficed to shake him. He only succumbed to that pressure which changes dynasties, overwhelms states, and would have destroyed Cæsar had he not managed to destroy the republic—the pressure of a vacuum in the exchequer, the most irresistible of pressures excepting that of atmospheric air.

There is more in a man who could accomplish this than impudence and the tie of a cravat, or we should have a Brummell every day in the week. That he had a power of face which surpassed Ciber or Fouché, is clear; that he dressed well—with “exquisite propriety,” is recorded by Byron; and stories of the starched neckcloth are told in various forms, though we suspect none of them accurately. He had also great elegance of manner, with several social accomplishments: he was an amateur artist, had some knowledge of music with an agreeable voice, he could write *vers de société*, and, it would appear, pilfer those of other writers, and told a story capitally. He had moreover, a keen eye for a weak point, and great tact in the mode of probing it so as to escape personal consequences however offensive he might be. In the exercise of his faculty he was, like Theodore Hook, restrained by no sense of feeling, of gratitude, or of propriety; so that the slaves of fashion were slaves to him. This would go far to account for his retention of power, but not for its acquisition. The art of Beau Brummell's rise would seem to be an unknown art. As in most great geniuses, however, his peculiar faculty developed itself early. At sixteen he was a Cornet in the “Prince's Own;” and, if the dates of Mr. Jesse's book are correct, he was at six-and-twenty sufficiently established on the throne of the world of fashion to defy the art and malice of the Prince, which were more “his own” than his regiment.

Such a character and career were as well worth tracing as those of players, playwrights, demireps, or dillards, with which the town has been so often inundated. Two volumes may look too much for a beau; but some of the mimes, we think, have extended to more; and if Horace thought it worth while to make the characteristics of Tigellius a leading theme for two satires, Captain Jesse may justify the devotion of two volumes, in this age of print to a greater than Tigellius. The true objection to the length of Mr. Jesse's book is that much of it is not necessary to Brummell. There are sketches of preceding beaus which might have been spared;

there are digressions upon anything that turns up, which had been better away; there are interminable extracts from Brummell's album, consisting of verses by the mob of gentlemen and ladies of his own time; together with some commonplace epistles of Brummell himself, and details of a screen and so forth, that only overlay.

Still, the volumes are amusing; and the life of Brummell could not have fallen into better hands. A clearer arrangement, a more regular narrative, a closer style, might be attained; and we do not expect from a collector any very searching estimate of the authenticity of the gossip he receives. But who save Captain Jesse would have had patience and perseverance to gather the materials? His own personal reminiscences are easy enough told; the floating stories of the clubs and coteries, with the printed sketches or caricatures of his hero, are not difficult to collect; a pilgrimage to Calais and Caen might have been undertaken by the zealous bookmaker: but Captain Jesse does not show like a mere literary lover of gossip picking up what he finds—he is like a soldier going out to gain “intelligence.” Brummell was born in 1778, and educated at Eton; so thither went the Captain. The lady who supplied the Etonians at the close of the last century with apples and cakes is living in the Alms-houses, but the old soul's mind and memory have failed her: it is therefore unknown whether the “child was father to the man” in the matter of good things and getting them on credit. Our author, however, has hunted out a correspondent to whom Brummell was fag, and who speaks highly of his general character and conduct, but seems to consider that his first excellence was in toasting cheese. It also appears that in his school-days he was remarkable for the neatness and style of his dress, so as to have acquired the sobriquet of “Buck Brummell,”—which was perhaps better than “Beau.” It would seem that the future hero of the world of fashion never suffered corporal degradation. Dining once in a strange party, an elderly Nimrod happened to mention that he was at Eton towards the close of the last century; Captain Jesse, on the watch, immediately queries, “Do you recollect Brummell there?” “I knew him well, sir,” replied the old squire: “he was never flogged; and a man, sir, is not worth a d—n who was never flogged through the school.”

But Captain Jesse, in obedience to the rule of the philosophical poet, not only adds the morn but the evening to the day of his hero.\* His landlord and his laundress at Calais are put to the question. He hunted up the valet of his meridian splendor and first decline, in a café at Boulogne. From him he probably learned the *modus operandi* of putting on the neckcloth, which he describes at length. The same authority should have taught Captain Jesse to doubt the hacknied story of “our failures,” which he elsewhere relates: the cravats were folded by the laundress, and only inspected by the Beau; and the valet emphatically declares that his master “never failed in the tie.” Not content with the commoner sources at his last resting-place, Caen, our author penetrates to the prison where he was confined for debt, and to the lunatic asylum where he died; and visits the congenial-minded tailor, who groaned in spirit over the coat out at elbows, and the tattered trousers that dis-

\* “Alas! not dazzled by their noontide ray,  
Compute the morn and evening to the day.”

figured the dandy's cloudy setting. "J'avais honte," said the indignant artist to the inquiring biographer, "de voir un homme si célèbre et distingué, et qui s'était crée une place dans l'histoire, dans un état si malheureux." He could not afford to give clothes, but he mended Brummell's only suit *con amore*, whilst the Beau lay in bed.

It is said that in the cotton-districts a person with a grandfather is a person of family. Brummell had a grandfather, but his original status is matter of dispute; some affirming that he was a porter to the Treasury, others that he was in Lord Bute's household, and others, again, that he was a confectioner. Captain Jesse cannot settle the question, but he has discovered that he was "in business in Bury Street, St. James's," where Jenkinson, the first Lord Liverpool, took lodgings at his house, attracted by the perfect penmanship of Beau Brummell's father in "Lodgings to let." This introduction led to protection and patronage—amanuensis, a clerkship in the Treasury, private secretary to Lord North, and thence to a good marriage and a good many sinecures; so that "Lodgings to let" eventually "cut up" to the tune of nearly £70,000. This he divided equally among his three children, and Beau Brummell's share had increased on the attainment of his majority to £30,000—some say £40,000. We have seen he was at Eton; thence he went to Oxford: at sixteen he was a Cornet, and at eighteen a Captain; but the army was too great a tie, and he left it at twenty.

With the Funds yielding five per cent, he might probably have continued to keep his head above water for his lifetime, had "Prudence been present." But, like the Prince and all of his *set*, he seems to have had no notion of the value of money; and though he spent little on other people, he expended a good deal on himself. A small but exquisite bachelor's house, a man-cook, a stud, and so forth, could scarcely be kept up on £1,500 or £2,000 a year. Then he had taste in articles of virtù, especially porcelain; he had an unrivalled collection of snuff-boxes; and he gambled, without capital sufficient to stand a run of ill-luck. His personal habits were very expensive; so much so that his reply to the lady who asked what her son could appear well for, might not be so very extravagant: "Why, with strict economy, it might be done for £800 a year." His capital melted, his debts accumulated; and, after a reign of more than twenty years, the ruined Beau "bolted" for Calais—according to our author, on the 16th May, 1816.

In this town of passage he lived till 1830, maintained in luxury by the large contributions of his fashionable friends: a fact which speaks much in favor of Brummell, for with no class of people is "out of sight out of mind" more truly to be predicted, especially when memory is to make an inroad on the pocket. In 1830, the whigs appointed him to the Consulship at Caen, with a salary of £400 a year; but as £320 was put aside for the payment of his Calais debts, without which arrangement he could not have departed, he gained a loss, as his friends thought he was provided for. Debts, of course, ran up at Caen; and when Lord Palmerston abolished the Consulship, the Beau was arrested and thrown into prison. A subscription among his surviving fashionable friends arranged his affairs; and from the same source an allowance of £120 was raised for him. The secret of this influence is not discoverable in these volumes; but

it is a fact that every one with whom he came in continual contact, down even to the prisoners in gaol, retained favorable and friendly impressions of Beau Brummell.

His close of life realized the most deplorable pictures of those satirists who have warned mankind against the prayer for multitude of days. Poverty, disease, idiocy, and a paralysis of the bowels which reduced him at last to a shocking state of filthy helplessness, Captain Jesse pursues through their minute details, with a result at once mournful and mirthful. After some time of what we agree with our author in thinking gross mismanagement of his income, he was removed from the hotel to the Bon Sauveur, a religious asylum for the insane. Here he died, on the 30th March 1840; his last act exhibiting, whether consciously or accidentally, all his former sense of propriety; he turned his face to the wall, so as to be hidden from the attendants on the other side, and in that position expired.

Though Brummell had the reputation of a wit, he exhibited very little real wit. Like Theodore Hook, and perhaps most other reputed wits of society, his mind was of the buffo cast, redeemed from buffoonery only by reserve and causticity. What Johnson says of Tom Brown is not far from the truth respecting the class we speak of: "the whole animation [and point] of these compositions arises from a profusion of ludicrous and affected comparison,"—in other words, from exaggeration so great as to startle. Such was Brummell's reply to the beggar who solicited charity "if only a half-penny:" "My good fellow, I have heard of the coin, but I never had one—there's a shilling for you." When asked during a bad summer if he had ever seen such a one, he replied, "Yes, last winter,"—which is of the same character. Sometimes the mere impudence of the deed or word produces the same effect of surprise. Once, at a party, he asked an acquaintance, with a great air of curiosity, who that ugly man near the chimney-piece might be? "Why, surely, my good fellow, you know him—that is the master of the house." "No," replied the unmoved Cornet; "how should, I? I was never invited." He does not appear to have been good at retort; perhaps he had prudence enough to avoid the risk of having to make one. But the following approaches to repartee. A doctor's wife at Caen tried hard to get him to her house: walking one afternoon with a friend, they passed through an archway under the lady's balcony, in which she was: leaning over, she accosted the Beau, earnestly requesting him to walk up and *take tea*: "Madam," said he to the medico's wife, in his calmest and most disdainful manner, "you take physic, you take a walk, you take a liberty, but you *drink tea*." Disagreeable, personal, painful truths, such as only unfinishing impudence could utter, produce their effects by the same means of surprise. The "fat friend" was of this kind. So was the last witticism; for we hardly think, with Mr. Jesse, that it was any proof of absence of mind.

"One evening, absorbed in the contemplation of a blazing fire at the house of a friend, and sitting next to two ladies who were carrying on a desultory conversation near him, he heard the lady of the mansion gently chide her companion for having left her daughter by the sea-side alone: upon which he broke silence by audibly observing to himself, 'There is no necessity for being alarmed; she is too plain for anybody to dream of running off with her.'"

Brummell, however, in common with great satirists, had the faculty of intuitively seeing the sore place: he also disregarded the forms of things in comparison with the pith, though he affected to estimate them by a whimsical standard of his own.

There are other points in his meridian splendor, as well as in his decline and fall, which we should like to have touched upon: the care and time he spent upon his toilet, with its moral of natural taste matured by labor; and the sad story of his decline—how he sponged upon casual travellers at the table d'hôte for his wine, in return for the honor of his company and anecdotes—how he apparently struggled against fortune in public, with its effects upon mind and health in private. But we have only space left for a few anecdotes, relating to the “first gentleman of the age,”—who is exhibited throughout as a very paltry fellow. The following are furnished by a voluntary correspondent who addressed Captain Jesse in consequence of the advertisement of his work; and who seems, like other of the Beau's friends, to have entertained a strong regard for him.

#### THE TALE OF THE SNUFF-BOX.

Brummell had a collection chosen with his singular sagacity and good taste; and one of them had been seen and admired by the Prince, who said, “Brummell, this box must be mine: go to Gray's, and order any box you like in lieu of it.” Brummell begged that it might be one with his Royal Highness's miniature; and the Prince, pleased and flattered at the suggestion, gave his assent to the request. Accordingly, the box was ordered and Brummell took great pains with the pattern and form, as well as with the miniature and the diamonds round it. When some progress had been made, the portrait was shown to the Prince; who was charmed with it, suggested slight improvements and alterations, and took the liveliest interest in the work as it proceeded. All in fact was on the point of being concluded when the scene at Claremont took place. [Where this writer describes the quarrel as originating, through the Prince preventing Brummell from joining a party, on the plea of Mrs. Fitzherbert disliking him.] A day or two after this, Brummell thought he might as well go to Gray's and inquire about the box: he did so, and was told that special directions had been sent by the Prince of Wales that the box was not to be delivered: it never was, nor was the one returned for which it was to have been an equivalent. It was this, I believe, more than anything besides, which induced Brummell to bear himself with such unbending hostility towards the Prince of Wales. He felt that he had treated him unworthily, and from this moment he indulged himself by saying the bitterest things. When pressed by poverty, however, and, as I suppose, somewhat broken in spirit, he at a later period recalled the Prince's attention to the subject of the snuff box. Colonel Cooke (who was at Eton called “Cricketer Cooke,” afterwards known as “Kangaroo Cooke,”) when passing through Calais, saw Brummell; who told him the story, and requested that he would inform the Prince Regent that the promised box had never been given, and that he was now constrained to recall the circumstance to his recollection. The Regent's reply was—“Well, Master Kang, as for the box, it is all nonsense; but I suppose the poor devil wants a hundred guineas, and he shall have them;” and it was in this ungracious manner that the money was sent, received, and acknowledged.

Mr. Jesse adds, in a note—

“I have heard Brummell speak of this affair of the snuff box, but never heard him say that he received the hundred guineas.”

#### THE MEETING OF THE RIVALS.

Brummell, before he sunk under the pressure of poverty, always withstood the Prince of Wales, like a man whose feelings had been injured. Well do I remember an instance of this, one night after the opera. I was standing near the stove of the lower waiting-room, talking to several persons, of whom one is now alive. The Prince of Wales, who always came out rather before the performance concluded, was also standing there, and waiting for his carriage, which used to drive up what was then Market Lane, now the Opera Arcade. Presently, Brummell came out, talking eagerly to some friends; and, not seeing the Prince or his party, he took up a position near the check-taker's bar. As the crowd flowed on, Brummell was gradually pressed backwards, until he was all but driven against the Regent; who distinctly saw him, but who of course would not move. In order to stop him, therefore, and prevent actual collision, one of the Prince's suite tapped him on the back; when Brummell immediately turned sharply round, and saw that there was not much more than a foot between his nose and the Prince of Wales'. I watched him with intense curiosity, and observed that his countenance did not change in the slightest degree, nor did his head move: they looked straight into each other's eyes; the Prince evidently amazed and annoyed. Brummell, however, did not quail or show the least embarrassment. He receded quite quietly, and backed slowly step by step till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the Prince. It is impossible to describe the impression made by this scene on the bystanders; there was in his manner nothing insolent, nothing offensive; by retiring with his face to the Regent he recognized his rank; but he offered no apology for his inadvertence, (as a mere stranger would have done,) no recognition as an acquaintance: as man to man, his bearing was adverse and uncompromising.

#### THE RIGHT READING OF “THE FAT FRIEND.”

Lord Alvanley, Brummell, Henry Pierrepont, and Sir Harry Mildmay, gave at the Hanover Square Rooms a fête, which was called the Dandies' Ball. Alvanley was a friend of the Duke of York's; Harry Mildmay young, and had never been introduced to the Prince; Pierrepont knew him slightly; and Brummell was at dagger's-drawing with his Royal Highness. No invitation, therefore, was sent to the Prince: but the ball excited much interest and expectation; and, to the surprise of the Amphitryons, a communication was received from his Royal Highness intimating his wish to be present. Nothing, therefore, was left but to send him an invitation; which was done in due form, and in the names of the four spirited givers of the ball. The next question was, how were they to receive their guest; which, after some discussion, was arranged thus: when the approach of the Prince was announced, each of the four gentlemen took, in due form, a candle in his hand. Pierrepont, as knowing the Prince, stood nearest the door, with his wax-light, and Mildmay, as being young and void of offence, opposite; Alvanley, with Brummell opposite, stood immediately within the other two. The Prince at length arrived; and, as was expected, spoke civilly and with recognition to Pierrepont, and then turned and spoke a few words to Mildmay; advancing, he addressed several sentences to Alvanley; and then turned towards Brummell, looked at him, but as if he did not know who he was, or why he was there, and without bestowing upon him the slightest symptom of recognition. It was then, at the very instant he passed on, that Brummell, seizing with infinite fun and readiness the notion that they were unknown to each other, said across to his friend, and aloud, for the purpose of being heard, “Alvanley, who's your fat friend?” Those who were in front and saw the Prince's face, say that he was cut to the quick by the aptness of the satire.



This version carries better internal evidence than any other; for it was neat, appropriate, and telling,—points which Brummell ever regarded. The fact of the ball is well known; it was given by the four after a great run of luck: it is also known that the Prince intimated a wish to be present, and is said to have cut Brummell when he got there. The story would otherwise be incredible; for what an idea does it give of "the finest gentleman in Europe"—a *ci-devant* jeune Prince fishing for an invitation to a ball, and insulting one of his entertainers the moment he arrived!

**PROHIBITION OF ART-UNIONS.**—So there is an end to our picture-lotteries: they are prohibited. The drawing of prizes for the London Art-Union, which was to have taken place on Tuesday last, was prevented by a missive from the Treasury apprising the committee that it was illegal. This proceeding, though inevitable, took people by surprise, and created quite a consternation among those artists who relied upon the enlightened patrons of the wheel of fortune for encouragement; and the subscribers murmur at the loss of their chances: government might have allowed the prizes to be drawn first, and have put a stop to the lottery afterwards, they exclaim. They would have had reason to complain, had they been suffered to commit a breach of the law subjecting all parties concerned to heavy penalties. This step could scarcely have been taken earlier; a public announcement of the intended lottery being a necessary preliminary to the act of interference. Nor could it have been avoided: since the question of the legality of Art-Unions had been raised by the print-sellers, and the law-officers of the crown were required to give an opinion for the government's guidance.

We cannot regret the suppression of Art-Unions: they have done much more harm to art than good to artists. Only the inferior class of painters, who had no other chance of finding a sale for their works, were benefited: men of real merit were rather injured than otherwise; for many people, who would otherwise have bought a picture that pleased them, were content to wait for the chance of a prize. Looking at the matter in a merely pecuniary point of view, the money distributed by Art-Unions was very far from being a clear addition to the amount annually expended on works of art; and the moral effect of the system was bad: it tended to lower rather than to elevate the aim of the artist, who naturally sought to propitiate the vulgar liking of the many in preference to the more refined taste of the few; and engendered a jobbing spirit among the producers and possessors of pictures, degrading an intellectual pursuit to a traffic in chances. As for the prints that were circulated by thousands, they were not of such surpassing excellence and beauty as to prevent them from becoming a drug, having no other than a mere money value.

The fourteen thousand pounds of subscriptions need not, however, be wasted, or diverted to other purposes. The ostensible object of the Art-Unions may be better promoted now than ever, by purchasing the best pictures in the current exhibitions, or in the possession of their painters, and presenting them to the National Gallery; or by giving commissions to a few first-rate artists for works to adorn some public building. And if the public zeal for the "promotion of art," burn with genuine ardor, the subscribers may have the satisfaction of vying with the pontiffs and nobles of Italy in the munificence of their patronage of the fine arts.

#### A RIDDLE.

A song, a salute, and one little word,  
Will give you the name of a beautiful bird.

**CURIOS EXPERIMENT.**—The *Courrier Français* states, that "an experiment calculated to excite the greatest interest was made in Paris, in that part of the river opposite to the Quai d'Orsai. Towards five o'clock in the evening of Wednesday last, Dr. Payerne, placed in an enormous metal bell, weighing several hundred kilograms, descended under this heavy apparatus to the bottom of the river. The doctor remained more than half an hour under water. He had under his bell a chymical apparatus, with the assistance of which he absorbed the carbonic acid gas, and produced oxygen and azote to render the air fit for respiration. The experiment succeeded completely, and we are assured that with this bell, of a new construction, a person may remain under water for an indefinite period at a depth of fifty yards. An instrument of a similar construction, placed in the hands of our pearl and coral fishers, would be of vast importance."

#### THE TROOPER'S SONG.

(SCHILLER.)

Up, comrades, and saddle! To horse, and away  
To the field, where freedom's the prize, sirs!  
There hearts of true metal still carry the day,  
And men are the kings and the kaisers.  
No shelter is there, where a skulker may creep,  
But each man's sword his own head must keep.

From the earth has freedom outvanish'd quite,  
And left but the master and master'd;  
Chicaning and falsehood have fasten'd them tight  
On the hearts of the fool and the dastard.  
The soldier beards death in the teeth,—and he,  
Alone of all mortals, alone is free.

Life's cares and its troubles, he doffs them by;  
No fear has he, and no sorrow;  
He shows a full front to his fate!—for why?  
It comes, at the latest, to-morrow.  
And if then to-morrow, to-day let us drain  
The heart-stirring cup,—we may never again.

We toil not, we moil not, but snatch for ourselves  
The joys that from heaven down tumble.  
The serf, sorry drudge, he digs and he delves,  
In hopes on a treasure to stumble.  
He digs and he shovels, while life dies fast:  
And digs, till he digs his own grave at last.

Unwelcome guests are the trooper tall  
And his coal-black so fiercely ridden:  
When the lamps are bright in the bridal hall,  
He comes to the revel unbidden.  
He woos not with speeches, he woos not with gold,  
But bears off the prize like a reiver bold.

A kiss, wench, at parting! Why, never take on,  
Your tears will be dried by some new love.  
We are here to-day, and to-morrow are gone.—  
Can a soldier know constant and true love?  
We are tost to and fro, like the restless wind,  
And are true, while we may, to the lass that's kind.

Then up, boys, and saddle. Huzzah for the fight,  
Where the pulses beat high, till they madden;  
Youth boils in each vein, in each nerve dances light,  
Up, up, ere its spirit can sadden.  
Strike home, and remember in battle strife,  
The man that fears death has no chance for life.

*Tait's Magazine.*

From the Spectator.

**POLITICAL JUDGES.**—The practice of appointing political partisans to the bench, as a reward for their political services, is not exactly new. From the time that the country party, (the name is as old as the reign of Elizabeth,) grew strong enough to excite the watchfulness, if not the apprehension of the government, a lawyer's devotion to the court party became a recommendation to the bench; and from the time that ministerial tenure of office came to be more dependent on the support of the majority of the aristocracy than the liking of the sovereign, ministers have been in the habit of retaining legal followers by the prospect of judgeships. But under the constitution of the Reform Act the abuse seems to be growing more inveterate.

Judges chosen by the crown or by the minister commanding a majority in a Boroughmonger Parliament, on account of their political subserviency, were liable to suspicion in all trials where a question affecting the prerogative of the crown or ministerial tenure of office was at issue. The evil of this was not confined to the endangering of popular privileges: the dignity of the bench was lowered in the eyes of the public—popular confidence in the law was weakened. But, except in political cases, these judges might be honest, and were able and learned lawyers. Whatever may be thought of Lord Mansfield when political questions came before him, his invaluable services to the mercantile law of England are beyond question; and even the most sordid and sycophantish of the judges in the time of the two Charleses were able lawyers. The reason was, that the court and the minister had an interest in choosing sound lawyers, and had the power to do it. Even after the rise of the House of Commons into importance had rendered ministers more or less dependant on the assistance of their legal partisans in debates, and had made such parliamentary services a claim for promotion to the bench, nomination-boroughs enabled party leaders to place in Parliament men who had already attained to legal eminence. Partisanship was the motive that determined the choice of law-officers of the crown and judges from among the parliamentary lawyers; but a lawyer required to be eminent in his profession before the owner of a borough thought it worth while to place him in Parliament. The principle of selection was bad, but the abilities and experience of the body from whom the selection was made mitigated its bad effects. The lawyers chosen for judges by the court before Parliament grew strong, and by ministers afterwards, were uniformly men who had characters *as lawyers* to support; they had a professional point of honor, which often served in lieu of higher moral principle.

Now the case is altered for the worse. The reform has thrown ministers, in their selection of the high officers of the law, upon an entirely different class of practitioners. Party leaders can no longer obtain a seat in Parliament for any man they please: they must take the kind of men who have the knack of pleasing constituencies,—which is rarely the case with great lawyers. Formerly, eminence in the law was a means of getting into Parliament as a step to the bench; now, men without any professional eminence get into Parliament, as a means of helping them to practice. Ministers must take their legal assistants in Parliament from the lawyers they find there; and the assistance lent them by these lawyers must be re-

paid by the highest offices of the profession. It is no longer by hard study and extensive practice that lawyers look to reach the bench; but by dexterity in canvassing, and all the equivocal practices of political intrigue. The experience of the last dozen years shows that the evil is increasing. Mere political considerations, apart from professional eminence, have more frequently been the means of raising men to the bench during that period than used to be the case. All parties have alike been guilty of this abuse; for it is in a great measure a necessity of their position.

The tendency of this state of matters to degrade the bench is obvious. In course of time men will come to be appointed who could not discharge the duties of their office fairly if they would, from sheer lack of knowledge and experience. And in point of *morale* such men must necessarily rank lower than the political judges of old times. The chicanery of constituency-managers is worse and more demoralizing than any professional chicanery that can be practised among the higher grades of the legal profession; and men promoted to the bench simply on account of their political power are unchecked by the professional conscience above alluded to. The tendency of the new parliamentary system is to force upon ministers a class of judges of equivocal reputation in their own profession. This must necessarily react upon the bar: the majority of its members will precipitate themselves into that career which leads most surely to distinction—especially as it is also more easy and exciting than the dry drudgery of legal study. It would be an exaggeration to attribute the present paucity of men of high legal attainments at the bar, and the wretchedly low condition of juridical science in England, to this cause alone; but there can be no question, that it has contributed powerfully to the deterioration of both.

That the necessity of their position has forced questionable appointments upon ministers, may be admitted as an excuse, for what has been done of late years: but it cannot be admitted as a rule for the future. It is the duty of ministers to devise the means of counteracting the mischievous tendency to which they and their predecessors have been yielding. It can be counteracted; for in America, where electioneering intrigue has degraded the legislative character more than here, the bench has retained its integrity, and presents an honorable contrast to the general lax and low-pitched conventional morality of the republic. This is the happy result of the strict separation between the political and judicial departments of the state. Perhaps something might be accomplished here, by enabling ministers to dispense with seats in Parliament, for the law-offices of the crown. If the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General were permitted to sit in Parliament *ex officio*, and express their opinions when legal questions are raised, but without the right of voting, ministers would no longer be obliged to confer these offices upon mere partisan lawyers: they might place the best lawyers upon these steps to the bench, even without asking whether they were skillful canvassers or specious hustling-orators. Although, however, the good effects of such a measure admit of little doubt, the difficulty of carrying it is but too obvious. Opposition would meet it with all sorts of popular fallacies, and probably succeed in persuading the public that its sole object was to lessen ministerial responsibility.

From the Spectator.

**THE BIGOTRY OF LAISSEZ-FAIRE AND THE LAW OF COMPETITION.**—Every doctrine has its appropriate bigotry. The bigotry of *Laissez-faire* consists in believing that every man is the best judge of his own interest in whatever relates to production or exchange; and, therefore, that all legislation is mischievous which controls anybody's inclination in matters of that kind. Hence the fury of certain of the Economists at the proposal to shorten the hours of labor by act of Parliament. They cannot listen with patience to arguments of which the tendency is to show the necessity of such interference; because their dislike is not to unnecessary interference, but to all. They begin and end by denying that any interference can ever be necessary.

Let us test this extreme opinion by reference to facts. We shall mention those cases only in which the utility of interference by law is fully recognized. On what ground is it that Parliament regulates fishing-seasons, declaring when people may, and when they may not, take certain fish?—on the ground that, but for such regulation, the improvidence of some among the fishermen would soon destroy the fishery. Why was the Passenger's Act passed?—because the necessity was perceived of preventing bargains between poor emigrants and ship-owners which led to frightful suffering among the former. It was against the ignorance and improvidence of poor emigrants, and the reckless greediness of ship-owners, that Parliament saw fit to guard. Why, except in special cases, and under all sorts of precautions, does the law forbid people to club their money into a joint-stock, and make effective bargains with other people, absolving the individual property of the stockholders from liability for the debts of the company?—In order to save those other people from the losses which their own heedless desire of gain might otherwise occasion. Why does the law prevent individuals from issuing promises to pay in any manner suitable to their own judgment and inclination in this matter of trade?—in order to guard others from their own carelessness in a matter of trade. Such cases are without end. In all of them the Legislature interferes in order to prevent a greater evil than its interference. In every such case, the only question is, on which side the balance of good inclines: if for interference, then interfere; if for non-interference, then *Laissez-faire*. In all the cases cited, the bigot's application of the doctrine of *Laissez-faire* is most usefully set at naught.

From this general view we proceed naturally to an examination of the principles which ought to guide the Legislature in the particular case of Short-time.

It is admitted on all hands, that excessive competition among the laborers is the immediate cause of that excessive toil of which all likewise admit the evil. It is a case of excessive competition.

A very slight examination of the political-economy law of competition shows, that in no few matters of bargain the majority is apt to be subject to the minority. Let us suppose that three fourths of the factory-laborers had made up their own judgment and inclination in favor of working not more than ten hours a day; still they must work twelve hours *if the others did*, because there cannot be two prices in the same market, and in any market the higher price must always give way to the lower. Thus the minority would control the majority.

A large majority perhaps of the laboring peasantry would gladly keep their children at school till they had really learnt something: but the minority care nothing about it; these let out their boys for hire at twelve years of age; and therefore the others must do the same, in obedience to the unchecked law of competition, which in this case commands equality of wages for all the families of equal laboring power, and, as in every other case, gives the lower wages control over the higher. Supposing it good that the factory-laborers should work for only ten hours, but that all must work twelve hours *if any can*, then surely the Legislature might properly interfere in order to give effect to the judgment and inclination of the majority. It is good for all poor children to go to school: but if *any can* go to work instead, the families of the school-goers would be punished by a diminution of wages: supposing those who wish their children to learn something to be the majority, surely Parliament would do well to pass a law compelling *all* poor children to go to school—that is, permitting the majority to do as they please.

Nay, more, interference for the purpose of checking the law of competition may often be necessary in order to give effect to the judgment and inclination, not of the majority, but of all concerned. Supposing that all the factory-workers could agree in opinion about ten hours a day, and wished to enter into an agreement to the effect that none should work longer, their opinion and wish would be of no avail, because, from the nature of things, such an agreement would not be binding without a law to enforce it. If it were not enforced by a law, some might change their mind afterwards, and compel the others, in obedience to the law of competition, to work twelve hours. It would be the same with respect to education. In any like case—in any case where a general agreement of opinion and wish cannot take effect without the aid of Parliament—it is a proper function of Parliament to lend its assistance.

The principle is as old as the world. All law is founded on it. It is for the interest of all to be honest; but none could be honest if any were allowed to steal at pleasure: therefore we make laws against stealing. The bigotry of *Laissez-faire* says, that the principle ought never to be applied to matters of production and exchange. We hope it has been shown that the cases are very numerous and important in which legislative interference with the law of competition, so far from being opposed to the reasonable doctrine of *Laissez-faire*, is rather a means of giving effect to the judgment and inclination of a majority, or of the whole, of the parties interested.

This conclusion, however, leaves with the advocates of Short-time the *onus* of proving that the factory-workers desire the proposed interference with the law of competition; and that a compliance with their wish would not be so injurious to the rest of the community as to counterbalance the general good of saving the factory-workers from excessive toil. We do not meddle with those points here. Our sole object on the present occasion has been to show, that the bigotry of *Laissez-faire*, which fumes at the proposal of any legislative interference with the law of competition, is all stuff and nonsense. Let us conclude by expressing a hope, that Lord Howick, who seems to have got a better hold of the subject than anybody else in the House of Commons, will take the trouble effectually to justify his vote with Lord Ashley.

**CAMILLO SIVORI'S MORNING CONCERT.**—The experience of the present age of music has certainly contributed greatly to improve our calculations on the extent of attainment possible to human genius and industry. Twelve or fourteen years ago, Paganini introduced to the public a set of unheard-of feats on the violin, which turned the heads and spoiled the talent of those who were presumptuous enough to attempt to imitate them, and even threatened to disappoint a long life of labor spent amidst the most favorable circumstances in their pursuit. But see how facts have reversed a theory founded upon the age and toil-worn appearance of the great artist who struck out this new route on his instrument. A young man of five or six and twenty, the son of a merchant at Genoa, has already possessed himself of the greater part of the astounding difficulties of Paganini, exhibiting them with the grace resulting from easy command, and embellished by a large share of the musical feeling and genius of the original model. This is a singular psychological fact; nor is it less instructive in reference to the mechanism of music.

By the time that he was twenty years old, Paganini, according to his own account, had traversed the whole extent of known violin music; and then began to combine in a system those ancient, modern, and original effects, which formed his own transcendent art. What he exhibited to us in the wane of life, is now the possession of his pupil in the opening of manhood: with him this long silent music revives and flourishes in all its pristine beauty. A more extraordinary illusion than the senses undergo in listening to Sivori cannot be conceived. Let but the eyes be closed, and, what with the peculiarity of the music, especially the pompous instrumentation with trombones and a great military drum, it is difficult to conceive that Paganini does not live again. An impassioned study has been made of the master's mind and style; the charm which he conveyed to his hearers has been caught, and is faithfully transmitted. Here, therefore, we have the true Paganini—not in oddities of his gait or his eccentric actions.

The pieces performed by Sivori on Friday morning, at the Hanover Square Rooms, were three,—the first movement of a Concerto in B minor, "*La Clochette*;" the "*Pregiera del Mosè*," with variations on the fourth string; and the "*Carnival de Venise*." The execution of these things, from its uncommon roundness and perfection, was a miracle of art. The extraordinary purity, power, and sweetness of the tone, the truth of the intonation in the most daring leaps and skips, the fire of the delivery, and the unusually sweet musical feeling which pervades the whole, riveted the audience, who were "all ear." The only question mooted was, "Is this *better* than Paganini or not?"—and as far as mere quality of tone is concerned, we believe the answer to have been affirmative. It would be useless to recapitulate the varieties of mastery he displayed, the pieces being still well remembered. We will merely observe, that as a disciple of Paganini, he has taken the most honorable method of asserting his claim to the connexion, by playing his most difficult compositions. If Ernst, or any one else vainly set up in rivalry to Sivori, will compete fairly, let him do the same. But in truth, the two are not to be named in a day. Sivori accomplishes his object by great faith in the music and perfect simplicity of demeanor.

The audience sit ready to burst till they can express their feelings in a hearty salvo of applause; and in this way a considerable portion of each solo is overwhelmed. We need not exhibit a more characteristic trait of the genuine pupil of Paganini. We hope that Sivori will produce by degrees all the Paganinian Concertos. The first Concerto in E flat, with the *adagio flebile*, lives still in memory's ear; and the announcement of it would, we think, draw all the amateurs of London.

The pieces were accompanied by a fine band, under the direction of Tolbecque. Among the vocal pieces, we must distinguish an air from the *Puritani*, sung by Miss Sabilla Novello, in a voice of fine quality and volume, which, by its present appearance of cultivation, promises shortly to advance her to a very distinguished position among the vocalists of the day.—*Spectator*.

**TAXATION OF NON-HERALDIC DEVICES.**—It is asserted in the newspapers that "any fanciful device engraven on seals is an armorial bearing or ensign, and subjects the user to taxation." The abstract principle may have interest for comparatively few; but the paragraph, which has been running the round of the press, reads alarmingly like a hint from the taxgatherers that they intend to act upon it.

Heraldic bearings, in the strict acceptance of the word, minister to vanity—are one of those articles of luxury which people may fairly be taxed for indulging in. Indeed, were it not for the tax they would long ere this have ceased to minister to vanity at all—so insatiable is the craving after them on the part of those

"Whose ancient but ignoble blood

Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood;"

and so liberal are modern heralds in gratifying the desire. But it is rather hard to tax sentiment, or innocent mechanical jokes, (the resource of those who have no wit of their own,) which may justly be regarded as the cheap luxuries of the poor. Shall the tax-gatherer interfere to prevent the love-sick maiden from giving vent to her emotions by sealing her love-letter with the device of a pair of scissors and the motto "We part to meet again?" or the joker of his circle sealing his humorous effusions with the device of an ass braying, and the motto "That strain again?" Must we fine to the Treasury for leave to impress upon the wax of our epistles "For particulars inquire within?"

A writer in the *Times*, apparently learned in these matters, shows that it is easy to distinguish between the heraldic and non-heraldic device. The former must be borne on a shield, displayed issuing from a coronet, or accompanied by the heraldic wreath. He mentions, indeed, badges, a kind of semi-heraldic devices, which our ancient nobility used to have sewed on the coats of their retainers or domestics. But if the device non-heraldic on a seal runs any risk of being confounded with the badge, this is only an additional reason for not taxing its user. By sealing with a simple device, he voluntarily classes himself with domestic bearers of badges; and surely such a spirit of pious humility ought rather to be encouraged than otherwise.—*Spectator*.

From the Spectator.

**THE CHEAPEST NATION IN THE WORLD.** Once upon a time, to say that a thing was English was equivalent to saying that it was good; for the English merchant and the English maker took a pride not only in the cheapness but in the solidity of their wares; they would boast that it was not all "outside show," but good to the core. "Nous avons changé tout cela:" cheapness is the great object now, the one paramount object; and the only check upon the production of an utterly worthless article, in the competition to produce the cheapest, is some condition or bond under penalty. If British goods have not quite lost their character for goodness in the markets of the world, they are fast losing it. But we feel the direct effects of the system nearer home, and in nothing more than in the state of our buildings, public and private. We, boasting to be the wealthiest and most civilized nation of the world, possess no class of buildings, with scarcely an exception, that are not unstable, rickety, and tawdry or ludicrously ugly. There have existed, ages past, nations that we could have "bought up," but that had so much hearty pride in their work as to make it stand good in all time: the palaces of the rude middle ages see the "splendid mansions" of our auction-bills rise and fall as the oak witnesses the growth and decay of mushrooms. The Egyptians, the ancient Hindoos, have left us specimens of their building art; the Greeks; even the Etrurians and Pelasgians, peoples who have disappeared from history. Despotism may have been the compelling power to some of these structures, but it was not to all; and in all cases there must somewhere have been a pride in the goodness and solidity of the work. In our worldly wisdom we forego that honest pride. Our dwellings are, in malice prepense, calculated to last just ninety-nine years. No one, however, takes a pride that they should do even that; but it is in the bond. They often do not last so long: a clause is occasionally put into the lease to forbid dancing, lest too much hilarity should bring the house down: to see a house propped up, is one of the commonest of sights, the tenement confessing its sickly constitution by the resort to crutches; nay, sometimes the structure, even of a public kind, will not stand to be built. We had an instance last week, in the ruin of an incomplete edifice at a railway-terminus, which toppled down upon the workmen, killing one and wounding others. Railways are the grand characteristic of our day; one might have supposed, *à priori*, that the builders, our *pontifices marimi*, would take a just and laudable pride in rendering some part of the structure at least a monument of the high estate and power of the English people—a monument to stand as a record and a lesson for all ages. Alas! railway-directors have their chief pride in the high price of shares. If some concession be made to the popular love for what is "handsome," the concession is made with a sneer at the "humbug," and a clumsy effort at compliance, without a sense of the beautiful. Nay, the whole affair is turned over to a "contractor." The strength, the beauty, and the durability, no doubt, are put in the bond or contract; but there is no life in the dry stipulation: it is altogether overridden by the limitation of price. We all know the value of mere bonds, ever since we chuckled at the cheat put upon Shylock. Language, law, and penalty, are incapable of binding the conscience or defining the future, unless read by some moral construction of the bond. Now,

competition in its excess has pared down bargains between the projectors of buildings and the contractors, so that a mere literal compliance is all that is to be expected. The projector, eager to get as much as he can for his money, enters into a contract, stipulating a variety of things; for the execution of which *he* is no longer responsible, since he has shuffled off the responsibility upon the contractor: the contractor, eager to make as much money as he can by the bargain, often so hard that it requires much ingenuity to make anything, does as little as he can; complying with the letter of the contract, but caring nothing on earth for the thing to be done: he sometimes retransfers part of his responsibility to another contractor, who has a still more remote interest in the project, and only the motive to realize the price and evade the penalty stipulated by the middle-man. Thus, Messrs. Grissell and Peto, the contractors for the railway where this disgraceful and fatal ruin happened, write to the papers—"Although we are the contractors for the whole of the works at that station, *our firm* was not concerned in the erection of the iron roofing to which the accident occurred, nor were any of our workmen employed therein." And that must be taken to exonerate Messrs. Grissell and Peto! Perhaps it may; but what does it say for the nation that endures such a system? Why, it is to such a system that we intrust our very greatest national buildings; and, if we mistake not, Messrs. Grissell and Peto, who *thus* exonerate themselves, are contractors for work done to the new Parliament Palace at Westminster.

This is one part of the larger question, the increasing practice among us of substituting guarantees and bonds for honest pride and good feeling. The observant man will not fail to detect evil results of the practice in every quarter of society. The very strictness with which we bind each other down provokes the disposition to circumvent the stipulator. A bond that professes to provide for everything seems to exonerate the conscience: the man who would hesitate to circumvent a helpless orphan avowedly trusting in his kind heart, or even the active and sagacious friend trusting, with only so much stipulation as to make the mutual meaning plain, in his integrity and good feeling, would think it fine fun to outwit the Yankee who thought he had driven a hard and inevitable bargain. This system substitutes a parchment bond for "stuff o' the conscience:" can more be said against it? Yes; it is damned not only in its nature but in its effects: we see men on all sides referring more and more to "the agreement," less and less to what is just and generous; we see official oaths and securities fructify in speculation; shipmasters starving or poisoning their passengers with bad food, because some special kind of biscuit or pork was not in the bond; English goods losing their once unimpeachable and proverbial character; our very houses tumble about our ears, or stand upon crutches in the public way; our great national edifices depend for their stability upon the soundness of some contract, or stare us in the face with miserable poverty of design—like the National Gallery—a laughing-stock to ourselves; and there are more such brewing, as witness the British Museum. Our great public edifices are like to tumble of their own accord; or we wish they would, to save our shame in the eyes of strangers. All this may be a fit retribution upon a "sharp" or "acute" people, with whom it is a point of

popular morals to outwit the unwary ; but is it suitable to a great nation ! We appear sometimes to forget that a nation has a character as well as individuals ; and that while we admire and seek to emulate the greatness of the Romans, the taste of the Italians and Greeks, or of the barbarous Hindoos, we record ourselves in our monuments, what we have been called, a "nation boutiquière."

#### SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

THE oft-told tale of the actor who, in Richard III., instead of adhering to the text, and repulsing the intrusive Gloster with, "My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass," addressed him in cockney dialect, "My lord, stand back, and let the pass'un cough," is not a solitary instance of the perversion of sense and inversion of language sometimes heard upon the stage. We were present at the first representation of a lively interlude, the name of which escapes us at this moment : but Farren personated a sort of English Dominie Sampson, grafted upon Dr. Syntax ; and the mysterious discovery of an infant constituted the mainspring of the plot. The unseen baby was much talked about. Blanchard, who played an irritable old man, in the course of the piece called for a lantern, having resolved to search the grounds despite a heavy storm, rendered audible to the audience by the mechanism employed behind the scenes to imitate rain and wind. The servant, who was supposed to be in the confidence of the parents, endeavored to throw an obstacle in the way of the old man's determination, and *should* have said, "Going out, sir ? Why, 'tis pouring with rain !" instead of which he substituted, to the great amusement of the audience, who appeared deeply interested in the fate of the innocent child, "Going out, sir ? Why, 'tis roaring with pain !" We have also heard a provincial Shylock gravely ask, "Shall I lay surgery upon my pole ?" though *perjury* upon his *soul* was the correct reading. And we have been told of a Haymarket king of Denmark loudly desiring his attendant nobles to "Suck them a plunder !" though plucking asunder Hamlet and Laertes at the grave of the fair Ophelia should have been his majesty's direction.—*Chambers's Journal*.

#### THE LAST WISH.

The celebrated Wilson, the ornithologist, requested that he might be buried near some sunny spot. This wish is expressed in the following lines. The name of their author is unknown to us.

In some wild forest shade,  
Under some spreading oak, or waving pine,  
Or old elm, festooned with the gadding vine,  
Let me be laid.

In this dim lonely grot,  
No foot intrusive will disturb my dust ;  
But o'er me songs of the wild birds shall burst,  
Cheering the spot.

Not amid charnel stones,  
Or coffins dark, and thick with ancient mould,  
With tattered pall, and fringe of cankered gold,  
May rest my bones ;

But let the dewy rose,  
The snow-drop and the violet, lend perfume  
Above the spot where, in my grassy tomb,  
I take repose.

Year after year,  
Within the silver birch tree o'er me hung,  
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,  
Shall build her dwelling near.

And ever at the purple dawn of day  
The lark shall chant a pealing song above,  
And the shrill quail shall pipe her hymn of love,  
When eve grows dim and gray.

The blackbird and the thrush,  
The golden oriole, shall flit around,  
And waken, with a mellow gust of sound,  
The forest's solemn hush.

Birds from the distant sea  
Shall sometimes hither flock on snowy wings,  
And soar above my dust in airy rings,  
Singing a dirge to me.

*Chambers's Journal.*

DIFFICULTY AND PERSEVERANCE.—To the young who have to make their way in their studies and professions, nothing can be more useful than frequent counsel on the duty and necessity of regarding all obstacles on the road as things to be grappled with a bold determination to conquer them manfully. One may not succeed, but if one does, it is sweet to look back upon the heap of briers and hurdles that one has forced a passage by. Hence it is that the greater the difficulty, the more glory there is in surmounting it. So skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests. Burke says, "Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill : our antagonist is our helper. This amicable contest with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations ; it will not suffer us to be superficial." Those who are too apt to quake and quail before every difficulty, would do well to learn the song of "Try Again."\*

"T is a lesson you should heed,  
Try again ;  
If at first you don't succeed,  
Try again ;  
Then your courage should appear,  
For if you will persevere,  
You will conquer, never fear,  
Try again.

Once or twice, though you should fail,  
Try again ;  
If you would at last prevail,  
Try again ;  
If we strive, 't is no disgrace  
Though we do not win the race ;  
What should we do in that case ?  
Try again.

If you find your task is hard,  
Try again ;  
Time will bring you your reward,  
Try again ;  
All that other folks can do,  
Why, with patience, may not you ?  
Only keep this rule in view,  
Try again."

SUBMARINE PLOUGH.—A submarine plough for removing sand-banks in shallow waters is said to have been constructed by Doctor Eddy, of Cincinnati, somewhat on the principle of the Archimedean screw, boring up the sand at one end, and passing it through the screw to be discharged at the other extremity.

\* *The Singing-Master* : Taylor and Walton, London.

From the Examiner.

*The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt.* Containing many Pieces now first collected. Moxon.

THERE can be no doubt, we apprehend, that Mr. Hunt is a man of singular and delicate genius : a poet of great insight and happy fancy, and a prose writer of varied excellence, ranging from deep pathos to wit and humor of as mercurial and rare a character as any in the circle of English literature. There is scarcely a note on the scale of human interest, which he has not touched with effect : from the "Story of Rimini" and the wild and young passion of "Hero and Leander ;" from the oriental gravity of "Mahmoud" and the tenderness of the essay "On the Deaths of Children" —to the revelry of "Christmas," and the admirable humor of his "Hot Day" and those other sallies of a similar nature of which the *Indicator* is full. There is no one who has more thoroughly brought out the sentiment of ancient stories ; we do not know a translator more thoroughly imbued with the old classic spirit ; there is no one who has made more happy or continuous advances to the highest aims of poetry, or with whom the study and pursuit have been more of a genuine passion ; and we are quite sure that Royalty was never crowned by such charming compliments, as the Queen of England and her children have received from the muse of Mr. Leigh Hunt.

The present publication consists of the author's poetry only. It is a very small volume ; well printed, and containing 288 full pages ; and the price is half-a-crown. We do not know that we could advise an artisan or person of moderate means, aspiring to possess a knowledge of the sterling writers of our time, better than by counselling him to lay aside sixpence a week for five weeks, and invest it in the purchase of this little book. We are quite sure that we need not wish any lover of poetry a greater pleasure, than that he may read it, for the first time, in one of his days of leisure. We have given the scholar, we hope, good reason for the purchase. For lighter as for graver hours, it is a pocket companion, which the kindly aspects of nature will make every one relish the more. It is a book which should be taken into the fields, where the April grass is stealing forth in the sunshine, sending up its perpetual perfumes, unnoticed ; or by the side of primrose banks ; or under hawthorn boughs, filled with blossoms ;—or, it may be read on a bed of fern ; or on a carpet of wild hyacinths ; or by a lulling river. The willing spirit can never be at a loss. And, be it observed, that it is to willing spirits alone that the Muse of Poetry, (like the Minerva of old,) deigns to disclose herself. To the rest of the skeptic world, she presents herself often in a shape as questionable as that of the Æolic Digamma, or the Quadrature of the Circle, or the North-west Passage ; and sometimes even in the very formidable figure of the Ass's Bridge.

It is one of the privileges, (as it is amongst the duties,) of a true poet, to rescue men, perplexed as they are by conventional thoughts and artificial distinctions, and lift them into a clear and serene atmosphere, from which they may be able to survey all things and consider their relative value, and learn to know whether they belong to the province of falsehood or truth. In this way we think that Mr. Hunt has done great and undoubted

service ; not so much by pithy maxims and direct precepts, as by producing high examples : attractive images, gentle thoughts, pleasant landscapes ; by leading his readers from the "smoke and stir" of this close and busy spot, into the open-hearted fields ; from the pursuit of gold to the love of nature ; from the sound of cannon to the carolling of the lark under the morning sun. This has fine and ample illustration in one of his latter poems—*Captain Sword and Captain Pen*—in which we see striking proof of those advances to the higher regions of the poetical art, which we before adverted to. But indeed Mr. Hunt's province has been generally mistaken for one much too limited and circumscribed.

Mr. Hunt is the poet of chivalry as well as of domestic life. He is to be found as often in the "valley of ladies," with the story-tellers of the Decameron, as in a cottage hidden by roses and honeysuckles on the banks of the Thames. In his love of poets and poetry he has a large and catholic spirit, although he evidently leans towards one and the better class. Without denying the great merit of some writers, who have dealt with artificial subjects ; and whilst he admits, with great glee, and almost with fraternal cordiality, the sparkling wit and gay pretensions of the writers of Charles the Second's time ; he is himself, in the main, a person of different quality, and belongs, in fact, to a superior order. He is the poet of nature ; of the fields and flowers ; of love, of kindness, of toleration, of peace. He does not advocate the punishment of death. With him Carnage is not God's daughter ; but a hag, bloody, loathsome, and depraved ; who ought to be spurned, or rather, according to those gentler theories which have of late years so much increased with him, who ought to be converted, by sound argument or winning examples, to a milder creed.

Considered merely as an artist, Mr. Hunt seems to approach the sculptor perhaps nearer than the painter ; for—notwithstanding his fine touches of color, and some deviations into the regions of passion, and even a dithyrambic in favor of wine, (but this last is a translation only,)—he is essentially a lover of quiet, and his illustrations are, for the most part, drawn from subjects connected with gentleness or repose.

Many years have elapsed since the poems of Mr. Hunt have been the subjects of regular criticism. In that period his reputation has sustained a remarkable change. From having been denounced as the founder of a school, which every simpleton who could not understand poetry was forward to decry, he has taken his station as an English classic. His essays will remain among the master-examples of genial humor, as long as those of Goldsmith and Charles Lamb shall last. And, in the history of his poetical life, never let it be forgotten that he was *the first* to see and bring before the notice of the world the poetry of Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, and others. The delicacy and discrimination evinced in his criticisms, indeed, are very remarkable ; and although in some few, (and they are very few,) instances we have had occasion to dissent from his opinions, we can testify to the care, sincerity, and kindness which they invariably exhibit.

On another occasion it is our intention to illustrate these remarks by extracts from the volume before us. It is full of new and masterly writing, and the reader will thank us for returning to it.

From the Examiner.

## BOOKS FOR THE WORKING CLASS.

A "Circular," just issued by Mr. Charles Knight, announces a new literary speculation of remarkable boldness; the publication of a series of popular works at the rate of a volume every week, each containing as much matter as an ordinary octavo of 300 pages, and to be sold at the price of a *shilling*.

Mr. Knight, it appears, had been consulted by some influential persons taking an interest in the moral and intellectual improvement of the working classes, as to the best mode of supplying a body of books suited, both by their cost and their subjects, for district and factory libraries; and it had been proposed or suggested that such books might be produced by the aid of an association of manufacturers and other employers, engaging to purchase a certain number of copies of each, or otherwise securing the publisher against loss. Mr. Knight, however, has determined to decline the formal coöperation of any such body, and to publish the works at his own risk, provided his announcement of the scheme shall be so received as to justify him, upon the ordinary commercial principle, in making such a venture.

We cannot give its details, but may say generally, that it turns upon conditions of guarantee as to sales of a certain extent being secured by the private exertions of those more immediately interested in the plan; Mr. Knight committing the rest to the common chances of publication.

It must be admitted that it is at any rate the largest scheme that has yet been proposed for providing the people with cheap reading. And it is cheapness, after all, that is most wanted in this particular matter. If we had ever so many of the best books, they would be out of the reach of this class of readers so long as they remained dear. The combination of a sufficiently low price with excellence or suitableness in other respects, is to be found only in a very small number of existing books. All ordinary publication is regulated upon the calculation of a very limited demand, and a consequently high price. Yet there is in reality scarcely a limit to the cheapness at which books may be produced. All that is required is a sufficiently extended demand, to enable the art of printing to produce any book at less than the most infinitesimal addition of charge upon the mere cost of the paper. If a farthing of additional charge would answer with a million of purchasers, half a farthing would answer with two millions, and the fourth part of a farthing with four millions. Nor does there seem to be any reason in the nature of things why new books should not some day or other come to sell by millions as well as new hats or new shoes. Neither the shoemaker nor the hatter have any art by which they can reduce their prices upon an extension of their sales, in the proportion that the publisher of books can do by means of the art of printing.

Mr. Knight has done wisely, we think, in keeping clear of any benevolent confederacy for imposing libraries or books upon the working classes. Associations or committees may be of much service in aiding or directing the purchase of books for district or factory libraries; but association-manufactured books, or any sort of machine-made literature, would in this case prove a failure. It is bread that the people want (morally as well as materially;) it will not do to give them a stone.

And we like what Mr. Knight says as to the subjects and general character of his proposed new series of works—"that there should be no attempt at exclusiveness; that books should not be made for the poor; that we should not take up the most false and dangerous opinion that the understandings of the poor should be written down to." The books, in fact, as we understand the design, are to be peculiarly adapted to the working classes by their cheapness rather than by anything else; it is the pocket, not the understanding, of the poor man that is to be recognized as less capacious, or not so well supplied, as that of the rich; it is not the writing, but only the price, of the works now offered to the people that is to be kept down. Indeed, it would be more correct to say that the works are, by virtue of this peculiarity, not offered exclusively to any one class, but to all classes; that they will form the first considerable body of reading produced in this country of which the poor may avail themselves equally with the rich.

There is certainly no exclusiveness, no timid and insulting accommodation to the ignorance or incapacity of the poor, in the subjects of the volumes announced for the commencing quarter of the series,—which, besides an account of the "Factories of Great Britain," comprise an original work on domestic life in Egypt, a reprint of Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, a work on China by Mr. Davis, a Biography of Caxton the printer, a History of Early English Literature from the competent hand of Mr. Craik, and a new translation of Plutarch's *Lives of Alexander and Julius Cæsar*, with notes and other illustrations—the last mentioned by Professor Long.

The novelty and chief importance of this scheme are found in its promise of enabling the poor to command by their numbers the same advantages, in so far as its scope or purpose extends, which hitherto have been only within the reach of the comparatively few and wealthy; and for this we wish it all success.

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**STATUE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.**—The king has presented to the Chamber of Peers his statue at full length, in marble, in his royal robes, executed by M. Jector. It was conveyed to the Luxembourg, and placed in the hall preceding the old chamber. In the same hall has also been hung a large picture in wax, representing the great legislators under the inspiration of the Gospel. At the summit of the picture is Christ presenting the Gospel to the world, attended by the four evangelists. In the foreground are, in different groups, all the great lawgivers from the time of Constantine the Great down to Louis Philippe.

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**SLAVERY.**—It is strongly rumored, and apparently on good authority, that the French Cabinet have it in contemplation to abolish negro slavery in French colonies on the plan adopted by England, of purchasing from the masters the liberty of their slaves. A sum of two millions sterling is to be set apart for this good work. The public mind has been, in some measure, prepared for the plan by able articles in its advocacy published in the most powerful of the French journals—the *Débats*. If the measure be carried, it will add new lustre to the reign of Louis Philippe.



From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

## SOUTH AMERICAN AND AFRICAN GUANO.

BY JOHN DAVY, M. D., F. R. S. LOND. AND ED.

MODERN enterprise and intelligence are well displayed, and in a very characteristic manner, in the importation from such distant regions as the coast of Peru and the south-western coast of Africa, of the excrement of a bird, and in its varied application, founded on scientific principles, to the purposes of agriculture and of horticulture.

There is something very agreeable in the idea, that our merchants, instead of sending vessels out for cargoes of slaves to the latter coast, keeping up a cruel and barbarous traffic, are commissioning them to the same sea in quest of a valuable manure, and a manure that appears to be admirably fitted to enrich the exhausted soil of the sugar-growing islands of the West Indies, and to lighten and reward the free labor of the liberated African.

At the present time, when the attention is so much given to agricultural improvement, and such great exertions are making to increase the productiveness of our own soil, to meet, as it is to be hoped, foreign competition, the discovery of great deposits of concentrated manure, such as the guano is, may be considered peculiarly fortunate and encouraging.

As we have few or no good accounts of the localities, and as they are very curious and peculiar, I shall insert a description of one instance in particular,—viz., that of an islet from which some African guano was taken, the composition of which I shall have to notice farther on.

“The island from whence the guano is taken, is about three miles from the shore, on the south-west coast of Africa. It is a barren rock, about a mile in circumference; has no soil, or the least sign of vegetation. The guano lies to the depth of about twenty feet, and without any variation in quality. The continent is very sandy, and in high winds (hurricanes, for instance) will cover a ship's deck nearly 100 miles from the land. The birds on the island are a kind of penguin, and cannot fly to any distance, if at all, their wings being a kind of fin. It is believed that the captain of the vessel who brought the guano, was the first human being who set foot on the island, which is very difficult to approach, there being no harbor and a heavy surf. On walking on it, he could scarcely set his foot without treading on the birds, and they took no notice whatever of him, except pecking at his feet, he being barefoot; and, on a gun being fired, they merely fluttered a good deal and made much noise. There is no fresh water, it is believed, for some hundreds of miles along the coast, and no rain.”

For this interesting and simple account, I am indebted to a friend, who obtained it from the merchant, the importer of the guano.

As, in consequence of the increasing demand for guano,\* and its high price as a manure, there is great temptation to adulterate it, or impose a spurious compost in imitation of it; and which, indeed, is said to be practised already to a considerable extent, any precise information respecting the genuine article can hardly fail to be useful. With the hope of contributing something of this kind, I have examined both the American and African

guano, comparing them together; and I shall now briefly state the results, premising a slight notice of their appearance.

Both, when moist or damp, as when imported, and offered for sale, are of a pretty dark reddish brown color, very like that of dark moist snuff. In drying, both become of a lighter hue, and the African kind, on exposure to the air, soon exhibits a white efflorescence. Both when moist exhale a strong ammoniacal odor, (the African the strongest,) mixed with a different and peculiar smell, somewhat offensive, which, with the ammoniacal, they in a great measure lose in drying.

Under the microscope, using a high power, both appear to consist chiefly of very minute granules, many of them smaller than the blood corpuscles, and of slender prismatic crystals of oxalate of ammonia, in which the African kind is most abundant.

Subjected to chemical analysis, the two kinds (No. 1 the American, No. 2 the African) have appeared to consist of—

| No. 1. | No. 2. |   |
|--------|--------|---|
| 41.2   | 40.2   | Matter soluble in water, destructible by fire or volatile, such as oxalate of ammonia, diphosphate and muriate of ammonia, and animal matter.                                     |
| 29.0   | 26.2   | Matter not destroyed by fire, nor soluble in water, or very slightly so, chiefly phosphate of lime and magnesia, with a little sulphate of lime and a very little siliceous sand. |
| 2.8    | 6.4    | Matter not destroyed by fire, but soluble in water, chiefly common salt, with a little sulphate and sesquicarbonate of potash.  |
| 19.0   | —      | Matter destructible by fire, little soluble in water, chiefly lithate of ammonia.   |
| 8.0    | 25.2   | Matter expelled in drying on a steam bath, chiefly water and sesquicarbonate of ammonia.  |

|       |       |
|-------|-------|
| 100.0 | 100.0 |
|-------|-------|

As regards the American guano, the results of this coarse analysis do not disagree with those of the more minute one of Völcckel, excepting in one particular; he obtained 7 per cent. of oxalate of lime, a salt which certainly did not exist in the specimen which I examined; and this I say, after having carefully sought for it.

Comparing the constituents as they are placed side by side of the American and African guano, the chief difference is seen to be, that while the American kind contains a large proportion of lithate or urate of ammonia, the African kind is totally destitute of it. This I little expected, considering its origin, the excrement of birds, their fæces and urine, the latter of which commonly consists chiefly of lithate of ammonia. The obvious explanation of the circumstance is, that the lithic acid, which formed a part of the urine, has in a long period of time suffered decomposition, and has given rise to oxalate of ammonia. And, that this guano is very old, was indicated by the partially decomposed state of some feathers, not excepting the quills, which were included in it. I have said that the African guano is totally destitute of lithic acid; and I believe I am warranted in coming to this conclusion, having carefully sought for it in vain. It may be mentioned that

\* The price of the Peruvian is about £12, and the African is offered for £9 a ton.

search also was made in both kinds of guano for urea, but without well-marked success. The brown animal matter, soluble in water, yielded a small portion to alcohol, which had some of the properties of urea, and formed a compound with nitric acid, but less distinctly crystalline than the nitrate of urea.

On account of the origin of guano, that already referred to, and the questions involved in the difference as to composition which exists, or is supposed to exist, between it and the matter from which it is derived, it appeared to me desirable to examine with care the excrements of birds, and especially the urinary portion,—thinking it not improbable, that besides lithate of ammonia, [which it would appear, as far as experiment has hitherto gone, is the principal constituent of the urine of birds, whatever their food may be,] oxalate of ammonia might form also a part.

The specimens which I have hitherto examined have been chiefly the following, viz., from the common goose, after feeding on grass, from the pigeon, the common fowl, the gull, the pelican, and the white-headed sea eagle,—the three latter in the garden of the Zoological Society of London, where they are fed chiefly on fish, and the gulls entirely so, as I am informed by my friend Mr. Gulliver, to whose kindness I am indebted for the specimens.

The urine from each of these birds, in its purest state, or least mixed, was very similar; of an opaque white, sometimes with a stain of brown. Under the microscope, it appeared to be composed chiefly of granular matter, each particle seldom exceeding in size a blood corpuscle, viz., that of man, and commonly less. In the instance of the urine of the sea-eagle, delicate tabular crystals were mixed with the molecules. Submitted to chemical examination, each kind was found to consist chiefly of lithate of ammonia, with a little phosphate of lime and magnesia. In that of the goose, a trace of urea was detected, with a little carbonate of lime and magnesia; and in that of the sea-eagle, a small portion of oxalate of lime, constituting the tabular crystals seen under the microscope. In each instance, search was made, but in vain, for oxalate of ammonia,—not a trace of it could be detected; and thus tending to confirm the conclusion of M. Liebig, that this salt results in guano, from the decomposition of lithic acid, and the new arrangement of its elements, aided, I would add, by the absorption of oxygen from the atmosphere.

That atmospheric oxygen is concerned in this change, I am induced to infer from some experiments which I have made. I shall briefly notice two. Lithate of ammonia (the urine of the sea-eagle) in a moist state, was subjected in a close vessel to the temperature of boiling water, for about twenty-four hours, when it was tried for oxalate of ammonia; but not a trace of this salt could be detected. It was next exposed to the same temperature, mixed with black oxide of manganese, and for about the same time. Now, the presence of oxalate of ammonia was clearly indicated, for the mixture, after digestion, with a little water and filtered, yielded a solution, which, after having been made slightly acid, was rendered turbid by muriate of lime, and the precipitate had the properties of oxalate of lime. I may mention further, that the aqueous solution was colored slightly brown, seeming to show, that besides the formation of some oxalate of ammonia, in this instance,

a soluble matter also was produced, which, it may be conjectured, is analogous to that which exists in the guano, imparting color to it.

Before concluding, I would wish to say a few words relative to the tests of guano,—the means of distinguishing between the genuine and the spurious kinds. Taking into account its origin, and that deposits of it can be found only where no rain falls, the inference seems now to be obvious, either, if old, that it must abound in oxalate of ammonia; or if comparatively of little age, in lithate of ammonia; or if not of great age, it must contain a notable quantity of both these substances. These salts are easily detected, and the first mentioned, very readily by the microscope.

The adulteration of the genuine kind, to which the temptation is great, cannot be so easily detected. I fear it cannot be accomplished, excepting by means of chemical analysis; and that the farmer must hold himself dependent on the integrity of the merchant; and if he would wish to avoid the chances of imposition, he must purchase only of the merchant of established name, and at the regular price.

As guano appears to be constantly exhaling ammonia on exposure to the atmosphere, to prevent loss and deterioration, it cannot be, before use, too carefully excluded from the air; and on the same account, it ought not to be applied as a manure, whilst vegetation is inactive, but rather at the moment of its coming into activity, and when in progress, according to the Peruvian manner of bestowing it on the plant, rather than on the soil.

I have alluded, in the beginning of this notice, to the spirit of enterprise displayed in the importation of guano. I have since learnt, that, in procuring the African kind, that which I have examined, no ordinary degree of this quality has been exerted, accompanied by a boldness of daring, and a perseverance worthy of record. The importer, Mr. Rae, informs me, in a letter with which he has just favored me, that his son is the discoverer of the guano-islet or islets, for it would appear that there are several of them, so remarkably situated. That he was led to go in search of them in the beginning of last year, from remembering having, when a boy at school, looked into the sea-journal of an American whaler, in which mention was made of such spots. And that his first attempt was unsuccessful, and nearly proved fatal to himself and all concerned,—he and his boat's crew, in exploring the islets, having almost perished from want of water, before they could rejoice their little "surveying vessel;" and then (she, too, being in want of water) having had to sail 1500 miles before they could obtain a fresh supply.

This is a meagre outline of a hazardous and most important enterprise. The details of it, it is to be hoped, will be published; they can hardly fail exciting interest; and they may convey valuable information, either directly or indirectly, on many important points connected with the physical history of a region of which at present so little is known. The result of the voyage, the director of it may well be proud of, contemplating, as he writes to me, by the introduction of some thousands of tons of productive manure, increase of fertility to our soil, to the extent of "producing three bushels of corn where only two were previously grown."

From the Spectator.

## KENDALL'S SANTA FE EXPEDITION.

APART from any intrinsic interest, this narrative of the piratical expedition of the Texans into New Mexico is curious for its indication of American character and Southern American morality. Mr. WILKINS KENDALL, an editor of the New Orleans Picayune, found his health deranged, in the spring of 1841; and, instead of a quiet trip to a watering-place for change of air and scene, he "determined on a tour of some kind upon the great Western Prairies." He was engaged in canvassing with New Orleans friends the merits of an excursion over the ground already visited by Washington Irving, when the Texan Major Howard appeared on the Mississippi, to purchase goods for that Santa Fe expedition which ended in the capture of the worthies engaged in it. Mr. Kendall says, that the Major informed him the objects were only commercial; the professed design being to establish a nearer route from Texas for the over-land Mexican trade, instead of the existing but longer course from the United States town of St. Louis. The Texan President, General Lamar, had an ulterior object, which Mr. Kendall did not find out till upon the road; when, however, he so thoroughly identified himself with the project, both in action and approbation, as to become to all intents and purposes an accessory. The scheme, to do it justice, was original. Something like it, no doubt, is done by pirates on a smaller scale, and unscrupulous partisans have occasionally practised "stratagems" resembling it during open war; but as the project of a government, it is *sui generis*, and appears to have been so considered, as Mr. Kendall complains, "to some extent in the United States." The speculation itself was this. Texas claims the Rio Grande as its boundary, just as the United States claims the whole of the Oregon territory; or rather without so much of *prima facie* right, for the inhabitants on the Rio Grande district are Spaniards, have always been under Mexican government, and Texas has no other right or pretence of right than consists in a bold assumption. General Lamar, however, was "led" to entertain a "well-founded belief that nine tenths of the inhabitants were discontented under the Mexican yoke, and *anxious to come under the protection of that flag to which they really owed fealty*;" and he got up an expedition, which, under the guise of commerce and peace, was to act as spy, sympathizer, invading army, or company of merchants trading to Mexico, just as occasion served. That it may not be said the facts look stronger by a condensed mode of stating them, we give Mr. Kendall's own representation.

"Texas claims, as I have just stated, the Rio Grande as her Western boundary; yet, so isolated were Sante Fé and such of the settled portions of New Mexico as were situated on the eastern side of that stream, that the new republic had never been able to exercise jurisdiction over a people really within her limits. The time had now arrived, so thought the rulers of Texas, when rule should be exercised over the length and breadth of her domain—when the citizens of her farthest borders should be brought into the common fold; and with the full belief in their readiness and willingness for the movement, the Texas Santa Fé Expedition was originated. On its arrival at the destined point, should the inhabitants really manifest a disposition to declare their full allegiance to Texas, the flag of the single-star Republic would have been raised on the Government House at

Santa Fé; but if not, the Texan Commissioners were merely to make such arrangements with the authorities as would best tend to the opening of a trade, and then retire."

And when they approached the confines of Mexico, this was the course pursued.

"It was now determined by our principal officers, to send two men forward to the frontier town of San Miguel, for the purpose of conferring with the authorities. W. P. Lewis, captain of the artillery company, and George Van Ness, secretary of the commissioners, were detailed for this service. Both could speak Spanish; and the former enjoyed in every way the confidence of Colonel Cooke, who had often befriended him. In addition to verbal instructions, the young men were intrusted with letters to the Alcalde or principal officer of San Miguel; and both the instructions and letters set forth that a large trading party of Texans was now approaching, that their intentions were in every way pacific, and that the leaders of the advance-party were anxious to purchase a large quantity of provisions, to be sent back to the main command. Several of General Lamar's proclamations were also given to Mr. Van Ness, to be distributed among the principal citizens; the purport of which was, that the expedition was sent for the purpose of trading, and that if the inhabitants of New Mexico were not disposed to join, peacefully, the Texan standard, the expedition was to retire immediately. These proclamations were printed in both Spanish and English; and not a doubt existed that the liberal terms offered would be at once acceded to by a population living within the limits of Texas, and who had long been groaning under a misrule the most tyrannical."

The discomfiture of the more than buccaneering expedition has been made pretty public by occasional extracts from the American newspapers; and Marryat, from Mr. Kendall's contributions to his newspaper and perhaps other sources, has embodied some of the striking features of travel in the tale of Monsieur Violet, though with gross exaggerations. By a species of retributive justice, the seeds of failure were sown at a very early period. Through some mismanagement, the march was delayed several weeks after the proper time for starting: great quantities of provision were wasted during the first plenty of the buffalo hunting-grounds: as the country had never been traversed throughout its extent, the proper route was of course unknown; the expedition appears to have been but indifferently provided with a scientific geographer, who might have inferred the best mode of proceeding from observation; and the only officer who could take the latitude and longitude was killed by Indians. A Mexican trapper who acted as guide was misled by his own want of knowledge and the resemblance of natural features; and, frightened when he found he had lost himself and the expedition, deserted. To what extent this wandering in the wilderness operated in the earlier part of the journey, cannot be told: not much, we suspect from the map, unless there was an *easier* road: but as the caravan approached the confines of Mexico, the mistake into which the party fell is matter of experience. Exhausted with toil, subdued by hunger, and dispirited by uncertainty, the main body halted on a stream, and sent forward an advance-party to explore. This body took the wrong way,—which was exceedingly easy where no one knew the right; and, bewildered amid mountains, and encountering the immense chasms of which Marryat has made so melodramatic a use in *Monsieur Violet*, was thirteen days in reaching a point that some Mexi-

ens they hired to return to the main body accomplished in four. During the latter part of the journey, the privations undergone are described as terrific : snakes, reptiles, wild fruits ripe or unripe, with anything of the nature of herbs, were greedily eaten ; and the accident of rain more than once saved the lives of the expedition. Arriving in this plight, they were not exactly in condition to carry out their nefarious plan. The avant-couriers of the advance-guard, which we have seen starting with instructions to the government and proclamations to the people were arrested, with Mr. Kendall among them as a volunteer. Lewis, commandant of the artillery, turned traitor, it is said, and persuaded the advance-guard, and then the main body, to surrender to General Armijo, the governor of New Mexico. Thus ended the first part of the drama : and, to remove all mistake as to the designs of the Texans, or of Mr. Kendall's hearty approbation of them, if he will not call it participation, he thus contrasts what might have been with what was.

"Far different would have been the result had the expedition reached the confines of New Mexico a month earlier, and in a body. Then, with fresh horses and a sufficiency of provisions for the men, the feelings of the inhabitants could have been ascertained ; the proclamations of General Lamar would have been distributed among them ; the people would have had an opportunity to come over to Texas without fear ; and the feeble opposition Armijo could have made—and I doubt whether he would have made any against the Texans in a body—could have been put down with ease. Had it been evident that a majority of the inhabitants were satisfied under their present government and unfriendly to a union with Texas, then the goods would have been sold and the force withdrawn ; [he cautiously adds] *at least, such was the tenor of the proclamations.*"

Mr. Kendall is loud in his outcries against the treatment of the prisoners, and the detention of himself in particular ; and not particularly measured towards the American embassy for negotiating about his release instead of demanding Mr. Kendall or passports. In these troubles we cannot affect to sympathize ; nor do we see that the persons composing the expedition had much reason to complain. The relations between Texas and Mexico it may be difficult to fix ; but in any case, this expedition was a gang of spies, whose lives were forfeited in strict law, however, blood-thirsty the execution might have been. Two or three, indeed, were shot by Armijo ; but it would seem to have been for breaking their parole : the prisoners in their march from San Miguel to Mexico, under the command of one Salezar, suffered great hardships through his avarice and wantonness ; but on other occasions they had little more to endure than was to be expected in so long a march through a thinly-peopled mountainous country with a primitive state of society. Their treatment varied, of course, with the character of the officers commanding ; some carrying their kindness and courtesy to a greater extent than such a horde could expect, and others standing more strictly on military forms. Nor does the government seem to have been very culpable in the business. Mr. Falconer was released at once on arriving at Mexico ; Mr. Kendall thinks that he himself would have been set free by Armijo at San Miguel, but for some representations of the traitor Lewis ; and when the negotiation was proceeding favorably at

the capital, there appeared in his own newspaper a statement connecting him with the expedition. But the truth seems to be, that Mr. Kendall has no sense of national morality, even of that formal kind which, however hollow, throws a decent veil over its hollowness.

The volume in which Mr. Kendall narrates the projects, adventures, and difficulties of this expedition, consists of three sections. The first part gives an account of the journey through the wilderness of the prairies and table-lands, forming the base of the Rocky Mountains ; the second narrates their detention at San Miguel, and subsequent march of nearly two thousand miles, to Mexico ; the third describes his long imprisonment at the capital, chiefly (as he was unwell) in the hospital of the lepers. This narrative is not without interest, though its interest is diminished by diffuseness, and a sameness of detail—arising perhaps from the sameness of the subject-matter. Part of this may be ascribed to Mr. Kendall's profession of newspaper-writer, and to some of his narrative having been written for his journal ; part of it to his having composed nearly the whole of the eight hundred pages from memory. When first arrested, his papers were taken from him ; and during his subsequent journey he had no opportunity for taking notes. As regards general effects, we dare say the narrative conveys a true enough idea, though particular accuracy cannot be expected : but writing such an enormous mass of detailed narrative from memory alone, must tend to give a character of uniformity and vagueness, which the freshness of the memorandums might have removed. It is like painting a large picture from fancy instead of living models. As Mr. Falconer had more facility of recording his observations, and was perhaps more capable of observing, it is to be regretted that he did not publish an account of the Santa Fé Expedition.

Subject to the weariness induced by indiffuseness, akin to what the original perambulators might feel on their long journey, Mr. Kendall's narrative may be received as an addition to the literature of books of travels. Caravan-travelling on the Western Prairies, and the hardships undergone by explorers, are not altogether new subjects, but they are not so frequent as to have grown stale, and they are displayed in another phase by this expedition. We have had two descriptions of Mexico within a short time ; but Mr. Kendall with his companions in misfortune marched through the interior of the country, by a route rarely trodden by Europeans ; their mode of travelling was quite different from that of an Ambassador's wife, or a Secretary of Legation ; and the variety of characters in their escort-commanders, the different treatment they met at different places, and the necessary contrasts in their long and painful pilgrimage, give interest to the narrative. Neither is Mr. Kendall himself a bad fellow. Notwithstanding the national looseness of his public morals, and notions by no means strait-laced in other respects, he seems a good-tempered give-and-take personage—not very forbearing, perhaps, but able to bear ; philosophically submitting to any hardships or misery if he can but tell his troubles to the world, and determined to meet death itself for the honor of the star-spangled banner. The worst point about him is a want of delicacy in mentioning matters which in Europe are considered confidential though no confidence is stipulated. This, however, is a national failing, and in Mr. Kendall's

case refers to a remote people, which often seems to justify the act.

Besides the three main subjects of the work, there is an introduction, giving an account of Mr. Kendall's preliminary proceedings, and conveying a good enough idea of the wretched state of Texas as regards the common conveniences of life, and the security of life itself. But we will plunge for extracts into the heart of the expedition.

#### FEEDING AFTER STARVATION, AND STARVATION SENSATION.

About the middle of the afternoon, one of the four who had been sent forward, returned with the joyful intelligence that they had fallen in with a herd of no less than seventeen thousand sheep, and had succeeded in purchasing a sufficiency for the whole command. Again we put spurs to our horses; and a ride of half an hour brought us up with the shepherds and their charge, and to a fine camping-ground on the Rio Gallinas.

Here a scene of feasting ensued which beggars description. We had been thirteen days upon the road, with really not provisions enough for three; and now that there was an abundance, our starving men at once abandoned themselves to eating—perhaps I should rather call it gormandizing or stuffing. No less than twenty large fat sheep had been purchased and dressed; and every ramrod, as well as every stick that could be found, was soon graced with smoking ribs and shoulders, livers and hearts. Many made themselves sick by over-eating; but an attempt to restrain the appetites of half-starved men, except by main force, would be the very extreme of folly. Had the food been anything but mutton, and had we not procured an ample supply of salt from the Mexicans to season it, our men might have died of the surfeit.

I have never yet seen a treatise or dissertation upon starving to death—I can speak feelingly of nearly every stage except the last. For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing, his sufferings are, perhaps, more acute than in the remaining stages—he feels an inordinate, unappeasable craving at the stomach, night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread, and other substantial: but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength. On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food, as was occasionally the case with us, he swallows it with a wolfish avidity; but five minutes afterward his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence. On the fifth day, his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his color an ashy pale, and his eye wild, glassy, cannibalish. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from very weakness, refuse. The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy; the ghosts of well-remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind. The seventh day comes, bringing increased lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang listlessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still felt to a degree; but it must be brought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces

a desire still to preserve it, if it can be saved without a tax upon bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile; the next he is endowed with unnatural strength; and if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly onward, wondering whence proceeds this new and sudden impulse.

Captain Salezar, the first commandant of that division of the prisoners to which Mr. Kendall was attached, not only shot several of them when they were unable to walk, but cheated the living of the rations which Armijo had allotted them. Like many other cruel persons, he seems to have had a strong sense of the humorous, which found vent on several occasions.

#### SCRAMBLE FOR FOOD.

Early in the morning we were ordered to continue the march, and without food. Salezar did, previous to starting, distribute some fifty small cakes among one hundred and eighty-seven half-starved men; and the manner of this distribution showed the brutal nature of the wretch. Calling the prisoners around him, each with the hope that he was to receive something to allay the sharp cravings of hunger, he would toss one of these cakes high in the air, and then, with a glee absolutely demoniacal, watch the scramble that ensued as it fell among the suffering throng. It was a game of the strong against the weak, this struggle for the few mouthfuls of food which Salezar threw among them. The better attributes of our nature, the kind sympathies and generous forbearance which lift man above the brutes, were for a time overwhelmed, in a majority of the prisoners, by long starvation and great bodily suffering; and now, as the savage who had charge of them tossed the miserable pittance in the air, it was a study to watch their eager faces as it descended, to see with what wolf-like ferocity they would rush to secure the prize, and the terrible struggle which was sure to ensue ere some one stronger than his fellows could secure it. Salezar was accompanied by our old acquaintance, Don Jesus, in this distribution; and the satisfaction with which they watched the fierce conflicts marked a new leaf in the dreadful chapter of human depravity.

#### COUNTING THE PRISONERS.

We were driven, one by one, into a cow-pen or yard, and there encamped for the night; Salezar distributing a pint-cup of meal to each man, after having satisfied himself that none of us were missing. Even in his mode of counting us he exhibited his characteristic brutality; for just as they drive sheep or cattle into pens in New Mexico with the intention of enumerating them, so had he driven us.

#### EFFECTS OF SHOOTING M'ALLISTER.

Among the passengers in the cart with poor M'Allister were the narrator and a man who went by the soubriquet of "Stump;" there may have been others, but if there were I have now forgotten their names. In the morning, before starting, Stump had declared that he could not walk a mile—to save his life even; and so positive was he upon this point, that a place was provided for him in the cart. When this vehicle met with the accident, of course Stump was thrown upon his feet with the rest. While the few words were passing between M'Allister and Salezar, and previous to the inhuman murder of the former, Stump was hobbling about, apparently unable to walk at all: his feet were sore, his knees were stiff, and not a bone was there in his body that did not pain him at every movement: he was curled up, the picture of despair. But no sooner did he see his comrade fall, and feel the certainty that he too would meet with a similar

fate unless he put his powers of locomotion in immediate action, than, to use the old captain's own words, Stump straightened up, and started at a pace that would have staggered Captain Barclay, Ellworth, or the greatest pedestrian mentioned in the annals of "tall walking." Stump went by, first one, then another of his companions, and never abated his stride until he was in the lead of the whole party of prisoners; a position he pertinaciously kept through the remainder of the day, and in fact during the march. In the morning he *could* not walk a mile; he afterward *did* walk something like eighteen hundred, and without flagging.

## THE UNLUCKY LINGUIST.

As we were about starting, a little incident occurred in which were strangely mixed the painful and the ludicrous. For some trifling cause, Salezar drew his sword, and with the flat of it struck one of the prisoners a violent blow across the shoulders. The poor fellow had only learned one Spanish expression, *muchas gracias*—the common phrase employed in New Mexico to thank a person for any favor received. Thinking he must say something, and not knowing anything else to say, the unfortunate Texan ejaculated, "*Muchas gracias, Señor!*" Another terrible whack from the sword of Salezar was followed by a shrug of the shoulders and another "Many thanks, Sir." The captain was now more infuriate than ever. To be thus publicly and openly thanked by a person upon whom he was inflicting a painful punishment, he looked upon as a defiance; and he accordingly redoubled his blows. How long this might have continued I am unable to say: had not some of the friends of the man told him to hold his tongue, Salezar might have continued his blows until exhausted by the very labor.

WRITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—Punch, I am a grave person; a philosopher, Sir; at least I hope so. I never write nonsense intentionally; but I lately wrote a piece of very great nonsense unintentionally; and, as I have no other use for it, I beg to send it to you. I was inditing an essay, Sir, on the subject of Life; now see what stuff, owing to a cause which will be apparent on its perusal, I made of it. I must premise that A. stands for Author—that is to say, myself; and B. for Bore. Here follows, with explanatory interpolations,

## THE ESSAY.

"The word 'Life,'" (*Here came a tremendous rap, followed by a violent ring at the street door. I started, spilt my ink, and blotted my paper,*) "has a two-fold ac"—(*I stopped writing for some seconds*) "a two-fold acceptance;"—(*Rap and ring repeated,*) "a two-fold acceptance;"—(*Rap and ring again, louder than ever—servant in the coal-hole, I suppose. Rushed, in great excitement, to door, and opened it. There stood Hawkins—that is B. Could not do less than ask him to walk in; so, enter B. B. sees I am busy, but tells me not to mind him, for that he will take a book; which he does, and throws himself on the sofa. I resume*) "Life has a twofold"—(*B. begins a species of whistling. I cannot stand it, and stop again. B. desists*) "two-fold acceptance;"—(*B. Fine day!* A. Very.) "acceptation." (*B. Seen Faranti?* A. Eh?—yes—no.) "In one"—(*B. I hear her real name is Edwards. A. Ah!*) "one sense of the word"—(*B. What nonsense that is!* A. Nonsense!—what? B. Why, changing her name. A. Oh?) "word, it signifies—" (*B. Seen the Times this morning?* A. Eh? yes—no; I beg your pardon.) "signifies the state of living or—" (*B. Capital article that on the Factory Question. A. I dare say*) "living or being alive. In the other—" (*B. What will Peel do?* A. Ah! what?) "other Peel, sense, Factory Question, it signifies—" (*B. Been to the Water Color?*

A. What did you say?—*water color?*—no)" "it signifies the hypothetical principle"—(*B. What do you think of Hunt's 'Plough-boys'?* A. Eh!) "principle which—" (*B. Hunt's 'Ploughboys.'* A. Oh! very funny) "principle, plough-boys, or substance, which pervading organized funny bodies, is—" (*B. What do you pay for these lodgings?* A. Sixteen shillings) "is assumed to be sixteen shillings—"

Here it occurred to me just to look over what I had written, and I leave you, sir, to imagine the feelings with which I perused the above jumble. I found it utterly useless to proceed; and accordingly yielded myself to the infliction of Hawkins, which lasted nearly an hour.

Now, Mr. Punch, I know not whether you find it as difficult to make jokes under interruption, as I do to write philosophy; if you do, you will perhaps find your account in publishing this communication, for

Your obedient servant,

VICTIM.

## THE PROPHETIC ECHO.

A YOUTHFUL poet laid him by a stream,  
Fresh from the mountain's side. Fair Italy,  
Thy sky was o'er him, and thy sun's bright beam  
Fell tempered through the leafy canopy  
That cast its graceful shadow on his head.  
It was a lovely scene to look upon;  
Where art and nature's dearest gifts were shed—  
Where fragrant groves, and verdant meadows shone;  
While Florence rose afar, superbly fair:  
"Young dreamer, say, what speak thy visions there?"

He gazed on all around with radiant brow,  
For love, and youth, and joy, were in his heart;  
"And ever thus," he murmured, "still as now,  
Here would I rest, and never more depart;  
With one fair form to share my solitude,  
Content to live on earth alone for me;  
Each day the promise of the last renewed,  
And never once betrayed; Oh! shall it be  
My destiny such paradise to know?"  
A mocking voice repeated near him—"No."

He started at the warning, but his eye  
Fell on the noble city at his feet,  
And his heart swelled with aspirations high,  
Stronger than love, although perchance less sweet.  
"Say shall my name find place 'mid those whose fame  
All glorious, breathes of immortality?  
Or am I doomed to bear the withering shame  
That waits on those who fall—Oh must I fly,  
And every hope of happiness forego?"  
Sullen and stern the echo answered "Go."  
Alas! poor boy, his dark eyes fill with tears,  
As disappointment takes the place of hope;  
In sooth it needs the sufferings of years,  
To teach us with such iron foes to cope,  
For sorrow bringeth patience—"Wo is me."  
At length he cried, "that ever I was born,  
Since love's sweet dream but leads to misery;  
And fame's bright visions to disgrace and scorn.  
If fate hath robed her in so black a dye,"  
Faintly and sad the echo whispered "Die."

## CHARADE.

My first, a prefix to a word,  
That shows its repetition;  
My next, the deaf'ning sound that's heard,  
At thunderbolt's ignition.  
My whole, the maddening shout that fills  
Our great united nation;  
And rising from green Erin's hills,  
Demands self-legislation.

**STUCKEY'S PATENT FILTER.**—We were invited, on Thursday, to witness Mr. Stuckey's patent filter in operation, near the corner of Guilford-street, Gray's-inn-lane, previous to its being submitted to the government as a means for purifying the water supplied to large towns. The principal feature in this invention, and what recommends it peculiarly to public notice, is the rapidity of the filtration. The means by which this is effected is the employment of a sponge in a highly compressed state. The rapidity of filtration is of the utmost importance, inasmuch as it not only is a saving of time and cost, but preserves the best qualities of the water. In the petition presented some time ago to Parliament, by Mr. Stuckey, these facts appear to be satisfactorily established. It will not be necessary to enter minutely into the mechanical details of this invention; but it may be stated generally that the filtering material, sponge, from its porous and reticulate structure, not only allows the water to pass through with great rapidity, but arrests every extraneous matter mechanically mixed with it, is more easily cleansed than any other medium hitherto employed for filtration, and imparts neither taste nor smell to the water. In the petition above referred to, Mr. Stuckey thus sums up the advantages of his invention over the present system of filtration. He states that it presents an economy, in space, of one foot for one acre; in money, of £7,300 per annum, as the current expenses, instead of the estimated current expenses of the New River Company, of £19,000 per annum; and, in time, of filtering in six hours, by machinery, of one foot to the acre, more than 2,300,000 gallons, which quantity, in the Chelsea water-works, it takes twenty-four hours to filter. In an experiment made before Lord Brougham and other scientific individuals, and the representatives of several of the great water companies, Mr. Stuckey has, we hear, by a single machine of only five feet square, filtered water in a thick and muddy state, and produced it bright, limpid, and sparkling, at the rate of 2,500,000 gallons in twenty-four hours; and subsequently a filter of not more than one hundred cubical contents, has delivered at the rate of from three to four million gallons per day. The select committee on the health of the metropolis and the large towns of the kingdom, of which the Duke of Buccleuch is chairman, have, we hear, requested the invention to be exhibited before them.

**THE PANORAMA OF HONG-KONG.**—We have frequently had occasion to speak of the merit of Mr. Burford's panoramas. His subjects are always attractive, and they are treated with such singular effect and artistic skill, that the spectator has brought before his eye with remarkable fidelity some of the most striking and beautiful scenes of nature.

The last painting is the best yet exhibited. We do not give it this praise because it is the last, but because the view is more interesting, novel, and varied, and more full of picturesque effect, and because the execution in all its details is more bold and spirited than in any of the artist's previous productions. It happened that, while we were present in the room, some gentlemen entered who had been engaged in the late war, and who had been stationed at Hong-Kong for months. They declared the whole view was wonderfully true to nature, and that the general effect of the coast was perfectly preserved.

We quite despair of giving any adequate idea of the painting by a description. The effect, after looking at it for a short time, is magical, as the eye becomes more enamored with the splendor of the scene the longer it is gazed on. The coast of the island appears to be magnificent. Some of the rocks are bold, rugged, and scarped, with crystal streams (whence the name of the island) flowing down them; others are covered with vegetation. They have every variety of form and aspect; in some places abruptly bounding the sight, and in others revealing enchanting glimpses of the interior of the picturesque country. The new town of Victoria is a pleasing object in the scene. It appears to be fast rising into importance, and every building of note is accurately delineated. The water, beautifully painted, that laves the coast is covered with native vessels, and British ships of war and steamers. The Chinese craft are of all kinds, from the rude raft to the large war-junk.

The part of the painting which will be most admired, and which appears most admirably painted, is that where a large raft is shown side by side with a mandarin's boat. The raft is apparently for the conveyance of rural produce. It is of great extent, and is furnished with rude sheds. It brings to the eye, with the utmost force and distinctness, one form of Chinese life. On it are seen domestic animals and a party of the natives at dinner. Their fire, their provisions, their utensils, their clothing, everything appertaining to their economy, are delineated in the most natural style. In contrast to this scene is the handsome barge of a mandarin, with its lanterns at the poop, and a party of grantees seated in state on the deck, while servants, bending low, are offering them coffee. Nothing can be better than the effect thus produced; the figures are well drawn, and the coloring artistic. The objects on the water are more faintly reflected on its clear bosom. A nearer approach by art to reality has never been witnessed; and the great merit of the panorama is, that while a genuine Chinese view, with all its most striking characteristics, is presented, the materials are selected with a painter's skill, and so managed as to form a most harmonious picture. The ingenious artist, we make no doubt, will find this the most attractive of all his productions.

**THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.** To check the continual emigration of the Jews over the frontiers, the following resolution of the Council of the Empire, sanctioned by his Majesty the Emperor, has been published as a law:—"Jews who without legal licenses, or with legal licenses which have expired, go over the frontier, when they have before been recognized as actual Russian subjects, and as such been brought back into the empire, shall be given up to the local government authorities, who shall deal with them according to the laws relating to deserters and vagrants, even when their former places of residence and the parishes to which they belong are known. According to these laws, they shall be employed in the military service; in case they are unfit for it, be placed in what are called the penal companies, without the right of being given up to their parishes, if the latter shall desire it. *If they are not fit for hard labor in public works, they shall be sent with their wives to settle in Siberia.*"

From the Examiner.

*Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann.* Now first published from the original MSS. Concluding Series. Vols. 3 and 4. Bentley.

WE have so recently spoken of Walpole's letters, his character, and his genius, that we must be brief with these volumes. They are *the last*. No more rummagings from poor Strawberry Hill!—for such, though the editor favors us with no information on that point, we take to have been the origin of the present publication.

The letters extend over the last ten years of the life of Horace Mann, from the 60th to the 70th year of Horace Walpole's life. The date of the first is in 1776, of the last in 1786. We had already letters of the same date, touching the same topics for the most part, and in the same tone. But Walpole never tires—no, not in repetitions even. Some new turn of humor, some fresh seizure of the bye-points of character, unexpected novel strokes of witty malice, are sure to present themselves. These last four volumes are very little inferior to Lord Dover's series, where the ground was unoccupied altogether. It would not be possible to pay a higher compliment to this inimitable letter-writer.

But allowances must be made for the coming on of age. Its steady advances discomfited poor Horace not a little, for all the careless face he affects to put upon them. The transition from grave to gay is more abrupt, the philosophy less plain than the discontent, the gout tolerably evident always. His consolation is the seeing nothing to envy, which one cannot but think a poor one for a man to go out of the world with. Chatham's death is recorded coldly; Garrick's with a sneer. They were "both good actors," he says; though parliament only provided for the family of one of them. He grumbles at projects for reform of the House of Commons; and is obliged to be minute in relation of certain scenes of profligacy, to recover his liveliness of spirits. The grave-digger in *Hamlet* does not assert with half the serious enjoyment of Walpole, that England is fast becoming a nation of lunatics, that we are all profligate and all mad in England. For perfect "archiepiscopal seats of knavery and folly," he singles out Parliament and the Society of Antiquaries. And in himself—alas, that he should have looked so curiously!—he has come to see little better than the image of an *old baboon*.

"You say, you *love and adore* me. My dear sir! What an object of adoration! You put me in mind of what I have read in some traveller, who, viewing some Indian temple that blazed with gold and jewels, was at last introduced into the *sanctum sanctorum*, where behind the veil sat the object of worship—an old baboon!"

These are the discoveries and discomfitures of age. On the other hand, his experience grew to the last, and the sphere of his witty allusions became more and more extended. He dwells now and then with some complacency on this more consolatory side of things. It was something to have seen mistresses of the second Charles and James; to have been familiar with the court of Anne; to have kissed the hand of George the First, and lived to witness the frolics of his great-great-grandson; to have beheld the burial of Marlborough; to have outlived some four wars by later

generals, the career of Chatham, the loss of America, and the second conflagration of London under auspices of Lord George Gordon; and to have seen the rise and fame of a second Pitt and a second Fox. There are no pleasanter passages in these volumes than those of his early and earnest appreciation of the last-named statesman. He thought Charles James, in some special points, a close resemblance of his own father: the highest praise he had for any one.

It was something to have a store of memory like this, and yet be some four or five centuries "younger than Methusalem."

#### ON DOCTOR JOHNSON.

"In fact, the poor man is to be pitied: he was mad, and his disciples did not find it out, but have unveiled all his defects; nay, have exhibited all his brutalities as wit, and his lowest conundrums as humor."

#### ON THE PROFESSION OF AUTHOR.

"My reading or writing has seldom had any object but my own amusement; and, having given over the trade, I had rather my customers went to another shop. The profession of author is trifling; but, when any *charlatanerie* is superadded, it is a contemptible one. To puff one's self is to be a mountebank, and swallowing wind as well as vending it."

Yet never was Grub-street hack so greedy of praise as Walpole.

#### ON THE CORRESPONDENCE WITH HORACE MANN.

"I have been counting how many letters I have written to you since I landed in England, in 1741: they amount—astonishing!—to above eight hundred; and we have not met in three-and-forty years! A correspondence of near half a century is, I suppose, not to be paralleled in the annals of the post-office!"

#### INFORMATION FOR AN ALDERMAN.

"One of the Duke of Marlborough's generals dining with the Lord Mayor, an alderman who sat next to him said, 'Sir, yours must be a very laborious profession.'—'No,' replied the general, 'we fight about four hours in the morning, and two or three after dinner, and then we have all the rest of the day to ourselves.'"

#### A LORD'S WINE-CELLAR.

"At Wilton he always recommends his port before his other wines, saying, 'I can warrant the port good, for I make it myself.'"

#### POLITICAL MANIA.

"We have no private news at all. Indeed, politics are all in all. I question whether any woman intrigues with a man of a different party. Little girls say, 'Pray, Miss, of which side are you?' I heard of one that said, 'Mamma and I cannot get Papa over to our side!'"

#### LATE HOURS.

"It is the fashion now to go to Ranelagh two hours after it is over. You may not believe this, but it is literal. The music ends at ten; the company go at twelve. Lord Derby's cook lately gave him warning. The man owned he liked his place, but said he should be killed by dressing suppers at three in the morning. The Earl asked him coolly at how much he valued his life? That is, he would have paid him for killing him."

At the close of the Mann correspondence, some letters are reprinted from the Selwyn collection. A memoir on his income, written by Walpole; and some brief autobiographical notes and dates; are also appended. There is no novelty in these to call for particular remark.



The editor's notes are more correct than in the early volumes, but still, at times, very careless and confused. What earthly occasion was there for mentioning, more than once, Mrs. Thrale's marriage to her Italian fiddler? And why should readers be confused with the very needless and singularly incorrect intimation that *Bubb Doddington's Diary* is "generally named" *Doddington's Memoirs*?

From the Examiner.

*The Wilfulness of Woman.* By the Authoress of a "History of a Flirt." Three vols. Colburn.

THIS book is not comparable to the *History of a Flirt*. We are sorry that the writer does not think it worth while to work, with greater assiduity and success, the quiet, natural, unobtrusive vein of character, which was the charm of her first tale.

There is too much flash and exaggeration in the production before us. While it holds up a great many cant to the contempt they deserve, it is by no means free from cant and pretension of its own. Real talent can less afford to dispense with modesty and carefulness in composition, than its puffed, hawked, and counterfeit likeness. The absence of art or structure in this novel, is most painful. The last volume is a sort of supplement to the general subject. It cannot be called a continuation of the tale.

Nevertheless, it is impossible to read the book without feeling its writer's cleverness. Where she excels particularly, we think, is in the absence of malice or favor with which her least amiable portraits are drawn. Her shading is excellent. Her bad people are never—as in this world they seldom are, or it would suffer less at their hands—without a certain companionable sympathy. Admirably drawn is Captain Fermor. A perfectly quiet, gentlemanly, well-bred man to the last. Even the irritable anguish of the poor weak wife he has seduced, fails to ruffle his temper, interrupt his gallantry, or unsettle his chivalrous deference to a still lovely woman.

Captain Trelawney is also successful. He is perfectly worthless, and perfectly good-natured. We cannot discover an atom of positive, staring, downright wickedness in him. He has no beliefs, no sincerity, no principle: and that is all. It is not enough to deter a thoughtless girl from adoring him before marriage, and trying to cover his failings after it. On this structure a material part of the tale is built. In the endeavor to screen her unworthy choice, and the misery it has entailed upon herself, she is driven to false excitements. Plainly, she is driven to drink. These passages are much too delicate, and let us add unpleasant, for us to touch upon further.

But the captain and his wife may be shown to the reader, in a brief incident of their courting days. The young lady, warned of the captain's delinquencies, has set her heart on showing him to her grave, kind aunt, in the new character of a church-goer; he parries the request amusingly enough, but at last consents; conducts himself in church after a fashion described with some truth and humor; and makes his apologies when service is over:

"What a lot of plain girls you have in your parish, my dear Mrs. Harrington," remarked Captain Trelawney aloud, as the party quitted their pew.

"I never saw such a row of ungenteel noses at a glance before, and the rector's face is a subject for Hogarth."

"Miss Erskine gave her lover an eye glance, which took some effect, and silenced the young officer till they had traversed the churchyard, which decorated the Studleigh grounds. He then placed the card upon which the likeness was sketched into Miss Erskine's hand."

"Do you know such a person?" he asked in his peculiar and somewhat effeminate tones.

"Miss Erskine laughed as she examined the drawing with a pleased expression of admiration and pride, which induced her to exhibit it to her aunt in reckless confidence."

"Did you ever see a more talented creature, Aunt Harrington? Is not the sketch a clever and spirited portrait? Oh, look at the dear doctor's long, sharp nose, I beseech you, and that paragon of a chin. My dear Trelawney, where did you acquire such multifarious talents?"

"It is a portrait, Captain Trelawney," observed Mrs. Harrington, mildly; "but surely, my dear sir, the place and the occasion was most unsuited to the amusement."

"What could I do, my dear Mrs. Harrington?"

"You were in the house of prayer, not in your painting-room, Captain Trelawney."

"My dear madam, Harriet insisted upon my attending parade, or I should not have presented myself. I was quite unprepared for such noses as I saw in rows beyond your pew. Winchester is celebrated among us for plain girls, which makes it alarmingly unpleasant quarters; but you boast quite as rueful a turnout at Studleigh."

As for the *Glen-Aram humdrums*, as Captain Trelawney calls them, we fear we must admit the Captain to be not so far astray. Mr. and Mrs. Monteith are decidedly the uninteresting people of the book. Even in the thick of her London temptations, the lady never sufficiently alarms us. We perceive that she is safe. We fear we must add that there is a want of a certain relish in the mere do-me-good portraiture of this writer.

The last volume introduces an entirely new set of actors. But though there is an amusing spirit of frolic exaggeration at work, we find these new acquaintances on the whole extremely tedious. The vulgar but handsome little widow is the best. Among other things, her description of her maid is very tolerable indeed.

*Wilfulness of Woman* is so loose and unconnected in its plan that it hardly makes pretence to be judged by any of the rules of art. But, for even its no-plan, the final incident is "slobbered over" in somewhat too great a hurry. The "bonassus" of a doctor who discovered Mrs. Trelawney's failing, is bold enough to marry her after her husband's death. How he got his hands out of his pockets to go through the ceremony, and whether the lady was perfectly sober when she consented, are things we continue to doubt. The best-sustained incident of the book is Captain Fermor's seduction of Lady Sarah Monteith. Her remorse is painted with power and delicacy.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—It is a common idea that the most laconic military despatch ever issued was that sent by Cæsar to the Horse-Guards at Rome, containing the three memorable words "*Veni, vidi, vici*," and perhaps, until our own day, no like instance of brevity has been found. The despatch of Sir Charles Napier, after the capture of Scinde, to Lord Ellenborough, both for brevity and truth, is, however, far beyond it. The despatch consisted of one emphatic word—"Peccavi." "I have Scinde," (*sinned*).—*Punch*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE SLIDING SCALE OF MANNERS.

BY CAPTAIN ORLANDO SABERTASH.

It is really curious to observe how long we continue to see customs and usages practised in every society, as a regular matter of course indeed, before we think of giving them just and appropriate names, capable of fully characterizing their merits to the world. This is doubly curious at a period when so many great national measures have been carried, not by the force of argument, but merely by the force of names, and without any effort having been made, or attempted to be made, for the purpose of calmly ascertaining how far the liberal, philanthropic, or reforming title, corresponded with the legislative enactment it was put forward to secure. We have no doubt that many very fashionable members of the fashionable world have long regulated their manners according to the wealth, rank, and station of the persons with whom they chanced to be thrown together; but we have never seen the practice, however open and avowed in these times, reduced to rules and estimated accordingly. We have all occasionally seen well-dressed persons behaving with what seemed perfect courtesy towards a peer, and with the most perfect and polite impertinence to some plain nobody; but though the mischievous laughed, and the good sighed, none ascribed such conduct to the admirable *Sliding Scale of Manners*, now so generally introduced, and so well adapted to the character of modern and fashionable society.

I cannot, I think, do better than illustrate this point by an extract from a lately published novel, *The Fortunes of the Falconars*, by Mrs. Gordon, a very charming work, which I recommend every person to read, as I feel confident that none will rise from its perusal without having been deeply interested, and it may be also, greatly improved.

Eleanor Falconar, the heroine, who is poor, as heroines should be, is on a visit at the house of some wealthy relations of the name of Livingston. All are persons of good family and standing.

"The conversation at table chiefly consisted of short sentences enunciated by Mr. Livingston and his son, touching the all-important topics of wines and cookery. Of the female part of the company, Lady Susan from time to time responded in a low voice to questions or remarks addressed to her by the heads of the house, and looked as if the remainder of the party were entirely beneath her notice; the aunts praised and were delighted with everything; Mrs. Livingston was condescendingly agreeable, and Eleanor sat nearly silent, experiencing, in full perfection, the comfortable sensation of being nobody.

"Dinner over, the same scene continued to be enacted in the drawing-room, varied only by the arrival of tea and coffee, and of the gentlemen. The ladies collected round a table placed near the fire, and each produced her work. Mrs. Livingston was renowned for her skill in those elegant and useless efforts of female ingenuity, which delude those who exercise their hands upon them into a notion that they are spending their time to advantage; and Lady Susan was an adept in the same species of craft: most part of the conversation, therefore, turned upon this, to the aunts, deeply interesting topic. Mr. Livingston, meanwhile, paced the spacious apartment with long strides, and occasionally sat down for a few minutes to a newspaper, and his son took up a new number of the *Sporting Magazine*, and extended himself upon a sofa.

"Thus intellectually passed some part of the endless evening. Then there was a humble request preferred to Lady Susan for some music. This was negatived by her ladyship, 'She really could not possibly sing to-night.' Then perhaps she would favor them with an air on the harp? 'No;' her ladyship positively could not play to-night; she was fatigued, and her music had not been brought down stairs; they must be so good as to excuse her.

"Does Eleanor play?' asked Mrs. Livingston of her sister.

"A little, I believe,' was the reply.

"I am sure Eleanor is no musician,' observed aunt Annie, looking up from her knitting.

"Will you give us a little music, my dear?' at last inquired Mrs. Livingston of her niece herself.

"I am no musician, aunt Livingston,' said Eleanor, smiling; 'but I shall be very happy to play a little, if you wish it.'

"Do so, my dear, music is a necessary of life with us almost, we are so much accustomed to it.'

"Eleanor willingly exchanged her position at the work-table for the pianoforte, which was a very fine instrument. It had long been a received opinion amongst her aunts that she could hardly play at all, founded upon their having heard from her mother, during her childhood, that she showed no particular talent for music; and this opinion, like most others, once formed and matured in the minds of the Misses Falconar, was henceforward ineradicable. Yet, notwithstanding this, Eleanor's finger on the pianoforte, though not brilliant, was very sweet and graceful, and her taste faultless. Her performance over, she was rewarded as she resumed her seat at the table, by a—'thank you, my dear, very pretty,'—uttered in a condescending tone by her aunt, and a murmur of approbation from Mr. Livingston, who never uttered a louder demonstration of pleasure after the musical displays of any but his own daughters.

"How exquisitely Gertrude plays,' exclaimed aunt Elizabeth, addressing her sister; 'and Amabel too. I don't know which of their instrumental music is the most delightful.'

"I think,' said Mrs. Livingston, 'that of the two, Gertrude's is perhaps the most brilliant execution. Amabel certainly has the finest voice.'

"Yes, they are really to be called musicians,' pronounced aunt Annie with emphasis.

"So they have a good right to be, Miss Annie,' said Mr. Livingston; 'they have had the first masters. I was always resolved they should have every advantage that money could procure; and I own, I think they do no discredit to the sums spent on their education.'

"No, that they do not, indeed,' exclaimed aunt Elizabeth. 'There are few girls so universally admired.'

"It is a pity,' said Mrs. Livingston, 'that you have not heard Lady Susan's fine voice to-night; but I hope you may ere long have that enjoyment. Your duets with Amabel are charming, Lady Susan.'

"Amabel's voice and mine suit remarkably well," replied her ladyship in a languid tone.

"I wish you would go and sing something, Susan,' said her lord and master, breaking silence for the first time since tea.

"I can't sing to-night, George, my voice is quite gone.'

"Come,' interposed Mr. Livingston, 'I won't have Lady Susan teased any more about singing. Surely it is time the tray were brought up,' &c. &c.

"If we go on as we have begun to-night, Ferny-lee will prove but a dull residence,' thought Eleanor, as she seated herself by the fire in a small but comfortable chamber allotted to her, &c. &c.

"She thus, during the first ten days of her stay, enjoyed ample opportunity of observing, for the sake of future comparisons, the difference made, in a large

country house, between Nobody and Somebody, as visitors beneath its roof."

Now here we have various gradations of the *Sliding Scale* admirably displayed, as well in the conduct of the party generally, as in their conduct to the wealthy and high-born Lady Susan, on the one side, and to our poor heroine, Eleanor, on the other. Nor is the picture exaggerated; we could draw fifty of the kind, and so could any fair and manly observer, who has mixed in what is termed fashionable society. Still more in the would-be fashionable society; for, though we often meet with affectation and pretension even in the ranks of the peerage, it must be admitted that, generally speaking, the best and highest breeding is to be found in the highest circles, where its absence, indeed, would be least excusable; the border-clans, uncertain of their exact position, anxious to be included among the *somedodies*, invariably contain the greatest number of insufferables; that is, as far as society is concerned, for you often meet in these circles individuals of high merit, and who have risen by talent and honorable exertion; but their striving, or that of the younger branches of their families rather, for fashionable distinction on one side, and the haughty efforts too often made on the other, by second-rate fashionables, to keep them out, tend greatly to introduce a very indifferent tone of manners.

Now in all the intercourse between these different parties, from highest to lowest, the *Sliding Scale*, as detrimental to good manners as to good feeling, is invariably resorted to; and after all from mere ignorance. It is no doubt painful to speak thus of my fashionable public, which contains in its ranks so many really charming persons, and, what is more to the purpose, so many pretty girls; but truth must be told at times, and I repeat, that the *Sliding Scale* of manners, now so generally in vogue, is only the result of deplorable and downright ignorance; nor is it an ignorance of which any will boast, when once fairly exposed, as exquisites formerly boasted of being unable to write their own names. The ladies and gentlemen of the *Sliding Scale* are courteous to persons of high rank and station, as indeed they ought to be; they show that they can behave well, and yet they cool down in manner towards others of inferior station, exactly in proportion to the grades the *Nobodies* may chance to hold on the scale, and descend from polite courtesy to polite rudeness—the most impertinent of all kinds of rudeness.

It is, indeed, highly diverting, at times, to behold the active working of the *Scale*, and its rapid sliding from one degree—from one extreme even—to another. We recommend the curious in such matters to take a favorable position in the drawing-room, and observe the arrivals and the receptions guests experience at any fashionable party; it will well reward the trouble. Notice the lady of the house in particular; for, though gentlemen are in fact greater *sliders* than ladies, the latter do things more gracefully, and with a prettier air. You will there see the delight, however subdued, that is evinced in receiving the high in rank, station, or fashionable reputation; the easy and friendly manner that falls to the lot of those next on the scale; then there is the pretty *empressé* courtesy of pleasure, the profound courtesy of hate, the graceful courtesy of indifference, the sliding courtesy to the right or left, according to position—which says, "Pass on." There we see both hands extended to receive "dear Lady

A," one hand held out to greet Mrs. Nabob B., and three fingers given, with a familiar nod, to Miss Nobody C. Nor is this all, for we have the sweet little head leant over to the left when a younger brother is advancing from the right; and a word or nod to Sir John, cast over the right arm, while acknowledging parson Lackliving's formal bow on the left. There are a thousand pretty little tricks and manœuvres besides, all equally graceful and expressive, though impossible to be rendered by description. A good observer will easily distinguish the groups who are invited to give *éclat* to the party, those who are only invited "because they must be invited," those again who are to be delighted and astonished at everything, and the odd rank and file called in to fill places and no more.

Nor are the guests behind the hosts in tactics; far from it, for many would have you think that they only come to confer an obligation, some even to confer an honor. The rapid exclusive affects to lounge in merely to kill time, and, looking round on the crowded rooms, seems to ask, "Is there any one here?" while many, on the other hand, show at once that they come to act the part of regular sycophants. In general, the young girls are the happiest on such occasions; and, though you see some who have no idea beyond being admired, they still bring the greatest portion of hilarity and cheerfulness with them into company, and cast, indeed, when not spoilt by fortune-hunting mothers, or the heartless and artificial tone of modern manners, the principal charm over the so-called brilliant and fashionable society of the day.

Nor is there any concealment effected in this transit from one degree of the scale to another. The *sliders*, indeed, if they gild over actual coarseness, deem it right to show that it is only condescension on their part, nothing more, and never intended it to pass for genuine coin, which is always reserved for very different parties.

Now all this, when not simple and silly affectation, is the result of mere ignorance—to give it the gentlest name possible; for persons behaving in this manner wish, in fact, to be thought something *distingué*, elevated in sentiments, feelings, intellect, or mental refinement, the very reverse of what their manners, which, if not founded in ignorance, must be looked upon as ignoble and low-minded, prove them to be. And for the best and cleverest of all reasons, that every person of true worth, endowed with generous sentiments, with the kind, noble, and lofty feelings men are proud to possess and ashamed to want, delights in being courteous and polite, and never resorts to an opposite line of conduct, unless where cases of open and avowed personal hostility place all social intercourse entirely out of the question. If this last proposition is just, and it will hardly, we think, be disputed, the *sliders* have only the choice between the ignorance of which we have in our gentleness accused them, and that rottenness of heart, from which, where there is knowledge, rudeness and bad manners can alone arise. Q. E. D.

Nor must it be supposed that a mere absence of coarse language and rude manners is sufficient to constitute the degree of courtesy due to society, and to the individuals of whom it is so composed. Very far from it indeed, for, with ordinary good feeling, courtesy of manner is so easy, so absolutely natural, that a mere absence of discourtesy can save none from deserved reproach. And as it

is as easy to answer an inquiry respecting the hour of the day, in a polite, as in a rude or indifferent manner, the first only must be expected from persons making any pretensions to good breeding; for, though a *Nobody* should chance to be the questioner, there is not, as so many persons seem to think, the least derogation from dignity, in replying courteously even to Monsieur Personne.

Many will, I fear, conclude, from these premises, that rudeness and want of courtesy are necessarily, when evinced by educated persons, proofs of envy, bad temper, or selfishness, of that rottenness of heart of which we have spoken. But, this, I think, would be a harsh conclusion, for it is very evident that a great deal of it results merely from silly affectation and ignorance. My opinion is, indeed, that society should tolerate neither the one nor the other, and never permit the use of the *Sliding Scale* of manners under any circumstances. But what can be done, when so many worthy persons will not perceive its existence, and always declare the condescension of great people to be the very pink and perfection of elegant and refined courtesy, talking incessantly of the kind and considerate attention shown by "dear Lady A." to all her guests, and of the "frank and delightful hospitality of Sir John B.'s splendid mansion;" and that too, at the very time when every one knows that Lady A. and Sir John B. practise the *Sliding Scale* to an extent that none of their own footmen can equal?

Now the worst feature of the whole case is, that these very persons who affect such perfect blindness to the vulgar condescension of which we have spoken are, in fact, as clear-sighted as others; for nothing is so easily seen through as this slightly gilded impertinence, only they would rather be thought blind than be taken for sycophants, and rather submit to insult, than forego the society whence they derive what they would call fashionable distinction.

Let me here relate a trifling anecdote, which, though not exactly to the point before us, touches pretty considerably on the general subject.

Our regiment happening, some years ago, to be quartered near a fashionable watering-place, it was usual for officers, when off duty, to ride over and pass a day or two with the gay world there assembled, whenever we heard that the party was rich in beauty or in agreeable society.

While idling in the drawing-room after dinner one evening, we were told that a new guest had arrived; our informant adding that he was "a very good-looking fellow." The last portion of the information did not please some of the would-be dandies of the party who were paying particular attention to the ladies present, several of whom were, indeed, extremely pretty. They declared, therefore, that they had seen the man, and that it was only "the handsome tailor," as a snip from the neighboring town was, from his good looks, very deservedly called, and who would not of course think of joining the party at the hotel. The thing, having been said in apparent seriousness, there being besides no perceptible wit or humor in saying it as a jest, was readily believed, so that, when a young gentleman answering the description entered the room and placed himself at one of the tea-tables, lady after lady, and dandy after dandy, rose from their seats and joined other parties. The stranger looked a little surprised to find himself thus left alone, but took no notice of the rudeness, and proceeded very calmly to help

himself to the best things present. The fine ladies and gentlemen of the party did not take things so quietly, and, though a single look might have satisfied any one that he was a gentleman, they despatched a secret messenger to the landlord calling for the immediate expulsion of the supposed tailor. Mine host was, of course, forced to obey, and sent his waiter to inform the obnoxious guest that Mr. Thompson wished to speak with him.

"Who is Mr. Thompson?" inquired the stranger, with perfect composure.

"The master of the house, sir," replied John.

"Oh! tell Mr. Thompson to walk in, and that I shall be happy to see him."

Out went John, evidently a little disconcerted, to do his bidding, warning his master, at the same time, that the young gentleman looked "more like a lord than a tailor."

Mr. Thompson, however, thought differently; the parties who had desired the tailor's expulsion kept horses and carriages, and could not be mistaken; besides, the stranger had come on the top of the coach, and had not even a servant with him; there could be no mistake in the case. Entering the room, therefore, he told the stranger in a half-whispering tone, but with perfect politeness, that the drawing-room was exclusively appropriated to the use of the "company," and that he had another apartment ready for his reception, in which tea was already served, and to which, making a move to the door, he begged leave to show the way.

"Thank you—thank you!" replied the stranger, with continued calmness, "I am extremely well here; plenty of room has, you see, been made for me."

An ill-suppressed titter, in which the stranger seemed greatly inclined to join, ran round the room; and mine host, who had prepared no further speech, could only remonstrate with "hems," broken phrases, and awkward bows; the stranger keeping his seat, and sipping his tea with the most imperturbable gravity. The culprit, having at last finished his repast, and seeing Mr. Thompson still, as it seemed, waiting for him, looked up, and asked the meaning of all this anxiety to get rid of him. Mine host, thus driven to the wall, was obliged to confess that the drawing-room was not intended for *gentlemen* of his profession.

"My profession!" said the stranger; "and pray what is that?"

Mr. Thompson was evidently confused and desirous of evading an answer, but the new guest would not let him off.

"Speak out, man," he said "your house is your castle, let us hear what my profession is; if it is a good one, I promise not to disown it."

"Why, a tailor to be sure, since you will have it," replied mine host, thus forced upon his mettle; while a roar of laughter, in which the young gentleman joined right heartily, burst from the whole party. The supposed tailor, having regained his gravity, pointed with a nod to his hat, in the manner of a person accustomed to be waited upon, and, having received it from mine host, who handed it in proper courtesy, said, with perfect good-humor,—

"Well, Mr. Thompson, let us now look at this room of yours. I like the situation of your house, and, if you can find good stabling for my horses, and quarters for my servants, who are not so easily pleased as I am, I shall probably remain a few days with you. I suppose you will want my name

for your book; there's my card,"—Lord A. B. "And let me give you a piece of advice at the same time: whenever you see a tailor, travelling with a batch of horses and servants, shut your eyes to the goose, man—shut them close—otherwise the world will say that you are the greater goose of the two."

A burst of laughter followed this sally. The gentlemen, who, from mere envious motives, from not wishing to have a good-looking young man added to the circle, had represented our new guest as a tailor, vanished without being even missed; while his lordship became the very soul of the party, though they hardly deserved so much courtesy at his hands, for a very little observation would have shown them that he was evidently a gentleman of the first water. A very little reflection ought also to have made them sensible of the impropriety of behaving with, what was in reality, extreme rudeness—and would probably have been considered as such by a man of inferior cast—to a person of whom they knew absolutely nothing, and before they could even take the trouble to inquire how far they had any cause of complaint against him. The *Sliding Scale*, however, accounts for all; for it shows us crowds of persons who can never be too little before the great, and others, again, who can never be too great—or in too great a hurry to be so—before those whom they think little.

And yet what a delightful change would come over the world—how cheerful, buoyant, and exhilarating, would be the sunshine in which we should constantly move, if ladies and gentlemen would only feel convinced that their friends and neighbors see as clearly as they do themselves, and that society at large are never long imposed upon by acting of any kind. Affectation and pretension, the bland but heartless smile of malignant envy, the mighty frown of would-be greatness, whether of wealth, power, or intellect, the humility of pride or of meanness, are all seen through with equal facility.

"Pour paraître honnête homme, en un mot, il faut l'être,  
Et jamais quoiqu'il fasse, un mortel icibas  
Ne peut aux yeux du monde, être ce qu'il n'est pas,"

says Boileau, and very truly; for men are physiognomists, *bongré, malgré*, even while they deny the accuracy of the science, which is only an imperfect one because it confines itself to the lineaments of the face, whereas character is displayed in every attitude and gesture, in the voice, tone, and manner of every word uttered, as well as in every step, bow, look, or move, of the best-drilled follower of fashion. Children are physiognomists, dogs are admirable physiognomists; but ladies and gentlemen are not, because they dare not always avow the moving-springs of their actions and manners. Few would wish to confess that their hearts are fairly open to scrutiny, though in most cases, we should probably discover, after all, more of weakness than of wickedness muffled up in their folds.

It is affecting to think, indeed, that at a time when steamboats and spinning-machines have made such rapid progress, the far more important art of polishing manners—or its result, the art of pleasing—should still be so far behind; for, though the world is some six thousand years old, there are, as we see, many points, essentially affecting the ordinary intercourse of society, of which my fashiona-

ble public are still in utter darkness. I might say in deplorable darkness, for among the classes to whom these papers are more particularly addressed, a great deal of the so-called happiness of life depends, after all, on the mere *manner* in which the most ordinary acts of every-day intercourse are gone through; if the parties we meet and transact business with, whether for pleasure and amusement, or in the pursuits of ambition or profit, are agreeable or disagreeable in their manners, are proficient in, or ignorant of, the art of pleasing.

Though I have seen an Arowak Indian, adorned with blue paint and parrot's feathers, striving hard to act the agreeable towards the copper-colored belle of the tribe, and know that there is a system of etiquette observed at the court of Ashantee as well as at the court of St. James's, it may yet be true that the so-called useful arts precede the agreeable ones. Certain it is that the latter only extend their influence as knowledge advances, as society becomes more polished and refined, and as our sentiments and perceptions of what is due to conduct, character, acquirements, sentiments of honor, learning, and intellect—to the nobler and better qualities of our nature—become more generally and universally admitted. In educated society we are each and all forced to claim a certain portion of these qualities—they constitute our ticket of admission; and, claiming from our neighbors the respect due to us on these grounds, we are certainly bound to give them the same amount of credit, and treat them accordingly.

But have we fulfilled our duty in this respect? and are refined manners—or, to simplify the term—is a due attention to the art of pleasing properly enforced by society? We suspect not: the very existence, indeed, of the *Sliding Scale of Manners* shows how far we are yet behind, though the importance of the subject has been long perceived, as is amply proved by the books and codes of instruction to which it has given rise.

In 1637 Baltasar Graciano, of Catalayud, in Arragon, already published an advice to courtiers, entitled, *el Oraculo Manuel, y arte de prudencia*. In Paris, Bellegarde, Vaumoriere, and others, followed in the same line, till, in the next century, England eclipsed all foreign nations by the glory which Chesterfield acquired as master of ceremonies to the very graces themselves.

Whether the study of the graces, as recommended by the accomplished peer, required gifts of a higher order, more refinement, and mental cultivation, or, above all, greater sacrifices of individual sufficiency and pretension, than suits the fashionable public of the nineteenth century, need not be urged here: as it is enough for our purpose to know—that is, indeed, sufficiently apparent—that the art of pleasing has been completely superseded by the science of etiquette. This science, the wide-spread study of which, particularly in our own country, so strongly marks the real spirit of the age, could hardly fail to obtain numerous followers the moment it obtained influence; for it is easily acquired, suits the meanest capacity, and enables the most perfect mediocrity to act—what it fancies—a part, by merely following prescribed mechanical rules natural to all persons of good breeding, but absolutely worthless by themselves, as they only form the frame, and the ungilt frame, indeed, of the portraiture which the Art of Pleasing can alone fill up and render valuable. And yet it is within this worthless frame-work, fortified by these silver-spoon rules, that so many persons

think themselves entitled to sport their *sliding scale* manners; a scale that certainly tends to lower the general tone of social intercourse, and though it rarely imposes, even upon the foolish, furnishes invariable amusement to the mischievous. It is really afflicting to think how some of the grandest *sliders* in the land are occasionally laughed at by wicked wags, that were thought to have been almost annihilated by the superlative bearing of the very objects of their merriment. "It is too bad."

Now do not misunderstand what I have here said about etiquette, which is very well in its way, and perhaps indispensable. In this country it is, at all events, very useful; for we have so many able, excellent, and deserving persons constantly rising from the humbler ranks to wealth and station, by pursuits that precluded them mixing early in polished society, and becoming acquainted with the manners of fashionable life, that it is of advantage to have some fixed rules laid down for their guidance; rules that shall prevent them from crossing their legs, Yankee fashion, over a dinner-table, or picking their teeth with a fork *à la Française*. But this is to give no sanction to persons of any class, whether *nouveaux riches* or aristocrats of the oldest standing, to assume the slightest particle of merit, for a knowledge of and adherence to mere rules and forms, more easily learned than the duties of the footman who waits upon them at dinner.

"But a truce to these cynical remarks," I think I hear the reader say; "teach us the Art of Pleasing, and you will find plenty of willing disciples; for we are all anxious to please in society, and be well thought of in the world, but do not always know how to set about it. Let fops of all classes, the rude, the rapid, the affected, say what they will, they act the part most congenial to their capacity, and give themselves airs because they can do no better; they would gladly be distinguished for skill in the art of pleasing, be men of gallantry, of elegant and refined manners if they could, and only pretend to undervalue and disdain that excellence which they cannot attain. No, no; only show us the way to please, and we shall gladly follow."

There may be some truth in this; but it is not easy to reduce the Art of Pleasing to rules and regulations. All that can be done is to call upon society to maintain their own dignity, to prevent them from affecting blindness, from shutting their eyes to the evils of the *Sliding Scale*, and from receiving counterfeit coin instead of real good breeding and manners. What single pen could polish down the vulgar barbarian, the bully of society! who can amend the pompous blockhead, the man of envious and envenomed vanity! what cure, short of the actual *knout*, can improve the jealous, rapid, affected, and pretending! what is to be done with the numerous class who purposely study the art of displeasing! some from the impulse of bad hearts and coarse minds: others from the silly vanity which makes them anxious to act the *magnifico* in so exalted a style as not to admit of their appearing polite or attentive to ordinary mortals; others, again, because they fear to fail in doing the agreeable, but are sure to succeed in acting the ruffian. No single effort can, I repeat, remedy these evils; all we can do is to hold up the mirror of truth, and shame society into the performance of its duty.

It was at a party only last winter, that Mr.

Coarsegrain bandied words with Miss Smirkwell, who, forgetting that she was engaged to dance with him, had provided herself with another partner; and he was yet, notwithstanding such conduct, invited to almost every succeeding ball of the season. Ladies never jilt me about mere dances: the cruel dears reserve these tricks for matters that more nearly affect the heart; but had a lady cut me about a dance, I should only have expressed my regret at her having forgot me so soon—should have assured her that a thousand years could not obliterate her image from the tablets of my memory. In such a case, the other *cavaliero*, unless a regular vulgarian, would instantly have withdrawn his claim, and declared that it was happiness enough for him to have been, even for a moment, thought worthy of dancing with Miss Smirkwell; who, as far as he was concerned, was to consider herself perfectly disengaged, and at full liberty to dance with any one deserving the honor. Such conduct would have led at once to smiles, bows, and pretty speeches, instead of frowns and harsh words, which should be considered as altogether excluded from ladies' society.

"But you forget," I think I hear Mrs. Huntwell say, "that Mr. Coarsegrain's estate is worth five thousand a-year."

True, true; and this may account for the subsequent invitations, but cannot justify them.

At the same time I would recommend ladies never to make such double engagements; there can be no great difficulty in recollecting who is to be the partner for the third quadrille or second waltz; or if you have a bad memory, take a little ivory tablet with you, and register the gentlemen according to a German fashion, which I have always thought a little affected. Inattention to this trifling matter—sometimes, I fear, the result of a little vanity—occasions ill blood and bad feeling, and should be most carefully avoided. On the Continent, especially in France, it is a *law de rigueur* that no lady, after making such a mistake, dances again during the evening; and though I deem it ludicrous in the extreme to see a grim and mustachioed dandy keeping fierce watch to prevent a pretty girl from joining a quadrille, I still think it right to have some rein kept over ladies' caprices.

To return, however, to the direct thread of my subject.

Though the Art of Pleasing cannot be taught by mere rules, we may yet lay down some general principles for the guidance of those who are willing to profit by them. The simple Christian maxim, indeed, which tells us to do by others as we would be done by ourselves, contains the very essence of all that can be said on the subject. But do we follow the maxim in our intercourse with the world! No, truly. Forgetting that it is far more meritorious to be beloved than admired, we go into society to astonish the natives, to excite wonder, but rarely, indeed, with the least intention of evincing a particle of admiration for any one else, the stoicism of the *nul admirari* school being looked upon as the very perfection of high breeding. And from whom does the reader suppose this boasted tone of fashion has been derived! From the high, accomplished, and cultivated of the earth! No, faith! from the very opposite class; from the dull, the ignorant, and the savage. We who write have seen this species of fashionable stoicism displayed in the high-

est perfection by Arowak Indians, who deem it beneath their dignity to evince surprise or admiration on any occasion, as they wish it to be believed that they are perfectly familiar with all that is most excellent and exalted in the world. By the united testimony of all African travellers, every petty Negro despot excels in the same style of fashionable deportment, and retains as much apparent composure at the sight of a scarlet-bay's cloak and bottle of rum, that make his very heart throb again, as he would on beholding a bowl of palm wine, or ordinary piece of Negro-worked cloth. The merit of the *nil admirari* system is not, therefore, of a very high order or brilliant origin.

For my own part, I confess that I have no patience with my fashionable public on this point. A captain of the Royal Horse Grenadiers has certainly as much right to be fastidious as any one can have, and yet I never go into society, never move about the world with parties of pleasure, as parties are sometimes miscalled, without seeing a vast deal that is to be admired. Where is the ball-room in Britain, in which you will not find many, very many pretty, often charming, women, with evidence of everything that is kind, generous, affectionate,—with intelligence and feeling beaming from animated eyes and expressive features,—women, with the young of whom, whether plain or pretty, you almost fancy yourself in love at first sight, while you feel that with the old you could instantly harmonize in thoughts, sentiments, and opinion? How delightful, indeed, is the society and conversation of an old lady, who retains the kindly feeling of youth, the frank generosity of heart, open to the impressions of all that is great, good, and beautiful; who joins to the result of education a knowledge of society, and the quick and just perception for which the sex are distinguished; who can appreciate and join in the praise of merit, grieve for the faults and errors of the fallible, smile and laugh—and that right heartily, too—at the follies of the vain, the ignorant, and pretending! There is, in fact, no conversation equal to that of a cheerful old lady. Nor are gentlemen of talents, acquirements, and finished manners, ever wanting in English society; you know them at once by their countenances, by the truly British countenance, the noblest the world has yet to show. They may chance to be neither peers nor *millionaires*, though the peerage is rich in such men, but folly only can act the part of the haughty exquisite in their presence.

You cannot enter a gentleman's library, however ill arranged, that is not full of books which have been, and are to be, the admiration of ages. You cannot pass through the gallery where his fathers frown, in "rude and antique portraiture around," without being struck by the noble lineaments that so often break through the bad painting and atrocious costumes that disfigure our old family portraits. Nay, you cannot walk in the worst laid-out flower-garden, the most contracted lawn, or dingy shrubbery, without finding constant objects of admiration; for there is not a leaf that grows, a flower that blooms, there is not a sprig of heath that bends beneath the gales of the north, that is not absolutely beautiful, that does not bear the impress of a mighty master-hand, which leaves all attempts of worldly imitation at a distance, measured only by immensity. No—no, trust none of this *nil admirari* stoicism, for none but

"The fool and dandy,

Those sons of buttermilk and sugar-candy,"

can pass, if only through the world of fashion, and declare that all is barren. Do not suppose from this that I wish you to deal in constant exclamations, and seem in ecstasy with everything you see or hear. Very far from it; exclamations and ecstasies are foolish, but I must insist on all ladies and gentlemen meeting a willingness to please them, with a cheerful readiness to be pleased, and shall always declare the stateliness which affects to be above deriving pleasure from the sayings, doings, and showings of the company with which it associates, to be the height of bad manners.

The most certain mode of pleasing is, no doubt, to make others pleased with themselves; but as this principle can only be successfully acted upon in *lôte-à-lôte* conversation, or in any small parties, we must rather depend for success on general behavior, manner, and deportment; on our knowledge of life, character, and of the particular company in which we may happen to be thrown at the moment; for, though there can be no rising above the level of gentlemanlike society, the tone may, and often does, vary, according to times, parties, and circumstances. In society it is best, therefore, always to preserve a calm, tranquil, but, at the same time, cheerful deportment, evincing a constant readiness to be pleased and amused, and as free from coldness, stiffness, and hauteur, as from the eternal smile, smirk, and fidgety efforts to please, often observable in well-meaning persons unused to society, as well as among foreigners. Vapid stiffness and hauteur are offensive, insulting indeed, and contrary to good manners; while smirking and fidgety attention is embarrassing to those who are its objects. To please there must evidently be an easy amenity of deportment, completely at variance with the *Sliding Scale* rules, and as distant from abrupt forwardness as from cringing servility. A gentleman will always show that deference to age, rank, and station, which is their due; but, though I confess myself a great stickler for the attention due to rank, I do not see that a well-bred man will speak in a different manner and tone of voice when giving an ordinary answer, or making an ordinary remark, to a peer, from what he would if giving an order to a porter. As said, I confess myself a stickler for the deference due to rank, always supposing that it is properly supported by conduct, manners, and acquirements, which can alone give it grace, for rank without them is rather a disgrace.

There is one thing which, philosopher as I am, very much puzzles me; it is this:—How happens it that courtesy and politeness, commodities so cheap, that the mere wish to possess them already confers them, commodities which can never be detrimental, but are often highly beneficial to the owner, should, with all these advantages, be still so comparatively scarce in the world? I have often tried to solve the problem, but the only satisfactory conclusion I can arrive at is to suppose that rudeness results from some actual and afflicting disease of the head or heart. The consequence is, that I never see a man enter a railroad-car, mail-coach, or take his seat at a steamboat dinner-table, in the care-me-not style, that seems to say, "I have paid for my place, am determined to make the most of it, and value not the ease and comfort of my neighbors one single straw," without feeling a sort of compassion for his sufferings. I fancy such conduct can only result from a cramped heart,



in which disease has destroyed the fibres of all the best and noblest feelings, and reduced the patient to a mere mass of bloated selfishness ; or else that it is occasioned by some faulty conformation of the brain, that prevents the mind from being fairly seated on its throne of state, casts it all away, and deprives it of room for that elastic, free, and buoyant action, which clear and well-regulated intellects must necessarily enjoy. Who but a real sufferer would lounge, boots and all, on a club-sofa, totally regardless of the comforts of others, or lean, loutishly, and with outspread elbows, over the library-table, concealing, in the study of his newspaper, half the latest periodicals from general view ?

"And e'en his slightest actions mark the fool,"

says Persius, and I believe Pope also ; and it is in a thousand ungraceful trifles of this kind, in the want of that general amenity of manner which distinguishes all persons of good breeding, that folly and the selfishness of the diseased heart are so conspicuously displayed to the eye of the observer.

Though ladies are always more graceful than men, I must here warn them against the modern style of waltzing, which is the reverse of graceful, being little more than a mere romping twirl, intended only, as far as I can perceive, to make the parties giddy. The old waltz, sometimes called the Spanish waltz, was a very graceful dance ; but its character is changed, and there is nothing either graceful or pleasing in seeing gentlemen pulling and hauling their partners on,—seeing the pretty pairs spinning round and round, jostling against each other—to say nothing of an occasional tumble—till the few who can keep time and step feel their heads going, and till ladies are forced to lean, panting, and with flushed cheeks and heaving breasts, against the very walls of the room for support. Gallopades and polkas are worse still, for few, very few gentlemen can dance them, and with any but an actual opera-dancer this exhibition is ungraceful in the extreme. The gallop and polka step, in which gentlemen, with legs wide astride, push their fair partners along, is absolutely disgusting ; and I will hold no lady-mother guiltless who, after this public warning, shall allow her daughter to join such a brutal display. In an ordinary way, young ladies may always depend on obtaining easy forgiveness for a few trifling follies when committed in a cheerful and good-humored mood ; but let them beware of anything that is coarsely ungraceful. No pretty girl, no young lady, indeed, whether pretty or not, should ever, if she values true and gallant admiration, allow herself to be associated with the recollection of anything that is markedly ungraceful, however harmless in itself, and should never, therefore, dance modern waltzes, polkas, or gallopades.

Since I have fallen into the didactic vein, I may as well repeat here some injunctions formerly given in regard to conversation, and which cannot, indeed, be too strongly enforced. I must, therefore, beg my fashionable public not only to understand, as all will pretend to do, but constantly to bear in mind, that all conversation is strictly confidential. There is no such thing as justifying an objectionable speech, or remark, by saying that you heard it mentioned publicly at Lord A.'s table or Lady B.'s party. There is no such thing as *public* conversation, properly so called ; there are public speeches made in parliament, on the hust-

ings, at public meetings, and on other public occasions, when public reporters generally attend, and which you may repeat and comment on as much as you like ; but the conversation of society, whether held in *tête-à-tête* meetings or crowded ball-rooms, is, in principle, sacred and confidential, and can never be repeated without a breach of good faith and good feeling. How would a gentleman like to know that a remark made at his table had been repeated, to the detriment of private character, or injury of private feeling ? Or, what should we think of any one who, receiving a visitor in his library, would make mischief of the conversation that might there pass in private ? Now please to understand me. I purposely say that the conversation of society is confidential in principle, because it is not to authorize you or any one to repeat a single word capable of causing pain, still less of proving injurious to others ; but it does not, in practice, prevent any one from repeating good sayings, good anecdotes, anything that may be pleasing, instructive, and amusing, provided it is untinted by slander and free from the seeds of mischief. For my own part, I never hear anything said in praise of a pretty girl, without repeating it with all the additions and embellishments in my power, and you have full liberty to do the like.

I shall not repeat here what I formerly said in praise of conversation, though the subject reminds me of a trifling adventure which lately befell the distinguished member of a university, who maintained that he had principally acquired his knowledge by conversation, and always declared that there was no man from whom some information might not be gained. My own opinion would, rather, perhaps, be in favor of female conversation, as I am inclined to believe ladies the best instructors ; I can safely say, at least, "I learned the little that I know from them ;" this, however, has nothing to do with the adventure of the learned professor, to which we must return. Our friend finding himself one day *tête-à-tête* in a mail-coach with a sober, sedate, and respectable-looking man, determined at once to make the most of him, and to learn as much from his fellow-traveller as the latter might be able to teach.

They were no sooner fairly started, therefore, than the professor commenced with the usual introductory subject of the weather. Receiving only polite monosyllabic replies, he went over all the other topics most generally resorted to on such occasions,—the appearance of the country, the crops, prospect of the harvest ; but all with no better result, the sedate-looking man only assenting to whatever the man of learning advanced. Not to be driven from his favorite theory, the professor went at last more directly to work, saying, "Pray, sir, is there any subject on which you would be willing to converse ?"

"Try me on leather, and I am your man," was the reply of the *vis-à-vis*, a stout, honest currier, as chance would have it.

It is very unfortunate that there are so many ladies and gentlemen who take infinitely more pleasure in hearing their friends and neighbors run down, slandered, and abused,—only in a trifling way, of course, than in hearing them praised and admired. The consequence is, that society is infested with a class of persons who make the gathering, forging, and improving of slanders their actual business, their very *carte d'entrée* into company. It is true that no one now ventures



upon slanders or tales of scandal in large parties, or within hearing of many; for, in the mass, society are ashamed of the practice and dare not sanction it; but in private the vipers are listened to, though heartily despised even by their most willing auditors. Yet is the habit of thus imbibing poison by the ear highly injurious to the heart, and ultimately to the mind also, for good feelings are essentially the source whence our best and brightest ideas are derived; and oft-repeated slanders will not only obtain some belief in the end, but the habit of listening leads to a species of cynical misanthropy, which makes us look rather on the dark than on the bright side of human nature; makes us act a poor, timid, and distrustful part through life, depressing even the best elements of happiness mixed up in our composition. Nor must we suppose that the regular inventor and retailer of long tales of slander is the only offender. Far from it; there is the more cunning and equally base dealer in innuendoes, who throws out his hints before the envious and malignant, trusting that the poison may be passed on from slave to slave, till, gathering in its progress, it attains at last the full-grown strength of infamy worthy of the dishonorable source whence it arose. I am told that backbiters often find their way into the presence of great men, and it may be so, but I am very certain that high-minded men look upon them with the scorn they deserve. The subject should, perhaps, deserve a whole chapter; but, for the present, I must conclude; and, to cut the matter short, cannot do better than absolve the public, fashionable and unfashionable, from giving the slightest credit to tale-bearers and slander-mongers of whatever class or kind they may be; and this for the best of all possible reasons, that the false of heart will be the false of tongue whenever it suits their purpose.

**PERMANENT INFLUENCE OF THE CRUSADES.**—But not thus did the memory or influence of these most singular events pass away. They fell not to the ground. They were not lost as the rain-drop in the sea. They vanished not as the shooting star. On almost every interest of man they have indented their history. The gallantry of far later conflicts on the strand of Acre is forgotten in the feats of Cœur-de-Lion in this cause. Cyprus, Rhodes, Malta, are still most famed for the military orders which arose out of it, and which have left in those islands the trophies and insignia of their renown. Zante still sends forth its Cape Klarenza, which, remembered by the voyagers to Syria as their steering-point, has, ever since the time of Edward the Third, given a dual title to our Royal Family. The story is told by the cross-hilted sword and the recumbent figures of our monumental effigies. The signs of our common hostelries still show the formidable heads of Saracen and Turk. Where many a woodland glade opens into its vistas, where many a noble hall yet stands, where many an ancient lineage gives name and title, are we reminded of the Templar, his cœnobic house, and judicial preceptory. The cross nailed on the humble tenement in some of our towns proclaims the exemption from socage which those imperious knights demanded for themselves and their attendants. The very corruption of some words proves how radicated were the institutions which this warfare raised and shaped.—*North British Review.*

**POTATOES WITH THE BONES IN.**—We are told that “there is reason in roasting eggs”—and there ought to be the same in roasting and boiling potatoes. But there will probably be few of my readers who can readily assign a reason why the all but universal custom among the poor of Ireland is to only half-boil their potatoes, leaving the centre so hard that it is called the bone of the potato. Considering that this root constitutes nearly the whole of the laboring man’s food, it seems extraordinary that it should not be properly cooked, especially as the want of fuel is hardly ever felt in this land of bogs. It is my habit, whenever any unusual phenomenon presents itself to my observation, to endeavor to unravel the mystery myself before making inquiry of others. In the present case I stumbled on the true solution of the problem, and found it amply confirmed afterwards. There is scarcely a more indigestible substance taken into the human stomach than a half-boiled potato; and to a moderately dyspeptic Englishman such diet would be little less than poison. It is this very quality of indigestibility that recommends the *par-boiled* potato to the poor Irishmen. Rarely indeed have the laboring classes more than two meals of these in the twenty-four hours; and if they were well boiled, the pangs of hunger would be insufferable during a considerable portion of the day and night. Custom, fortunately, is a second nature; and custom has so reconciled the poor Irishman’s stomach to this wretched food, that even the children complain if they find no “bone in the potato.” The simplicity of their diet, their exposure to the open air, their patient resignation to their fate, and many other causes, render them little susceptible to the miseries of dyspepsy; while the bones of the potatoes protract the period of digestion till sleep renders them unconscious of the gnawings of hunger. As a feather will often show the direction of the wind better than a well-poised weathercock, so this simple fact demonstrates more forcibly the poverty of the Irish peasantry than a philosophical dissertation on the subject.

I may here remark, that although the children of the cottiers look chubby, and the people healthy, on a potato diet, yet when the Irish laborers come over to this country, and are employed in hard work as navigators, &c., they are found unequal to the task till they are fed for some days on bacon, bread, and potatoes. They are like horses taken from grass, and incapable of hard labor till fed for a time on hay and corn.—*Dr. James Johnson’s Tour in Ireland.*

**HUNGARY.**—Prince Maurice, who is in Hungary, had been hunting in the vicinity of his residence. A neighboring nobleman happened to meet one of the Prince’s huntsmen on his ground, and immediately shot him. The Prince, being informed of the circumstance, hastened, accompanied by a servant, to the nobleman, and remonstrated with him. “A Hungarian nobleman,” he replied, “is master of life and death, on his own estate, and you shall immediately have another proof of it.” Saying this, the Hungarian shot the Prince’s innocent servant. The Prince, excited by this barbarous act, drew out a loaded pistol and shot the nobleman, who died on the spot. The German Prince is still confined in a Hungarian fortress.—*Chronicle.*

From Alnsworth's Magazine.

## HENRY WELBY, THE HERMIT OF CRIPPLEGATE.\*

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

"Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavor,  
 Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
 But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss forever."

MILTON.

On a glowing day, about two centuries and a half ago, a great bustle and merry-making roused the little village of Boscombe, in Wiltshire, from its usual pastoral quiet. This festivity was caused by the marriage of Mistress Anne Welby, only daughter and heiress of the lord of the manor, to Sir Christopher Hilliard, a gentleman of large possessions in Yorkshire. Never was a more auspicious wedding; nor one which, in all its circumstances, could be more flattering to the bride and bridegroom. Village inhabitants, old and young, lads and lasses, were abroad in all their country bravery, busy in paying homage, after their fashion, to the young couple; gentlemen living miles round assembled at Welby Hall to do honor to the occasion; the road through which our wedding-pagant passed to church was for the most part o'er-canopied by elm-boughs; and the church itself was a quaint, picturesque, and ancient edifice, of which the pavement was decorated in several places with brass effigies and armorial bearings of certain ancestors of the Welbys, inlaid on the stones. Last, though not least, the marriage was to be solemnized by the illustrious Richard Hooker, at that time rector of this parish, to which living he had been presented by Mistress Anne's father, Henry Welby, Esquire, of Vale Priory, in Lincolnshire, and of Boscombe, in Wiltshire.

It has been held by many that the form of marriage, as prescribed in our ritual, is much weakened by certain clippings and omissions, tolerated in the present day. We do not know whether in the sixteenth century such abbreviations were permitted, or not, in the celebration of this solemn contract; but be this as it may, it is quite certain that Richard Hooker was too staunch a ritualist to epitomize a sacred order of the church. He, who at this time was composing his great work on "Ecclesiastical Polity," would never dream of abridging ecclesiastical forms, nor would Mr. Welby have acquiesced in so irreverent an indecorum, even had the minister been inclined to perpetrate it. The ceremony was, therefore, performed in all its impressive details before a congregation which filled every part of the humble fane; and when the "blessing" on the newly-married pair had been pronounced, a choir of skilful singing-men chanted in learned counterpoint the "*Beati omnes*." Then followed other observances which, being completed, the young couple devoutly received the communion. A pealing voluntary was now heard from the organ, and as the sounds died away, Mr. Hooker ascended the pulpit, and preached a marriage-sermon with much of the rich eloquence, apostolic fervor, fertility of allusion, and erudite illustration which distinguish his immortal "Ecclesiastical Polity."

\* The ground-work of this story is derived from a note by Dr. Calder, in an edition of the "Tatler," published in 1789. This note, containing a brief account of "the noble and virtuous Henry Welby, Esquire," is inserted in Mr. Leigh Hunt's "Hundred Romances of Real Life"—a very admirable collection of true stories, sagely annotated. With few exceptions, the present writer is accountable for the narrative now before the reader.

Before the sermon had concluded, one of the lower windows nearest the pulpit was suddenly darkened by the figure of a man, who looked earnestly and sternly at the preacher. "Master Basil!" was whispered from one to another, when the eyes of the congregation were simultaneously turned on him. Disconcerted by so universal a scrutiny, he gradually drew back from his post, and disappeared. Though Mr. Hooker, in common with others, had seen the intruder, and knew that his glances were directed especially at him, he paused not in his discourse, nor abated one atom of his fervid emphasis.

When all was over at the church, the wedding-party returned in state to Welby Hall, where a sumptuous banquet was prepared. The bride and bridegroom, however, remained not long with their father's guests; and having received Mr. Welby's tearful benediction, departed for London, where they intended to remain a few days preparatory to the removal of Lady Hilliard to her husband's seat in Yorkshire, where, in a short time, she was welcomed as mistress by Sir Christopher's relations and tenants.

No joy, however, is unmixed with its contrary in this world of ours. Mistress Anne, it is true, was united to the man of her election, who deserved the treasure he had won; still, she grieved at leaving, in comparative loneliness, her father, whom she dearly loved, and at residing in so distant a county; and Mr. Welby, though cordially approving Hilliard for his son-in-law, felt the separation even in a greater degree than his daughter. It was a melancholy contradiction to his habits; his table would be desolate; the loss of Anne would make an irreparable void in his house. How should he endure the sight of her vacant chair—how beguile the time till he again should see her! In fact, a wedding, even when, as in the present case, congenial hearts are linked together, is not in reality, and ought not to be, a merry affair. Trick it out as you may in external gauds and triumphs, the exultation will generally be dashed with a lurking sadness. The sacrifice of parental home, of old associations, of the caresses which, from infancy, were daily renewed—these form, during many weeks, a canker in the very core of happiness.

But time mitigates every kind of suffering. The father and daughter, though separated, were not without the comfortable intercourse of frequent letters; and as Lady Hilliard had every reason to be happy in her new home, and in the devoted fondness of her husband, Mr. Welby became, in a manner, reconciled to the loss of his only child's society, and derived pleasure from considering how adequately she was settled in life, and how fortunate in a partner who would protect her both now and when her father should have descended to the grave.

One only source of disquietude remained to Welby, and this originated in his brother—a dissolute, violent, and unprincipled man, who, hoping to secure for his own emolument, certain church-preferments in the gift of his family, had taken orders, but more than once had been in danger of losing his gown in consequence of his quarrelsome disposition and intemperate habits. On the death of the last incumbent of Boscombe, Mr. Welby found it impossible, without incurring great scandal, to confer the living on his brother. To the learned, pious, and eloquent Hooker, it was accordingly offered, and by him it was accepted.

One day, when Mr. Welby was walking in his park, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter melancholy," (for he was a man of sensitive temperament, and much given to lonely musing,) he saw his brother striding with hurried paces towards him. Knowing, from painful experience, that he was thus sought, only to be entangled in an altercation, he turned towards the house, determining, if possible, to seclude himself, and to decline any interview with the unworthy churchman. The latter, however, soon overtook him.

"Henry," ejaculated he, "I do not wonder that you wish to avoid me; but I will not allow you to do so. I have suffered many grievances at your hands. I have much to say, and you *shall* hear me. Brother, you have done me great wrong."

"You have done yourself great wrong, Basil," returned Mr. Welby, quietly.

"Have you nothing else to say? Can you invent no newer rhetoric?" retorted Basil. "I have heard this whining fustian so often, that I sicken at its repetition. Sir, I directly charge you with cheating me of my birthright. This is a plain, straightforward accusation, and must be answered plainly. Under the cloak of a legal device, you have committed a real injury, and deprived me of that to which by the laws of nature and common sense, I am as fully entitled as yourself."

"Be explicit, Basil."

"I will. Presuming unworthily—treacherously, on the foolish right of eldership, you have proved yourself a dishonest steward of property, to which my claim is equal to your own. Am I not the son of my father?"

"Oh, Basil," sorrowfully ejaculated Welby; "fortunate for him is it that our father lived not to hear of your riotous courses, and to know of the disgrace you have brought on his name, and on your own calling."

"Disgrace!" echoed Basil, furiously. "Take more heed, elder brother, of your words, or, by this light, my hand shall thrust them down your throat!"

"I am no stranger to your violence," returned Welby; "but it shall not daunt me, nor turn me from the path of duty."

"The path of duty, sir, should tend towards your kindred," said Basil. "Have you not basely strayed from it in giving to Master Hooker that which was part of my father's privilege and property?"

"It is mine now by the same right through which it descended to our father," answered Welby. "I have never denied you money, Basil; never stood upon accounts, or reckonings, or overpayments. You almost held the strings of my purse, and I have tried to be content. But the cure of souls is a weightier matter; and the parish have a sacred right to demand from me a fitting and a pious minister."

"Well, sir?"

"Ask yourself, Basil, if my duty would have been discharged had I given to you the rectory of Boscombe. Would the congregation have relied on your spiritual teaching? Would your mediation have had any weight with men at variance? Would a trembling conscience have sought ghostly counsel from you? Would any one 'in the time of tribulation, and in the hour of death,' have sent for Master Basil Welby to point the way to Heaven? Oh, brother, ponder on your past life; think of your graceless bearing, your divers excesses, your tavern brawls, (unmeet in any one,

but fearfully so in a minister of God's church;) reflect, moreover, on the manner in which all men are forced to estimate you! Then supplicate for grace, and let me love you, dear Basil."

"These are mere words, Henry—idle words. What have they to do with your daring appropriation of my patrimonial right? How do they warrant you in bestowing on a low-born mongrel—a beggar who was fain to accept doles, paltry alms, pitiful groats from Bishop Jewel—a man to whom his lordship could not lend even a walking-staff without a strong and iterated injunction that he would not *forget* to return it;—how, I ask, do your puling phrases justify your overlooking me, your brother—a born gentleman, in favor of such an upstart cozenor?"

"Fie, Basil—fie! Verily, you know not the man of whom you speak. Master Hooker is no cozenor, but a holy priest whose life and actions are no doubt pleasing in the sight of his Creator. The world will reverence his memory for centuries to come. But you know, Basil, I have another living in my gift—that of — in Lincolnshire, of which the present incumbent is very old and infirm. Mend your life—draw down oblivion upon your past errors, and this living shall be yours in due time. How my heart will be comforted when I shall be able to bestow it on you!"

"I care not for the living you speak of, and I will not have it," returned Basil. "'Sdeath, sir, you shall not banish me to fenny Lincoln! I like not its marish agues. No; Boscombe is the parish wherein I was born; it is the parish which holds my father's house, and the best of his lands; in it I was christened, and in its church my ancestors have assembled for generations. By being excluded from its pulpit I am indelibly disgraced! You have stamped upon my brow a burning shame, for the sake of a Devonshire clown—an arrant adventurer."

"All men know you are skilful in railing," rejoined Welby. "Had you ever heard or read any of Master Hooker's discourses, even you would speak with respect of a man who, if I err not widely, is destined to be a pillar of our English church. He is so learned a divine, so abounding in grace so zealous and effectual in his high calling, a gifted with saintly faculty, that it is impossible he should long remain hidden in our sequestered rectory of Boscombe. Therefore, dear Basil, reform and Boscombe shall yet be yours."

"I place no faith in your promises, Henry."

"How!" exclaimed Welby. "Have I ever deceived your expectations?"

"Yes, in alienating Boscombe from your own blood. But come, I'll test your sincerity. Will you solemnly swear, here, before we part, that as soon soever as Master Hooker shall vacate the living, you will induct me into it? Do this, and much as I have been wronged, there shall be peace between us."

"I will *not* do it, Basil, save upon conditions."

"Then," vociferated Basil, foaming with rage, "you are a villain—a base colluder with a hypocritical priest. May the burning lake of hell surge eternally over your heads! One of you shall soon be there," continued he, suddenly presenting a pistol at his brother's head, and pulling the trigger.

The weapon missed fire; but Welby heard the click and saw the flash. Rushing on his brother with a view to disarm him, a desperate struggle ensued, which terminated by Basil being thrown

to the ground with such violence as to be stunned; when, taking the pistol from his grasp, Welby walked to his house, thoughtfully and with sorrow.

Having shut himself up in his library, and locked the door, he sat down to meditate on the strange event which had just occurred. That his life should have been attempted within sight of his own home, in mid-day, and by the hand of his brother, was almost too monstrous for belief. It was like "a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

"He could not have meant to destroy me," soliloquized Welby. "No, no! rash and violent as he is, he never intended *that*. His design, no doubt, was to terrify me into compliance with his demand. The pistol merely flashed in the pan. Surely, surely it was not loaded. Still, the very pretence to do such a deed was outrageous and iniquitous. How can he look me in the face again! I must nevertheless do what I can to reclaim him. No, no; I will never believe that Basil intended to slay his brother."

The pistol was on the table before him. Welby looked at it. "There," said he to himself, "is an evidence capable of strengthening my belief that no worse harm than frightening me was meditated. I might examine it, and so prove Basil's innocence of murder, even in thought."

Welby took up the weapon, and held it awhile irresolutely; then, with a shudder, laid it down again, exclaiming, "God help me! I have not courage to dare the test. What if I should discover a damning proof of guilt! Better be in ignorance than wither under so terrible a conviction!"

Groaning under the very surmise of such a possibility, Welby paced up and down his room, sorely troubled in spirit. At length, becoming more calm, he ejaculated, "Poor misguided Basil! I do thee grievous injustice in suffering thee to labor even for one instant under such a fearful suspicion when the means to certify thy guilt or innocence are in my power. It is my duty to examine this pistol, and I *will* do it."

With a hurried and trembling hand, he clutched the weapon, drew the contents from its barrel, and finding two bullets, sank into his chair and swooned away.

It was some time before he recovered his consciousness. But what an utter, what a dreadful, change had been wrought during that interval. A total revolution had taken place in his mind. By this one blow, the world and all in it was suddenly darkened to poor Welby—a wide blank was before him. Though not destroyed, his reasoning powers were stunned; and he desperately resolved to avoid forever any intercourse with mankind. "He was shocked," says Mr. Leigh Hunt, "by the strangeness as well as inhumanity of his brother's attempt; it gave him a horror of the very faces of his fellow-creatures; perhaps, also, something of a personal fear of them, and very likely a hypochondriacal dread even of himself, and of the blood of which his veins partook."

Without apprizing any one of his intention—without seeing the good and great Hooker, whom, under any less overwhelming calamity than the present, he would doubtless have consulted—without even leaving a letter for his well-beloved daughter—he ordered a horse to be saddled and brought to him, and having turned his back forever on his ancestral mansion, and on the haunts of his youth and manhood, arrived, after two days'

journeying, in London. This was in the year 1592. He now authorized an agent to dispose of all his property in Wiltshire and Lincolnshire, and then, according to the old pamphlet, published in 1637, "took a fair house in the lower end of Grub street, near Cripplegate, and contracting a numerous retinue into a small family, having the house prepared for his purpose, he selected three chambers for himself, the one for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third for his study. As they were one within another, while his diet was set on table by an old maid-servant, he retired into his lodging-room; and when his bed was making, into his study, still doing so till all was clear."

That a man should leave the country, and repair to London for solitude, may, at first sight, appear unreasonable; but Welby desired to destroy all former associations of his life. He thought, moreover, that in such an intricate wilderness of houses his brother would be unable to trace him; and that while he could render his seclusion as inviolable as he chose, the neighborhood of other men would make it safe.

It could not be otherwise than that so strange and obstinate a determination should be much talked about, and that it should soon travel to his daughter's ears, who immediately, on learning what had happened, left her house in Yorkshire, and, accompanied by her husband, repaired to London, sought out her father's residence, and desired the old maid-servant to tell her master that his daughter was come to see him. But, alas! Welby had taken an oath that he would never again behold a human being, save the serving-woman he had hired to tend him; and after many ineffectual attempts, the poor lady was constrained to return without the blessing of an interview with her woe-stricken father. No circumstance, of what kind soever, had strength enough to shake, or even to modify, the strange resolve he had formed. From middle age, when he first plunged into his solemn seclusion, till he died, at a very advanced time of life, (a space of forty-four years,) he was never seen by any of his fellow-creatures; though divers attempts were made during that period by his son-in-law, his daughter, and his grandchildren.

Though in the world Welby was not of the world. In one small, narrow room, which, as it looked towards an open space formed by Moor-fields, and the pasture-land of Finsbury, was hushed and silent, he spent forty-four summers and winters, "debaring himself from the fresh and comfortable air," and staining his windows, to veil from his eyes the cheerful scene without. Yet was the day not tedious, nor the night unvisited by sweet and lofty thoughts. The walls of his room were clothed with books; and in his intercourse with those silent chroniclers of men's minds, he found indemnity for his self-imposed exclusion from their living companionship. He gave directions that every new book, immediately on its publication, should be brought to him; but such as had a controversial turn, he laid aside and never read; even Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" he did not look into, probably fearing it might be polemical. The books which he rejected were found from time to time by his servant on the table in his dining-room with a written instruction to send them away. It must have pained his gentle spirit to discard the great work of Richard Hooker, his sometime pastor and dear friend; but he yearned for peace of

mind, and consolation, and hermit-like tranquillity, dreading debate even as an adder's sting. In the books which most engaged his mind, he was in the habit of making marginal observations, as appeared on inspecting his library after his death, when it must have been delightful to ascertain the vast amount of pleasure he had derived from the imagination, nature, affluent thoughts, knowledge of the human heart, and profound, but bland, philosophy in the plays of Shakspeare, which he eagerly read, as they successively appeared in quarto. His servant frequently found on the dining-room table a slip of paper, with these words: "Inquire whether anything new be extant of Master Shakspeare! If there be, send to the stationer for it with all speed." Some of these plays had more or less affinity to Welby's own situation, as referring either to outrages of brother upon brother, or to more general family feuds, or to the ingratitude of men, or to their vile selfishness which hesitates not at the perpetration of any wrong, however mean or treacherous, so that its own ends may be compassed. It might seem that works thus cognate with Welby's circumstances would have been shunned by him as opening anew his wounds; and so they would, had not our poet's healing wisdom—the demonstration of "a soul of goodness in things evil"—been everywhere apparent in them. In the above category, are "*As You Like It*," wherein are two Cains, (Cains at least in intention,) *Frederick and Oliver*, and two gentle *Welbys*, the *Senior Duke*, and *Orlando*; "*The Tempest*," with *Prospero* driven in "a rotten carcass of a boat" to the mercy of the winds and waves by his brother *Antonio*, and though thrown upon a desert island, finding his comfort in priceless books; "*Hamlet*," wherein the ghost of the royal Dane relates in words sounding of the sepulchre, that he was murdered by his brother; "*Lear*," mad with the monstrous cruelty of his children, (besides the terrible underplot of *Edmund*, foully practising against his brother *Edgar's* life;) and "*Timon*," hunted, by the ingratitude of his fellows, from the haunts of men, and howling his resentment to the wild woods. Welby must have been especially interested in the "*As You Like It*," for the top, bottom, and sides of nearly every page of the serious portions of that drama, whose irresistible strength is in its tenderness, were covered with expressions of loving admiration. A note on the six lines (Act 2, scene 1.,) beginning—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity!"

was very touching. "Were it not," wrote he, "for my forepassed oath, methinks I should much rejoice to look into the face of that man who can write thus, and who has done so great service to poor human nature in other his all-solacing conceits. But alas, alas, I may not!" "*The Tempest*," too, seemed to have absorbed the recluse's attention deeply; but "*Timon of Athens*" had evidently not much attracted him; perhaps its wrangling scenes, and general tone of acerbity had repelled his meek spirit. "*Lear*" had been carefully perused, as was obvious from the reader's many written observations. It would seem, however, from a note at the end, that his pleasure in it was not unqualified. The note ran thus: "*Lear* doth not win my sympathy so much as the banished duke in '*As You Like It*.' *Lear's* agony dateth from his own foregone wilfulness. According to mine own conceit, it is borne with too much

impatience, and giveth birth to too many blazing gusts of passion and proud defiance. He looketh to repair his wrongs by wrath and impotent resentment; and the fury of his imprecations shocks me. Peradventure, Master Shakspeare is right for all this." Welby's misgivings of his own criticism were evidenced (so it was said at the time) by marks of his tears on the pages of this great tragedy.

His servant, Elizabeth, saw her master but seldom (and then only in cases of extraordinary necessity) during his seclusion of four-and-forty years. She stated that, except for the mildness of his eyes, his appearance was wild and startling. The white tresses of his head fell down his shoulders, and partly over his face, shadowing his thin, pale, and prophet-like visage; and his breast was covered by his beard. He moved under a veil of hair. It is probably from this description, that Shakerley Marmion, in alluding to Welby, says—

"Yet saw we one of late, that when he stood,  
He look'd as he were born before the flood."

"His habit was plain and without ornament; of a sad-colored cloth, only to defend him from the cold." In diet, he was remarkably temperate, subsisting chiefly on oatmeal gruel; and now and then, in summer, he would indulge in a salad of cool herbs. He never tasted wine, or strong water, but contented himself with weak beer. "Nevertheless," says the old pamphlet, "he kept a bountiful table for his servants, and sufficient entertainment for any stranger or tenant who had occasion of business at his house. In Christmas-holidays, at Easter, and other festivals, he had great cheer provided, with all dishes in season, served into his own chamber, with store of wine, which his maid brought in; then, after thanks to God for his good benefits, he would pin a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of white Holland sleeves, cutting up dish after dish in order, he would send one to one poor neighbor, the next to another, whether it were brawn, beef, capon, goose, &c., till he had left the table quite empty; when giving thanks again, he laid by his linen, and caused the cloth to be taken away; and this would he do, dinner and supper, upon those days, *without tasting one morsel of anything whatsoever*." How beautiful—how affecting—is this! Benignity the most liberal, and self-privation the most severe, acting together—fulfilling their separate purposes hand-in-hand! Then the formal preparation for the no-meal, and the grateful thanks to God before and after meat—for others! Kind, good, and pious Welby! Long suffering should not have been the destiny of this meek heart.

His pecuniary charities were numerous and judicious. He would occasionally inquire, "what neighbors were industrious in their callings! and who had great charge of children! and withal, if their labor and industry could not sufficiently supply their families! to such, he would liberally send, and relieve them according to their necessities."

But no benefits of this kind can be conferred without subjecting the giver to importunities from persons who may not be deserving; and Welby knew that to this penalty his good deeds must submit, though he did not, at first, reckon that applications would be made by sturdy mendicants to see him personally. Whatever might have been given to many of them, had a different mode of solicitation been adopted, was certain to be withheld when

sought in this way. In the last year of Welby's life—namely, 1636—his house was much pestered by the repeated visits of an old woman, who, though admittance was constantly denied to her, came again and again with a plea that she knew Master Welby would see her if he could anticipate what she came about. It was to no purpose that Elizabeth told the woman her master would not grant audience to any human being under any circumstances whatever; in vain: one day's repulse was sure to be followed by renewed application. At length, she brought a man with her—a wretched-looking, squalid, and aged man, who, saying little, pushed his way into the room, next Welby's study. Having arrived there, followed by Elizabeth, who loudly protested against the outrage, he said in a faint voice to the latter—

"Tell your master that an old man, broken down by fate—one who has not long to live, is here to crave—humbly to crave a brief interview. I am ruined, grievously worn by sickness, sin-laden, bruised by the blows of a revenging conscience, but penitent. Tell him this. *Thou, O God!*" continued he, lifting his dim eyes heavenward, "wilt not despise a broken and a contrite heart. Vouchsafe, I beseech Thee, some portion of thy pardoning spirit to my brother. He is here, I know. I have trodden many a weary pilgrimage to find him. My brother—O my brother!"

The unusual bustle so near at hand, drew Welby from his books. He arose, took his station at the interposing door, and listened. The word "brother" smote on his ear; and there was silence for a time. What passed in the mind of the recluse during that trying interval—what struggles with the remembrance of his oath—what heart-throes at thinking he was so close to the author of all his long agony—to the man from whom he had hidden himself in horror nearly half a century—the brother who had blighted his life, and cast him into a living grave, cannot now be known. Elizabeth was sorely perplexed, not knowing how to act in so unlooked-for an extremity.

In a little while, however, the study was slowly opened, and, for the first time during four and forty years, Welby stood in view before two of his fellow-creatures. Gaunt, white, shivering, and amazed, he seemed like Lazarus coming forth from his tomb. His lips moved as if in the act of speaking; but sound there was none, though his beard shook with the convulsive movement of his chin. And so he remained, as one in a trance, over against his strange visitor, who, after gazing at the apparition before him, looked with an inquiring and bewildered expression at Elizabeth, as if saying, "Surely *this* cannot be he!" But the stranger spake not at the moment. Neither he nor Welby knew each other; but stood mutely opposed like silent shapes in a dream.

At length, Welby's tongue found utterance. "Some one," he gasped, "uttered the name of brother. Didst thou?" he added, addressing the intruder. "What art thou?—Support me with thy arm, Elizabeth. I cannot feel my feet on the floor, and I may fall.—Now speak, friend—what meant that word, 'brother!'"

The voice was instantly recognized, though Welby himself was so piteously transformed, stooping, moreover, under the weight of eighty-four years.

"I am Basil—Basil Welby," the intruder ejaculated. "O Henry, wilt thou not forgive me? I faint—I die! Forgiveness, O forgiveness!"

The shock was too great for our melancholy recluse. The torturing image which had dwelt in his thoughts for four and forty years, was once more invested with flesh and blood. But how different did his miserable brother now look! The meeting was too much for Welby, especially at his great age, and he sank on the floor.

Elizabeth stooped over him, threw the long grey hairs aside from his face, and bathed his temples with cold water. Alas, her care was of no avail! Welby's hour had come.

"Lift me up a little," he murmured, "that I may behold him once again. Look at me, Basil. Thou seest before thee little else than the shade of Henry Welby. Lo, I am dying! Stoop thy head, brother, to my hand. It shall not lie heavily on thee. There!—all has passed away. The dismal thing is gone. May Heaven bless thee! Examine my papers. O Basil, Basil!"

These few words were followed by a long-drawn sigh, when Welby's head sank on his breast; he was too weak to fight with death; and after one or two faint struggles the stricken recluse was at peace forever.

By a will found after his decease, his property was bequeathed to the son of his brother, provided any such person should be in existence; otherwise, it was to descend to the children of Lady Hilliard. Basil, it appeared, had married late in life; his only offspring, Henry, had long shared his father's poverty, though not without laudable efforts to relieve it. Basil himself did not live long after his brother; and his son, well husbanding what he had inherited from his uncle, became in time wealthy enough to purchase the ancestral acres of Boscombe.

**OLD AND NEW STYLE.** The chief and most successful measure of the session was the reformation of the calendar. The error of the old style, now grown to eleven days, had long since been corrected by most civilized nations, and acknowledged by all. Only England, with Russia and Sweden, clung to the exploded system, for no counter reason, apparently, than because it was a Pope who established the new. "But it was not, in my opinion," writes Chesterfield, "very honorable for England to remain in a gross and avowed error, especially in such company." Accordingly, having first paved the way by some articles in periodical works, he proceeded, in concert with the Earl of Macclesfield, Dr. Bradley, and other eminent men of science, to frame the heads of a bill. He provided that the legal year should commence in future on the 1st January, and not, as heretofore, on the 25th March; and that, to correct the old calendar, eleven nominal days should be suppressed in September, 1752, so that the day following the 2d of that month should be styled the 14th. The difficulties that might result from the change, as affecting rents, leases, and bills of exchange, were likewise carefully considered and effectually prevented. With these provisions and safeguards, the bill was moved by Lord Chesterfield in a very able, and seconded by Lord Macclesfield in a very learned speech; and it was successfully carried through both Houses. Other particulars will be found in the character of Chesterfield which I have elsewhere endeavored to portray, evincing both his exertions on this measure and its effects upon the public mind.

From Tait's Magazine.

## MAJOR HARRIS'S HIGHLANDS OF ÆTHIOPIA.\*

THIS is the most interesting book of Travels in any part of Africa which has appeared since the account of Clapperton's Expedition; and of travels in Abyssinia, since the work of Bruce. We are not forgetting Mr. Salt, the narrative of Pearce, and other records of travels in Abyssinia, when, at least so far as the kingdom of Shoa is concerned, we advisedly state this opinion.

The Highlands of Æthiopia is a genuine book of Travels, in the old and pure sense of the word; for it describes regions with which Europeans had little or no previous acquaintance; and manners, of which we had no accurate knowledge, though existing in a country which, since the fourth century, has been nominally Christian.

The original empire of Abyssinia has long been broken into separate states and provinces; continually changing their rulers, dynasties, and boundaries, because forever at war among themselves. Its political condition has been aptly compared to that of England during the Heptarchy. Besides intestine wars, many provinces have been overrun by invaders; among whom are the fierce and warlike Galla, a race which is supposed to have pushed forward from the central parts of Africa. The Abyssinians, though there is now a considerable mixture of races, belong to the Æthiopic variety of the human family. They claim to be the descendants of Cush, one of the twelve children of Ham. But the early Chronicles of the Kings of Abyssinia are probably as fabulous as those of most other nations. Abyssinia early received a corrupt form of Christianity, and is still nominally Christian, though a strange mixture of Pagan and Jewish superstition mingles with its professed Christianity, of which the distinguishing principle seems a rancorous hatred of the Moslems. Throughout the whole country there are, however, more Mahommedans and Jews than Christians, though Christianity is the Established religion of Shoa, the kingdom to which Major Harris was sent, and a standing proof of the utter worthlessness of a merely ritual and ceremonial religion, whatever be its name.

Among the modern independent States of Abyssinia, Shoa, including Efat, is the most important, from natural wealth, comparative civilization, "fixity of tenure" in its present dynasty, and in part from its geographical position. The new route adopted to our Eastern Empire has made all the provinces bordering upon, or easily accessible from the Red Sea, of great interest to the British government; and the most powerful of the Abyssinian rulers, his most Christian Majesty of Shoa,

Sähela Selässie, having expressed himself in friendly terms towards the English, the East India government, during the late administration of Lord Auckland, resolved to send an Embassy to his court. Sähela Selässie could, however, have known very little of the "red men;" and that little through the suspicious medium of slave merchants, and other knavish pretenders and traders.

Captain Harris was chosen to conduct the mission, from motives most honorable to himself; namely the enterprise and decision, the discretion and prudence, which he had displayed on his previous exploratory Travels in Africa. The embassy was, in every respect, liberally appointed, and so as best to provide for its own safety and the advancement of its objects. These were of various kinds; but chiefly to establish friendly and commercial relations with Sähela Selässie, and to attempt the extinction of the slave trade in his dominions. The embassy, which consisted, besides the military escort, of several medical officers and men of science, was conveyed from Bombay to Cape Aden in a government steamer. At "the Gibraltar of the East," of which Major Harris gives a lively description, ordnance and volunteer artillery-men joined the embassy; which again, embarking on the Red Sea, made for Tajura, the capital of a small maritime state, which was to be passed through on the route to Sähela Selässie's dominions. Up to this point all had been smooth sailing; but now difficulties and obstacles of many kinds presented themselves, arising from the despicable character of the wretched and squalid creature the Sultan of this province, and the rapacity, insolence, and bad faith of the petty chiefs, and, indeed, of every one with whom the English came in contact. The obstacles were, however, finally surmounted by the firmness of Major Harris, who gives the whole tribe, the entire Danakil nation and its chiefs, a bad character in every respect. Personally, he had abundant reason for this sweeping condemnation.

The journey to the capital of the King of Shoa was attended by a full share of those hardships and perils which attend every expedition into the interior of almost any part of the African Continent. Among the miseries of the party, was the excessive heat; the want of even bad water; a mountainous region, consisting of alternate rocks, chasms, and gullies, and no roads; and exposure, at all times, to the attacks of the wild mountain Bedouins, who lurked in the passes and ravines, or hovered on the cliffs, ready to pounce upon their prey, or attack the camp during the night. One night attack cost the lives of a sergeant, a corporal, and a Portuguese attendant. It is not so much plunder as the thirst of *glory*, which is the animating motive of these wild highland robbers. The first murder which they commit entitles them to wear a white ostrich plume, and every succeeding one is marked by an additional copper

\*The Highlands of Æthiopia. By Major W. Cornwallis Harris, of the Hon. E. I. Company's Engineers; Author of "Wild Sports in Southern Africa," &c., &c. Three volumes octavo, with numerous embellishments. London: Longmans.



bracelet on the arm. These trophies hold the place of the scalps worn by a Red Indian Brave.

A Company's war schooner, the "Constance," accompanied the Expedition to afford it support and protection as long as possible. But this was not long; and the farther route was attended by dangers of many kinds. As they clomb over cliffs, or threaded ravines, every point of the route had its bloody legend, duly recited by the camel-drivers and guides. A chief, whom Major Harris nick-names the *Ogre*, was the hero of many a horrible tale. The traveller does not, in any instance, tempt his readers to become admirers of barbarous or savage life; though we can imagine some enthusiasts enchanted by the daring and prowess of "the *Ogre*" and "the *Devil*." This region affords, however, great scope for bold and picturesque description; and, although Major Harris, in his introduction, apologizes for the imperfections of a work hurriedly written in the heart of Abyssinia, and amidst continual interruptions, some readers may fancy his style only too ornate for a narrative which possesses too much intrinsic interest to require adventitious decoration. One adventure on the journey we must give, though the Residence at the Court of Sâhela Selâssie, and the personal narrative, are more than we can overtake even in a cursory way:—

Skirting the base of a barren range, covered with heaps of lava blocks, and its foot ornamented with many artificial piles, marking deeds of blood, the lofty conical peak of *Jebel Seeâro* rose presently to sight, and not long afterwards the far-famed [salt] *Lake Assâl*, surrounded by dancing mirage, was seen sparkling at its base.

The first glimpse of the strange phenomenon, although curious, was far from pleasing. An elliptical basin, seven miles in its transverse axis, half filled with smooth water of the deepest cærulean blue, and half with a solid sheet of glittering snow-white salt, the offspring of evaporation—girded on three sides by huge hot-looking mountains, which dip their bases into the very bowl, and on the fourth by crude half-formed rocks of lava, broken and divided by the most unintelligible chasms,—it presented the appearance of a spoiled, or at least, of a very unfinished piece of work. Bereft alike of vegetation and of animal life, the appearance of the wilderness of land and stagnant water, over which a gloomy silence prevailed, and which seemed a temple for ages consecrated to drought, desolation, and sterility, is calculated to depress the spirit of every beholder. No sound broke on the ear; not a ripple played upon the water; the molten surface of the lake, like burnished steel, lay unruffled by a breeze; the fierce sky was without a cloud, and the angry sun, like a ball of metal at a white heat, rode triumphant in a full blaze of noontide refulgence, which in sickening glare was darted back on the straining vision of the fainting wayfarer, by the hot sulphury mountains that encircled the still, hollow basin. A white foam on the shelving shore of the dense water, did contrive for a brief moment to deceive the eye with an appearance of motion and fluidity; but the spot, on more attentive observation, ever remained unchanged—a crystallized efflorescence.

As the tedious road wound on over basalt, basal-

tic lava, and amygdaloid, the sun, waxing momentarily more intensely powerful, was reflected with destructive and stifling fervor from slates of snow-white sea-limestone borne on their tops. • • •

Dafari, a wild broken chasm at some distance from the road, usually contains abundance of rain water in its rocky pool: but having already been long drained to the dregs, it offered no temptation to halt. Another most severe and trying declivity had therefore to be overcome, ere the long and sultry march was at an end. It descended by craggy precipices many hundred feet below the level of the sea, to the small, close sandy plain of Mooya, on the borders of the lake—a positive *Jehannam*, where the gallant captain of the "Constance" had already been some hours ensconced under the leafless branches of one poor scrubby thorn, which afforded the only screen against the stifling blast of the sirocco, and the merciless rays of the refulgent orb overhead.

Adyli, a deep mysterious cavern at the further extremity of the plain, is believed by the credulous to be the shaft leading to a subterranean gallery which extends to the head of Goobut el Kharâb. Deeni, most expert and systematic of liars, even went so far as to assert that he had seen through it the waters of the bay, although he admitted it to be the abode of "gins and efreetes," whose voices are heard throughout the night, and who carry off the unwary traveller to devour him without remorse.

Foul-mouthed vampires and ghouls were alone wanted to complete the horrors of this accursed spot, which, from its desolate position, might have been believed the last stage in the habitable world. A close mephitic stench, impeding respiration, arose from the saline exhalations of the stagnant lake. A frightful glare from the white salt and limestone hillocks threatened destruction to the vision; and a sickening heaviness in the loaded atmosphere, was enhanced rather than alleviated by the fiery breath of the parching north-westerly wind, which blew without an intermission during the entire day. The air was inflamed, the sky sparkled, and columns of burning sand, which at quick intervals towered high into the dazzling atmosphere, became so illumined as to appear like tall pillars of fire. Crowds of horses, mules, and fetid camels, tormented to madness by the dire persecutions of the poisonous gad-fly, flocked recklessly, with an instinctive dread of the climate, to share the only bush; and obstinately disputing with their heels the slender shelter it afforded, compelled several of the party to seek refuge in noisome caves formed along the foot of the range by falling masses of volcanic rock, which had become heated to a temperature seven times in excess of a potter's kiln, and fairly baked up the marrow in the bones. Verily! it was "an evil place," that lake of salt: it was "no place of seed, nor of figs, nor yet of vines; no, nor even of pomegranates; neither was there any water to drink."

In this unventilated and diabolical hollow, dreadful indeed were the sufferings in store both for man and beast. Not a drop of fresh water existed within many miles; and, notwithstanding that every human precaution had been taken to secure a supply, by means of skins carried on camels, the very great extent of most impracticable country to be traversed, (which had unavoidably led to the detention of nearly all,) added to the difficulty of restraining a multitude maddened by the tortures of burning thirst, rendered the provision quite in-



sufficient; and during the whole of this appalling day, with the mercury in the thermometer standing at 126° under the shade of cloaks and umbrellas—in a suffocating Pandemonium, depressed five hundred and seventy feet below the ocean, where no zephyr fanned the fevered skin, and where the glare arising from the sea of white salt was most painful to the eyes; where the furnace-like vapor exhaled, almost choking respiration, created an indomitable thirst, and not the smallest shade or shelter existed, save such as was afforded, in cruel mockery, by the stunted boughs of the solitary leafless acacia, or worse still, by black blocks of heated lava—it was only practicable, during twelve tedious hours, to supply to each of the party two quarts of the most mephitic brick-dust-colored fluid, which the direst necessity could alone have forced down the parched throat; and which, after all, far from alleviating thirst, served materially to augment its insupportable horrors.

It is true that since leaving the shores of India, the party had gradually been in training towards a disregard of dirty water—a circumstance of rather fortunate occurrence.

Slowly flapped the leaden wings of Time on that dismal day. Each weary hour brought a grievous accession, but no alleviation, to the fearful torments endured.

Many marvellous reports preceded the embassy, particularly of the wonderful powers of the ordinance, which had been painfully dragged thus far. The mere report of the guns, it was told, was sufficient to shiver rocks, dismantle mountain fortresses, and set the earth on fire! Sáhela Selássie, anxious for the safety of his subjects, refused to permit the advance of the guns, until he had, in person, inspected the battery. If the king of Shoa was ignorant and superstitious—and it was impossible that he should have been otherwise—he was neither bigoted nor destitute of a good natural understanding. Nor was he naturally suspicious. He was, in fact, the creature of surrounding circumstances; and less capricious and cruel than most other semi-barbarous potentates, depraved by absolute power.

The presentation to the king was picturesque and imposing: the etiquette, making allowance for the latitude, not materially different from that of other Christian courts. At all events, the numerous presents were most graciously received; and his Majesty expressed unbounded delight, and more gratitude than is usually found among those who fancy the world made for them. The embassy had now cast its slough, and appeared in all the pomp of scarlet and gold, and waving ostrich plumes.

The king was in full court costume, and made a good appearance. The reception was cordial; the presents wonderful; and the king's confessor, a dwarfish spiritual father, declared that this arrival was the fulfilling of old prophecies, which foretold that strangers should arrive in Æthiopia from Egypt, bringing goodly gifts, and that then great miracles would be wrought in the land!

The residence assigned to the embassy, and the royal rations provided, were not of the most com-

modious or delicate kind; but no disrespect was meant, and great kindness was professed; while the king rejoiced over the many gifts presented to him, like a child enriched and distracted by too many new toys.

If there are still any skeptics as to the literal truth of some of Bruce's most marvellous tales of Abyssinia, their incredulity must be conquered by the spectacle which was witnessed by the embassy ere it had been many days at the Court of Shoa. The passage which settles this question deserves to be fully extracted:—

Six hundred peasants, who had been pressed on the service of the state from the Mohammedan villages of Argóbbá, after transporting the king's baggage from Alio Amba to Machal-wans, had bivouacked without food or shelter upon the bare saturated ground, and were strewn over the green sward like the slain on a battle-field. As the day dawned, their loud cries of "*Abiet, Abiet,*" "*Master, master,*" arose to the palace gates from every quarter of the valley; but they lifted up their sad voices in vain; and reiterated entreaties for dismissal passing unheeded, a number of oxen, sufficient to allay the cravings of hunger, were with great difficulty purchased by the embassy, delivered over for slaughter, and slain and eaten raw upon the spot.

The skeptic in Europe who still withholds his credence from Bruce's account of an Abyssinian brind feast, would have been edified by the sight now presented on the royal meadow. Crowds swarmed around each sturdy victim to the knife, and impetuously rushing in with a simultaneous yell, seized horns, and legs, and tail. A violent struggle to escape followed the assault. Each vigorous bound shook off and scattered a portion of the assailants, but the stronger and more athletic retained still their grasp, and resolutely grappling and wrestling with the prize, finally prevailed. With a loud groan of despair the bull was thrown kicking to the earth. Twenty crooked knives flashed at once from the scabbard—a tide of crimson gore proclaimed the work of death, and the hungry butchers remained seated on the quivering carcass, until the last bubbling jet had welled from the widely-severed and yawning throat.

Rapidly from that moment advanced the work of demolition. The hide was opened in fifty places, and collop after collop of warm flesh and muscle—sliced and scooped from the bone—was borne off in triumph. Groups of feasting savages might now be seen seated on the wet grass in every direction, greedily munching and bolting the raw repast, and pounds were with all held of light account. Entrails and offal did not escape. In a quarter of an hour nought remained of the carcass save hoofs and horns, and the disappointed vultures of the air assembling round the scene of slaughter with the village curs, found little indeed to satisfy their hunger.

Similar scenes were frequently afterwards witnessed during the eighteen months that the embassy sojourned in Shoa. Machal-wans (the Windsor of Shoa) is about six miles distant from Ankóber, the metropolis. The church and monastery of Tekla Haimanot, the patron saint of Abyssinia, stands on a romantic spot between the towns. On emerging from the forest in which

this building stands, the capital was first beheld, and—

Spreading far and wide over a verdant mountain, shaped like Afric's appropriate emblem, the fabled sphynx, presented a most singular, if not imposing appearance. Clusters of thatched houses of all sizes and shapes, resembling barns and hay-stacks, with small green enclosures and splinter palings, rising one above the other in very irregular tiers, adapt themselves to all the inequalities of the rugged surface: some being perched high on the abrupt verge of a cliff, and others so involved in the bosom of a deep fissure as scarcely to reveal the red earthen pot on the apex. Connected with each other by narrow lanes and hedges, these rude habitations, the residence of from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, cover the entire mountain-side to the extreme pinnacle—a lofty spire-like cone, detaching itself by a narrow isthmus to form the sphynx's head. Hereon stands the palace of the Negoos, a most ungainly-looking edifice, with staring gable ends and numerous rows of clay chimney-pots, well fortified by spiral lines of wooden palisades, extending from the base to the summit, and interspersed with barred stockades, between which are profusely scattered the abodes of household slaves, with breweries, kitchens, cellars, storehouses, magazines, and granaries.

Over those portions unengrossed by cultivation or by architecture, shrubs and bushes, and great beds of nettles, assumed the most luxuriant and lively appearance. \* \* \* Loud cheers from the whole assembled population, female as well as male, greeted the arrival of the king's guests, the thunder of whose guns in the adjacent valley had given birth to a feeling of respect in the breast of all.

The king had previously enjoyed the display of ordnance, and stood it out with great intrepidity. The Moslem servants, who had accompanied the expedition from India, were so disgusted with this Christian capital, that they now took their departure, resolved to brave every danger rather than remain in so hateful a place. The European Christian embassy were not more in the favor of the priests than were the Moslems. The Bishop of Shoa was, from the first, their avowed and bitter enemy.

To him was traced a report that the embassy were to be summarily expelled the country, in consequence of the non-observance of the fasts prescribed by the Æthiopic creed, and because a Great Lady, whose spies they were, was on her way from the sea-coast, with a large military force, to overturn the true religion, put the king to death, and assume possession of all Abyssinia.

On the festival of the Holy Virgin, the cemetery was thrown open, wherein rest the remains of Asfa Woosen, grandsire to Sâhela Selâssie. It is a building adjoining the church of St. Mary; and a message was sent, soliciting the Lord Bishop's permission to visit the mausoleum. An insolent reply was returned, that since the English were in the habit of drinking coffee and smoking tobacco, both of which Mohammedan abominations are interdicted in Shoa upon religious grounds, they could not be admitted within the precincts of the

hallowed edifice, as it would be polluted by the foot of a Gypsi.

Eating food prepared by the Mahomedans, was a proof that the English could not be Christians. Christianity in Abyssinia, if it be not rather a strange jumble of Pagan, Jewish, and even Moslem superstitions, is so deeply alloyed by them, as hardly to be recognizable as the religion of Christendom.

Shoa may, however, vie with any Roman Catholic state in its ceremonial observances, and the number of its holidays.

The embassy, notwithstanding the prohibition of the Lord Bishop, ventured to attend worship in the cathedral of St. Michael, which is the church that the king attends:—

After wading through the miry kennels that form the avenues of access, the slipper was unlaced in accordance with Jewish prejudice, and the foot of the heretic European stepped upon the floor of muddy rushes. The scowling eye of the bigoted and ignorant priest sparkled with a gleam of unexpressed satisfaction at the sight of a rich altar cloth, glowing with silk and gold, which had been unfolded to his gaze; and a smile of delight played around the corners of his mouth, as the hard dollars rang in his avaricious palm.

A strange, though degrading and humiliating sight, rewarded admittance thus gained to the circular interior of the sacred building. Coarse walls, only partially white-washed, rose in sombre earth but a few feet overhead, and the suspended ostrich-egg—emblem of heathenish idolatry—almost touched the head of the visitors as they were ushered in succession to the seat of honor among the erudite. In a broad verandah, strewed throughout with dirty wet rushes, were crowded the blind, the halt, and the lame—an unwashed herd of sacred drones, muffled in the skin of the *agazin*; and this group of turbaned monks and hireling beggars formed the only congregation present.

The high priest, having proclaimed the munificence of the strangers, pronounced his solemn benediction. Then arose a burst of praise the most agonizing and unearthly that ever resounded from dome dedicated to Christian worship. No deep mellow chant from the chorister—no soul-inspiring roll of the organ, pealing with the cadence of the anthem, lifted the heart towards heaven. The Abyssinian cathedral rang alone to the excruciating jar of most unmitigated discord; and amid howling and screaming, each sightless orb was rolled in the socket, and every mutilated limb convulsed with disgusting vehemence. A certain revenue is attached to the performance of the duty; and for one poor measure of black barley bread, the hired lungs were taxed to the extremity; but not the slightest attempt could be detected at music or modulation; and the dissonant chink of the timbrel was ably seconded by the cracked voice of the mercenary vocalist, as his notes issued at discretion.

No liturgy followed the cessation of these hideous screams. \* \* \* In the holy of holies, which may be penetrated by none save the high priest, is deposited the sacred *tabot*, or ark of the faith, consecrated at Gondar by the delegate of the Coptic patriarch; and around the veil that

fell before this mysterious emblem, there hung in triumph four sporting pictures from the pencil of Alken, which had been presented to His Majesty. They represented the great Leicestershire steeple-chase; and Dick Christian, with his head in a ditch, occupied by far the most prominent niche in the boasted cathedral of St. Michael!

The decorations of the cathedral were as characteristic. The attendants of every barbarous court in the world are, by the testimony of all travellers, greedy and importunate beggars; but the courtiers, ladies, and servants of his Christian Majesty of Shoa beat them all. Everything was needed by everybody; and the munificent embassy was expected to supply all wants and gratify all wishes. For aught received, they were as grateful as the most eloquent of Irish beggars. "May the Lord reward thee!" "God will reward you, for I cannot," said the king. His Majesty was, however, exceedingly jealous of any obtaining presents save himself; and it was the law that none could be accepted until first submitted to him and declined. The embassy was speedily put into constant requisition for mending and repairing guns, musical-boxes and umbrellas, they had presented, and for making and embroidering garments. But the medical skill, by which Sáhela Selássie was at different times restored to health, next to the roar of the cannon, raised the embassy highest in the estimation of his Christian Majesty, and finally gained his confidence and respect. He distrusted every one about him—living in the constant apprehension of being assassinated or poisoned; and not without reason: but it is a proof of his understanding, that he came to place reliance on "his children," the English, who had come so far, and so well laden, to visit him; and priest-ridden and superstitious as he was, his desire to protect them seems to have had higher motives than mere selfishness. Indeed, his Majesty appears to have had a better cultivated mind, and more intelligent curiosity than any other man in his dominions; and he was brave, without being bloodthirsty. Among other objects which excited his wonder, was the air-gun. Having imminently endangered the life of one of the lieges, when making trial of an air-cane, he remarked:—

"My son, I am old, and have but few years more to live. I have seen many strange things from your country, but none that surpass this engine, which without the aid of gunpowder can destroy men. Sorrow were it that I should have died and gone down to the grave before beholding and understanding so wonderful an invention. It is truly the work of a wise people, who employ strong medicines!"

His Majesty, if old in constitution, was little more than forty years of age.

From many descriptions of the Homeric court of Ankóber, we extract this brief sketch:—

His majesty had more than once intimated his intention of holding consultation relative to his projected expedition on the termination of winter, and

early one morning, an express courier arrived to desire the immediate attendance of his British guests. Blacksmiths and workers in silver were as usual plying their craft in the verandah, under the royal eye—artists were daubing red and yellow paint over the pages of the Psalter, or illuminating the lives of the saints with white angels and sable devils—saddles and warlike furniture were in course of repair—spears were being burnished—gun-locks cleaned—and silver gauntlets manufactured; but the artificers were all summarily dismissed, and the king, rising from his seat in the portico, beckoned his visitors to follow into the audience hall.

"Gaita, master," he cautiously began, "there is yet another subject upon which I am desirous of taking counsel, and wherein I need your assistance. It is my intention shortly to undertake an expedition to the great lake in Gurágué. In it be many islands which contain the treasure of my ancestors. There are jars filled with bracelets of solid gold. There are forty drums made of elephant's ears, and many holy arks pertaining unto ancient churches, besides seven hundred choice Æthiopic volumes, some of which have unfortunately been defaced by the animals called *ashkoko*. Elephants abound on the borders. In the trees are found black leopards of a most ferocious nature, multiplying always among the branches, and never descending upon the earth; and the waters of the lake, which are smooth as glass, and without bottom, teem with monstrous *gomari*, and with fish of brilliant colors, red, yellow, green, and blue, such as have never before been seen.

"Moreover, there are specifics against small-pox and other dreadful diseases. No resistance is to be anticipated; for the inhabitants, who are chiefly Christian monks, have often invited me. I must no longer delay to recover the lost wealth of my forefathers, and it is fitting that you, with the British officers who have come hither from a far country, should accompany me, and construct boats. Hereof my people are ignorant, and your name as well as mine, will therefore become great, and will live in the annals of this kingdom.

"From the summit of a lofty hill near Aimélele, I have beheld through a telescope the lake and its tall trees, but the elephants came in numbers. I feared that my people would be destroyed. I ran, and they all ran with me. Now, what say you? What is your advice in this matter? Are you able to build boats?"

Though pleased with the models of the skin punts, gun-rafts, &c., &c., submitted to him for inspection, his Majesty's courage failed before the near approach of the encounter of elephants and buffaloes; and the expedition was deferred.

Besides the priests, the embassy had insidious enemies in the traders, who had hitherto, at a dear rate, supplied the king with fire-arms, articles of glass, and clothes; and whose wares and wonders were now far surpassed by those presented as free gifts. These men during the winter—

Did not fail to repeat and to improve the absurdities circulated by the mischievous Danákil regarding the foreign intruders. The Gyptzis were pronounced eaters of serpents, mice, and other reptiles, and had come with the design of possessing themselves of the country by the aid of magic and medicine.

Great umbrage was taken at the practice of toasting the wretched half-baked dough received, under the denomination of bread, from the royal stores; and a soldier who carried a metallic pitcher to the stream, was roundly taxed with having used charms to poison the water, which was consequently condemned, as unfit for use, until purified by the blessing of the priest. Predictions of the impending fate of Abyssinia were derived from the fact of the foreigners employing instruments which read the stars; and the despot was repeatedly and earnestly warned to be upon his guard. But His Majesty cut short these insinuations by threatening to extract the tongues of three or four of the maligners, and paid no attention whatever to the threat of excommunication extended to him by the fanatic clergy of Aramba, who had declared the ban of the church to be the just punishment due for the admission into the empire "of red heretics, who ought carefully to be shunned, since they practised witchcraft, and by burning the king's bread threatened to bring a famine upon the land."

Taking their cue from the feelings of the people, the Shoan sorcerers gave out that Sáhela Selássie was to be the last of the Æthiopian dynasty, descended from the house of Solomon, who should sit upon the throne of his forefathers, and that a foreign king would come by way of Alio Amba to usurp the dominion. It is amusing to trace the progress of these crafty insinuations among an ignorant and weak-minded people.

The burning of beef by "the king's strong strangers," excited universal astonishment; and an old lady had even learnt that they *burnt* the king's bread also, an unheard-of enormity.

Among other expeditions, the embassy attended the king to Angóllala, which is on the Galla frontier, and the capital of the western portion of Shoa. This town was founded by Sáhela Selássie, and now forms his favorite residence. The following picture of a semi-barbarous court and its accessories, is complete, if we accept the harem.

Upwards of three thousand horsemen composed the *cortége*, which was swelled every quarter of a mile by large detachments of cavalry. Led by their respective chiefs, each band dismounted at a considerable distance on the flank, and advancing on foot with shoulders bared, fell prostrate with one accord before the state umbrellas. The Negroes [the king] bestrode a richly caparisoned mule, with swallow-tailed housings of crimson and green and massive silver collars; and he was closely followed by the corps of shield-bearers under the direction of the Master of the Horse, who, by vigorous sallies, and the judicious exercise of a long stick, kept the crowd from encroaching upon the royal person, during the eight-mile ride over the level plain.

From four to five hundred circular huts, consisting of loose stone walls very rudely thatched, cover the slopes of a group of tabular hills that enclose an extensive quadrangle. On the summit of the largest eminence, near the church of Kidána Meherát, stands the palace, defended by six rows of stout high palisades. \* \* \* \* \*

The rugged ascent up the steep hill-side was thronged with spectators, male and female, assembled to greet the arrival of their sovereign, and to stare at the foreigners. Paupers and mendicants

crowded the first enclosure; and the approach from the second gate through four court-yards, to the king's quarters, was lined with match-lock men and fusileers, who, as the embassy passed between the ranks, made a laughable attempt to present arms in imitation of the artillery escort at the review. Kitchens, magazines, and breweries were scattered in all directions; and, with the long banqueting-hall, the chamber of audience, the apartments of the women, and the solitary cells, formed a curious, but far from imposing group of buildings.

The despot, in high good humor, conducted his guests over the unswept premises, and up a rude ladder to the attic story, which commands a pleasant prospect over wide grassy meadows, intersected by serpentine streamlets, and covered with the royal herds. Upon a floor strewn with newly-cut grass, blazed the wood fire in the iron stove, with the never-failing cats luxuriating under its influence. A dirty couch graced the alcove, and a few guns and fowling-pieces the rudely white-washed walls; but otherwise the dreary chamber was unfurnished. "I have brought you here," quoth His Majesty, "that you may understand what I want. These rooms require to be ornamented; and I wish your artist to cover them with elephants and soldiers, and with representations of all the buildings and strange things in your country, which my eyes have not seen. At present, my children may go." \* \* \* \*

In the filthy purlieus of the palace, and close to the outer gate, stands a mound of ashes and rubbish, mingled with the noisome lees that stream over the road from the adjacent royal breweries. Packs of half-wild dogs, the pest of Angóllala, luxuriate hereon during the day, and at night set forth on their reckless foray, dispelling sleep when the moon rises, by their funeral dirge, and destroying tents in their pilfering invasions. Long before the dawn, the shrill crowing of a thousand cocks first starts the slumberer from his uneasy repose. The wild whoop of the oppressed Galla who demands redress, then mingles with the "*Abiet! Abiet!*" reiterated by the more civilized Amhára from every hill-top. \* \* \* \*

Bands of mendicant monks next silently take post on the crest of a crumbling wall within spear's-length of the slumberer's pillow, and by a shrill recitative, followed by a chiming chorus of independent voices, dispel the morning dream, whilst they scream with a pertinacity that bribery can alone quell. \* \* \* \*

To the cry of "*Abiet!*" which now resounded so unceasingly in the still air of the morning, the Abyssinians attach the opinion that, on the last day, Satan, presenting himself before the gates of heaven, will continue thus to vociferate until he gains admission. On presenting himself before the judgment-seat, it will be asked "what he would have?"—"The souls which have been wrested from me by the angels," is to be the reply; but on his acknowledging inability to specify the names of those who have robbed him, the Father of Evil will be commanded to begone, and never to show his face again.

The king, who is absolute, administers justice in person to the suppliants, who appear before him bare to the waist, and prostrate in the dust, to appeal against the decision of some tyrannical chief, or governor of a province. The appeals which assail the king's ear, in every direction, and where-

ever he appears, are never made in vain; and his judgments, if not so well considered as those of the late Lord Eldon, are generally correct as well as prompt. As both the Jewish and Christian Sabbaths are observed in Shoa, the king rests from his labors as a judge on these days, and then he hunts. It must be confessed that his Majesty's knowledge of natural history, and his prowess against wild animals are not distinguished. A creature, which turned out to be a badger, or a "devil's sheep," was described as an awful monster; and one day, in riding past a narrow sheet of water where an otter had been seen, he gravely told—

"It has hands, and nails, and fingers like a man, and a head like a black dog, and a skin like velvet; and it builds its house at the bottom of the river, and plucks grass, and washes it in the water; and all my people thought it was the devil, and would kill them with strong medicine. Now is this animal found in your country, and how do they call its name?"

For the sake of seeing the country in safety, the embassy had accompanied the Negroes, the native title of the kings of Shoa, on one of those forays for revenge and plunder of cattle which he often undertakes. The refusal of the English to share in the wholesale massacre, attending this savage expedition, drew upon them the suspicion of cowardice; and to restore the tarnished lustre of their strong name, they made a proposition, the boldness of which astounded the whole country.

The destruction of an adult elephant, which is reckoned equivalent to that of forty Galla, is an achievement that had not been accomplished within the memory of the present age, although mentioned in traditions connected with the exploits of the most renowned Æthiopic warriors. Permission was accordingly solicited to visit the distant wilderness of Giddem, on the northern frontier of Efat, in the dense forests of which the giant of the mammalia was reported to reside—a pretext which further afforded plausible grounds for exploring a portion of the country reputed to be amongst the most fertile and productive in Abyssinia.

The king opened his eyes wider than usual at this unprecedented application. "My children," he returned deliberately, "how can this be? Elephants are not to be slain with rifle balls. They will demolish you; and what answer am I then to give? The gun is the medicine for the Galla in the trec, but it has no effect upon the *zihoon*."

Though his Majesty's permission was finally obtained, many obstacles remained to be overcome; but beads and dollars opened a way. It was now about the close of November.

Every choicer meadow was covered with the sleek beeves swept off from Finfinni, and its sloping sides were yellow with the royal crops now under the sickle, whilst in the numerous threshing floors muzzled oxen were already treading out the grain.

The route led across Molâtî and the Toro Mesk through dales and over hills abutting upon the face

of the bluff frontier boundary of Shoa, in which are the sources of many of the more distant tributaries to the blue Nile.

Under flimsy cotton awnings, the night proved intensely cold; and at an early hour the ensuing morning, as the journey was resumed over a swelling country thickly dotted with Christian hamlets, the more sheltered pools by the road-side were covered with a thin coating of ice, the first witnessed since arrival in Abyssinia. At the village of Amarâgû, hospitable entertainment had been prepared by Ayto Egâzoo, which name being interpreted, signifieth, "May they buy." This notable warrior had, prior to the late foray, introduced himself, somewhat apropos of his title, by an ingenious but abortive attempt to sell an unsound horse. Dismounting on the right side from the identical straw-colored steed, he now placed himself, with shoulders bare, in the middle of the road, and by the life of the king adjured the party to enter his abode, in order to partake of a sheep that had been expressly slaughtered.

Wullela Selâssie, his comely partner, daughter to Shishigo, the governor of Shoa-medâ, had kindled in the dark hall the fiercest of fires, and immediately on the termination of complimentary inquiries, an ox-hide being spread, the heavy door was barred to exclude the evil eye. Raw collops having been steadily rejected, bones, eined in a somewhat cannibal-like fashion, were rapidly circulated by the attentive host. "Take the eye," he repeated, coaxingly, to each in turn, presenting at the same time betwixt his finger and thumb the extracted orb of the deceased mutton; "do, the eye is the daintiest part. No—well you *must* eat this marrow," crushing the uncooked shank with a grinding-stone handed by a slave girl, and extending the splintered fragments to be sucked. Overflowing bumpers of sour beer having been filled in a gloomy corner at a huge earthen jar, each horn was tasted by the cup-bearer from the hollow of his palm, in demonstration of the absence of poison. The surplus repast, fluid as well as solid, quickly disappeared under the united efforts of the retinue; and a bead necklace having meanwhile been hung about the neck of the lady's hopeful son and heir, the tortured guests finally effected their escape from the oven-like apartment with the aid of divers promises made to both master and mistress, and sundry pieces of silver disbursed to silence a host of importunate menials.

Their further progress brought them to the monastery of St. George.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of the position selected by the cowed fraternity of St. George; large bands of whom, lounging away their hours of idleness beneath the dark funereal junipers in which the retreat is deeply embosomed, were for once aroused from listless apathy by the passing cavalcade of white strangers. The land swarms with friars, monks, and anchorites, who are habited in yellow dresses, as the badge of poverty, or in the prepared skin of the antelope. Usually licentious in their manners, they roam through the country a perfect pest and plague to society. Men become monks at any period of life.

The poor subsist upon the bounty of the king and of the community; and many never enter the cells of the monastery at all, but with their wives reside at ease in their own homes, having assumed the counterfeit piety of the order solely for the sake of defrauding their creditors; since, however deeply

involved, the "putting on angel's clothing" clears off all former scores with the ease and rapidity of the most indulgent court of insolvency.

The skin of the Agazin is usually adopted as the garb of humiliation; and this emblem, together with the unwashed person, is intended to commemorate the legend of their great founder Eustathius, who boasted of having performed no ablution during a long term of existence, and who miraculously crossed the river Jordan, floating securely upon his greasy cloak.

Throughout Shoa, lakes are believed to form the great rendezvous of evil spirits; and in one called Nugareetfer, at the foot of the hills, the drum of the water kelpy is frequently heard, to the no small terror of the superstitious auditors.

Dame Twotit, one of the king's choristers, who accompanied the army to Garra Gorphoo, and was now making a professional tour of the provinces, joined the party *en route*, carrying a small wicker parasol; and as she ambled along upon her mule, with the butter pouring in streams over her shoulders through the influence of the solar rays, the good lady was pleased to chant extemporaneous couplets in honor of the war about to be waged against the beasts of the forest. "The Gypztia will slay the elephant, whereof all the warriors of Amhara are afraid"—whilst it formed the burden of the song, conveyed an opinion diametrically opposed to that entertained by the public; and the followers, inspired by the words of a woman, took up the sentiment, and made the valleys reecho to their martial chorus, which attracted to the roadside the inhabitants of every hamlet in the vicinity.

Mahhfood, a village hemmed in by high kolqual hedges, formed the termination of the march. Its natural fortifications having uniformly proved insurmountable, this district has never been conquered either by the Galla or Mohammedans. The residence of the governor, who has been honored with the hand of Woizoro Birkenich, daughter of the queen, by her former marriage, stands on the apex of the loftiest of the many isolated hills; and in accordance with the precaution invariably taken to prevent surprise on these disturbed frontiers, it is surrounded by a formidable fence. The camp was formed at the foot; and the thermometer having stood in the morning at 32° on the summit of Dokaket, the difference in temperature was considerably felt during the afternoon, when the mercury mounted to 90° under the flimsy palls which formed the only screen.

Standing specially recommended to Ayto Gadeloo, whose acquaintance had been formed during the late foray, a visit of ceremony was paid in the cool of the evening, when the party were received and entertained according to the perfection of Abyssinian etiquette. The whole of the dirty domestics and household slaves were mustered on the occasion to witness the presentation of gifts brought for the "Enabiet," who, like the rest of the princesses royal, displayed unequivocal signs of being sole and undisputed mistress of the establishment. Fat, fair, and forty, she was seated in a gloomy recess upon an "alga," and partially screened from view by the intervention of a lusty handmaiden. The good man, who occupied a corner of the throne, presented in his owlish features the very personification of a well-trained, henpecked husband, for years accustomed to the iron rule of the shrew—and so complete was her ladyship's monopoly, that he could be said to boast of little beyond the empty title of governor of Mahhfood.

The lady put a few preliminary questions touching the number of wives possessed by each of the party, and appeared highly to approve of the matrimonial code that limited the number to one. • • The host, who was either unable or unwilling to answer any interrogatories respecting his own country, edified himself when he did speak, by subjecting his fancied Egyptian guests to a lucid catechism; and like the Arab Bedouin who formed his estimate of the poverty of Europe by the fact of its producing neither dates nor camels, Ayto Gadeloo conceived a passing indifferent idea of Great Britain from the discovery that it boasted no mules.

"Have you mashela and daboo and tullah [Anglicè, 'maize, bread, and beer'] in your country?" he inquired, whilst his fair partner feasted her eyes upon the 'pleasing things' presented, in none of which it was evident the lord of the creation was destined to participate—"Oh, you have all these; well, and have you oxen and sheep, and horses, and mules?" "How, no mules?" he shouted in derision, while the slaves tittered and hid their black faces, and their mistress laughed outright—"Why, what a miserable country yours must be!"

The reception of the embassy, from the next governor, on their route, was more satisfactory.

"May the guests of the Negroes come quickly!—all is prepared for their reception," was the message received early the ensuing morning from the old governor, to whom the party stood specially consigned by the king, and who was, moreover, an acquaintance made in the late expedition, where he had appeared in the capacity of "wobo," or general commanding the rear guard. A winding ascent up the almost perpendicular mountain side, and a gradual rise round the shoulder of the range, in two hours revealed his residence, occupying the summit of a steep hill, and well fortified with palisades and wicker-work. A deep grove of tall trees on the opposite eminence concealed the monastery of Kasaiyat, famous as the depository of the chronicles of Saint Eustathius; and beyond, a wild tract of forest land, intersected by serpentine rivers, stretched away to the blue hills of Efrata and Worra Káloo.

Approaching the residence of Ayto Tsanna, a salute was fired in his honor by the escort; and being forthwith ushered into his presence, the kind-hearted and hospitable veteran was found seated in the inner porch of his spacious house, where skins had been spread for the accommodation of the visitors. Nothing could surpass the munificence of the reception—bread, honey, butter, hydromel, beer, poultry, and eggs, being lavished in princely abundance, whilst oxen and sheep without number were slaughtered for the use of the followers; and corn and grass supplied to the numerous train of horses and mules. A spacious domicile was provided, in which, after a fire had been lighted to dislodge evil spirits, the repast was spread; and during the greater portion of the afternoon, the liberal and intelligent host continued to witness the drill of the artillery escort, performed at his special request, and to converse with evident satisfaction on the manufactures of Europe, specimens of some of which had been most unwillingly accepted.

Messengers were in the mean time despatched to five subordinate governors, with orders to assemble their quotas on the morrow for the purpose of hunting. • • • • • The son of the host, a tall,

handsome youth, wearing gay necklaces of beads and a streaming white feather in token of achievements performed during the recent foray, had been specially charged with the entertainment of the followers; and the strength of the potent old hydromel, no less than the liberality with which it had been dispensed, were but too evident upon the majority ere the night fell. Loquacity increased with each additional *gumbo* that was drained, and loud and boisterous were the praises from every mouth of the good cheer of the chieftain's hall.

Amongst the visitors who flocked to behold the white strangers, was a cowed monk from the adjacent monastery, who proved deeply versed in traditionary lore. It was diverting to listen to the arguments adduced by the holy father against the projected hostilities.

British honor had been at stake, before that grand achievement was performed, which filled the mind of every beholder with wonder and astonishment; and the fame of the exploit was spread by express couriers throughout the empire, though many remained incredulous to the astonishing fact. The people of Abyssinia are too rich in cattle and sheep to know much of the chase. Apes and baboons, which are called the "king's game," and birds, are their common prey in their hunting matches. But the dead elephant was now on the ground; and those of the appalled infantry, who had taken shelter in high trees, found courage to descend; while the horsemen rode up, all—

Extolling the prowess of the king's European visitors in the encounter with so formidable a monster, whose colossal strength could have carried him trampling through a whole array of their own host, dealing death and destruction wheresoever his will impelled him. Whilst dancing and howling around the carcass, amid the crimson torrent which deluged the ground, they affirmed the deed to be the work of genii and of supernatural beings, and complimented the doers as the "bravest of the brave," under the titles of "Figa" and "Gobez;" declaring that "the mould whereof the Gyptzis were fashioned must be of a rare quality, and that if all the subjects of Shoa were but composed of the same material, the dominions of Sâhela Selâssie would know no limit."

Troops of women and girls raised a song of welcome and praise to the returning victors over the elephant. Bullocks were slaughtered for a feast, and wild dancing and martial music, continued throughout the long night, celebrated the wondrous achievement. The prophetic monk alone was displeased. He "liked it not;" something sinister must be impending. The people and the king did not participate in these feelings, and when the victors returned to court,—

"Your joy is my joy," exclaimed his Majesty, so soon as the usual salutations had been concluded; "and I am delighted when my children are happy. I feared that the elephants would destroy you; but you have achieved a triumph which none other have accomplished during the reign of Sâhela Selâssie."

Whilst the king listened with great interest and seeming astonishment to the detail of proceedings,

and to the assurance that the monarch of the forest might always be vanquished by a single bullet, if properly directed, the ivory was laid at the royal footstool. A long confession of the personal dread entertained of the elephant by his Majesty was followed by an anecdote formerly touched upon at Machal-wans, of his own discomfiture, and that of his entire host, by a herd encountered during a foray against the Metcha Galla, when, being firmly convinced that the army would be destroyed, he had deemed it prudent to retreat with all expedition. "I ran," he repeated several times with emphasis—"I ran, and every one of my followers did the same. You evidently understand the mode of dealing with these monsters; but if ten thousand of my people ventured to oppose a troop, the elephants would consume them all."

The rewards and immunities, to which the destroyers of wild beasts are entitled, were now heaped on the "strong strangers," and they were invested with the appropriate insignia: a silver gauntlet, worn on the right arm, surmounted by a silver bracelet; and the spoils of a male lion, on the right shoulder.

His Majesty then, with his own hand, presented newly-plucked sprigs of wild asparagus, to be worn in the hair during forty days, and be at the expiration of that period replaced by the *hêrkoom* feather. And as the guests thus honored took their way down through the court-yards of the palace, a band of warriors again preceded, discharging their muskets at intervals, whilst they chanted the Amhára war chorus, and danced the death-triumph. \* \* \* \* \* A new invoice of beads, cutlery, trinkets, *ghemdja*, and other "pleasing things," had been received from the coast; and visits were therefore unusually rife on the part of all who loved to be decorated. Abba Mooállee, surnamed "the Great Beggar in the West," with his adopted brother, appeared to hold the lease of the tent in perpetuity; and in return for amber necklaces and gay chintz vestments, hourly volunteered some promise, simply, it would seem, that they might afterwards enjoy the pleasure of forfeiting a gratuitous oath. If solemn asseverations by highly respectable saints and martyrs were to be received with credit, messengers were almost daily despatched, and on fleet horses too, for the purpose of bringing from the Galla dependencies on the Nile, amongst other treasures, the spoils of the *gâssela*, a black leopard, elsewhere not procurable, and "worn only by the governors of provinces." But by some unaccountable fatality, not one of these fleet couriers ever found his way back to the English camp at Angóllala; and the cry meanwhile continued, without intermission, "Show me pleasing things; give me delightful things; adorn me from head to foot."

Pages and abigails were hourly in attendance, on the part of their royal master or mistress, with some rubbish from the palace, which was carefully removed from its red and yellow basket of Gurâgué grass, divested of all its numerous wrappers, and confidentially exhibited with an inquiry, *sotto voce*, "whether more of the same description was not to be obtained?" The outcry raised for detonating caps was wearisome and incessant; for although it was notorious that the royal magazines boasted a hoard sufficient to answer the utmost demand of at least three generations, the king was

very apprehensive of bankruptcy, in event of a quarrel with the Adaiel, "because his own people knew not the road beyond the world of waters." Thus it happened that Kidāna Wold, the long gunman, who had charge of the royal armory, received private instructions to look in at the Residency at least twice a-week, with a *mamalacha* for fifty or a hundred *tezabs*, and regularly once a month to aver that he had been so unfortunate as to drop from his girdle another box of his Majesty's patent anti-corrosives—a loss which, unless timely repaired, must inevitably result in the forfeiture of liberty. "The *Gaita* has discovered my carelessness," he would add, with tears in his eyes, "and, by Mary! if you don't help me immediately, I shall be sent to Góncho." \* \* \* Architecture now occupied a full share of the royal brain. The hand corn-mills presented by the British Government had been erected within the palace walls, and slaves were turning the wheels with unceasing diligence. "Demetrius the Armenian, made a machine to grind corn," exclaimed his Majesty in a transport of delight, as the flour streamed upon the floor; "and although it cost my people a year of hard labor to construct, it was useless when finished, because the priests declared it to be the Devil's work, and cursed the bread. But may Sáhela Selássie die! these engines are the invention of clever heads. Now I will build a bridge over the Béreza, and you shall give me your advice."

Early the ensuing morning the chief smith was accordingly in attendance with hammer and tongs; and "when the sun said hot," the pious monarch, having first paid his orisons in the church of the Trinity, proceeded with all suitable cunning, to plan the projected edifice beneath a fortunate horoscope.

It was foretold, by the English, that the bridge, on which the king so greatly prided himself, would not stand.

But predictions of the impending catastrophe were received with an incredulous shake of the head; and the advice that orders should be issued to the governors on the Nile to keep a vigilant look-out for the upper timbers on their voyage down to Egypt, was followed by a good-humored laugh and a playful tap on the shoulder of the audacious foreigner, who, to the horror and amazement of the obsequious courtiers, had thus ventured to speak his mind to the despot. In vain was it proposed to construct a bridge upon arches which might defy the impetuosity of the torrent. "All my subjects are asses," retorted his Majesty: "they are idle and lazy, and devoid of understanding. There is not one that will consent to labor, no, not one; and if through your means they should be compelled to perform the task, they would weep, and invoke curses on the name of the Ggyptzis. Your corn mills are approved, because they save the women trouble; but by the shades of my ancestors!—a bridge—." Here all sense of the decorum due to the sceptre was forgotten for the moment, and the monarch whistled aloud. And the king was right.

While the king was in this excellent disposition, a commercial treaty, which had often been spoken of, was happily concluded. The advantages of manufactures and commerce had often been explained to his Majesty, who shook his head when

first told that five hundred pair of hands, efficiently employed at the loom, might bring more wealth into his country than ten thousand warriors engaged in forays. But at length he appeared to apprehend what was meant; and he had seen so many wonderful things, that he was now prepared to believe those that were unseen. At all events his—

Conviction resulted in the expression of his desire that certain articles agreed upon might be drawn up on parchment, and presented for signature, which had accordingly been done; and the day fixed for the return of the embassy to Ankóber was appointed for the public ratification of the document by the annexure thereto of the royal hand and seal.

Nobles and captains thronged the court-yard of the palace at Angóllala, and the king reclined on the throne in the attic chamber. A highly illuminated sheet, surmounted on the one side by the Holy Trinity—the device invariably employed as the arms of Shoa—and on the other by the Royal Achievement of England, was formally presented, and the sixteen articles of the convention in Amháric and English, read, commented upon, and fully approved.

The articles, whether they shall be observed or not, certainly contain many judicious and mutually beneficial provisions. The convention was thus solemnly ratified.

Tekla Mariam, the royal notary, kneeling, held the upper part of the unrolled scroll upon the state cushion, and the king, taking the proffered pen, inscribed after the words "Done and concluded at Angóllala, the Galla capital of Shoa, in token whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal—Sáhela Selássie, who is the Negoos of Shoa, Efát, and the Galla." The imperial signet, a cross encircled by the word "Jesus," was then attached by the scribe in presence of the chief of the church, the Dech Agafari, the governor of Morát, and three other functionaries who were summoned into the alcove for the purpose.

"You have loaded me with costly presents," exclaimed the monarch as he returned the deed: "the raiment that I wear, the throne whereon I sit, the various curiosities in my storehouses, and the muskets which hang around the great hall, are all from your country. What have I to give in return for such wealth? My kingdom is as nothing."

Before the departure of the embassy, through the influence which the strangers had acquired, a signal triumph over ancient customs was obtained. Much of this influence is to be attributed to the humanity, skill, and success, of the medical officers. The fame of some marvellous surgical operations had spread abroad, and applications for medical and surgical aid came in from all quarters. But—

The patient, in lieu of tendering a fee, invariably insisted, when cured, upon the receipt of some reward. \* \* \* \* \* An exceedingly ill-favored fellow, striding into the tent, exhibited a node upon the forehead, which he desired might be instantly removed. "The knife, the knife,"



he exclaimed ; " off with it ; my face is spoiled, and has become like that of a cow." A ruffian, who in a domestic brawl had contrived to break the arm of his wife, entreated that it might be " mended ;" and a wretched youth, whose leg had been fractured twelve months previously, was brought in a state of appalling emaciation, with the splinters protruding horribly. Amputation was proposed as the only resource, but the master of the horse was loud in his opposition. " Take my advice," he remonstrated, " and leave this business alone. If the boy dies, all will declare that the ' proprietor of the medicines ' killed him ; and furthermore, should he survive, it will be said the Almighty cured him."

This master of the horse, though uninvited, often gave the embassy the pleasure of his company at dinner, where he admired and devoured everything, particularly relishing the Cogniac. He swore " By Mary,"—the favorite adjuration of the Abyssinians, as of the Scotch Hebrideans,—that the king, himself, would be happy to come to dine with them as often as he was asked, if he knew how many good things they had. Amulets and enchantments are, as in all barbarous countries, resorted to for the cure of those diseases, which, as they cannot be understood, are ascribed to the influence of demons, or of the Evil Eye. So many were cured, that his Christian Majesty became alarmed that there might not be enough of medicine left for himself, though, by various contrivances, he had already amassed an immense stock of pills.

" You will take care *not* to give the whole of the remedies to my people, or there will be none left for myself, should I fall sick," was an almost daily message from the selfish despot. But prescriptions designed for his own use were invariably tried first upon a subject ; and the much-dreaded goulard-wash having been once more prepared, directions were given to apply it constantly to a boy who had been found laboring under ophthalmia, in order to ascertain whether he died or survived.

The most particular inquiries were instituted relative to the mode of counteracting the influence of the evil eye, and much disappointment expressed at the unavoidable intimation that the dispensary of the foreigners contained neither " the horn of a serpent," which is believed to afford an invaluable antidote against witchcraft, no preservative against wounds in the battle-field, nor any nostrum for " those who go mad from looking at a black dog." " We princes also fear the small-pox," said his Majesty, " and therefore never tarry long in the same place. Nagási, my illustrious ancestor, suffered martyrdom from this scourge. Have you no medicine to drive it from myself?"

Vaccine lymph there was in abundance, but neither Christian, Moslem, nor Pagan had yet consented to make trial of its virtues. Glasses hermetically sealed, betwixt which the perishable fluid had been deposited, were exhibited, and its use expounded. " No, no!" quoth the king, as he delivered the acquisition to his master of the horse, with a strict injunction to have it carefully stitched in leather—" this is *talakh medanit*, very potent medicine indeed ; and henceforth I must

wear it as a talisman against the evil that beset my forefathers."

" You must now give me the medicine which draws the vicious waters from the leg," resumed his Majesty, " and which is better than the earth from Mount Lebanon ;—the medicine which disarms venomous snakes, and that which turns the gray hairs black ;—the medicine to destroy the worm in the ear of the queen, which is ever burrowing deeper ; and, above all, the medicine of the seven colors, which so sharpens the intellects, as to enable him who swallows enough of it, to acquire every sort of knowledge without the slightest trouble. Furthermore, you will be careful to give my people *none of this*."

The schoolmaster is ever the terror of despots.

The king had lost his left eye ; but one of his flattering courtiers averred, that Sáhela Selássie saw better with his blind eye, than other people did with their most perfect eyes. The king was now not more than forty years of age, but a dissolute life had made him prematurely old. At the age of twelve he had left a monastery to ascend the throne. The expression of his face, despite the loss of his eye, was open, pleasing, and manly. Upon state occasions, he was splendidly and even richly attired : his bushy hair arranged in elaborate curls, in the fashion of the full periwigs of the reign of George the First. On ordinary occasions his dress was plain. His kingly office is no sinecure. We know of no monarch, with perhaps the exception of the Emperor Nicholas, who is so actively and incessantly occupied : and he does not possess the iron frame of the colossal Czar. Here is a description of his day :—

After the religious performance of his matin devotions, the king inspects his stables and workshops, bestows charity upon the assembled poor, despatches couriers, and accords private audiences of importance. Then, reclining in state upon the throne, he listens for hours to all appeals brought against the decisions of his judges, and adjusts in public the tangled disputes and controversies of his subjects. Here access is easy. Sáhela Selássie listens to all, foreigners or natives, men and women, rich and poor. Every one possesses the right to appear before him, and boldly to explain the nature of his case ; and although the established usage of the land compels the subject to prostrate himself, and to pay rather adoration than respect, yet may he urge his complaint without the least hesitation or timidity. Judgment is always prompt, and generally correct ; nor will the observer be less struck with the calmness and placidity that mark the royal demeanor in the midst of the most boisterous discussions.

But we have told this already, and shall proceed to the other avocations and pleasures which fill up his Majesty's day.

At three o'clock the king proceeds to dine alone ; and no sooner is the royal appetite appeased than the doors are thrown open, and the long table in the great banqueting-hall is crowded with the most distinguished warriors and guests. Harpers and fiddlers perform during the entire entertainment, and singers lift up their voices in praise

of the munificence and liberality of their sovereign, who, during all this scene of confusion and turmoil, still continues to peruse letters or to issue instructions, until the board has been thrice replenished and as often cleared, and until all of a certain rank have freely partaken of his hospitality. At five he retires with a few of those who enjoy the largest share of intimacy, to the private apartments. Prayers and potent liquors fill up the evening hours; and the company depart, leaving the favorite page, who is made the bearer of the royal commands.

Midnight calls his Majesty from his couch to the perusal of psalms and sacred writings. A band of sturdy priests in the antechamber continue, during the liveliest night, to chant a noisy chorus of hymns to preserve his slumbers from the influence of evil spirits or apparitions, and daylight brings a repetition of the busy scene, which is only diversified by exercise on horseback, when business and the fickle sky will permit. • • • • •

Dreading the fate of his father, the monarch never stirs from his threshold unprovided with a pistol concealed under his girdle along with his favorite amulet, in which he reposes implicit faith and reliance. His couch is nightly surrounded by tried and trusty warriors, endeared to his person by munificence displayed to no other class of his subjects, whilst the gates of the palace are barred after the going down of the sun, and stoutly guarded during the continuance of the nocturnal hours.

The principal officers of the royal household, and those most confided in by the suspicious monarch, are the eunuchs. • • • • • As well from religious as from worldly motives, Sâhela Selâssie entertains a vast number of pensioners, who receive *dirgo*, or daily rations, in various proportions—some being limited to dry bread, whilst others extend to meat, the greatest luxury which the country can afford. • • • • • Making munificent donations to churches and monasteries, the king stands in high odor with the fanatic clergy, and thus enjoys the advantage of their influence over the priest-ridden population, whom he rules principally through the church; and, never undertaking any project without consulting some of its members, is in turn much swayed by their exhortations, prophecies, dreams, and visions. Strongly attached to the Christianity of Æthiopia, which abounds in Jewish prejudices, he is still far from being intolerant. According to the best of his uncultivated ideas he encourages letters, and spends considerable sums of money in collecting ancient manuscripts.

This is the bright side of the picture; yet Sâhela Selâssie is not merely popular, but adored throughout his dominions, in spite of vices which are, however, more hurtful to himself than his people. His hereditary territory, extending one hundred and fifty by ninety miles, has, with its numerous dependencies, a population of about two millions and a half, of whom one million are Christians like himself: the wild Galla are all Moslems. From forfeitures, tribute and revenue arising principally from import duties on slaves, foreign merchandize, and salt, the king, who has extensive crown domains, is imagined to have amassed considerable treasure. He is naturally avaricious; but from policy, profuse to certain classes of his subjects.

The power of the Aboon or Archbishop in what are considered spiritual affairs, is only inferior to that of the absolute despot, who is, however, the head of the Church.

Consecrated by the Patriarch of Alexandria, and possessing with rich revenues the intelligence of other lands, the Primate is universally feared and respected throughout the empire; and all religious differences and dissensions must be carried for the final decision of his Holiness. Princes and rulers pay implicit deference to his high behest, and, seated on the ground before his episcopal throne, receive with the utmost respect his every wish and advice. • • • • • But whilst his influence is thus potent, the extent of his diocese is also great; and many local difficulties opposing the pastoral visit to the extremities of his see, the kingdom of Shoa has for ages been deprived of the advantages accruing from the residence of an archbishop.

In the hand of the Aboon is vested the exclusive power of consecration. Bishops, priests, and deacons can from him alone receive holy office.

The present Aboon was educated at Alexandria, and is a man of some understanding and liberality. The other members of the hierarchy are the grand prior, and the comus or bishop, who ranks next above the priest. His functions are circumscribed to a few ceremonial and superstitious observances. Besides these dignitaries—

Twelve thousand clerical drones,

“Fruges consumere nati,”

fatten in idleness on the labor of the working classes; and the kiss imprinted on the hand of one of these licentious shepherds being believed to purify the body from all sin, they are treated with the highest respect and veneration; are fed and caressed both by high and low, and invariably addressed as “Father.”

Upon payment each of a few pieces of salt, many hundred candidates receive the breath of the Holy Ghost from the Aboon in a single day; but every Abyssinian being ignorant of his own age, it is essential to the reception of priestly orders that the beard should have appeared.

The churches are all endowed; though by a wise provision the revenues and estates belonging to the clerical establishments, are administered by the *Alakas*, or persons appointed by the crown. When a successful cattle foray is made, the church gets its share of the plunder, and votive and thanksgiving offerings are as common as in the most devout Catholic country. There is more “Church Extension” in Abyssinia than in any other country; for building a church is supposed to atone for every sin. They are, however, miserable and fragile structures. In pointing out the close resemblance of the Jewish worship to that of the Abyssinian churches—which all have their inner compartments, and Holy of Holies where, of the laity, only the *Alaka* is admitted in virtue of his office—it is related—

The true ark of Zion is believed still to exist in the church at Axum; but prayers, vows, and oblations, are equally made to the handicraft of any vain ecclesiastic, which may be held up to the ad-

minging multitude as having been secreted in a cave during the inroad of the conquering Graan, and since revealed by a miraculous dream from Heaven.

In the presence of the mysterious casket consists the only sanctity of the church. \* \* \* Young and old, rich and poor, prostrate themselves to the ground as the idol is carried in procession through the streets under the great umbrellas; and when replaced in his case in the holy of holies, the air is rent by the attendant priests with shouts of "The temple of the eternal God!"

All the disqualifications of the Levitical law oppose entrance to the secret edifice, and both the threshold and the door-posts must be kissed in passing. Like the Jews, the Abyssinians invariably commence the service with the Trisagion, "Holy, holy, holy is God, the Lord of Sabaoth."

The sweet singer of Israel danced before the Lord; and a caricature imitation remains, the chief point of Abyssinian worship. Capering and beating the ground with their feet, the priests stretch out their crutches towards each other with frantic gesticulations, whilst the clash of the timbrel, the sound of the drum, and the howling of harsh voices, complete a most strange form of devotion. The lessons are taken partly from the Scriptures, partly from the miracles of the holy Virgin and of Tekla Haimanot, the life of St. George, and other foolish and fabulous works; but all are in the ancient Æthiopic tongue, which to the congregation is a dead letter; and the sole odification of a visit to the church is therefore comprised in the kiss that has been imprinted on the portal.

As polygamy is the practice of this Christian country, celibacy is not enjoined on the priests; but, as some sacrifice must be made to uphold their sanctity, they are restricted to one wife. Their learning and their usefulness are on a par.

Few in after years can read—still fewer respect the vow of chastity—and the employment of the morning hours of the Sabbath, and of the holydays, in dancing and shouting within the walls of the church, entitle the performer to all the immunities and comforts pertaining unto holy orders. \* \*

Priest-ridden and bigoted to the last degree, the chains of bondage are firmly riveted around the neck of the infatuated Abyssinian. The most ridiculous doctrines must be believed, and the most severe fasts and penances must be endured, according to the pleasure and the fiat of the church. Uncharitable and uncompromising, her anger often blazes forth into the furious blast of excommunication; and for offences the most trivial, the souls of men are consigned to eternal perdition.

Fasts, penances, and excommunication form, in fact, the chief props of the clerical power; but the repentant sinner can always purchase a substitute to undergo the two former, and the ban of the church is readily averted by a timely offering.

Smoking is one of the sins which the priests create, and employ to maintain their sway. Their prohibition of it is founded on the text: "It is that cometh out of the mouth of a man that defileth a man." Death, as in many other Christian countries, is seized upon as an occasion to enrich and feast the priest.

The clergy enjoy the price of death-bed confession; and a corner of the churchyard is sternly

denied to all who die without the due performance of the rite, or whose relations refuse the fee and the funeral feast. The payment of eight pieces of salt, however, wafts the soul of a poor man to a place of rest; and the *tescar*, or banquet for the dead, places him in a degree of happiness according to the costliness of the entertainment. The price of eternal bliss is necessarily higher to the rich.

The power of the keys is not suffered to remain dormant in Abyssinia. But our space, too limited for merely noting the adventures of the embassy, forbids us even to refer to the copious information which Major Harris has added to former European stores of knowledge concerning the religion, government, and social condition, the manners, and customs of the people, in what is now the most important division of the ancient Abyssinian empire. Nor can we advert to his accounts of the many tribes dependent on the king of Shoa, and still but imperfectly subdued, as is seen in the insurrections continually breaking out. Slavery, and the state of the slave trade, will form an interesting section to many. The king, alone, has eight thousand household slaves at his different residences. Of his five hundred concubines,—for in number he rivals Solomon, from whom his dynasty claims descent,—three hundred are slaves. But slavery in Shoa has a much less repulsive moral aspect than in some other Christian countries that we could name. The slaves enjoy some privileges; they are not tasked like hard-worked animals; and in Æthiopia there is no white man's scorn to be endured by the sable-complexioned. Were the articles of the commercial treaty entered into with the king of Shoa carried out, it is imagined that slavery might be mitigated till the trade ceased, as the motives to its continuance gradually disappeared. From the character of the present spiritual head of Shoa, and also that of the reigning monarch, Major Harris considers the present time auspicious for the introduction of sounder ideas of that social advancement and civilization which must everywhere pave the way for the downfall of slavery.

A gothic hall, built by the "strong strangers," decorated with colored engravings, and furnished like an English cottage *orné* enchanted the tasteful monarch, who had lived all his life in palaces having neither glass windows nor chimneys. Warmly devoted as the whole nation is to the wisdom of its ancestors, the king was delighted with the saving of timber effected by the use of the cross-saw, as well as by the economy of time and labor from employing the same implement.

"You English are indeed a strange people," quoth the monarch, after the first plank had been fashioned by the European escort. "I do not understand your stories of the road in your country that is dug below the waters of a river, nor of the carriages that gallop without horses; but you are a strong people, and employ wonderful inventions."

Meanwhile the platform required for the new

building advanced slowly to completion. The crowd of applicants for justice who daily convened before the tribunal of "the four chairs" were pressed into the service; and when his Majesty returned from an excursion in the meadow, the entire cortège might be seen carrying each a stone before his saddle in imitation of the royal example.

The "red men" were now in such credit, that the king having, in a grand foray, made captive upwards of a thousand women and girls, on the remonstrance or prayer of the embassy released them without ransom; content with the forty thousand cattle which he had taken and sent to the royal pastures. This annual plundering expedition partakes of the character of a crusade against the infidel, as well as a foray.

Led on to victory by the holy ark of St. Michael, the great crimson umbrellas streamed again through the barrier wall at the head of the Christian chivalry. Twenty thousand troopers pursued the route of the Sertie Lake to the Metta Galla, occupying the plains immediately contiguous to the valley of Finfinni, and who were now the victims marked out for spoliation. The despot had so invariably passed this tribe without offering any molestation, that, the heathen were little prepared for the thunderbolt that was about to fall, and of which the first intimation was afforded in the simultaneous investiture of the entire tract. Overwhelmed by the torrent of desolation which had so suddenly burst in, four thousand five hundred Gentiles of all ages were butchered by the soldiers of Christ; and of these the greater number were shot from trees that they had ascended in the vain hope of eluding observation.

When, after the return of the king and his warriors, the release of the captives was claimed, Sáhela Selássie replied—

"I listen to your words," said his Majesty, as he again issued the fiat of release, "that the name of Sáhela Selássie be not broken."

Such is a sad picture of the atrocities perpetrated by the undisciplined armies of Æthiopia, when disputing the abstruse mysteries of Abyssinian divinity, or seeking, in the relentless fury of religious hate, to exterminate a heathen and strange nation by a series of crusades undertaken as an acceptable vindication of the sacred symbol of Christianity.

The Abyssinians have fully adopted that spirit of merciless destruction which impelled the Israelites to destroy their enemies from the face of the earth. Considering themselves the lineal descendants of those heroes of ancient history who were arranged against the enemies of the Lord, they are actuated by the same motives and feelings which led the bands of Judah to the massacre. The foe is a Pagan, who does not fast, nor kiss the church, nor wear a *mateb*. All feelings of humanity are thrown to the winds; and a high reward in heaven is believed to await the king and the blood-thirsty soldier for the burning of the hamlet, the capture of the property, and the murder of the accursed Gentile. The words of absolution from the mouth of the Father Confessor usher in the ruthless slaughter; and the name of the Most High is wantonly employed to consecrate the ensuing scenes of savage atrocity. That the minds of the

people should not be more disturbed and alienated from agricultural pursuits, by the continual military expeditions they are thus called upon to make, cannot fail to appear extraordinary.

On some occasions, the king appeared ashamed of the barbarities which it was the glory of the Christians to inflict upon the Infidels. When told how inhuman was the massacre of innocent children, he confessed it was bad, but "every country had its own customs;" and, as the Galla destroyed his people, it was but fair to retaliate.

With a numerous progeny by his concubines, who are often received into the various royal harems from political considerations, Sáhela Selássie has two legitimate sons by his queen. The elder, who is not his father's favorite, has fortunately devoted himself to the church. The philosophical romance of Rasselas, is a bitter satire on the real condition of the princes of Abyssinia in their "happy valley." The death of the king of Shoa is the signal for consigning all the brothers and uncles of the sovereign to a subterranean dungeon, where they are doomed to remain for the rest of their lives, amusing themselves by carving ivory. This is done to prevent those revolutionary projects which have so often devastated the kingdom. When the embassy arrived in Shoa, seven princes of the blood-royal, uncles or brothers of Sáhela Selássie, had long been inmates of the vaults of Goncho. The same fate must have awaited his legitimate sons; but as was mentioned, there were but two of them, and the elder had chosen the church. The younger, Saifa Selássie, or "the Sword of the Trinity," is therefore presumptive heir to the throne. While the embassy were one day present at one of the endless religious festivals of a country, in which half the year is consumed in holidays, the young princes arrived. The elder disappeared as soon as he saw that he was observed; but the younger, who had ophthalmia, was led in by a withered eunuch, with his eyes veiled.

Saifa Selássie "the Sword of the Trinity," is an extremely aristocratic and fine-looking youth, about twelve years of age, possessing the noble features of his sire, with the advantage of a very fair instead of a swarthy complexion. Beneath a red chintz vest of Arabian manufacture he wore a striped cotton robe, which fell in graceful folds from the girdle, and from the crown of the head a tassel of minutely-braided locks streamed to the middle of his back. "This is the light of mine eyes, and dearer to me than life itself," exclaimed the king, withdrawing the bandage, and caressing the boy with the utmost fondness—"Give him the medicine that removes ophthalmia, or he, too, will be blind like his father."

His Majesty was assured that no alarm need be entertained; and that, although the cause was to be regretted, the day which had brought the honor of an interview with the young prince could not but be deemed one of the highest good fortune. Much affected by this intimation, he laid his hand upon the arm of the party speaking, and replied, "We do not yet know each other as we ought,

but we shall daily become better and better acquainted."

Before the embassy left Shoa, a wonderful revolution in the constitution of the empire was produced by the influence of the strangers, natural affection, and the terrors of a half-awakened conscience. The cause is thus related—

That singular blending of debauchery and devotion which marks the royal vigils has seriously impaired a constitution naturally good. During a long succession of years the Psalms of David and the strongest cholera mixture have equally shared the midnight hours of the king; and although scarcely past the meridian of life, he is subject to sudden spasmodic attacks of an alarming character. In one of these his restoration had been despaired of both by the priests and the physicians; and the voice of wailing and lamentation already filled the precincts of the palace.

Scarcely was it light ere there came a page with an urgent summons to the presence. Pale and emaciated, with fevered lip and bloodshot eye, the despot reclined upon a couch in a dark corner of the closed verandah, his head enveloped in a swathe of white cloth, and his trembling arms supported by bolsters and cushions. Abba Raguel, the dwarf Father Confessor, with eyes swollen from watching, was rocking to and fro, whilst he drowsily scanned an illuminated Æthiopic volume, containing the lives of the martyrs; and in deep conversation with the sick monarch was a favorite monk, habited like an Arab Bedouin in a black goat's hair cameline and a yellow cowl, but displaying the sacred cross in his right hand. The loud voice of the priesthood arose in boisterous song from the adjacent apartment: strings of red worsted had been tied round the monarch's thumbs and great toes; and the threshold of the outer chamber was bedewed with the still moist blood of a black bullock, which, when the taper of life was believed to be flickering in the socket, had been thrice led round the royal couch, and, with its head turned towards the East, was then slaughtered at the door, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

"My children," said his Majesty in a sepulchral voice, as he extended his burning hand towards his European visitors—"behold I am sore stricken. Last night they believed me dead, and the voice of mourning had arisen within the palace walls; but God hath spared me until now. Tell me the medicine for this disease."

An attempt was made to follow the etiquette of the Abyssinian court, by tasting the draught prescribed; but the king, again extending his parched hand, protested against this necessity. "What need is there now of this?" he exclaimed reproachfully; "do not I know that you would administer to Sâhela Selâssic nothing that could do him mischief? My people are bad; and if God had not mercy on me to restore me, they would deal evil with you—and to strip you of your property would even take away your lives."

The king had oftentimes been complimented upon the mildness and equity of his rule, and on the readiness with which he gave ear to intercession on behalf of the slave. The implicit confidence which had supplanted all fear and suspicion in the breast of his Majesty, now favored a still stronger appeal to his humanity, to his magnanimity, and to his piety. He was urged to take into

favorable consideration the abject condition of his royal brothers—victims to a tyrannical and unnatural statute, the legacy of a barbarous age, which for centuries had resulted in such incalculable misery and mischief.

Every fitting argument was employed; and the sick king swore "by the Holy Eucharist, and by the Church of the Holy Trinity," that if he recovered, his brothers should be restored to the enjoyment of freedom. The despot was restored to health, and he kept his vow. When the mandate went forth, the sages and admirers of ancestral wisdom shook their wise heads at the fatal ascendancy which men who smoked, drank coffee, and daily committed other sins which proved they were not Christians, had acquired over the royal mind. The unfortunate princes had now been immured for about thirty years in the damp vaults of Goncho, where, heavily manacled, their weary hours had been spent in the fabrication of ivory combs. When the hour of their release came—

The royal gaze was strained wistfully towards the wicket, where he should behold once again the child of his mother, whom he had not seen since his accession, and should make the first acquaintance with his uncles, the brothers of his warrior sire who had been incarcerated ere he himself had seen the light.

Stern traces had been left by the constraint of one third of a century upon the seven unfortunate descendants of a royal race, who were shortly ushered into the court by the state gaoler. Leaning heavily on each other's shoulders, and linked together by chains bright and shining with the friction of years, the captives shuffled onward with cramped and minute steps, rather as malefactors proceeding to the gallows-tree, than as innocent and abused princes, regaining the natural rights of man. Tottering to the foot of the throne, they fell, as they had been instructed by their burly conductor, prostrate on their faces before their more fortunate but despotic relative, whom they had known heretofore only by a name used in connexion with their own misfortunes, and whose voice was yet a stranger to their ears.

Rising with difficulty at the bidding of the monarch, they remained standing in front of the balcony, gazing in stupid wonder at the novelties of the scene, with eyes unaccustomed to meet the broad glare of day. At first they were fixed upon the author of their weary captivity, and upon the white men by his side who had been the instruments of its termination; but the dull, leaden gaze soon wandered in search of other objects; and the approach of freedom appeared to be received with the utmost apathy and indifference. Immured since earliest infancy, they were totally insensible to the blessings of liberty. Their feelings and their habits had become those of the fetter and of the dark dungeon. The iron had rusted into their very souls.

The released and stupified princes of Abyssinia were told that henceforth they were to pass the remainder of their lives near their royal relative, who had nothing to apprehend from miserable beings, crippled alike in mind and body; and—

Again the joke and the merry laugh passed quickly in the balcony—the court fool resumed his wonted

avocations; and, as the monarch himself struck the chords of the gaily ornamented harp presented by his bloated brother Amnon, the buffoon burst into a high and deserved panegyric upon the royal mercy and generosity.

"My children," exclaimed his Majesty, turning towards his foreign guests, after the completion of this tardy act of justice to those whose only crime was their consanguinity to himself—an act to which he had been prompted less by superstition than by a desire to rescue his own offspring from a dungeon, and to secure a high place in the opinion of the civilized world—"My children, you will write all that you have now seen to your country, and will say to the British Queen that, although far behind the nations of the white men, from whom Æthiopia first received her religion, there yet remains a spark of Christian love in the breast of the King of Shoa."

Thus dramatically closes the history of the embassy to Shoa, for there is not even a line to tell how it got back to the coast.—This visit must form a memorable era in the annals of Æthiopia, if "the Sword of the Trinity" inherit the ability and liberality of his father. The vast natural resources of Shoa, and its numerous dependencies and neighboring regions, and the facilities for improvement pointed out by Major Harris, were Britain as active as it is commercially disposed, and could the slave trade be safely suppressed, we must leave, together with a vast amount of varied information, wholly unnoticed. This is of less consequence, as the book is one that must be read.

#### THE POOR MAN TO HIS DEAD CHILD.

Yes, lie thou there, my little one,  
The death dew 's on thy brow,  
Thy eyes are closed to flower and sun,  
Thy pulse is quiet now.

No more thou 'lt ask, my famish'd boy,  
For bread with wailing cry,  
When I'd have given my flesh with joy,  
But bread I could not buy.

Poor child! thy sharp, cold features speak  
Of pain, and want, and care;  
Oft did the tear-drops on thy cheek  
Freeze in the biting air.

But colder than the keenest wind,  
Were human hearts to thee,  
Because, though claiming human kind,  
Thy lot was poverty.

The proud ones say, 't is Heaven's award:  
They but kind Heaven obey,  
To keep the gifts of nature barr'd  
From those who cannot pay.

My child, 't is sadly sweet to think  
Thou 'lt never hunger more,  
Nor gaze with wistful eye, yet shrink  
From bread's inviting store.

But, oh! my faded flower, for this  
Was thy young being given,  
To meet with nought but wretchedness,  
And frowns from earth and heaven?

Was this the pledge of cradled smile  
That spoke the happy dream,

And gave me, worn with pain and toil,  
Of passing bliss a gleam?

And yet, mayhap, thy fate is bless'd,  
And I should rather joy  
That thy young heart the woes have miss'd  
That wait the poor man's boy.

The cold repulse, the galling sneer  
That drives to theft and shame;  
The madd'ning thoughts the soul that sear,  
The scorn'd and blighted name.

O, yes: or haply worse than all,  
Thou might'st have lived to be  
A servile, crouching, flatter'ing thrall  
At some wealth-dragon's knee.

Than this, thy eyes I'd rather close  
On all thou might'st have seen,  
All stricken through with many woes  
As thy young heart hath been.

*Tait's Magazine.*

#### TO A WILD BIRD.

SWEET is thy gurgling song,  
Wild Bird, that fittest by on gladsome wing  
The hedgerow boughs among;  
Which thou, with thy most sweet companion, Spring,  
Dost make a bower of beauty and of song.

Say, in thy little heart  
Doth joy or tenderness the master prove?  
What to thy notes impart  
Their pathos? Is it mingled joy and love  
Give them a magic unapproach'd by art?

Where is thy little nest?  
In the snug hollow of some mossy bank?  
Or shall we make our quest  
Where tall weeds dip their tresses long and dank  
Into the brooklet, at the wind's behest,

That, in a frolic feat,  
Bends down their sleepy heads, and rushes by;  
A perfumed music, wild as it is sweet,  
Mocking the drowsy streamlet's lullaby:  
But, birdling! tell me where is thy retreat?

Doth the dark ivy throw  
The beauty of her berries round thy porch;  
Which the bright moon peers through,  
And the sun gleams on, but lacks power to scorch?  
Or are the bursting May-buds screen enow?

As yet, no little voice,  
Whose feeble "chink" eats into pity's heart  
(Though it bids thine rejoice),  
To curious ear the secret doth impart,  
Of where are treasured all thy hopes and joys.

Happy, uncared-for thing,  
No thought of the dim morrow mars thy mirth—  
Each day its store doth bring;  
Thy caterer God, thy garner the wide earth;  
Oh! wise were we like cares aside to fling.

The bee is come abroad,  
And 'mid the golden flowers is busy singing;  
The lark springs from the sod  
In raptured soarings. Hark! heaven's arch is ringing;  
Say, does he all unconscious praise his God?

Birdling, the Power Divine  
That thus with gladness girds his creatures round,  
Will watch o'er thee and thine;  
For to his meanest does his care abound;  
And, thus assured, I all to him resign!

*Chambers's Journal.*

From Chambers' Cyclopædia.

## RICHARD ROLLE.

ABOUT the year 1350 flourished Richard Rolle, a hermit of the order of St. Augustine, and doctor of divinity, who lived a solitary life near the nunnery of Hampole, four miles from Doncaster. He wrote metrical paraphrases of certain parts of Scripture, and an original poem of a moral and religious nature, entitled *The Pricke of Conscience*; but of the latter work it is not certainly known that he composed it in English, there being some reason for believing that, in its present form, it is a translation from Latin original written by him. One agreeable passage (in the original spelling) of this generally dull work is subjoined:—

## [What is in Heaven.]

Ther is lyf withoute ony deth,  
 And ther is youthe without ony elde;\*  
 And ther is alle manner welthe to welde;  
 And ther is rest without ony travaille;  
 And ther is pees without ony strife,  
 And ther is alle manner lykinge of lyf:—  
 And ther is bright somer ever to se,  
 And ther is nevere wynter in that countrie:—  
 And ther is more worshipe and honour,  
 Than evere hade kynge other emperour.  
 And ther is grete melodie of angeles songe,  
 And ther is preysing hem amonge.  
 And ther is alle manner frendshipe that may be,  
 And ther is evere perfect love and charite;  
 And ther is wisdom without folye,  
 And ther is honeste without vileneye.  
 Al these a man may joyes of hevene call:  
 Ac yutte the moste sovereyn joye of alle  
 Is the sighte of Goddes bright face,  
 In wham resteth alle mannere grace.

## WILLIAM DUNBAR.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, "a poet," says Sir Walter Scott, "unrivalled by any that Scotland has ever produced," flourished at the court of James IV., at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. His works, with the exception of one or two pieces, were confined, for above two centuries, to an obscure manuscript, from which they were only rescued when their language had become so antiquated, as to render the world insensible in a great measure to their many excellencies. To no other circumstance can we attribute the little justice that is done by popular fame to this highly-gifted poet, who was alike master of every kind of verse, the solemn, the descriptive, the sublime, the comic, and the satirical. Having received his education at the university of St. Andrews, where, in 1479, he took the degree of master of arts, Dunbar became a friar of the Franciscan order, (Grey Friars,) in which capacity he travelled for some years not only in Scotland, but

also in England and France, preaching, as was the custom of the order, and living by the alms of the pious; a mode of life which he himself acknowledges to have involved a constant exercise of falsehood, deceit, and flattery. In time, he had the grace, or was enabled by circumstances, to renounce this sordid profession. It is supposed, from various allusions in his writings, that, from about the year 1491 to 1500, he was occasionally employed by the king (James IV.) in some subordinate, but not unimportant capacity, in connexion with various foreign embassies, and that he thus visited Germany, Italy, Spain, and France, besides England and Ireland. He could not, in such a life, fail to acquire much of that knowledge of mankind which forms so important a part of the education of the poet. In 1500, he received from the king a pension of ten pounds, afterwards increased to twenty, and finally to eighty. He is supposed to have been employed by James in some of the negotiations preparatory to his marriage with the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., which took place in 1503. For some years ensuing, he seems to have lived at court, regaling his royal master with his poetical compositions, and probably also his conversation, the charms of which, judging from his writings, must have been very great. It is sad to relate of one who possessed so buoyant and mirthful a spirit, that his life was not, as far as we can judge, a happy one. He appears to have repined greatly at the servile court-life which he was condemned to lead, and to have longed anxiously for some independent source of income. Amongst his poems, are many containing nothing but expressions of solicitude on this subject. He survived the year 1517, and is supposed to have died about 1520, at the age of sixty; but whether he ultimately succeeded in obtaining preferment, is not known. His writings, with scarcely any exception, remained in the obscurity of manuscript till the beginning of the last century; but his fame has been gradually rising since then, and it was at length, in 1834, so great as to justify a complete edition of his works, by Mr. David Laing.

The poems of Dunbar may be said to be of three classes, the Allegorical, the Moral, and the Comic; besides which there is a vast number of productions composed on occasions affecting himself, and which may therefore be called personal poems. His chief allegorical poems are the *Thistle* and the *Rose*, (a triumphant nuptial song for the union of James and the Princess Margaret,) the *Dance*, and the *Golden Terge*; but allegory abounds in many others, which do not strictly fall within this class. Perhaps the most remarkable of all his poems is one of those here enumerated, the *Dance*. It describes a procession of the seven deadly sins in the infernal regions, and for strength and vividness of painting, would stand a comparison with any poem in the language. The most solemn and impressive of the more exclusively moral poems

\* Age.

of Dunbar, is one in which he represents a thrush and nightingale taking opposite sides in a debate on earthly and spiritual affections, the thrush ending every speech or stanza with a recommendation of "a lusty life in Love's service," and the nightingale with the more melodious declaration, "All Love is lost but upon God alone." There is, however, something more touching to common feelings in the less labored verses in which he moralizes on the brevity of existence, the shortness and uncertainty of all ordinary enjoyments, and the wickedness and woes of mankind.

This wavering world's wretchedness  
The failing and fruitless business,  
The misspent time, the service vain,  
For to consider is ane pain.

The sliding joy, the gladness short,  
The feigned love, the false comfort,  
The sweir abade,\* the slightful train,†  
For to consider is ane pain.

The suggared mouths, with minds therefra,  
The figured speech, with faces tway;  
The pleasing tongues, with hearts unplain,  
For to consider is ane pain.

Or, in another poem—

Evermair unto this world's joy,  
As nearest heir, succeeds annoy;  
Therefore when joy may not remain,  
His very heir, succeedés Pain.

He is, at the same time, by no means disposed habitually to take gloomy or desponding views of life. He has one poem, of which each stanza ends with "For to be blyth methink it best." In another, he advises, since life is so uncertain, that the good things of this world should be rationally enjoyed while it is yet possible. "Thine awn gude spend," says he, "while thou has space." There is yet another, in which these Horatian maxims are still more pointedly enforced, and from this we shall select a few stanzas:—

Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind  
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow;  
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,  
And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow;  
His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow;  
Be blyth in heart for my aventure,  
For oft with wise men it has been said aforow,  
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

Make thee gude cheer of it that God thee sends,  
For world's wrak but welfare‡ nought avails;  
Nae gude is thine save only that thou spends,  
Remanant all thou bruikes but with bails;§  
Seek to solace when sadness thee assails;  
In *dolour lang thy life may not endure,*

\* Delay. † Snare. ‡ World's trash without health.  
§ Injuries.

Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sails,  
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

Follow on pity, flee trouble and debate,  
With famous folkis hald thy company;  
Be charitable and hum'le in thine estate,  
For warldly honour lastes but a cry.  
For trouble in earth tak no melancholy;  
Be rich in patience, if thou in gudes be poor;  
Who lives merrily he lives mightily;  
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

The philosophy of these lines is excellent.

Dunbar was as great in the comic as in the solemn strain, but not so pure. His *Three Married Women and the Widow* is a conversational piece, in which three gay ladies discuss, in no very delicate terms, the merits of their husbands, and the means by which wives may best advance their own interests. *The Friars of Berwick* (not certainly his) is a clever but licentious tale. There is one piece of peculiar humor, descriptive of an imaginary tournament between a tailor and a shoemaker, in the same low region where he places the dance of the seven deadly sins. It is in a style of the broadest farce, and full of very offensive language, yet as droll as anything in Scarron or Smollett.

#### *The Merle and Nightingale.*

In May, as that Aurora did upspring,  
With crystal een chasing the cluddes sable,  
I heard a Merle with merry notis sing  
A sang of love, with voice right comfortable,  
Again' the orient beamis, amiable,  
Upon a blissful branch of laurel green;  
This was her sentence, sweet and delectable,  
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Under this branch ran down a river bright,  
Of balmy liquor, crystalline of hue,  
Again' the heavenly azure skyis light,  
Where did upon the tother side pursue  
A Nightingale, with sugared notis new,  
Whose angel feathers as the peacock shone;  
This was her song, and of a sentence true,  
All love is lost but upon God alone.

With notis glad, and glorious harmony,  
This joyful merle, so salust she the day,  
While rung the woodis of her melody,  
Saying, Awake, ye lovers of this May;  
Lo, fresh Flora has flourished every spray,  
As nature has her taught, the noble queen,  
The field been clothit in a new array;  
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Ne'er sweeter noise was heard with living man,  
Na made this merry gentle nightingale;  
Her sound went with the river as it ran,  
Out through the fresh and flourished lusty vale;  
O Merle! quoth she, O fool! stint of thy tale,  
For in thy song good sentence is there none,  
For both is tint, the time and the travail  
Of every love but upon God alone.



Cease, quoth the Merle, thy preaching, Nightingale :  
 Shall folk their youth spend into holiness ?  
 Of young sanctis, grows auld feindis, but fable ;  
 Fye, hypocrite, in yeiris tenderness,  
 Again' the law of kind thou goes express,  
 That crookit age makes one with youth serene,  
 Whom nature of conditions made diverse :  
 A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, Fool, remember thee,  
 That both in youth and eild,\* and every hour,  
 The love of God most dear to man suld be ;  
 That him, of nought, wrought like his own figour,  
 And died himself, fro' dead him to succour ;  
 O, whether was kythit† there true love or none ?  
 He is most true and stedfast paramour,  
 And love is lost but upon him alone.

The Merle said, Why put God so great beauty  
 In ladies, with sic womanly having,  
 But gif he would that they suld lovit be ?  
 To love eke nature gave them inclining,  
 And He of nature that worker was and king,  
 Would nothing frustir put, nor let be seen,  
 Into his creature of his own making ;  
 A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, Not to that behoof  
 Put God sic beauty in a lady's face,  
 That she suld have the thank therefor or luvie,  
 But He, the worker, that put in her sic grace ;  
 Of beauty, bounty, riches, time, or space,  
 And every gudeness that been to come or gone  
 The thank redounds to him in every place :  
 All love is lost, but upon God alone.

O Nightingale ! it were a story nice,  
 That love suld not depend on charity ;  
 And, gif that virtue contrar be to vice,  
 Then love maun be a virtue, as thinks me ;  
 For, aye, to love envy maun contrar' be :  
 God bade eke love thy neighbour fro' the spleen ;‡  
 And who than ladies sweeter neighbours be ?  
 A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, Bird, why does thou rave ?  
 Man may take in his lady sic delight,  
 Him to forget that her sic virtue gave,  
 And for his heaven receive her colour white :  
 Her golden tressit hairis redomite,§  
 Like to Apollo's beamis tho' they shone,  
 Suld not him blind fro' love that is perfit ;  
 All love is lost but upon God alone.

The Merle said, Love is cause of honour aye,  
 Love makis cowards manhood to purchase,  
 Love makis knichtis hardy at essay,  
 Love makis wretches full of largeness,  
 Love makis sweir|| folks full of business,  
 Love makis sluggards fresh and well be seen,  
 Love changes vice in virtuous nobleness ;  
 A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, True is the contrary ;  
 Sic frustis love it blindis men so far,

\* Age. † Shown. ‡ Equivalent to the modern phrase, *from the heart*. § Bound, encircled. || Slothful.

Into their minds it makis them to vary ;  
 In false vain glory they so drunken are,  
 Their wit is went, of woe they are not waur,  
 While that all worship away be fro' them gone,  
 Fame, goods, and strength ; wherefore well say I  
 daur,  
 All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then said the Merle, Mine error I confess ;  
 This frustis love is all but vanity :  
 Blind ignorance me gave sic hardness,  
 To argue so again' the verity ;  
 Wherefore I counsel every man that he  
 With love not in the feindis net be tone,\*  
 But love the love that did for his love die :  
 All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then sang they both with voices loud and clear,  
 The Merle sang, Man, love God that has thee wrought.  
 The Nightingale sang, Man, love the Lord most dear,  
 That thee and all this world made of nought.  
 The Merle said, Love him that thy love has sought  
 Fro' heaven to earth, and here took flesh and bone.  
 The Nightingale sang, And with his dead thee bought :  
 All love is lost, but upon him alone.

Then flew thir birdis o'er the boughis sheen,  
 Singing of love among the leavis small ;  
 Whose eidant plead yet made my thoughtis grein,†  
 Both sleeping, waking, in rest and in travail :  
 Me to recomfort most it does avail,  
 Again for love, when love I can find none,  
 To think how sung this Merle and Nightingale ;  
 All love is lost but upon God alone.

**FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.**—I have heard it said by many, that friendship is a cold feeling when compared to love. It may be so with us men, but not I think with women. Men love each other on more selfish principles than women do. The passions, the politics, the mutual services of men, make them friends ; but women become such from the pure impulse of their own hearts, when neither passion, nor opinion, nor obligation, knits the bond. In conformity with this, they delight more than we do in the outward marks and signs of affection—the sympathies of gentle words, kind looks, and ardent expressions ; whilst we demand the more essential proofs of friendship, not merely in profession, but in acts often of the sternest character. A woman's delicacy and strength of feeling rests more satisfied with the will to serve, and in the unspeakable joy of finding another existence in the heart of a beloved friend.

**THE OLD BEAU BIT.**—You deserve that I should serve you as Mrs. Bracegirdle, the vestal actress, treated the old Lord Burlington, with whom he was in love in vain. One day he sent her a present of some fine old china. She told the servant he had made a mistake ; that it was true the letter was for her, but the china for his lady, to whom he must carry it. Lord ! the Countess was so full of gratitude when her husband came home to dinner.—*Walpole*.

\* Ta'en ; taken.

† Whose close disputation yet moved my thoughts.

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 7.—29 JUNE, 1844.

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It is gratifying to notice the interest which such highly respected works as the *Athenæum* and *Chambers' Journal*, take in the dissemination of foreign books in the United States. It is never too late to bear testimony against the printing of such demoralizing novels as those of Eugene Sue. It may perhaps be possible to prevent the naturalization of the "deeper hell" yet untranslated.

The Song of the May Fashions we give as a curiosity. That a poet should take all this trouble to show the skill with which he can *make up* such materials, is not unlikely. Or he may have been employed to write it by way of advertising the "World of Fashion." We may here take an opportunity of saying to the venerated lady who finds fault with *Bergen-op-Zoom* in the last number—that we were *not* attracted by its *moral*—but by the lively contortions of the verse. Let her try if she can find or make a rhyme to *Stadt-holder!* It is better than the celebrated rhyme to porringer, for which somebody gave a guinea. We intend to give some nonsense:—this is the *Living Age*. We wish to get *everybody* to subscribe for it, and so allure them to their own good; and *incidentally* to ours.

"The puff of steamers makes the whole world kin." "Men run to and fro, and knowledge is increased." We do not know that any steamer has gone to the Sandwich Islands—but the immense intercourse of the human family, over the whole world, is making us neighbors to every place. The successful American missions make these islands a matter of great interest to us. We saw, some time ago, a very good weekly paper from there, called the *Polynesian*—and we should be glad, if anybody in Boston has a copy, that he would lend it to us, until we can *exchange* with it.

In this number we develop another part of our plan, Scientific Intelligence. The meetings of learned bodies in England and France will furnish us with many useful paragraphs. It makes one's heart ache to read the great success of Cheap Postage abroad—and be forced to contrast it with our own state.

We have also been able to begin our Obituary Notices—and we do not intend to be confined to *foreign* names.

From the time we read Dr. Johnson's *Tour* to the Hebrides, we have been interested in the *Scottish Islands*; and the *Waverley Novel*—the *Pirate*—may have engrafted the same feelings in many of our young readers. We were glad to get the "Life in Shetland," from *Chambers' Journal*, a work to which we cannot sufficiently express our obligations.

The longest article in this number is the pleasant, chatty, old Gentlemanly Magazine review or commentary, on the *Life and Times* of Mrs. Grant. There is much very pleasant gossip upon many writers of the last fifty years—conjectures about the *Waverley Novels* and management of periodicals.

We are glad to be able to reprint so gratifying an article as the Review of Mr. Mann's Report on Education, made this year. Had the Reviewer read Mr. Mann's previous reports, or other writings on Education, he would have known that Mr. M. is a strenuous opponent of *emulation*, as commonly practised in schools. We shall look out for the promised continuation of the review.

The article on Ten Pounds will excite the sympathy of a large class of excellent persons in the United States.

Everybody will be disappointed in the "House of Mourning."

Life and Poetry of Haynes Bayly is very pleasant summer reading—and we respectfully submit it, as our opinion, that the whole of this number may be read without any great effort. We should have been much pleased with it, had it contained our usual supply of poetry; although it has not any one elaborate and strong article—like the *Atmospheric Railway*—or *Barère*—or *Hume*—or *Prescott*, in former numbers. Such an article we desire to have in each number, to form the *pièce de resistance* at our weekly board. It may serve as an excuse to many a grave person, for reading the lighter matter, which will do him much good, although he may not suspect it.

In the twenty years or more, during which we were employed upon the Museum, we heard a great many remarks as to the best way of executing our humble task of selection. And we were always glad to gather as many opinions as we could, for our learning. Upon the question whether our collection was too solid or too light, public opinion was about equally divided.

A very solid gentleman from the country, called one day to pay his subscription, and while a receipt was in preparation, he took occasion to say that there was so much of what was really valuable in the work, that he should no doubt be a permanent subscriber—but, said he, "you have a great deal of tales and light stuff in it, which I should be glad to see displaced by more matter such as you get from the quarterlies."

*Museum.* Why, sir, we wish to have the work introduced into families, and in order to this, we must have a fair proportion of entertaining matter, although we endeavor to avoid all that would vitiate either taste or morals.

*Country gentleman.* Yes! I suppose you cannot afford to leave the bulk of the community out of the question—and there is, I dare say, a class of persons to whom you must accommodate yourself.

*Museum.* People who have come to be of your age and mine, cannot be so easily interested in little matters, and require a long article to "stir them up." Will you allow me, by way of illustrating this matter, to ask you a question, and give me an *immediate* answer to it?

*Country gentleman.* Go ahead with your question.

*Museum.* When your number reaches you in your distant home, what article do you read first?

*Country gentleman.* (with a tremendous thump on the table, and looking a little red.) *Oliver Twist!* by George!

*Museum.* Well, sir, you see there is a class! You are, however, in good company: before we can get out our number, Judge Hopkinson calls on us, as he goes down to court, day after day, and asks, "Anything more of my little friend Oliver?" And I assure you that I have had many kind letters from persons who told me that their love of literature had been created by the Museum, to which their first attraction had been the tales—from which they had gone on to the poetry, biography, and voyages and travels, till they came to read the whole work.

So much for the Museum. In the *Living Age*, we get rid of all the difficulty, by giving to *each* class the full value of its money, even if it do not read more than half. We endeavor to give *all* that is good in the reviews, and *all* that is attractive in the magazines.

*Matilda; or, the Memoirs of a Young Woman.* By EUGENE SUE. Translated from the French, by H. W. Herbert, Author of "Marmaduke Wyvil." New York, Winchester.

*The Mysteries of Paris.* By EUGENE SUE. Translated from the French, by C. W. Town, Esq. New York, Harper, Brothers & Co.; London, Wiley & Putnam.

THESE novels, though familiar as household words to every reader of French, by the agency of *Le Journal des Débats*, still contain matter for the critic, when met with, as now, naturalized by translation, and circulating among the vast and busy millions of American and English readers. So long as their reputation was local, it was the wiser morality to leave it undisturbed; the case, however, is now somewhat changed, and the few remarks we have to offer may not be altogether useless either here or on the other side the Atlantic.

The popularity of these books in France is, in its small way, a literary curiosity. For some dozen years M. Eugène Sue held a third-rate place among contemporary Parisian novelists. His tales were the very things to enchant the heroine of "Northanger Abbey," being, in the most sanguinary and sulphureous sense of the word, "very horrid,"—with a rough and piratical force, it is true, in certain of the scenes and characters sufficient to rescue them from utter contempt. Yet after an even and busy career like this, lo and behold!—he has suddenly shot past Hugo, and De Vigny, and Balzac, and George Sand, and Charles Bernard, and Jules Janin;—and where they have their hundreds, he has his thousands of readers. The appearance of "*Les Mystères*," is commemorated among historical events in the French almanacs; the theatres are besieged from cock-crow when there is any hope of seeing a scene from the same dramatized. Since Richardson was persecuted by correspondents in a passion of suspense as to the fate of his *Clarissa*, never has been excited a greater ferment of interest and curiosity with regard to the progress of an incomplete work—on the part of some, a matter of mere impatience;—on the part of others (and here we come to a sad and startling fact) from an idea that the story was one developing great social truths and high moral lessons.

That our statement of the matter is not extreme, is warranted by the preface to the American translation of "*Matilda*," wherein Mr. H. W. Herbert, himself a clever novelist, and an Englishman, assures his American readers "that he would sooner cut off his right hand than suffer it to transcribe a licentious or obscene paragraph;" that he should consider "his name as irreparably blasted were he to suffer it to appear in connection with any work of which the morality was even doubtful." He denounces the novels of Paul de Kock as "beastly," and, after an eulogium upon the "pure and elevated fictions of Scott and James," declares it to be neither "uninstructive nor amusing to see what are the opinions, what are the views, on points of morality and conduct, entertained by a great, shrewd, and polished people." Here, then, we have the author of "*La Vigie de Koat Ven*" and "*Latreaumont*," solemnly chaired as a lay teacher, to whose lessons of life the public of the New World will do wisely to give ear.

How must the sardonic and keen-witted Parisian *viveur* laugh in his sleeve at the diploma!

To examine the justice of such preferment, we may observe that both these novels of M. Eugène Sue's are illustrations of Power: in "*Matilda*," power turned to the most diabolical uses; in "*Les Mystères*," employed on the side of Benevolence. The "young woman" whose memoirs are laid before us, has hardly contracted a marriage with one of the most charming, fashionable and devoted of men, before she discovers that her husband is bound hand and foot in the absolute thrall of a Me-phistopheles, who will not be content unless she also is made to minister to his satisfaction. This demon, M. de Lugarto, has riches by the bank-full,—of course, agents by the hundred; and the strong interest of the book is excited by the perpetual terror he maintains in the mind of the heroine, whose reputation he destroys, whose person he menaces, whose husband, finally, he bribes and degrades until he becomes a partner in his infamous designs. An additional piquancy, we may add (as throwing light on a point of manners) was given to this horrible invention, on its first appearance in Paris, by a whisper, judiciously circulated, that this monster-millionaire was drawn from life. Nor is this revolting strain of incident relieved by episodes of less offensive quality: the *liaison* between M. de Lanery and *Matilda's* cousin—the heroine's own affection, as a married woman, for the man, whom she is allowed, as a widow, to marry,—have "the trail of the serpent" over them. They fever the reader by the very power with which they are wrought up; they fascinate, but unwholesomely. What lessons of life and conduct are the Americans to learn from such tawdry displays of sentimental weakness and unblushing crime? As pictures of manners, we believe them to be outrageous caricatures. There are other households, we firmly trust, among the middle classes in France, than those whose fermentation breeds *Laffarges* and *De la Roncières*. But if there be *not*, is it the deed of an angel of wisdom and mercy, or of an *Asmodeus*, to uncover the roofs, and exhibit their foul secrets?

But the morality of "*Les Mystères*" strikes us as yet worse than that of the tale just reprobated, because of the higher professions made in it by the author, and recognized by throngs of his eager admirers. In this tale, as we have said, we encounter power in the cause of benevolence. The passion of the Grand Duke of Gerolstein is to bring mischief to light, to succor misery, and to punish evil; he stalks through all the moral filth of Paris, redressing crime by crime, detecting chicanery by artifice,—here, putting out the eyes of one sinner, to give him time and motive for repentance,—there, awakening the vilest passions of another, without satisfying them, that they may sting their possessor; telling falsehood after falsehood, employing trick after trick, to recommend truth, and purity, and disinterestedness—and to set right the distortion in the relations between the small and the great, the wearers of rags and of cloth of gold. With such a canker at the heart of this book, what avail the appeals to philanthropic exertion it contains!—the hideous interiors of the dens of thieves, painted, as it were, in the slime of the shambles? the prurient details of hospital visitations, where the modesty of poverty is outraged! What avails the very natural character of a heroine, who has grown up an angel of delicacy and refinement, in such a sink of iniquity? what avail the pompously

described agonies and torments of Desire, and Ambition, and Intrigue? the terrible grasp made upon the industrious and defenceless by Shame and Madness!—and the effete attempt at a harmonious close to such a Walpurgis revel of all that is darkest, most filthy, and most mournful? Whether any such details, by way of filling up even the best outlines, are admissible in a work of Art, becomes a grave question; but we are sure that when employed to dress out a first invention so distorted and defective, the result of good will be miserably small, as compared with the bad amount of curiosity stirred, appetite sharpened, and feverish excitement maintained.

It is true, we gladly admit, that the publication of this strange book has excited in France commiseration amongst a class hitherto as indifferent to the sufferings of the lower order, as the light-hearted profligates of the Regency. It is an advance from the days of "Robert Macaire," that countesses should ask questions about savings' banks, and that M. M. *les gants jaunes* should condescend to peep into "the Popular Hive" as well as the *foyer* of the Grand Opera. Doubtless, as a *mode*, such charity is more defensible than the cigar-smoking propensities of the ladies,—than the gambling of the gentlemen. But as our state of society—happily for England and America—is in no respect analogous to that of our neighbors, we cannot err in saying, that for ourselves and our Brother Jonathan's family, the virtue and philanthropy, here introduced, appear in such questionable company, that every honest public officer of literary customs must pronounce them contraband, and, as such, discountenance—if the laws do not permit him to forbid—their entry.—*Athenæum*.

From the Athenæum

#### THE SONG OF THE MAY FASHIONS.

FAIR May, to all fair maidens of May-fair,  
Ye matrons, too, the poet's greeting share;  
May many a May to matron and to maid  
Return without a grief, without a shade;  
May all be gay from Middlesex to Mayo,  
May never sigh be heaved or heard a heigh-ho!

All poets have their impulses and passions,  
And mine it is to sing a Song of Fashions,  
Of bonnets, frills, and parasols, and capes,  
Of gauzes, guipures, marabouts, and crêpes,  
Of dresses, ribbons, stomachers, and bustles,  
And all that floats or flounces, waves or rustles;  
Of trimmings, flowers, feathers, fringes, shawls,  
For fêtes and dinners, operas and balls.

Be gracious, Maia, queen of merry May!  
As smooth as velvet make my summer lay;  
And if you be a milinery Muse,  
Airy Muslina, don't your aid refuse,  
But come with Fancy in your gauzy train,  
And leave the Gallic for the British plain;  
Like your best needle let my verses shine,  
And with your thimble shield each fearful line.

Oh, be propitious! Make me glib on  
Cambrics, and profound on ribbon,  
Learned in lamas, bright on satin,  
Chemisettes and corsets pat in;  
Aid me, lest I make a hash mere  
Of mantilla, scarf, and cashmere.  
Thus involve me in dilemmas

With the Graces, Maudes, and Emmas,  
Lest I get into quandaries,  
Misdirecting Lady Maries;  
Or damages may have to pay,  
For leading Bell or Blanche astray;  
Duping Kate, deceiving Ellen,  
Or misguiding Madame Helen  
By some costume which afar is  
From the present mode of Paris.

Paris still is Helen's passion,  
Paris still the glass of fashion.  
Come Iris, too, with all your vivid hues,  
Come Flora, with the dew-drops on your shoes!  
For there will now be need of vernal dyes,  
To suit young May, and charm the charmer's eyes,  
Pale pinks, blue lilacs, and the softest greens,  
For bonnets, ribbons, silks, and bombazines;  
And, Flora! mind you order all your bowers  
To be profuse and prodigal of flowers.  
Pray make the lazy lilies leave their bed,  
To join in weaving crown for beauty's head,  
And bouquet-sceptres, for her royal hand,  
Beauty is queen of all by sea and land!  
The daffodilly will not leave his cup,  
But sure the temperate jonquil might be up.  
Draw largely now upon your violet banks,  
Your drafts will honored be with ladies' thanks.  
And go where Nature scarcely puts chemises on,  
Bring freshest heaths, for heaths are now in season.  
Mind, Flora, mind you order all your bowers  
To be profuse of May's delicious flowers.

But ah, the poet takes adventurous ways,  
Who roves through realms of stomachers and stays.  
Whose fancy sports on beauty's dangerous skirts,  
Coquettes with coiffures, and with ceintures flirts.  
Quick o'er th' enchanted region let him haste,  
For many a peril waits him in the waist.  
A woman's brow is oft a fatal steep,  
From which mad lovers take their fatal leap.  
Mark with what murd'rous aim those lightnings fly,  
Nor rashly come within the range of eye.  
Hop over hips, skim lightly over boddices,  
For gods themselves are overcome by goddesses.

Say, first, what cap shall head of beauty wear,  
Though seldom cap should be admitted there.  
*Tulle chiffonnée*, with heather blossoms gay,  
Or any other tiny flowers of May.  
Plain on the forehead are the caps in vogue,  
A matron's air they give each charming rogue;  
Broad at the back a pretty curtain placed  
With flowery wreath is elegantly graced  
And where on each side at the ear it closes,  
Deck it with bunches of the same small roses;  
Or place a point, with fluted tulle surrounded,  
Or with raised lappets, "*à la paysanne*" bounded,  
And held in bonds of double-tinted gauze,  
Lest in "the pride of place" it break through Fashion's laws.

Pass we now from caps to bonnets,  
Hard to be discussed in sonnets;  
What should be their shape and size,  
To engage all female eyes?  
In what hues should we baptize them,  
That the fair may not despise them?  
Bonnets now—list, maidens all,—  
Bonnets now are rather small;  
Fashioned in the prettiest shapes,  
Of satins overlaid with crêpes.  
Some with ribbons trimmed, and some  
Trimmed with lace of France become.  
Of the pretty, prettiest far  
Those in gros de Naples are;  
Color suited to the face,  
Covered with *appliqué* lace,

Decked with branch of rosy bloom,  
Or with smart *feuillage de plume*.  
White straw bonnets are the mode,  
Some are worthy of an ode,  
With a veil so thin and slight,  
It seems wove of air and light.  
Let marabouts around them cluster,  
And lovers will not fail to muster.

Fashion now will always choose  
Cheerful tints and vernal hues.  
Proper now, the maiden thinks,  
Softest greens and palest pinks;  
Captivated now she sees  
Lilacs, blue, and French cerise,  
But if she be light and merry,  
Trick her out in English cherry.  
Pretty colors! is it not,  
Pity they should e'er be *shot*?  
Western ladies chiefly prize  
For ribbons now your Eastern dies.  
Understand the East afar,  
Not the East of Temple Bar.  
Bavolets are deepening down,  
And feathers flattening on the crown.

The bonnet sung, descend we to the gown,  
Still rising in our strain as we go down;  
For now the subject leads to lovelier parts,  
Oh, what are ladies' heads to ladies' hearts!

The corsage should more open be in front  
Than churlish corsage commonly is wont.  
This style combines both elegance and ease,  
And prudish eye alone objection sees.  
Knights only wish their ladies to be pleased,  
And ladies are by close corsages tensed;  
Alas, how oft is British beauty pinched,  
Now squeezed by satins, now by lamas lynched,  
In velvet trice of ruthless sempstress seen,  
Or burked by some remorseless bombazine.

Ye towering beauties, wear the corsage high,—  
The "WORLD OF FASHION" wills it! Ask not,—why?  
The "*corsages amazones*" are most august,  
And best become the matron's ample bust.  
Ye dames who rule your husbands, daughters, sons,  
'Tis yours to wear the "*corsages amazones*."  
But here let broidery lavish all its skill,  
The needle here work many a miracle.  
The "*chichorés ruches*" for May are all the rage:  
And patterns taken from the Gothic age.  
No artist now the milliner is high as,  
And oft she shows an antiquarian bias.  
The Ceinture?—pause!—the Ceinture!—Heaven  
rest us,

I'm in the magic circle of the cestus!  
Bonnets and caps and hats were frigid topics;  
The corsage led me first within the tropics.  
There, there, disporting in the torrid zone  
The poet might his hardiment have known,  
But now behold him, daring penetrator!  
Like Cook, or Byron, cruising at th' Equator;  
As if it was his bard-ship's right, or duty,  
To sail beneath the very Line of Beauty,  
Where latitudes so easily are taken,  
And sailors by their stars so oft forsaken.  
Oh, may there beam upon me from on high  
The maidenliest star in all the sky,  
While to the harp's sweet chord, or lute's soft string,  
Of waists I warble, and of ceintures sing.

Of *robes de ville* the *ceintures* should be round  
As Euclid's circles, or the charms they bound.  
Oxford and Cambridge both agree

No figure can more perfect be;  
And all through Almack's great dominion  
We find maintained the same opinion;—  
Concurrence that must gratify  
Each learned university.  
Still May-fair scholars strive in vain  
To guess why circles are called *plane* (plain),  
Round ceintures look so very *pretty*  
To the eyes of Lady Kitty,  
Though she, perhaps, "*en déshabille*,"  
Is prettier than in "*robe de ville*."

But I linger: round the hips  
(The poet speaks through Fashion's lips)  
Be the girdle very low,  
And the gown an ample flow,  
The skirts,—oh, heed the words of sacred song!—  
"THE SKIRTS IMMENSELY WIDE AND VERY LONG!"\*  
Round the lovely person swimming  
Prankt with prettiest fancy trimming,  
Devices of renowned mistresses  
For enchanting summer dresses.  
And here let ladies call me boor,  
If I forget thee, *frange guipure*!  
Decking skirts in tripple rows,  
While the balmy zephyr blows,  
Taking freedoms, naughty air,  
Which I, the poet, would not dare.

For colors, if you list my lay,  
You will still consult the May.  
I have no more rules in store;  
The law has been laid down before,  
Nothing dark, and nothing sad,  
All be gay and all be glad.  
Your greens you 'll from the green-house choose,  
From the sky select your blues.  
Any garden-wall will teach  
The most becoming shade of peach  
Dress in Dark tints you who dare!  
'Tis high-treason in May-Fair.  
Robe in Pennsylvanian drab  
If you want from Smith a stab.  
Should you pant to dress in brown,  
Do so, but go out of town!  
City dames their dowdy limbs on  
Stiff display their odious crimson,  
Ah, no better do they know,  
Belles who hear the bell of Bow!

But now my song is sung, I care no more;  
May maids and matrons profit by my lore;  
Accepted may it be by dames and damsels,  
By all signoras, donnas, madames, ma'm'selles,—  
By all the graces, beauties, virtues, powers,  
In halls and parks, in boudoirs and in bowers.

And, oh, let none of woman born  
The poet of the Fashions scorn,  
Or account his labors light,  
Or pronounce his merits slight.  
Sir Husband, you whose thrifty purse they rifle,  
Know well that London fashions are no trifle;  
That coin must pay for ceintures, caps, and collars,  
That *deshabilles* and dresses sound in dollars;  
That for each pretty hat, each handsome gown,  
You must—aye, must you—handsomely come down.  
Call dress a trifle!—no, as I'm a sinner,  
There's but one weightier theme—oh, need I mention  
DINNER?

[THE SAME BY A PROSE WRITER may be seen in the  
"World of Fashion."]

\*The exact words of the Prose Writer in the "World of Fashion," a striking instance of the "thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers," and also a proof that one may be writing poetry all his life, as the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* spoke prose, without knowing it!

From the Athenæum.

*Scenes and Scenery in the Sandwich Islands, and a Trip through Central America.* By JAMES J. JARVES. Moxon.

"BEING observations," continues the title-page, "from my note-book during the years 1837—1842." We also perceive, by the same authority, that the observer is an American, who has written a History of the Sandwich Islands; but of his country there could be no doubt after reading half-a-dozen pages of the work before us, which is written somewhat in the true *sea-serpent* style. Grand periods, complacent pleasantries, and new forms of speech, are "tossed about" (as the country boy described the orator's fine language) with republican—we must no longer say royal—profusion. After all, however, there are few things better in these exhausted days, than an American book of travels. Their freshness is fresher than ours, their fustian has a pattern of its own, which is "beautiful exceedingly." To begin almost at the first page, the description of Honolulu will exhibit the good and the bad of Mr. Jarves's style:—

"The dwelling-houses are chiefly situated within enclosures, a little retired from the street, and are surrounded with small but well cultivated gardens, which give them a rural and cheerful aspect. The soil of Honolulu is light and shallow, resting upon regularly piled strata of coral rock and volcanic cinders, and is formed mostly by the ashes from a neighboring extinct crater and the débris washed from hills in the rear of the town. When watered, which is done by windmills, it becomes productive. A few years ago, scarcely a tree, with the exception of the tall cocoa-nut groves which border the beach looking seaward, like watchful sentinels over the town, was to be seen within its precincts. Now the scene is widely different. Looking down from the Puahi, or Punch-bowl hill, an old crater half a mile back of the town, and of several hundred feet elevation, a pleasing and novel *coup-d'œil* is obtained. Punch-bowl hill obtained its sobriquet in times not quite as temperate as the present; its shape internally is much like a bowl, being a gradual and uniform hollow. Facing the town its sides are steep, and the appearances of lava and other volcanic substances from its base upwards so fresh, that one might readily be pardoned for indulging in some suspicion of its ultimate intentions; for it appears as if nursing its wrath, and ready at any angry moment to belch forth once more its destructive fires. However, further back than Hawaiian traditions run, it has remained quiescent, and its nap does not appear likely to be disturbed; nor does one of the ten thousand inhabitants that nightly repose within its shadow, sleep less quietly for fear of its awakening. It forms so prominent an object in approaching the town, from whatever position, that it may well be taken for the guardian genius of the place. And it could, at small expense, be easily made so. Annually, fires are seen to burst forth from its summit, followed by loud reports and heavy volumes of smoke. They are the pigmy fires of men, in honor of men; salutes discharged from sundry enormous thirty-two and forty-two pounders, which in the days of despotism were drawn up its sides and planted on its crest, at a

great outlay of human strength and stupidity. A flag-staff—a stone wall—some natural embrasures in the lava rock, a fire-proof straw-built and mud-plastered powder magazine, a few hovels, a dozen ragged urchins, an old crone or two, with as many of the sturdier sex, and a numerous colony of goats, constitute the fortification and garrison. If the battery was properly mounted and secured it would effectually command the harbor and protect the town. At the present time it answers for the more peaceful purpose of a promenade, and the view from all points is well worth the labor of the ascent. Looking inland, the mountains rise gradually until they terminate in abrupt peaks, covered with dense forests, which lie in a region of almost perpetual mist, or showers. Lower down the grass grows luxuriantly, and herds of cattle there graze until nightfall, when they seek shelter in their pens. Seaward the eye roams over the boundless ocean, whose waters line the coral-bound shore with a broad belt of snow-white breakers. Beneath lies the plain, alive with pedestrians, horsemen, and vehicles of quaint or fashionable appearance; a little farther, the town, with its intermingling of barbarism and civilization, and all its intermediate stages. Its numerous gardens, and the many trees which have been recently planted, give it a rural appearance. The fort, shipping, red-painted roofs, stone churches, spires, *lookouts*, (for every house of any pretensions has a queer-shaped box or cupola perched near or upon its ridgepole,) the motion of the arms of the windmills, engaged in their everlasting pump—pump, straw hovels, and straw palaces, mud-built walls and mud-built habitations, all combine to form a unique if not harmonious spectacle."

The fort, with its prison groups, is sketched in a like florid fashion. Unfaithful wives,—a class disagreeable numerous in the South Sea Islands,—are compelled to labor on the roads with wreaths of flowers in their hair *à discrétion*. This seems an odd mode of punishment. But nothing is odder than the mixture of European costume, and the natural instinct towards the *antique* which appears to prevail: unless it be the author's account of the funeral procession of Kinau, the missionary's friend, which, in spite of his attempt to invest it with pomp, reads, we must say, something like a "Bartlemy" pageant.

The passage from Hawaii to Kauai—a favorite summer retreat, because of its coolness—must be an unpleasant business if to be performed on no better terms than by Mr. Jarves—who was seasick, and crowded in a very insufficient vessel, among natives in like pleasing predicament. But the island, when reached, is worth the trouble. The scenery is fine and varied; the agriculture flourishing: and we must devote an extract, somewhat of the longest, to a history, which is at once commercially interesting and pleasantly narrated:—

"Some years since, several gentlemen, attracted by the even temperature of the climate, and the rapidity and vigor with which the mulberry plants grew, conceived the idea of establishing a silk plantation. Further experiments having confirmed their design, a spot of land embracing

about three hundred acres, was selected and leased for that purpose. It is most delightfully situated, about three miles from the beach, on gently undulating ground, bounded on the southern and western sides by a fine brook, affording valuable mill privileges, and on the opposite by an abrupt range of well-wooded hills, attaining an elevation of two thousand feet. The prospect from these is lovely in the extreme; the eye glances down upon several plantations situated at their feet, with rich, waving fields of sugar-cane or mulberry trees, planted in squares, and intersected at regular distances with broad avenues, bordered by banana plants or ornamental trees. Prettily embosomed amid shrubbery or neat gardens, like birds' nests cradled amid bright flowers and green leaves, are the cottages of the superintendents; and near by the thatched houses of the laborers, disposed in regular rows, fronting the roads. Farther off, the white walls of a large church shine conspicuously in the bright sun, a striking contrast to the dingy sides and distillery-like look of the boiling-house and sugar-mill. Around these the natives have clustered their rude hamlets, and little patches of cultivated ground; the whole affording a gratifying picture of incipient civilization. The busy passing to and fro of long lines of carts loaded with the sweets of the soil, and the swarms of laborers wielding their hoes amid the fields, animate the scene. The hoary crest of an old crater rises abruptly from the plain near the sea, amid a field of indurated lava, a monument of nature's wrath in former days. A rugged and towering peak, conspicuous above all its brethren, affording an excellent landmark, shoots up in solitary grandeur to the east, while not far from its base, the ocean dashes on the shore in a long line of breakers. \* \* After the land was secured, a large portion of it was immediately planted with the native or black mulberry, which bears but a small leaf, and was the only variety on the islands, (excepting the *morus papyfera*, and a few of the *morus alba*,) at that time. It flourished beautifully, and bore a great quantity of leaves. One, taken from the field at random, of eight months' growth, afforded three and a half pounds of leaves, and in six weeks after it was wholly stripped, it leaved out again, so as not to be distinguished from the rest. So much were the proprietors encouraged thus far, that they imported another variety of the mulberry from China, known as the Canton, which thrived well, and afforded much more food in proportion to its size, some of the leaves measuring eight and ten inches broad, by twelve inches long. They were all planted in hedge-rows, from six to ten feet apart, and two feet apart in the rows, and were allowed to attain a height of from six to eight feet. The ground was kept entirely free from weeds. The Chinese worm was also imported at this time, but fed only in sufficient quantities to preserve a sufficient number of eggs for stock. One of the proprietors embarked for the United States, where he spent eight months in acquiring information in regard to the business, purchasing machinery for reeling, which was intended to be done by steam, and in securing the best varieties of trees and eggs, with a family of three persons to superintend cocooneries, and to teach the natives to reel. So highly was this enterprise thought of then (1838) in the United States, that the proprietors could have realized an advance of two hundred per cent. on their investment thus far. Even the most skeptical, in regard

to the business, could see no obstacle to its success in a climate where the trees gave heavy crops the year round, and the temperature was such as to require but little artificial protection for the worms. Labor and buildings were also exceedingly cheap, it being found that common thatched buildings, such as could be erected at the expense of a few dollars each, would serve both to feed and reel in, thus obviating the heavy expenses required for cocooneries and reeling-houses in less favorable climates. The agent arrived from the United States in the spring of 1839, and found the plantation in a flourishing condition, and well stocked with trees. He brought with him the best varieties of the American worms, including the mammoth white, and yellow, and the pea-nut, also a fine lot of the *morus multicaulis*. These were planted immediately, thrived well, and were so highly esteemed, that cuttings of but two buds each, were sold to others about engaging in the same enterprise, for from one to two dollars the slip. The leaf grew beautifully, thick and heavy, and to a great length, sometimes measuring fourteen inches. Its only advantage, by way of food, appeared to be its size and rapidity of growth. The worms fed with equal avidity upon all the other varieties. It was then concluded to let the black mulberry run out, and to plant the latter in its place. After the first year it was discovered, that if the mulberry was allowed to grow beyond a certain size it withered, and became valueless as food. This was remedied by cutting it down yearly, (the month of January, when vegetation had mostly ceased growing, being the best time.) Young and vigorous shoots then shot up, in two or three months, suitable for food. A sufficient quantity of trees being now planted and doing well, it was determined to commence feeding the worms in numbers. The Canton, white and yellow varieties, were first tried, but they formed but small cocoons, of exceedingly fine fibre, which made a beautiful silk, but a large proportion of it was wasted in floss; so much so, that it required many thousands more to form a pound of silk, than the American variety, and it was found impossible to make them profitable. The American eggs were then exposed. No one had doubted but they would hatch with the greatest readiness; though in good order, they hatched but a few at a time, from four or five to as many hundred a day, and none on some days. It was thought that the eggs from these would become acclimated, and this irregularity cease; but it proved worse than before. Some of the eggs hatched in ten days from the time they were laid, while others would not in as many months. Every experiment, by way of artificial heat, freezing, wearing them next to the person, and other methods, were tried, but all in vain. It was discovered that they needed a winter, and many were packed up in bottles, and sent upon the neighboring mountains to remain several months. Their height being but four or five thousand feet, did not produce the requisite temperature, and from their being imperfectly packed, most of them decayed. Those that hatched formed beautiful fine cocoons, with but little floss, averaging about four thousand to the pound of raw silk. The experiment was now tried of crossing the American breed with the Chinese, and with the greatest success. Two varieties of cocoons were produced, inclining more to the American than the Chinese, one of a deep orange color, the other of a delicate straw color.



These answered admirably, requiring from five to seven thousand to the pound of raw silk. They reeled with the greatest ease, so much so that native women, with but few days' instruction, could turn off from one half to three fourths of a pound daily. Their eggs hatched again in from fifteen to twenty days, and came to maturity in twenty-four, and continued to do so for upwards of a year, without degenerating in quality. It was attempted to cross this breed again with the pure American, but the worms resulting therefrom were found to have so many of the characteristics of the American, as to be of little use. It was now thought (the spring of 1840) that every difficulty was overcome, and a profitable business would soon make amends for previous delays and losses. But the proprietors, after expending most of their funds in thus getting under way, were doomed to disappointment. A drought set in, such as had not been known before since the missionaries first resided upon the islands, twenty years since. The trees which had been so flourishing withered under its influence, and, at the same time, a species of aphides, or wood louse, much like the chiton shell in appearance, attached itself to them, speedily covering every limb and leaf upon them. What juices were left by the drought were soon exhausted by those parasites, and the trees became lifeless and leafless. The crops of worms which had commenced feeding, by hundreds of thousands, were obliged to be thrown away, and thus a season's labor was lost, while a heavy expense was incurred. In addition to this, a species of spider, of a plump, many colored body, of the size of a chestnut, added their ravages to the other destroyers by attaching themselves, by millions, to the young trees, by means of a firm, hard web, through which it was quite difficult to make one's way."

In 1841, continues Mr. Jarves, the proprietors relinquished the undertaking, and have since betaken themselves to cultivating the sugar-cane.

Other less serviceable insects—if the natives are to be believed—(which we are told is not the case) have been the objects of deliberate importation into the Sandwich Islands:—

"Waimea, according to native tradition, claims the honor of being the first landing-place of—*fleas*. Their introduction was after the following manner. A woman, as was customary then, having gone off to a vessel at anchor in the roads, received from her lover, upon her return, a bottle tightly corked, which he told her contained valuable *waiwai* (property,) and that she must not open it until she reached the shore. She obeyed his instructions, and overjoyed with her acquisition, hastened to show it to her friends. Having assembled them all, the bottle was uncorked with the greatest care, and looking in, they beheld nothing. The nimble prisoners had all hopped out, and soon gave being to a countless progeny, that have gone on ever since, hopping and biting with undiminished zeal."

Here is a curiosity of another race, bottled in *spirits*, too, by our lively American: the guide Mr. Jarves found from Koloa:—

"Imagine, if possible, a middle-sized, athletic native, with long, jet black hair, no two curls of which lay in the same direction, and eyes, quick,

fiery, and wandering. His head fancifully decorated with a wreath of forest leaves and flowers, while a necklace of vegetable stalks encircles his neck. His pantaloons, made of *tapa*, once whole, but now hanging in tatters above his knees, a red-flannel shirt completing his wardrobe. This he calls *tapa maikai*, (good cloth,) in distinction to the frail material which graces his nether members, which was *aole maikai*, (no good.) A few miles through a bushy road, aided by his eccentric deviations, soon lessened the difference between them, and both pants and shirt would have answered for signal pennants to the Flying Dutchman. An iron ramrod, the sole relic of his former profession, dangled, *en militaire*, in his right hand. He had formerly belonged to the army, but for some mad caper, his chief had discharged him. Such is an outline of the being who presented himself as a guide. Entirely fearless of danger, quick in his movements, careless of fatigue, and an excellent caterer, he proved himself a valuable servant. In addition to all these qualifications, he was at intervals crazy, and his whole conduct was a complete explication of savage eccentricity. He was mounted, *sans* saddle, upon a small, well-built horse, between which and his master, a constant state of warfare existed. As often as the huge iron spur, which was bound to the foot of the guide, came in contact with the horse's ribs, his heels described a semicircle in the air, while with his head he made desperate attempts to bite the rider's naked limbs. Four times did the obstinate brute cause his rider to perform as many flying somersets, 'high in mid air,' before he was mastered. It was laughable to witness the contest which took place between the wild horse, and his yet wilder rider, as he rode furiously over the plain, with his gay-colored garments waving in streamers from his back. In horsemanship he was equal to a Bedouin Arab, or a circus-rider. While crossing a stream, he would throw himself flat upon the horse's back, at right angles with his head, and drink, without delaying his progress. His nights were mostly spent in singing and praying; his enemies always coming in for a large share of the latter."

With a guide like the above; and such delectable and useful followers as the boys Nobody and Sunshine, and the man "stuttering Jem," who had learned his infirmity, he said, in America—there was enough to keep the most quick-witted and keen-sighted of travellers on the alert. In their keeping we must leave Mr. Jarves for the present. The most interesting passage of his Polynesian rambles, a visit to the stupendous volcanoes of the island, has yet to be spoken of;—and this we shall take an early opportunity of doing.

MR. LOVER'S IRISH EVENINGS.—*Princess's Concert Room, Castle St. Berners street.* On Wednesday next, May 15th, Mr. Lover will have the honor of repeating his new Entertainment; being a characteristic sketch of that distinguished corps of European celebrity, the Irish Brigade: with Anecdotes, historical and personal, (both serious and comic,) of the interesting events and characters of the time, illustrated by appropriate Music, comprising New Songs.—Admission, 2s. Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**PROFESSOR BACHE**, of Philadelphia, has been selected by the American government to superintend the Coast Survey. We are glad to see by the papers that this appointment has given general satisfaction, equally to the public and to the scientific men of America, as we are sure it will do in England. At the Newcastle Meeting of the British Association, Prof. Bache was requested to draw up a Report on the progress and present state of Meteorological Science in America. He has not hitherto had time to complete it, and we fear this new appointment will still further delay the work; but we cannot allow our selfish regrets to influence our judgment, or induce us to withhold our congratulations.—*Athenæum*.

**UNUSUAL ABUNDANCE OF AMBER.**—A remarkable phenomenon, which has been observed during the present year, on this shore of the Baltic, has proved a source of great profit to the inhabitants. The amber gathering has been more productive than it is remembered ever to have been. In the village of Kahlberg alone, where the amber gathering is farmed, a quantity of amber, amounting in value to 20,000 thalers, has been obtained within the last few weeks. Probably the violent storms that have prevailed this winter, especially during the month of December, have brought this treasure up from the bottom of the sea.—*Elbing Zeitung*.

**THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT COPENHAGEN.**—The Conservators have just completed the catalogue of its contents, a work upon which they have been engaged for eleven years. It comprises 463,332 volumes, without the pamphlets and single sheets. It is to be printed and published at the expense of the government. The manuscripts in this library amount to about 22,000, of which only between 4,000 and 5,000 are yet catalogued.

**AN EXPLOSION OF SUBTERRANEAN WATER** took place lately in the district of Vizeu, in Portugal, by which the soil was torn up, and earth and stones flung to a great height into the air, for the distance of more than a league, between the small river Oleiros and the Douro. All the cultivated land over which the water flowed was destroyed, and in many places it created ravines forty feet in depth, and thirty fathoms wide. It carried away and shattered to fragments in its course, which was of extreme rapidity, no fewer than fifty wind and water mills, choked the Douro with rubbish, and caused the death of nine persons, including one entire family. On the same day a similar explosion took place in the mountain of Marcelim, in the same district, arising from the same source, but branching off in the direction of the river Bastanza. It carried away a farm-house, four cows, and some sheep and goats. A similar occurrence took place here last year and the year before, and eighteen months since in Madeira.—*Correspondent of the Times*.

**INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.**—April 23.—The President in the chair.—The first paper read was by Mr. C. Geach, who had promised, at a meeting of the Institution, in February, 1843, to give the results of more extended comparative trials of the strength of solid and hollow axles. The result of the present experiments was as decidedly in favor of the solid axle, as the former ones had been in favor of the hollow axle, so that, as far as the practical utility of the examination extended, the results were useless.

A paper was read by Mr. Glynn, relative to the fracture of railway axles, which he attributed to the constant succession of blows received by the axles in travelling. The action was stated to be similar to that of an axle laid on the edge of an anvil, and subjected to a series of smart blows of a hammer, while in constant rotation. The fracture presented the

appearance of a clean annular cleft all round, for the depth of half an inch into the body, the centre part being crystallized, and reduced so much as to be unable to bear the weight and the torsion to which the axle was subjected, by the pressure of the break on one of its ends. These observations had induced the railway company to apply the power of the break upon both wheels simultaneously,—thus avoiding the torsional strain.

**May 7.**—The President in the chair.—The second part of Mr. Fairbairn's paper was read. It noticed the remarkable richness and purity of the iron ores of the East, and the superior quality of the Damascus steel, produced from iron made apparently in the most primitive manner; it was remarkable that, up to the present time, there had been but little change in the manner of manufacturing charcoal iron, even in England; this might be accounted for, by the small quantity of wood charcoal used for smelting iron; but it appeared that, with the exception of that which was sent into Staffordshire and South Wales, for mingling with the lean ores of the coal measures, but little of the hæmatite or rich ores of Lancashire, Cumberland, Cornwall, or Devonshire, was used, although in richness and in quality of metal they equalled those of foreign countries. The paper then entered upon the experiments on the transverse strength of the Turkish iron, and also of the iron from other rich ores, presenting the results in a tabular form, mingled with those which had been reported on previous occasions, in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society of Manchester, and in the Reports of the British Association. These tables were arranged so as to afford the means of comparison of the strength and other qualities of various irons, and also for practical purposes, to furnish a guide for selecting such irons as, by proper mixture of the various kinds, would enable unerring results to be arrived at by the founder, when engaged in producing castings for the engineer, the architect, or for various purposes in the arts or in construction. Simple rules were also given for finding the breaking weight of beams cast from the fifty-two kinds of iron, which had been experimented upon.

A specimen of steel made from the Turkish ore, and a knife manufactured from it, were exhibited.

A letter was read from Dr. Schafhaeutil, drawing attention to some experiments made by Sir David Brewster, on the prismatic colors generated in homogeneous bodies, when pressure was applied to them; these experiments were recorded in the Philosophical Transactions for 1816. They furnished a method of rendering visible, and of measuring the mechanical changes which took place during the compression, dilatation, or bending of transparent bodies. He also stated that the tints produced by polarized light were correct measures of the compressing and dilating forces, and by employing transparent gums of different elasticities, the change, which occurred in bodies before they were either broken or crushed, could be ascertained, and that forming models of arches of simple refracting substances, such as gum copal, &c., giving different degrees of roughness to the touching surfaces of the voussoirs, and exposing the model to polarized light, the results of any degree of friction on the joints would be readily observed. It was stated that similar experiments had been tried by M. Bist at Paris, almost simultaneously with Dr. Brewster, and that without doubt, this had materially assisted Dr. Robinson in his valuable treatise on the strength of materials.

A description of the Iron Dock-gates at Montrose harbor, by Mr. James Leslie, was then read. These gates were described in great detail, giving all the dimensions of the several parts, which were fully shown by drawings. The framing was of cast iron, covered on both sides with wrought iron plates three eighths and five sixteenth inches thick, rivetted on, so

as to be water-tight, and to render the gates buoyant, and partly to compensate for the weight of metal in them, which was about 87 tons. The gates were 55 feet wide, and 22 feet, six inches deep, and were entirely composed of iron, except the bottom bars and the false mitres, which were of oak. The sluice valves were of iron, without any brass on the faces, but the backs were covered with zinc plates, and the bolts had zinc nuts screwed over the iron ones, in order to check the oxidation of the iron, by the galvanic action of the two metals. A general account of Montrose harbor was given, and it appeared that although there had existed some doubt as to the successful formation of a harbor in such bad ground, being entirely sand and gravel, which stood full of water within a few feet of the surface, the work having been submitted to Mr. Walker, president of the Institution, and having his approval, had been satisfactorily executed, and stood well.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—*May 3.*—"On the application of the Microscope to Geological Research," by Dr. Carpenter, F. R. S. Dr. Carpenter pointed out how much the progress of science depends upon the perfection of the instruments employed in the observation of its phenomena; and that even to geology, whose facts are for the most part obvious to the unassisted senses, the achromatic microscope has afforded, of late years, the most efficient aid. He noticed the researches of Messrs. Witham, Nicol and others, on the structure of fossil woods, and the light which these had thrown on the origin of coal.

*May 10.*—Rev. John Barlow, Sec. R. I., gave a communication on the chemical and mechanical processes, and the social influences of the Penny Post. Mr. Barlow said that he took this subject because it exhibited one of those instances where immense mental labor, ingenuity, and applied science were required to produce the most familiar articles of common use. The notion of separating by a system of stamps, the financial department of the Post-office from the transmission and delivery of letters, originated with Mr. C. Whiting, fourteen years since. This gentleman has been rewarded by the government for the taste and mechanical skill exhibited in the method in which he proposed to adjust his plan to the penny-rate adopted at the recommendation of Mr. Rowland Hill. With this notice of the history of letter-stamps, Mr. Barlow entered on the manufacture of the adhesive label. These are executed by Messrs. Perkins, Bacon, and Petch, on Mr. Perkins's principle of steel engraving by transfer. The process depends on the property of iron to become hard or soft as it receives or loses a small quantity of carbon. This was demonstrated by experiment; and the description of the process was illustrated by the exhibition of hard and soft steel rollers, plates, and impressions furnished by Messrs. Perkins & Co. Mr. Barlow laid great stress on the absolute identity of every engraving, however numerous, produced by this method. He then observed, that the engine-work on the adhesive labels is of so close a pattern that it cannot be taken off by lithography or any similar contrivance, while, on the other hand, the eye is so accustomed to notice slight differences between one face and another, that the most skillful imitators of a minute engraving of a human countenance (as that of the sovereign on the label) could not possibly avoid such a deviation from what he was copying as would ensure the detection of a forgery. Mr. Barlow next adverted to the qualities of the colored inks with which the labels are printed. Though sufficiently permanent to withstand the effects of sun-light, rain, &c., they would be discharged by any fraudulent attempt made to remove the obliterating stamp, for the purpose of issuing the label a second time. The gum used for fixing these labels to letters, Mr. Barlow described as being probably derived from potato-starch, and therefore perfectly innocuous. The manufacture of the postage

envelope is effected by many powerful, yet accurate machines. The paper is pervaded by colored threads as a security against fraud. When sent from the manufactory of Messrs. Dickinson, it is delivered to the firm of Messrs. De la Rue. It is there cut into lozenges by the engine of Mr. Wilson. One of these was exhibited, and its power contrasted with that of the old bookbinder's plough. Thirteen thousand five hundred lozenges for folding were cut in a few seconds. To exhibit the precision of this engine, 1000 strips of paper, each exactly one-eighth of an inch in width, were cut in the same short time. Previously to being stamped, each lozenge has a notch cut in each side, for the convenience of folding: this is done by an angular chisel. The envelopes are then stamped at Somerset House. The machine used for this purpose, combines the operations of printing and embossing, and was invented by the late Sir W. Congreve. Mr. C. Whiting enabled Mr. Barlow to exhibit the whole process, by sending one of these machines, which executed several stamps, slightly differing in device from that on the postage envelope. One of Mr. De la Rue's folders also attended, and showed the rapidity with which the envelopes are folded and gummed after they are stamped. The government envelopes employ at Messrs. De la Rue's thirty-nine folders on an average, and a quick hand can fold three thousand five hundred in a day. Mr. Barlow then noticed some statistical conclusions. One engraving on Mr. Perkins' hard steel roller will afford one thousand six hundred eighty transfers to soft steel plates: these again will, when hardened, admit of sixty thousand impressions being pulled from each, so that one original will afford 100,800,000 impressions of labels, enough to paper one thousand apartments twenty-four feet by fifteen feet, and twelve feet high, making allowance for door, two windows, chimney, pier-glass, and dado. Twelve years ago, common envelopes were sold at one shilling the dozen: now, the postage envelope, with its medallion, may be bought, wholesale, at half a farthing (exclusive of the stamp,) and yet, though the manufacture is peculiarly costly, it returns a small profit to the government. More than two hundred and twenty millions of chargeable letters were posted in 1843. Now, taking a common sized letter as an unit, this quantity would pave a road twenty-five yards wide (the average width of Oxford street, pavement included) from the General Post Office in London, to the entrance of Oxford. Or, supposing all the letter-boxes in the United Kingdom to be open twelve hours in the day, and to communicate with one large spout, the letters would keep flowing through it at the mean rate of fourteen in a second. Mr. Barlow then briefly noticed some of the social advantages of the penny post. He touched on the strength and permanence it afforded to the influences of home—on the motives for self-education which it supplied—on the aid it ministered to the inquirer after truth. He stated, that at present about five millions sterling are forwarded through the Post-office by money-orders, and noticed the advantage of this arrangement to all, but especially the humbler ranks. He asserted that nothing is too valuable or too fragile to be trusted to this cheap conveyance: birds' eggs and diamonds, living insects, and watches, pills, plaisters, and bills of exchange, are committed to it with equal confidence. Mr. Bagster sends each sheet of his Polyglott edition of the Holy Scriptures ten times through the Post-office, some of these transmissions being to learned men residing at a distance from London, so that under the old system the postage on each volume of this work would have amounted to £165. Mr. Barlow concluded by a short but expressive quotation from an anonymous writer, declaratory of the manifold benefits of the Penny Post, and of the obligations which the country owes to the originator of the system.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—*May 1.*—T. Winkworth, Esq., in the chair.—The Secretary read a paper "On his Reformed System of laying out and constructing Railways with a view to extending the benefits of the Railway System." In 1839, Mr. Whishaw laid the plan of working single lines before the Institution of Civil Engineers, and in 1840, after completing a detailed survey, and making practical experiments to the extent of 15,000 miles, as to the working of the trains on all the British railways at that time open, revised and corrected his plan, and then made it public in his work, "Railways of Great Britain and Ireland." Since that period the single way has made considerable progress, and engineers who scouted the idea of carrying on a large amount of traffic by the reciprocating system, are now laying out some of the principal lines on this system in a modified form; and it is understood that the great Holyhead line is to be constructed on this principle. The latter part of the paper was devoted to the consideration of the atmospheric system of railways, giving an account of its progress, from the publication of Mr. Vallance's plan in 1824, to the present period.

The next paper read was by Mr. Galt, who has lately been examined before a Committee of the House of Commons, "On his plan of Railway Reform." The value, says Mr. Galt, of all the railway property in the United Kingdom is estimated at £93,000,000; the price at which it could be purchased would pay £4 7s. per cent.; and as Government could borrow money at little more than £3 per cent., there would be a clear profit of £1,150,000 per annum to be applied by government to meet the loss by the reduction of charges. The following are among the advantages to be derived from Mr. Galt's plan:—1. A reduction of charges on transit by railways of £80 per cent.; 2. A reduction in the prices of the necessaries of life; 3. A saving to the public of five millions sterling in direct taxation; 4. That of enabling the government to carry out Mr. Rowland Hill's plan of Post Office reform to its fullest extent; 5. The advantage to the poorest class of people of being enabled to travel by railway—owing to the reduced fares (as in Belgium); 6. The saving to the country in the conveyance of troops, military stores, &c.; and, lastly, the comparatively free intercourse throughout the country.

The last paper read was "On Mr. Robinson's Drying Machine," which was first used in the manufactures of France, for the purpose of drying fabrics of wool, cotton, &c. It has been used with equal success in this country, as, by means of this machine, all kinds of scoured and dyed wool, woollen cloths, flannels, &c., are rendered sufficiently dry in six minutes, to work and finish off, leaving a suppleness of texture and brilliancy of color, unattainable by heat. The machine consists of two boxes, revolving on an axis with great rapidity; the number of revolutions, when at its full velocity, being at the rate of three hundred per minute. The boxes are inclosed in an outer case to prevent the water from flying about, through which case the air enters by means of openings in the sides and ends.

**PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.**—*April 15.*—M. Blondeau de Carrolles gave an account of an experiment at which he was present, and in which he saw the sugar of the cane transform itself into acetic acid, under the influence of caseum, without change of volume either by loss or absorption. M. Cochaux, civil engineer, presented to the Academy a large and well-executed model of a drag-machine, which, having been long and successfully used in foreign countries, he recommends for adoption in France, for the harbors, rivers, and canals. The machine differs from those in ordinary use by the judicious combination of all its parts and the comparative ease and rapidity with which it acts.—*April 22.*—A communication was made by M. Daguerre, relative to some

improvements in the Daguerreotype process, chiefly for the purpose of taking portraits, the ordinary mode of preparing the plates not being found sufficient to enable the operator to obtain good impressions. The improvement made by M. Daguerre requires a rather complicated process, but it is a very regular one, and has one decided advantage, for the artist is now enabled to have a good stock of plates on hand, as the new preparation will remain for a very long time in a perfectly fit state for use. The new substances of which M. Daguerre makes use are an aqueous solution of bi-chlorure of mercury, an aqueous solution of cyanure of mercury, oil of white petroleum, acidulated with nitric acid, and a solution of platina and chlorure of gold. The process is as follows:—the plate is polished with sublimate and tripoli, and then red oxide of iron, until a fine black is obtained; it is now placed in the horizontal plane, and the solution of cyanure, previously made hot by the lamp, is poured over it. The mercury deposits itself, and forms a white coating. The plate is allowed to cool a little, and after having poured off the liquid, it is dried by the usual process of cotton and rouge. The white coating deposited by the mercury is now to be polished. With a ball (*tampon*) of cotton saturated with oil and rouge, this coating is rubbed just sufficiently for the plate to be of a fine black. This being done, the plate is again placed upon the horizontal plane, and the solution of gold and platina is poured over it. The plate is to be heated, and then left to cool, and the liquid having been poured off, the plate is dried by means of cotton and rouge. In doing this, care must be had that the plate be merely dried, not polished. On this metallic varnish, M. Daguerre has succeeded in taking some very fine impressions of the human figure, which were exhibited.—A communication was read from M. Valz, of Marseilles, on the comet of M. Faye.—M. Arago gave an account of some essays made in his presence, at Vincennes, with the carbine invented by M. Delvigne. The target was two metres in diameter. The firing took place at distances of 500, 700, and 900 metres. In the first, 14 balls out of 15 struck the target; in the second, viz., at 700 metres distance, 7 balls out of 9 struck the target; and in the third experiment, 2 balls out of 3 struck the mark.

*April 29.*—A communication from M. Figuier "On Oxygenated Gold," was followed by some observations upon the substance called *pourpre de cassius*, and on fulminating gold.—A paper was received from M. Lassaigne, "On the composition of the mud of the Nile." From his analysis it appears to be a true silicate of hydrated alumine, of great fertilizing properties.—M. Jobert communicated a paper "On the Electric Powers of the Torpedo." This gentleman, like many other writers on the subject, assigns them to the nervous system.—Some experiments on the action of coloring matter given as food to rabbits were communicated by M. Bouisson. It appears from them, that the coloring matter does not reach the chyle, unless the colored food be given for a long period. In the first instance, it is absorbed by the venous system.

#### FRENCH ANTIQUARIAN INTELLIGENCE.

THE Comité Historique has decided on publishing the whole or part of the original accounts of expenses incurred by the Cardinal d'Amboise, minister to Louis XII., in building the magnificent Chateau de Gaillon, in Normandy. The most valuable information is contained in these documents concerning the prices of all materials for building, labor, works of arts, &c., at the time to which they relate, and also concerning the names of several French artists and architects.

M. Ardant, of Limoges, has lately published a

small work on the enamellers of Limoges and their works during the middle ages. It contains, among other curious matter, the copy of a manuscript of the sixteenth century upon the making of enameis, with various receipts for the process.

Another curious book has been published, on the pilgrimage of the Flagellants at Strasburg, in 1349; containing extracts from a MS. chronicle of 1362, drawn up by one of the clergy of the cathedral.

The large work of the Rev. MM. Martin and Cahier upon the cathedral of Bourges is going on in excellent style. That part which illustrates the stained glass windows is peculiarly good. The atlas of plates is on what the French publishers call "Atlantic folio." It is illustrated by examples from Salisbury and Cologne.

In order to stop the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of country places in France from selling objects of mediæval art contained in churches, to dealers in curiosities, many bishops have now insisted on each beneficed clergyman making out an exact inventory of all objects whatsoever in his church, and returning it to the central diocesan archives. He is thus held responsible for the articles in the inventory, and no sale can take place without the bishop's permission.

The French Chambers now vote 600,000 francs (£24,000,) per annum for the preservation of national historical monuments, and the departments give 900,000 francs (£36,000) per annum more for the same purpose. The minister of public worship has 1,600,000 francs (£64,000) per annum for the repairs of cathedrals alone, and the towns in which they are situated give 1,000,000 francs (£40,000) per annum more.

In the middle of an extensive forest near St. Saulge, about five leagues from Nevers, have been found the ruins of an entire Gallo-Roman town, a temple, and other buildings, squares, and many streets. Every day, vases of different materials, statues, and other relics of value, are being turned up.

#### OBITUARY.

**W. BECKFORD, Esq.** The old notabilities of literature are departing from us with that kind of regularity which marks the closing of an era. We have now to record the death of the once famous author of "Vathek," and former proprietor of Fonthill Abbey, William Beckford, Esq., son of the celebrated Alderman Beckford, a remarkable man, whose taste was cultivated to the highest possible point of refinement to which it could be carried by the assistance of great wealth, which he seems to have sacrificed willingly for the most exquisite sensations that could be attained from the elegant enjoyment of letters and *virtù*. His mind delighted to revel in visions of oriental luxuriance, which at first he registered in the splendid romance of "Vathek," originally (about 1786) published in French and English. The English version was republished in 1815. Mr. Beckford was desirous of realizing in life what he had only imagined in literature; and it was at Fonthill Abbey that he accumulated all those treasures which are such objects of interest to the virtuous and the tourist, but which Mr. Beckford, with luxurious selfishness, exclusively consecrated to his own private benefit. The Abbey itself was a costly specimen of the modern Gothic, in which the proprietor lived in a sort of Eastern state, secluded with his rich collection of paintings and curiosities from public inspection. When the expenditure which this mode of life occasioned had reduced his pecuniary resources, and the sale of the building with its unique contents was consequently projected, all the world rushed to visit an edifice which had been so carefully guarded from intrusion, and so frequently described as a "palace of enchantment." The county of Wilts was filled with pleasure hunters from all quarters—"He is fortunate," says the *Times* of 1822,

"who finds a vacant chair within twenty miles of Fonthill; the solitude of a private apartment is a luxury which few can hope for." \* \* \* "Falstaff himself could not take his ease at this moment within a dozen leagues of Fonthill." \* \* \* "The beds through the county are (literally) doing double duty—people who come in from a distance during the night must wait to go to bed until others get up in the morning." \* \* \* "Not a farmhouse, however humble,—not a cottage near Fonthill, but gives shelter to fashion, to beauty, and rank; ostrich plumes, which, by their very waving, we can trace back to Piccadilly, are seen nodding at a casement window over a depopulated poultry yard." But we must forbear quoting further from this amusing *jeu d'esprit*. The estate of Fonthill was purchased by Alderman Beckford. Soon after it came into his possession the fine old house was destroyed by fire: when the mischief done was communicated to him, the imperturbable merchant, conscious of immense wealth, said coolly—"Well; let it be rebuilt:" and it was so, in a style of extraordinary splendor. The situation, however, was bad; and the author of "Vathek," when it became his, had it demolished, and erected, with the aid of Mr. Wyatt, the architect, the Fonthill Abbey known to the public, on a better site, at an outlay of more than £400,000. Mr. Beckford could also, like his father, endure great disaster and loss, equally unmoved. The Abbey tower, which stood on the highest point of ground, and was itself 276 feet high, caught fire at the top, while in the course of erection, and a great part was destroyed. The owner, however, so far from suffering annoyance at the accident, enjoyed the burning crest as a sublime spectacle, regardless of the fact that what the flames were devouring would cost a fortune to repair. The erection, nevertheless, was not delayed—all the means of the county were called into requisition to complete it. Even the royal works of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that 460 men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men relieved each other by regular watches, and during the longest and darkest nights of winter, the astonished traveller might see the tower rising under their hands, the trowel and the torch being associated in the work, and presenting an exhibition which Mr. Beckford delighted to contemplate. But pleasure is in the pursuit—not the attainment of an object, and the proprietor ultimately parted with this gorgeous creation of his own taste, with the same *sans froid* with which he witnessed the conflagration of the lofty tower.

It was nearly fifty years after the publication of "Vathek," that, in 1835, Mr. Beckford published his "Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha," which he had taken in 1795, and which were republished in 1840, together with an epistolary record of his observations, in Italy, Spain and Portugal, between the years 1780 and 1794. These are marked, as he himself intimates, "with the bloom and heyday of youthful spirits and youthful confidence, at a period when the older order of things existed, with all its picturesque pomps and absurdities; when Venice enjoyed her Piombi and submarine dungeons; France her Bastille; the Peninsula her Holy Inquisition." With none of those subjects, however, are the letters occupied—but with delineations of landscape, and the effects of natural phenomena. These literary efforts appear to have exhausted their author's productive powers. In a word, he seems soon to have been "used-up"—and then to have discontinued the search after new sensations, or to have been content to live without them. Mr. Beckford latterly resided at Bath, where on Thursday week last he died, at the advanced age of 84.

Such are the results of a combination of extraordinary wealth with extraordinary taste and long life. It may be doubted, if either conduced to happiness in any proportionate degree. A sensitiveness so

extremely delicate as was thereby induced, must have been too frequently shocked and offended with what was good enough to afford less cultivated natures the highest gratification. Such are the compensations appointed by Providence for the equalizing of all conditions. Greater works than either "Vathek," or the "Letters from Italy," notwithstanding their manifold and indisputable merits, have been produced with an infinitely less lavish expenditure of means.

Having perceived that, in the *Athenaeum* of last week, you gave a notice of the death, and a short sketch of the general characteristics of the life of this eccentric man of letters and munificent patron of the arts; and as any information, however scanty, which can add to the amount of knowledge already possessed respecting his character, or property, must be acceptable; I trust that the subjoined memoranda of a favored depository in which he piled his treasures, a visit to which was highly coveted, and difficult to secure, will perhaps prove interesting.

It is not generally known, except by persons living in the neighborhood of Bath, that upon the hill of Lansdown, near that city, the late Mr. Beckford, at an early period of his residence there, erected a lofty tower, in the apartments of which were placed many of his choicest paintings and articles of virtù. Asiatic in its style, with gilded lattices and blinds or curtains of crimson cloth, its striped ceilings, its minaret, and other accessories, conveyed the idea that the being who designed the place and endeavored to carry out the plan, was deeply imbued with the spirit of that lonely grandeur and strict solitariness which obtains through all countries and among all the people of the East. The building was surrounded by a high wall, and entrance afforded to the garden in which the tower stood, by a door of small dimensions. The garden itself was Eastern in its character. Though comparatively circumscribed in its size, nevertheless were to be found within it, solitary walks and deep retiring shades, such as could be supposed Vathek, the mournful and the magnificent, loved, and from the bowers of which might be expected would suddenly fall upon the ear, sounds of the cymbal and the dulcimer. The building contained several apartments crowded with the finest paintings. At the time I made my inspection the walls were crowded with the choicest productions of the easel. The memory falls back upon ineffaceable impressions of old Francks, Breughel, Cuyp, Titian, (a Holy Family,) Hondelkooter, Poleyberg, and a host of other painters whose works have immortalized Art. Ornaments of the most exquisite gold filagree, carvings in ivory and wood, Raphaelesque china, goblets formed of gems, others fashioned by the miraculous hands of Benvenuto Cellini, filled the many cabinets and *recherché* receptacles created for such things. The doors of the rooms were of finely polished wood—the windows of single sweeps of plate glass—the cornices of gilded silver; every part, both within and without, bespeaking the wealth, the magnificence, and the taste of him who had built this temple in dedication to grandeur, solitariness, and the arts.

The residence of Mr. Beckford was on the western wing of Lansdown Crescent, an imposing collection of houses, lying considerably below the spot on which the tower was built, though on the same hill; and from his house,—indeed a palace!—he could soon reach the tower. Here he often came without attendant, entered the gloomy pillar, and became wrapped in his own meditations—thoughts whether like those that engaged the minds of the beings with which he peopled the Hall of Eblis in his marvellous Vathek, when gazing upon the Pre-Adamite Sultans, and the gathered riches of a world gone by, or more akin with modern and less magnificent times, is now, with his frail body, alike hidden from us.

While penning these feeble recollections of this singular place and its strange owner, the interior and

exterior of the Tower more vividly present themselves to my imagination. An apartment stood within the walls called the Chapel. It was a narrow place, the sides hung with pictures entirely of devotional subjects. These were all impressive; but the object which struck most strongly on the senses, was a statue of a monk holding the infant Jesus in his arms. The rapt, soul-satisfied smile with which the countenance of the figure regarded the heavenly child was really subduing. The name of the sculptor was unknown to us, but his work was a miracle. On the pedestal stood the inscription, "*Dominus Illuminatio Mea.*" From this chapel the visitor passed into a narrow room, which might be termed the Library, for it was filled with books. This was a place where a man might have entered, built up the doorway by which he gained his admission, and died in study. The light subdued, the air softly blowing through the chamber, the deep silence, induced profound attention. And then arose the *smell* of books—the fine *perfume* exuding from vellum, russia, and even from the insides of choice tomes, furthered the invitation to self-sacrifice. Not all the odorous gums and spices heaped by Sardanapalus on his funeral pyre, could have equalled this.

I recollected these very feelings coming potently upon me when I stood within this apartment. It was with regret I left it and mounted to the summit of the Tower. Here what an almost boundless prospect awaited me: the lonely arid down spreading immediately beneath—far on the right, the stone pillar erected to mark the spot where Fulke Greville fell and died—beyond, the fruitful valleys of Weston, Twerton, Keynsham, onwards to Bristol;—and far—far off, beyond hill and vale, and wide-spreading down, and multitudinous acres of arable and wood, fading in dim distance rose the tower of Fonthill!—fit termination to the view.

It has been said, that Beckford's Tower had been erected by its owner, for the purpose of occasionally resting his eyes upon the summit of the magnificent palace on which he had poured his wealth and all the resources of his mind—that he never ceased to regret its departure from his hands, that this sorrow amounted sometimes to despondency—and that to this tower he came to feed his melancholy mind, and gaze upon that which had gone into the possession of strangers, and from him forever.

The truth of this is not ascertained—but the tale is not improbable, and the sentiment is fit, with such a man.

J. H. MERIVALE.—We little thought, when we were reviewing Mr. J. H. Merivale's translation of Schiller's lyric poems, in conjunction with that of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, that we should have so soon to record his death, which happened suddenly on Thursday evening, the 25th of April, in the 65th year of his age. Mr. Merivale was remarkable for amenity of manners, and kindness of disposition. His devotion to the legal profession was never able to subdue his ardent love of literature. He generally devoted his evenings, and especially the leisure of long vacations, to the writing of original poetry, or translations from ancient and modern writers. He is most known to the literary world by his translations from the Greek Anthology. More than sixty years of age when he began the study of German, he applied to it with such youthful vigor, that after a few months, he gave in the *New Monthly Magazine*, a series of translations of some of the most difficult of Schiller's poems. Latterly (as we have already noted) he published nearly the entire of this author's miscellaneous poems, translated with an elegance and fidelity rarely combined, accompanied with notes which required extensive and varied reading. This publication led him into an extensive correspondence with literary friends, from whom, with the humility of true talent, he gladly received every suggestion for the future improvement. In the midst of this, to him so pleasing

occupation, death overtook him. Mr. Merivale was descended, on his father's side, from an old and highly respected Unitarian family; but was himself a member of the Church of England. His mother's father was a native of Lubec, a fellow-townsmen and friend of the founder of the house of Baring, who had preceded him to England, and on whose invitation he also came to this country. Of his sons, one is known as a barrister and a distinguished writer on political economy, and another is a fellow and tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge.

**THE EARL OF LONSDALE.**—*March 19.*—At his residence, York House, Twickenham, aged 86, the Right Hon. William Lowther, Earl of Lonsdale, county of Westmoreland, Viscount and Baron Lowther of Whitehaven, county Cumberland, a Baronet of Nova Scotia, (1640,) and of England, (1764,) K. G., a Privy Councillor, Lord Lieutenant and Vice Admiral of the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, and F. S. A.

Lord Lonsdale was the earliest friend of Mr. Pitt, and his long public life has been not less marked by unimpeachable integrity, than by the most unswerving and consistent devotion to the principles of that eminent man. He nevertheless numbered among his friends, and most affectionate admirers, many men of opposite politics to his own. His manners were of the gentlest kind, and fascinating to a degree that can only be understood by those who had the happiness of his acquaintance. His highest pleasure and ambition centred in conscientiously discharging the duties of a kind and affectionate parent, a munificent landlord, and a zealous advocate for the best interests of his country. His princely fortune enabled him to indulge the most noble trait which can adorn the human character—an ostentatious benevolence—his generous heart and hand being ever open to the appeals of distress, or to assist and encourage rising talent; and many now living have cause to bless the day when Providence kindly brought them under the notice and patronage of the good old Earl of Lonsdale. His lordship was a munificent patron of literature and art, and his high attainments as a classical scholar threw a tone over the society assembled round his hospitable board, and frequently amongst the nobles by whom he was surrounded might be found a Wordsworth, a Rogers, a Davy, a Southey, and other eminent literary characters. A friendship subsisted between his Lordship and Mr. Wordsworth, which is alike honorable to the peer and poet. The "Excursion" is dedicated to the Earl in one of Wordsworth's best sonnets.

**DON AUGUSTIN ARGUELLES.**—*March 23.*—Aged 68, Don Augustin Arguelles.

This most eminent personage of the Spanish revolution was born in the Asturias, in 1775, the younger son of a noble family. He was educated in the university of Oviedo, and proceeded to practise in the provincial court: but, finding this sphere too narrow, he betook himself to Madrid. Too young for legal functions, he became employed in the secretary's office for the interpretation of foreign languages, from which post he was taken and sent on a mission to Lisbon. He afterwards went to London on a diplomatic mission of a similar nature.

He was at Cadiz on the French invasion in 1808, and was appointed member of the first Cortes; and he was unanimously selected as the person to draw up the Constitution. This document, with his report preceding it, are both too famous to need being characterized. He was rewarded, like other patriots in 1814, by a condemnation to the galleys at Ceuta. The tribunal indeed refused to sentence him, but Ferdinand VII. volunteered to inscribe the sentence with his own hand. During six years the illustrious Arguelles partook of the labor of the galley-slave. When a statue is erected by his countrymen to their greatest name, the fetters of Arguelles will prove the fittest decoration.

The revolution of 1820 liberated Arguelles, and opened a scene for his eloquence. He became Home Minister, and, as such, took that position which he ever since maintained, of a moderate and practical statesman of the thoroughly liberal or *Exaltado* party. But the French Bourbons stepped in to crush those liberties which the Spanish Bourbons were not alone able to stifle; and Arguelles became an exile in England. The death of Ferdinand again opened to him a return to his country, and the voice of Arguelles was once more heard in his native Cortes. Age and events had now still more tempered his youthful ardor; and though a stern opponent of Zea's *despotismo ilustrado*, as well as of Toreno's aping of and leaning upon France, the views of Arguelles were as far removed from wild republicanism as from the servile and impracticable aim of setting up a constitution in the likeness of absolutism.

His principles and party prevailed, attained power, enforced its views of internal government in the constitution of 1837, and persevered in those efforts which finally expelled Don Carlos and his party from Spain. But it is seldom that the party which conquers and establishes freedom is allowed to profit by it. The minority of the queen gave insecurity to the head of the government, and the queen-mother, who had adopted a line of government not liberal enough to please the citizen class, though too liberal to suit the Legitimists, fell from want of any support in any class or party. The Liberals triumphed, and, in want of better, chose Espartero to be Regent.

His elevation displeased the more ambitious and younger men of the Liberal party, who were anxious for a regency of three, and for thereby leaving open many avenues to ambition. Arguelles was one of those who opposed this repetition of the French triple Consulate. When the Duke of Victory became Regent, the care of the young queen's person and education was intrusted to Arguelles, who dismissed the mere courtier tribe, and endeavored to accustom the infant ear of royalty to some other language than the whispers of flattery and intrigue. These arrangements, more than all else, offended the court of the Tuileries, and the overthrow of Arguelles and Espartero became the great aim and effort of that court and its agents. Nearly three years were taken to effect it. An attempt to carry the palace by a *coup de main*, under the patronage of the French *Chargé d'Affaires*, Pageot, failed. Slower modes of operation were adopted. More than a score of journals were founded by the French in Madrid and in the provinces, all uttering the most nefarious calumnies against England and the Regent. French emissaries circulated them in every garrison town, and insinuated themselves into every officer's mess. The republican party at Barcelona and elsewhere were taken into pay; the political rivals of the Regent were caajoled, and won over in Paris and in Madrid; and, when all was ripe for execution, the batteries were unmasked. Barcelona again rose in insurrection. Committees were formed at Perpignan and Bayonne. Money in great abundance was forwarded from Paris, whilst the funds which the Regent expected from bankers there were cut off. In short, the conspiracy succeeded. The Duke of Victory was driven from the kingdom, and Arguelles, appointed tutor by a decree of the Cortes, was deprived of his office by the simple order of General Narvaez. In the few months which have since elapsed, Arguelles lived retired; he saw the interment of the constitution by Narvaez; and might say, with Grattan, he had watched over the cradle of his country's liberties, and had followed them to the grave.—*Morning Chronicle.*

The funeral of Arguelles took place at Madrid on the 25th of March. The multitudes that assembled and accompanied his remains in solemn procession to the tomb, have no parallel in the annals of that capital. It was an almost universal tribute to the memory of a man whose name had never been sullied



with intrigues for place, power, or wealth. As guardian to the royal children, during the regency of Espartero, he was entitled to above 14,000*l.* a year. Of this he would only accept the tenth part, and at his death just 22 dollars were found in his house, and old claims on the government for 7,000 dollars. All that the *Heraldo* could find as a matter of reproach against Arguelles was, that being a bachelor, he was unfit to exercise a fatherly care over the royal orphans; and, further, that he had no merit in refusing nine-tenths of his salary, "for he cleaned his own boots, and had no wants." Would that Spain had left a few more honest shoe-blacks, to put to the blush the hordes of adventurers, political and military, who degrade her in the eyes of Europe! As the queen-mother was making her triumphal entry into the capital, a partisan rode up to her carriage with the "joyful news—the happy coincidence—the hand of Providence displayed in the death of her enemy, Arguelles." "Hush!" said Maria Christina, "do not let the children hear it, for they loved him!"

**SIR HENRY HALFORD, BART.—***March 9.*—In Cruzon street, in his 78th year, Sir Henry Halford, Bart., G. C. H., M. D., Physician in Ordinary to her Majesty, and Physician to their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Sophia, President of the College of Physicians, F. R. S., and F. S. A., a Trustee of Rugby School, &c. &c.

He was born Oct. 2, 1766, the second son of John Vaughan, M. D., of Leicester, by Hester, second daughter of Mr. John Smalley, alderman of that town, by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Halford, of Wistow, co. of Leicester, Bart. His father was Physician to the Leicester Infirmary, and the author of some "Observations on Hydrophobia," on the "Cæsarean Section," and on the "Effects of Cantharides in Paralytic Affections." He was the son of an auctioneer, and had acquired a moderate fortune in his profession, which might possibly have enabled him to have left at his death 10,000*l.* among his children. But he preferred to expend his own fortune in procuring the best education for his sons, trusting that they would reap the harvest by their future success in their respective professions. This plan was fully successful, and Sir Henry was enabled to assist his worthy parent with an annuity of 300*l.* during the latter years of his life.

The sons were educated at Rugby. Sir Henry and his three next brothers were all at Oxford at the same time; the youngest went to Cambridge.

Sir Henry's next brother, the late Sir John Vaughan, rose to be a Baron of the Exchequer, and afterwards a Justice of the Common Pleas; and died a Privy Councillor in 1839. A memoir of him, communicated by Sir Henry Halford, will be found in our vol. XII., p. 648.

The next brother, the Very Rev. Peter Vaughan, D. D., was Dean of Chester, and Warden of Merton College, Oxford. He died in 1826.

The Right Hon. Sir Charles Richard Vaughan, G. C. H., late Envoy Extraordinary to the United States of America, still survives.

The youngest son, the Rev. Edward Vaughan, was the meritorious and very popular Vicar of St. Martin's, Leicester. He left a family, some of whom have distinguished themselves.

Sir Henry Vaughan was entered at Rugby School with his elder brother James (who died young) on the 25th July, 1774. He proceeded from Rugby to Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated M. A. June 17, 1778, M. B. Jan. 14, 1790, and M. D. Oct. 27, 1791. He subsequently studied for some time at Edinburgh.

In 1794, at the age of 28, being elected a Fellow of the College of Physicians, he settled in London. By the recommendation of Dr. Hall, of Oxford, he consulted Sir George Baker on his future prospects, and was told that he stood little chance in the metropolis for five years, during which time he must continue

to support himself from other sources, at the rate of about 500*l.* a year. With this intention (and the alternative, in case of failure, of returning to Leicester, to take his father's position,) he borrowed 1,000*l.* (for which he paid 2,000*l.* in principal and interest in the course of a few years,) and on that capital tried his fortune. Sir Henry was much gratified, in after life, by being informed by the Rev. Dr. Valpy, of Reading, that the celebrated Dr. Warren had predicted on Dr. Vaughan's coming to town, that he would rise to the head of his profession. The first year his receipts were 200*l.*, the second year the same sum, the third year 350*l.*, the next 500*l.*, the next 750*l.*, the next 1,000*l.*, and then progressively more and more, until his appointment, about 18—, to be Physician to King George the Third, when insane, in conjunction with Dr. Baillie. The two doctors travelled to Windsor together; and in the chaise compared notes as to their relative success, when Dr. Baillie's last annual receipts were 9,600*l.*, and Sir Henry Halford's 9,500*l.*

When the king's first insanity occurred, the queen's councillors had, by virtue of their office, the nomination of the person to whose care the sovereign, under such unhappy circumstances, should be committed; and the Rev. Dr. Willis, whose experience in insanity had been great, was selected. It is said that Dr. Willis's treatment in the first two illnesses had made a lasting impression on the monarch's mind, and that he could never, after his restoration to health, hear the name of Dr. Willis mentioned without experiencing a shudder, and suffering an agony which was visible to all around. During Sir Henry's attendance, therefore, on the Princess Amelia, his Majesty desired him, in case of his Majesty experiencing a relapse of his malady, to take care of him, adding that Sir Henry must promise never to leave him, and that, if he wanted further help, he should call Dr. Heberden, and, in case of further need, which would necessarily occur if Parliament took up the matter, Dr. Baillie. The introduction of these physicians when his Majesty became ill again, which he did very soon after, conciliated the confidence of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, who added the name of Sir Henry to the list of his physicians in Ordinary. This confidence was continued when the Prince became George the Fourth, and thence descended to William the Fourth, and to Queen Victoria. Thus Sir Henry Halford was physician to four successive sovereigns, an honor never conferred on any previous physician. Three of them he attended in their last illness.

Almost every member of the Royal Family, from the time of George III., has been under the care of Sir Henry. His attentions to the Duke of York during his last illness were so remarkably unremitting, that, to manifest the sense entertained of them, he received by royal warrant a grant of armorial augmentations and supporters. His arms were previously, Argent, a greyhound passant sable, on a chief azure three fleurs de lis or. For the centre fleur de lis was substituted a rose argent, and in further augmentation was added, on a canton ermine a staff entwined with a serpent proper, and ensigned with a coronet composed of crosses patée and fleurs de lis (being that of a Prince of the Blood Royal.) As a crest of augmentation, a staff entwined with a serpent or, as on the canton. As supporters, two emews proper, each gorged with a coronet composed of crosses patée and fleurs de lis.

Dr. Vaughan was created a Baronet by patent dated 27th Sept., 1809. In 1815, after the death of Sarah, Countess of Denbigh, the widow of Sir Charles Halford, Bart., of Wistow, (the last male heir of that family, and who died in 1780,) he took the name and arms of Halford by Act of Parliament. Being in the receipt of so large a professional income, he expended for many years the whole produce of his estates upon



their improvement, and afterwards settled his son and heir upon them.

He was first elected President of the College of Physicians in 1820, and had been reelected in every subsequent year. By virtue of that office he was a trustee of the British Museum. On the 25th June, 1825, the new College of Physicians in Pall Mall East was opened, and Sir Henry delivered an oration on the occasion in the presence of the Dukes of York and Sussex, and many persons of the highest distinction. This was the most splendid meeting ever held by the College, and an elegant collation was provided for the numerous assemblage at Sir Henry's expense. The oration which, like the Harveian, was composed in Latin, is distinguished by the purity of its style, and is particularly valuable as affording the testimony of the President, and of Dr. Baillie, to the religious character and opinions of the medical profession.

On that day Sir Henry Halford received from King George the Fourth the star of a Knight Commander of the Guelphic Order; and William the Fourth subsequently promoted him to be a Grand Cross.

Upon the decease of George the Fourth, a very splendid clock, surmounted by a bust of his Majesty, was presented to him by the Royal Family, in proof, as the inscription states, "of their esteem and regard, and in testimony of the high sense they entertain of his professional abilities, and unwearied attention to their late beloved sister the Princess Amelia, Her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, His late Majesty King George the Third, His late Royal Highness the Duke of York, and lastly of his Majesty King George IV."

As a physician, Sir Henry Halford was a favorite with all classes, and enjoyed, in a remarkable degree, the confidence of his patients. In consultation he was much regarded by his professional brethren on account of the quickness of his perception, the soundness of his judgment, and the readiness and abundance of his resources. In society he was prized; for to strong natural sagacity and good sense, he added the charm of a highly classical taste, and considerable literary attainments. In temper and disposition he was remarkably sociable and kind-hearted; and, though irritable, was placable and forgiving.

He was proud of his literary productions, which he reprinted more than once. They were as follows: "*Oratio Harveiana, habita 18 Oct. 1800*," 4to. "An account of what appeared on opening the coffin of King Charles the First, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in the presence of the Prince Regent, 1813," 4to. The original manuscript of this is deposited in the British Museum, authenticated by the signature of the Prince Regent. It is reprinted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1813.

In 1831 Sir Henry published his *Essays and Oration*s in a small volume. The essays are on the following subjects: 1. The Climacteric Disease. 2. The necessity of caution in the estimation of systems in the last steps of some diseases. 3. The Tic Douloureux. 4. Shakspeare's Test of Insanity (in Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 4.) 5. The influence of some of the Diseases of the Body on the Mind. 6. The *Kavoor* of Aretæus, now called the Brain Fever. And he afterwards published four other papers read at the College, On the Treatment of the Gout; On Phlegmasia Dolens; On the Treatment of Insanity, particularly the Moral Treatment; and, On the Deaths of some illustrious Persons of Antiquity. In 1834 he published a paper, On the Education and Conduct of a Physician; and in 1835, another, On the Deaths of some Eminent Persons of Modern Times. Abstracts of all these essays will be found in Pettigrew's Portrait Gallery, to which we are indebted for valuable aid in the present memoir.

In 1835 he again delivered the Harveian Oration, in consequence of the death of Sir George Tuthill, who had been appointed to that honorable function. This oration contains merited tributes to the memoirs of Dr. Maton, Dr. Ainslie, and Dr. Powell.

Sir Henry was attached to the composition of Latin poetry, some specimens of which have appeared in our pages. His evidence on various subjects given before Committees of the Houses of Parliament will be found in the printed reports.

The best portrait of Sir Henry Halford is by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Another by H. Room is engraved by J. Cochran, 1838, in Pettigrew's Medical Portrait Gallery.

GEORGE LACKINGTON, Esq.—*March 31.*—At his cottage in the Circus Road, St. John's Wood, aged 76, George Lackington, Esq., the once eminent bookseller and publisher of the Temple of the Muses at Finsbury Square.

He was nephew to that singular and well-known character, the elder Lackington, who, when he had realized a handsome fortune, resolved to retire from business, and close his life in the country. At that time the father of Mr. George Lackington, a thriving coal merchant, of the same name, but a very distant if any relation to the bookseller, thought it would be a judicious establishment for his son to purchase into a concern where that name was so extensively and profitably known. George thus became a publisher, and for many years carried on the trade in conjunction with Mr. Allen, (an excellent judge of old books,) and Mr. Hughes, the lessee also of Sadler's Wells. When the splendid Temple of the Muses was erected, the contractor for mail coaches (we believe another sleeping partner) drove a coach and four horses round the interior of the dome, as a proof of its capaciousness. When surrounded with thousands of volumes, it was indeed the most extraordinary library in the world; and their publications, almost the first of cheap literature, were wonderfully extensive and profitable. Mr. A. Kirkman, Mr. Mavor, (son of Dr. Mavor of Woodstock,) and the late Mr. Joseph Harding, (of whom we gave a biographical notice in our number for January last,) were also afterwards partners, but the parties separated in consequence of various deaths and casualties, and the firm was continued in Pall Mall East under the name of Harding and Lepard. The Temple itself was destroyed by fire, and is now little more than a shell.

During his later years, Mr. Lackington was one of the official assignees of bankrupts in London, and in the discharge of his official duties he was singularly able, from his talents for figures, his punctuality, his address, and his experience.

Mr. George Lackington married a daughter of Captain Bullock, R. N., and has left two daughters, both, we are informed, eligibly married. He was, in all respects, a worthy member of society; urbane in his manners, well-informed, and universally esteemed.

In 1619, during the trial of the patriotic Barnveldt and the admirable Grotius, at the prosecution of Maurice of Nassau, as Arminians or Remonstrants, (for such, even among Protestants, was the mutual and sanguinary intolerance of the period,) and while these predestined victims were in close confinement, in anticipation of their prepared sentence, their friend Petrus Scriverius, then engaged in a new edition of *Secundus*, was permitted to consult Grotius on the undertaking. In sending, however, each proof-sheet for correction, he substituted to the author's text verses communicative of the proceedings, as they advanced, against the illustrious prisoners. Barnveldt had thus the melancholy forewarning of his execution, which occurred the 13th of May, 1619, and Grotius, of his adjudged perpetual incarceration, of which Scriverius, in the same way, facilitated the evasion, on the 6th of June, by enabling Grotius to concert with his wife the stratagem which effected his escape to the Austrian Netherlands. The fact is detailed in Gerard Brandt's "*Narrative of the Trial*," Rotterdam, 1708.

From the Church of England Review.

1. *The New World ; or, Mechanical System.* By J. A. ETZLER.
2. *A Treatise on Moral Freedom, and the Operations of the Intellectual Principles.* By W. CAIRNS, LL.D. London : Longmans. 1844.
3. *The Different Dispensations ; or, the Gradual Development, Harmony, and Completion of the Great Work of Human Redemption.* By Rev. W. H. NEALE. London. 1843.

THE position of man in the world reminds one of those ever-increasing circles which are caused by throwing a stone into a calm piece of water ; a small centre ring is first seen, another of larger size uprises, a third larger than the former, and another and another, till all is lost to the eye in that largest which seems either bounded by the banks of the water, or to become part and parcel of it. Even so each of us is placed in a circle most narrow and circumscribed—that of our individual wants, wishes, and duties ; but if we look further, we shall see another connected with that, which tells us that man is related by the ties of kindred and friendship to others. Then again we see him encircled still more widely by his relationship to society ; and further still, by connection with the nation ; and further still, by the bonds of a common and universal humanity, by which all man become his brethren ; and furthest of all, by that spiritual nature and those immortal powers and privileges which connect him with the inhabitants of the heavenlies and with God himself.

Christianity teaches us this, but men have not heeded its voice ; and it would seem as if these links of brotherhood and universal fellowship were as unlikely to become firm and fixed as ever, as if the circles of union which God has given us were in reality as frail, fleeting, and evanescent, as their symbol in the stone-disturbed waters. But this cannot be ; nor will a believer in the providence of God ever admit the thought into his heart. Still the question, How will good come out of evil !—how will brotherhood exhibit itself as a fruit of confusion !—is urgent, and it is not unimportant ; to attempt to give it some sufficient answer, and to show that the world is in a transition state from darkness and death to light and life, is the object of this paper.

Let us take a glance at the present state of things in the nations. All that is linked to what has gone by, in some way or other ; but there are seemingly peculiar eras in which the history of man takes a new turn, and the life of nations receives a fresh impetus. The conquest of Carthage by the Romans, the invasion by the Barbarians of the Roman empire, the spread of Mahometanism, the Reformation, are all illustrations of what we mean. An era has lately passed, however, equal in importance to any of them ; one, the effects of

which are still traceable—we mean that of the French Revolution.

Those who have lived during the great events which distinguished the closing years of the last and the first part of the present century cannot fail to have observed a wonderful difference from all that took place before. Often have revolutions occurred, grievous wars were fought through, arts and sciences spread, but in no case with the same character and force as since 1788. After that, men saw a nation denying the existence of God, and worshipping what they called the “goddess of reason,” in the form of an abandoned woman—a fit type of the debasement to which they had reduced the Godlike within them. Then men saw nation rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, so that since that period every country in Europe—all of importance, either in Asia or America, and a large proportion of the best known parts in Africa—have been engaged in war. Armies, unequalled, either in ancient or modern times, for the union of discipline, power, and numbers, have encountered one another in the shock of battle ; one gigantic evil power has been seen to arise, attempting to crush the liberties and national life of all Europe, till the armies of heaven, through Russia and England, interfered to check her course, and the pride and power of France was humbled, was broken, losing in the contest 3,700,000 of her warriors.

It is but a few months since an empire, which had been closed for thousands of years to all other nations, was compelled by our arms, (*exercised as they were unwillingly against her*), to open its harbors to the world, and China is being brought into the circle of the family of nations.

A vast empire has been formed by us in India, *almost in spite of ourselves* ; and the links thus forged between Europe and Asia have been drawn still closer by the shortening, to one month, of the voyage which formerly occupied nearly half a year.

But a few weeks ago, an ukase of the Emperor of Russia was issued, compelling all the Jews resident on the frontiers of his vast empire, to the amount of 500,000 persons, to move some hundreds of miles inland—a movement which we cannot speak of but as a cruel one ; yet a movement which probably is connected with other plans and other destinies for the outcast children of Israel, than have entered the thoughts of Nicholas. We know that they are lifting up their heads in expectation of their coming redemption, and it is not presumption to hope that this is one step towards that great end. But a few years back, Baron Rothschild, of Vienna, was urged, we have been told, to purchase Palestine for his countrymen. “The land is ours, (said he in reply,) wherefore should I purchase it !” He knew that the work of the restoration of his countrymen was one which the Lord had reserved for himself to accomplish, and he was content to bide the time.

During this age, above all others, the prophecy

that "many shall run to and fro, and that knowledge shall be increased," has been fulfilled. It is sufficient, for the present, to observe, that ours is the age of the steam-engine and of the railway, and of those various applications of artistic skill which render imperative a solution of the problem, how *machinery may work for, and not against, the poor man*—a problem which is pressing itself upon the thinking, and the lover of his brethren, with tremendous force, and to which an answer will be found either in letters of blood and fire, (which God avert,) or by a wise and healthy system of associative policy.

This age, too, is remarkable as being that in which our Bible, and most of our Missionary Societies, and the various others which have kindred objects in view, started forward on their well-intended career; all, whether we approve absolutely either of their conduct and principles or not, professedly desirous of Christ and his Gospel, and all certainly remarkable as instruments under God for bringing about that witness of the Gospel to all nations, after which "the end shall come." We will now glance at the *state of the churches*. It may be summed up in the two words "*religious confusion*." There is a movement throughout the world which has to do with religious questions—a spirit of dissatisfaction with what is, and a desire to substitute for it what seems more prize-worthy. That the spirit of change is abroad in the churches we may see in divers ways.

In the *Church of England*, for example, there has arisen, within a few years, an unlooked-for influence of a most powerful and remarkable character, which has wrought in her, and seems not unlikely still to work changes of a kind more important, wide-spreading, and permanent than all the efforts of Wesley and Whitefield during the last century could effect. The spiritual position and representative character of her clergy\* are being far more deeply considered than they have been since the days of the Reformation: the spiritual nature and value of her ordinances have since also been far more strongly than formerly pressed upon her children; and men of as much piety as learning, and as much self-denying earnestness as either, are laboring to bring her back to what *they* believe to be her best and brightest days. But to be successful (even if it were desirable) requires retrogression in everything else; and since this cannot be, if the Church of England changes at all, she must *go on*, and if so, who can tell where the movement may stop? Efforts akin to these once ended in her being humbled to the dust for a season—they may now end in her utter destruction; at all events, they may draw her down from her present union of the highest principles of faith in Christ, with the highest principles of church government—an union which forms a perfect whole—

\* They are not vicars or substitutes for Christ, but representatives of him, as the ever-present Invisible Head of his church.

into that denial of faith, and that over-exaltation of the power of the ministry and of the means of grace, which must terminate in Popery.

There is the *Church of Scotland*—rent already, alas! by a very sad and lamentable schism—with this remarkable peculiarity in it, that the seceding and protesting party, though in other respects an absolute antithesis to the Ultra-High-Churchmen in England, are quite as decided in their claim to divine power, as ministers of Christ. Ultra-Catholicism in England and Ultra-Protestantism in Scotland are thus shaking hands across the border. Providence is here reading us a page in the history of the destinies of nations.

There is *Dissent*, again, and *Individualism* in religion, mistaking the duty and sacred privilege of private judgment for a right, and carrying that supposed right so far as to make *all* judgment private, and each individual, if it were possible, the interpreter of Scripture for himself: thus attempting to constitute the Universal Church of Christ on the basis of infinite division, instead of universal unity.

There is the *Church of Rome*, apparently advancing with rapid strides to supreme power in Ireland, and by no means waning in this land; and yet, at the same time, the authority of the Pope is flouted and scorned in France; while Spain, the country which, at the cost of all which is most valuable to a nation, maintained and asserted it, is casting off his chains and trampling them under foot; the worm is thus at the root of Popery, even while there is a show of greenness and budding amongst some of the branches.

Thus, too, singular illustration of the restlessness and agitation of the age, (as if still more to mark the times we live in as the period when the signs in the sun, and the moon, and the stars are to thicken around us,) amongst the innumerable sects which the rashness of unhumiliated self-will, when exercised on religious questions, gives rise to, we see uprising in America the almost incredible delusion of *Mormonism*, and a new Simon Magus preferring his claim to be some great one, and with such success, that this false prophet has deluded some thousands of men by his pretended discovery of a new Bible, which is to do away with our Scriptures, through certain mystic plates, and his own endowment with the gift of prophecy. To such an extent has this delusion spread, that he has already built a large town, by the help of his followers, and bids fair to succeed still further in the attempts even now making in England and elsewhere to deceive many more.

Nor must we forget to notice those, who, avowedly throwing off all that, in the opinion of their fellows, gives man his real superiority to the mere animal, have substituted dead abstractions of the understanding for living truths of faith and the reason, and have fancied they could prove there was no God!—a number fearfully increased, even in religious England, of late years. It cannot be that this blaspheming and Atheistic spirit should

have risen up for nothing! But to what end, whither does this sad spirit of confusion in the churches and the nations tend? There would seem to be but one answer—to desolation, and mourning, and woe—to evil, pure, unmixed evil.

He, however, who believes in a redeeming God, will not, cannot admit this. Amid the howling of the storm, he hears the voice of Him who of old said, "Peace; be still." In the mist and darkness of these warring elements, he beholds the form of Him who walked on the sea. A fierce conflict is commencing, it is true, between light and darkness—between truth and that falsehood which would impose its counterfeit self on man for the truth which, in all, he is seeking for—and we know that truth is great, and will prevail. We may be calm in the assurance, that good will triumph over evil—that light will shine through, and eventually overwhelm, the darkness. If it were not so, how sad and gloomy would be the aspect of the times—how painfully hopeless would these strugglings of great principles appear! Yes, there is a Providence which overrules all things for good—the same which, in the beginning of time, brought order out of chaos; and which, out of the moral confusion and perplexities which, to our short-sighted scan, seem so inextricable, will cause mercy and truth, righteousness and peace, and happiness to arise. All things seem flying off from the centre of truth, and to be looking for it in their own small systems; but there is a harmony in all this discord to those who look higher and further; for as it is out of the due application and arrangement of discords that the harmonies of music spring, so from these elements and portions of truth will be wrought an outline and shadow of Him who is the truth itself, and who will come to make all things new. These sounds are but tunings of the instruments prior to that universal crash which will introduce in the moral world that music which it is no foolish imagination to believe to have its type in that of the spheres; for if there be, as some of the wisest and best have thought, a music in the material system of the universe, how much more may we believe that its kindred moral harmony will be restored to the spiritual on earth, which we know to have existence amongst the spirits of heaven!

Thus, though the aspect of the world around is gloomy and threatening, it yet presents cause for hope: the rays of the sun may be seen by the earnest observer to interpenetrate "the clouds of heaven;" and thus, therefore, we would say, with full confidence, the tendencies which events are taking are for good, and not for evil.

But we should very imperfectly fulfil our intention, when commencing this paper, if we did not attempt to point out in what manner these tendencies are working for good—how we may trace the types, and forecastings by shadow, of the times of "the restitution of all things," even in the confusion which at present is so appalling and awful.

Nor will this be without its value; for far higher causes for hope would arise in the breasts of thinking men, if they would learn to regard the confused aims of the various philanthropists of the day to bring about a better order of things in the light to which we have alluded, namely, as types, by which we may read of those future days in which the great drama of redemption will unfold its final scenes.

Thus the French Revolution was a truth, though, as Carlyle truly said, it was a truth clad in hell-fire. Selfishness and devilism were at work there, and met their fitting reward; but there can be no doubt that the aim of the earnest and unselfish amongst the actors of that dreadful time, and unhappy country, was the introduction of a new order of things, in which all should be happy and all contented—all good and all free. Vain and foolish thought! As if the mere workings of outward political change could bring about a state of things so deeply connected with the inward spirit and moral nature of man! But in these efforts and aims, dimly traceable as they are in those characters of blood and fire which give such dreadful meaning to the events of that day, we may find the beginning of a new order of things. From that time the relation of man to man was altered in the aspect which it bore; that relation is unalterable—it is the bond of a common humanity and a universal brotherhood, the foundation of which is to be found in Christianity, but the application of which to the outward state of society and the political framework of what is well called the commonwealth, because it is the common weal, was seldom or never so pressed home and acted on as it has been since the commencement of that remarkable era. To this it is true there have ever stood hostile counter agencies in that selfishness which would make man "a sordid solitary thing, midst countless brethren, with a lonely heart," encouraged as it is by a commercial system, the tendency of which is to divide man more than ever from man, by doing away with the class intermediate to the enormously rich and the miserably poor: and schooled as it is in the small death-in-life founded maxims and speculations of that political economy which cannot regard *men* otherwise than as *things*.

But may not these counter agencies be in themselves the necessary consequences of that state of transition from one form of social polity to another?—and therefore, if we look at them narrowly, may they not suggest the hope that a day is not far off when men will, in very deed, socially, politically, religiously, regard one another as members of one family? The two classes, fostered by the commercial system which is so largely extending itself both in agriculture and manufactures, by land and by sea, may come into collision; it is more than likely labor may be absolutely struck out of the market by machinery, and the consequence of such an event who can tell! But mankind will not, cannot, be always quarrelling, always suffering;

an end must come, a new state of things must arise, in which the interests of each will be felt to be the interests of all; when labor, capital, and talent will blend in harmony, animated and directed by the religion of love.

Viewed thus, there is much meaning in the convulsive efforts of professed and real friends of the people, in our own land, to better the condition and raise the moral character of their poorer brethren—there is much that is valuable and full of real truth, even in what we may deem mistaken in their views.

Doctrines of equality, for instance, are sinful, if attempted to be put into practice; since, in order to bring about this equality, desolation and misery must be legally, or by brute force, inflicted on thousands of the happy homes of England. Such views are absurd in theory; since, to lay no stress on the fact, that a day, an hour, would scarce pass before the selfishness of man had overthrown it all, in order to maintain this robbery-obtained equality, mere state power must strive to do away with those inequalities in energy and talent which another power than that of man has appointed to be the law of our species; a thing impossible. But even these cries are tokens of one earnest longing of the heart for that day when Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim—of that day when the welfare of the whole social body will be felt to be that of every individual man; when the humble will be raised without the degradation of the mighty, and when men will be brought to acknowledge that the true basis for equality is to be found in the spiritual and not in the outward—in religion, and not in political institutions.

In this way also the dreams of poets respecting universal unity, and of philosophers respecting universal perfectibility, finding an echo, as they do, in every human heart, and revealing to us as they do, glimpses of a beauty and truth, and a goodness which are not of earth—these dream-like glimpses of the truth of things point towards that day when the life will not be “a vision shadowing out truth, dimly and uncertainly, amid many lets, hindrances, sorrows, and sins; but when life, and light and goodness, will in very deed tabernacle among men.”

The attempts which are also made, on such an extended scale, to give the means of education to the lower classes—the wide extension of the influence of printing—the societies formed for the distribution of the Bible and Prayer Book, and of publications having professedly for their object the religious instruction of their readers—and, again, those societies which aim at propagating the Gospel in our colonies and amongst the heathen, are worthy of regard in considering the tendencies of the times. The outward, the temporal, is a type of the inward and the eternal; and the sudden uprise, in the memory of many living, of most of those societies we have alluded to, and the un-

exampled spread of the power of the press, and the enlargement of its sphere—by education, which is being so struggled for now—herald forth to us that period when there will be no night, no mist or darkness, to blind the eyes of men.

We may thus, too, hail with hope the discussion of those great questions which are at present agitating the churches. The contest between extremes will finally, at all events, bring out the great truths which exist within them, but which are now so disfigured by the systems of men. Religious Catholicity—that is, universality in religion—is a truth; and Protestantism—that is, religious individuality—is a truth; and yet they are now being set one against another, and are each struggling for the mastery. Church authority and private judgments are truths, yet they also are opposed one against the other, as if enemies. Why is this?

Men will start up on either side and answer, because the truth is with us, and not with them. Alas! they know not that truth is with them both: the third, another something is wanting, which will blend these warring truths together in one harmonious whole, so that each truth so earnestly contended for shall be another, yet the same; that third something exists now amongst men, aye, and, in spite of themselves, within them, but they will not acknowledge it—it is *the relation of redeemed men to God through Christ Jesus*.

But just as we know that the collision between the flint and steel produces the bright and warm spark of fire, so will he who maintains an unbroken confidence in the all-controlling providence of God believe that the final result of all this war of opinion will be the development of that time of universal unity when the family relation between God and all men will be acknowledged by each, for himself and for his fellows, and when the deep truth, that we are many members in Christ, yet but one body, will be universally felt and understood.

At present the struggle is between Individualism and Universality, but the general tendency is towards the latter; it has come in upon us like an aggressor, breaking up the old boundaries of time and space, concentrating the energies of thousands, where formerly, if solitary and unassisted effort failed, the object desired would have been let alone; and calling also upon us to contemplate those relations of spirit—that hidden life of soul which connects each man with all men, each church with the whole church, and time present with time past and future. Universalism is the *animus* of the age. All things may be divided into three parts—what is *physical*, or outward and seen by the senses; what is *intellectual*, that is, related to the understanding and the higher power of the reason; and what is *spiritual*, or belonging to the will, the affections, and the reason, the conscience, and the imagination. In each of these three divisions of things men are aiming at Uni-

versalism, or what relates to and affects the world as a whole, and not as composed of parts and units only. In the outward, the physical sphere of things, we see machinery giving man a mastery over space and time which would have seemed a dream to ourselves twenty years ago, and connecting town with town, country with country, and continent with continent, in so wonderful a manner as to render the expectation no longer extravagant that even the air itself will ultimately form a roadway for the intercourse of man with man. We all know pretty well what mechanical power can effect, and how it is introducing itself everywhere and into everything; but the following extract, which appears on the title-page of a treatise on a new application of mechanics, is probably new to most of our readers. We shall give it without a word, either for or against its practicability. What has been done in mechanics, and man's knowledge of the tremendous power resident in substances seemingly most simple and innocent, prevent a negative. Our only reason for alluding to it is, that it affords a fair illustration of the tendency of men in this day to Universalism in the region of physical nature. The extract is as follows:—

“The New World, or Mechanical System; to perform the labors of man and beast, by inanimate powers, that cost nothing for producing and preparing the substances of life; with plates. By J. A. Eizler. As a sequel to his ‘Paradise.’ It is here proved, from experience, how to cultivate twenty thousand acres by one machine and three or four men, with a capital of less than one dollar per acre, in the most superior mode; how to clear land from trees, stumps, roots and stones; fill and drain swamps, make dams, canals, ditches, roads, and perform any kind of work in the ground; build houses and furnish as much inanimate power as desired, for any place and any stationary machine—all by the same system.”

There are prospectuses also, by the same inventor, for the construction of what he calls the naval automaton, which, by the action of the winds and waves on machinery, will furnish, it is asserted, a locomotive power equal to that of thirty-six thousand horses, and will make the voyage from Europe to America in three or four days—that successful trips have been made, we believe, off Margate, with the model of one of these genii of navigation. Such pretensions as these are almost stunning, and, addressing as they do our imaginations through the medium of the senses, assume an all-absorbing prominence.

In the world of mind, again, men of thought and earnestness have turned their attention to the principles of universal unity, as exhibited in the works and providences of God, and from that to the question whether it can be possible to establish an analogous unity amongst men.

Hence the various theories, which have so fre-

quently sprung up of late years, on the subject of individual suffering and distress, and the true mode of supplying a remedy; hence those doctrines of operative policy which are now demanding attention, and which being, it is said, universal, will finally influence all mankind; quadruple effective produce; give freedom to slaves without injury to their masters; civilize savages; make machinery work for, and not against, labor; and establish an universal unity in coinage, measures, and language.\*

And so too the same great aim after Universalism is seen to influence men on the deep and most important subject of man's spiritual life. Men here, as elsewhere, are seeking after some great controlling centre of universal unity; they are dissatisfied with what is, and want to go back, and are making efforts to do so; but *they must go forward*—progress, progress, is the law, and every effort made against it will only tend to hasten a consummation very different from what they sought for, and yet containing more of unity and Catholicity than they either dreamed of or hoped for; for it will be the unity and Catholicity of God, whilst theirs would have been but the abortive imitation of man. Thus, in things outward, in things mental, in things spiritual, there are struggles going on for the entertainment of universal unity; and, notwithstanding the dust and confusion which must necessarily arise in the conflict, we may hail it with gladness and hope; for such efforts can never take place without leading to some great result—great, though imperfect; for what is typical and progressive must be imperfect—yet great, as containing within itself the potential germ of the blessedness of that day, when, agreeably to the deep language of St. Paul, the creature, which is now in earnest expectation waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God, shall itself be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God, who shall themselves in that day receive the adoption, the redemption of their bodies. We trust that we have said enough to show that man is saved by hope, or in hope; that there is hope for us even when we contemplate the strange tides in which the current of affairs doth flow, and apart from those special revelations to hope with which the Scriptures abound. But in contemplating what may be, let us not forget what is; and whilst we cling to hope for the future, let us take to ourselves faith, or trust and confidence in God for the present, and love as the guide and rule of action always. Thus this time, in which our lot is cast, will be a transition state to us indeed; probably a better one on earth—certainly to a better and a brighter in heaven.

\* See Fowler's “Le Nouveau Monde Industriel.”

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

### LIFE IN SHETLAND.

In the remote and thinly-peopled Shetland islands, where the higher class of inhabitants, in many instances residing far from each other, are nearly deprived of society of their own rank, some families are accustomed to fill up their leisure with attention to the animal creation in all the varieties within their reach. In almost every family, indeed, in the seclusion of these islands, the young devote much time and many cares to the domestic creatures necessarily dependent on them, and also to rearing and domesticating sundry animals, in general wild and uninteresting. Of the former class are the herds of ponies each family has to rear and maintain for the farm work, in the absence of carts and roads—the cows which supply so many of our comforts—the weakly or deserted lambs, often taken home from the flocks by which the uninhabited islands and heathy hills are pastured—the geese and other tenants of the poultry-yard, not to speak of those universal favorites, dogs and cats, of which every Shetland household contains a goodly proportion. Some idea of what is meant by the latter may be gleaned from the fact, that at one of the country gentlemen's seats were lately domiciled all at once the following animals: a rein-deer from the North Cape, which roamed about the lawn, and sought its stable with the cows; a seal of the larger species, which occupied a porch attached to the dwelling, and often intruded herself up two flights of stairs, examining each apartment with the most anxious curiosity; a sea-otter, whose region was the kitchen, whose playmate the shepherd's dog, and whose inveterate and not very endearing propensity it was to persist in nestling in the servants' bed, instead of his own comfortable crib; a very fine Newfoundland dog, with which the seal had many amusing and bloodless encounters in her native element; but the finest specimen of the canine race was a *sui generis* Shetland dog, who afterwards pined and died, apparently of a broken heart for his master's temporary absence. There was, moreover, a blue cat of the Persian breed from Archangel—a perfect treasure of her kind for gentleness and affection—and a piebald raven from the Faroe isles; besides several gulls and a cormorant—all quite tame and domestic. Verily, the family had sufficient society—no need of balls, or dinners, or evening parties. Did a glimpse of sunshine enliven the winter day? the seal was carried down in her sedan chair (*alias*, a handbarrow, which she mounted with eagerness) to the excavation made for her use, into which the sea flowed each tide; and there we would watch her elegant gambols, or throw her the fish that had been provided for her. Was the twilight long, and hanging heavy? the otter and Shetland dog were invited to the parlor, where they would engage in a game of romps. At first it was only on repeated encouragement that the dog would notice his young and playful companion, so inferior in height, although his match in strength and agility: very speedily, however, both got equally energetic, and their gambols and wiles, sometimes uncouth, often elegant, always displaying the attitudes and propensities peculiar to each, would be kept up for a considerable time with untiring spirit. At length, temper being lost on both sides, the kitchen guest would be dismissed; while the canine pet, soothed and caressed by his master,

resigned himself to rest on the rug, where he would soon be joined by his inseparable friend and favorite, the gentle puss, who had stolen away when the otter was permitted entrance, no doubt much disgusted and amazed that her beloved master and his family should have such tastes. Thus are we accustomed to make friends and companions of the lower animals, and we are not ashamed to confess, that the loss of some of our playful and affectionate dumb friends has caused sincere sorrow, and, among the young people, many tears; which some may unthinkingly sneer at, but which the gentle and ingenuous will recognize as natural and graceful expressions of gratitude for submission unreserved and undeviating, affection enduring and unequivocal, and the display of qualities such as we are accustomed to love in our fellow-men.

Such being our opportunities of observation, and such our experience, we trust a few more particular notices and anecdotes of the animal kingdom in the Shetland islands will not be uninteresting, especially to the young. We shall begin with the ponies.

"Eric, it looks thick; will there be snow, think you?" says the laird to his principal assistant, as the shutters are closed and the candles lighted.

"No doubt of that, sir," responds Eric; "the horses are come home."

"Have you let them in?"

"O yes, sir; they are all in the yard;" and forthwith the master, laying aside the book he had just taken up, and followed by his whole family, go out to see and welcome the shaggy servants, who have come of their own accord from their hilly ranges to seek shelter and food during the approaching storm. There are twelve, twenty, thirty, perhaps so many as forty of them, old and young. A scanty meal of hay or coarse dried grass is given them, while the young people endeavor to keep the elder animals from sponging on the younger; for when their own share is finished, the old horses are very apt to be domineering and vicious to their own kind, as well as voracious, and sometimes kick off the others, and injure them to the breaking of a limb. They therefore require to be watched when thus fed in numbers together.

Next morning the ground is covered with snow; the ponies scrape the fleecy carpet with their feet, endeavoring to obtain a mouthful; and morning and evening they receive from their protectors a spare meal as before. A very stormy night is apprehended, and some young or weakly foal, peradventure the pet of one of the little girls, walks into the kitchen, and there very quietly and demurely takes up his quarters, to the great delight of the children, who run to feed him from time to time with oat-cake or potatoes, and a draught of sweet warm milk; all which attentions he receives with becoming gravity.

The horses with us are never stabled; the side of a house, or of a stone wall, is all the shelter they receive; and many of their companions are left to do as they best may on their native hills and shores, receiving, during a long snow, a handful of hay or straw once every two or three days, and sustaining their life chiefly by seeking the beach, and eating the drift sea-weed, of which cows are also fond, and eat freely. We do not find that the horse is nearly so sagacious or affectionate as the cow, and is much more selfish and obstinate. However much he may be indulged or

taken notice of, he very rarely displays definite attachment or discriminating sagacity; he will, indeed, carry his rider safely home through a thick mist or drifting snow, if the reins are resigned to him, thus in all probability avoiding a plunge in a snow-wreath or a flounder in a quagmire; but so will any animal seek and find its native place, or the shed where it is accustomed to receive food.

The Shetland pony, however, is docile, rarely vicious, and admirably adapted for the half-savage life he is doomed to lead in these islands, where even the steeds kept for the family's use in riding receive little better usage than the rest, and never know the luxuries of currying, stabling, or supping on oats. Some of these ponies are very diminutive; the largest are about eleven hands; while some do not exceed thirty-three or even thirty inches. One of the latter, a dun-colored mare of exquisite symmetry, could stand under a dining-table, and a lady, who is rather *petite*, could seat herself on its back without lifting her feet from the ground. This gentle and beautiful creature was lost by falling over a precipice, but the foal she had with her was found and carefully nourished, and is still alive; the same in color, but rather larger than its dam. The breed of ponies is degenerating within these few years; for the handsomest and best are usually exported. Only one circumstance—and it is rather a melancholy one—is in favor of the breed, namely, that the late severe seasons have carried off the weakly ones in hundreds. The trying and variable Shetland winter may thus prove a necessary and beneficial, though it may be a rough regenerator.

Of the cow we have little to say; she is staid and matronly, and well treated, as she always deserves to be; her milk, though small in quantity, is peculiarly rich. Oxen are almost always employed in the plough, or the light cart used on the proprietors' farms. The ox is very sagacious, docile, patient, and enduring. Only one we ever saw was inveterately obstinate, and averse to labor. He was a young and beautiful animal, milk-white, without a spot. He used invariably to fall down when about to be yoked, as if deprived of the use of his joints, and no coaxing or beating could induce him to rise, so that it required five or six men to set him on his legs. He appeared in good plight, but almost everybody supposed he was really weak, so well did he feign; till one day his owner came with a powerful horse-whip, and gave him a severe chastisement, to the no small surprise and scandal of the bystanders at the imagined cruelty of this procedure; however, ere long, the ox started up with the greatest agility, and that day worked steadily and vigorously, as he had done indeed for a few weeks before this fancy struck him. Next morning, however, again he lay as if dead or dying; but the instant the author of his castigation appeared at some distance coming towards him, he jumped up as before: this was often repeated; but as his master could not be always at hand, and he was found utterly incorrigible, and not amenable to any other discipline whatever, he was reluctantly devoted to the knife.

Last season, after much procrastination, and with many regrets, we were compelled to sign the death-warrant of a very old and faithful servant, a work ox, who had reached his twenty-first year, and was still, to all appearance, in possession of as much activity and vigor as ever. No animal

could by possibility be more docile, sagacious, and affectionate; he distinctly knew and acknowledged, under any circumstances, the persons belonging to his owner's family, or who were accustomed to drive him; and he was so perfectly aware of what was required of him, that one would have imagined he understood human language. Though it is a defect in the character of the lower class of Shetlanders, that they only value their animals for the use they can make of them, and indulge in no sentiment towards even the most attached of their dumb dependents, yet of this animal, all who knew him said he was so intelligent, as to be able to do everything but speak; nor could any but strangers be got to butcher him at last, so well was he known, and so highly appreciated. I may just add, that his flesh was finely flavored and tender, as well as fat, and that it is quite usual in Shetland to keep both cows and oxen to the age of sixteen or eighteen years before slaughtering them.

Who has not heard of the softness and fineness of the Shetland wool? I do not know the reason of its extreme softness. Is it the coarse scanty food, or something peculiar in our herbage? Or is it merely the particular breed? Partly all these causes, I imagine; for the wool degenerates when the sheep are removed to more southerly latitudes, or to better pastures in their own. They are of small size—the mutton is highly flavored and dark-colored, like the Welsh—the wool is of different shades of brown color, gray and black, as well as white. I trust the benevolent feelings of my readers will prompt them to a more lively interest in this, the staple article of produce in these poor and lonely isles, when they are informed, that, while the hardy adventurous fisherman seeks his livelihood on the dangerous ocean, the females of his family add materially to their too often scanty resources, and, at least, always provide their own clothing, by the produce of their knitting, which is, indeed, the only remunerating branch of industry within their reach. The wool is so fine, that it may be spun into a thread as small as a cambric one, and this on a common lint-wheel. Some idea of this may be formed from the fact, that one thousand yards of thread are frequently spun from one ounce of wool, each thread being threefold, or three thousand yards in all! Stockings knitted from thread of this quality are so light and fine, as to be capable of being drawn through a finger-ring, and for such, so high a price as two guineas, and even more, has been paid. These used to be the most *recherché* articles of Shetland manufacture; but within these few years, the cottage girls knit a variety of elegant shawls and scarfs in numerous ingenious patterns, mostly their own invention, which are as beautiful as lace, and not above three or four ounces in weight.

There is no scene more exciting in Shetland than a whale hunt. When the latter word is used, the reader most probably will associate with it Melton Mowbray, or Oakleigh, or the Caledonian hunt. How contrasted to these is the scene I would endeavor to describe! In the one are met all the paraphernalia of hounds and horns, a rich and cultivated country, dinners and balls. In the other, Shetland boats and the unstable ocean, shouts and confusion; while, instead of a brush, or a few hares, a shoal of valuable animals driven on shore contribute, by the produce of their blubber, light to our dreary nights, or many comforts to the poor island fishermen. The only



species of whale which is thus stranded on the shores of these islands is the *Delphinus Deductor*, or *Ca'ing Whale*, one of the lesser cetacea allied to the grampus and porpoise. The ca'ing whale, which is from eight to twenty feet long, and yields from twenty to sixty gallons of oil, is gregarious. Crowds of the species roam over the North Sea, always under the guidance of a leader; who would appear, however, to be equally fallible with many human leaders, for he often leads them far out of their proper walk. Every year, hundreds are stranded in Shetland, and also in the Faroe isles, where, it may be remarked, they are of more service, as the Faroese do not scruple to use their flesh as food. As a general account of our whale hunts might be comparatively uninteresting, I shall here give a description of a particular one, which occurred a few years ago, and was attended by circumstances of unusual animation. The scene was one of those snug land-locked bays with which the Shetland isles abound, opening round the point of a small adjacent island into the North Sea; the time was a calm dull winter day.

It was yet the morning twilight, when a messenger was sent to the proprietor of the land lying around the bay, to inform him that a shoal of whales were lying in the narrow sound leading into it. Not long did the laird indulge in sloth after this summons; in a very few minutes he was up and dressed, issuing orders all the while he performed his hasty toilet, and sending messengers to his tenants, desiring them to hasten to put themselves under his direction at the scene of action. In an incredibly short space of time many boats were gathered, and filled with men and boys armed with weapons and instruments of noise as well as murder. Happy was he who could boast the possession of some rusty ancestral sword or cutlass, or a harpoon acquired in some Greenland voyage; and in absence of, or addition to all these, the boats were loaded with stones of all sizes, hastily gathered from the beach at starting. The laird was provided with a heavy gun, loaded with two balls, a weapon which had been fatal to the lives of many seals and otters. The boats proceeded singly, and in silence, the men straining every nerve, in suppressed but bursting eagerness, in order to get between the whales and the expanse of the ocean. When all were collected in a close phalanx—to which boats from neighboring shores, and lairds from adjacent islands, were each moment gathering—the chase commenced in earnest. Every voice was raised in shouts and wild cries; showers of stones were flung by every hand not employed with oars; kettles and saucepans were rattled, and various violins tuned, not so much to harmony, as to discord; all combined making a chaos of sounds intended to confuse the timid group, who were seen floundering in alarm till the water was like a boiling cauldron. The whales were thus slowly followed till they were driven fairly past the narrow sound or entrance, and into the bay; but here the prospect widening, it became rather a difficult matter to persuade the inhabitants of the deep that it would be best for them to run on shore. Boats continued to push from the land, terrifying still more, and scattering the herd; and strangers were not found willing to place themselves under due direction and generalship. The shoal separated in two divisions, and the hunters, in their eagerness, became less and less amenable to discipline, so that an unsuccessful termination of the adventure was greatly to be

dreaded. The laird and his first lieutenant and factotum became entirely hoarse with bawling, and the poor persecuted whales made several desperate and dangerous efforts to break the barrier of boats that opposed their return to the ocean. Thus passed many hours, during which the hunters had enough to do to keep themselves in safety, and prevent their prize from escaping. The boats were tossed by the motion of the whales in the water, as if it were agitated by a storm; the short day drew to its close; the afternoon twilight came; but though the sun's beams had been hidden through the day, a slight breeze was now scattering the low clouds, to make way for the bright rising of the full moon; the wearied and anxious pursuers (many of whom had, in their eager haste, left their homes without breakfast) were now making up their minds to keep watch over their restless prey even through the night; so the laird, having sent on shore for refreshments, rested from his exertions, to snatch a hasty repast, and refresh his boatmen. While he was thus engaged, the herd of whales once again united, and after a short interval of repose, suddenly made a simultaneous movement towards the shore. At this joyful sight, and the apparently near triumphant termination of their day's toil, hunger and fatigue were forgotten, and all were again engaged with oars, and voices, stones and fiddles, in contributing to the wished-for result; when the leader of the herd, a large and powerful male, feeling the water shallowing, turned back, apparently resolved to make one desperate attempt for freedom and safety. His companions followed, taking their way with the swiftness of lightning along the shore, seeking an outlet, which undoubtedly they would soon have found, from the position of the boats and the breadth of the bay; but at this moment of breathless suspense the laird, whose powerfully-manned boat lay nearest to the direction the whales were taking, sped like an arrow to meet the poor prisoners thus gallantly struggling for release. Vain struggle! When within a few yards, the laird raised his unerring gun, and fired at the leader of the herd. Stunned and blinded, the poor animal turned from the direction of safety, and despairingly, or unwittingly, ran directly on shore, just below the proprietor's dwelling. The whole herd of two hundred blindly followed, as is their invariable habit. The hunters, of course, rushed after them, and as the boats touched the ground, the men jumped to their waists in water, in the midst of their helpless prey, who were despatched with knives and harpoons without mercy, till all appeared wading in blood rather than water. The laird's factotum was a man of extraordinary strength and stature, and, armed with a powerful family sword of his master's, stabbed and cut by the moonlight till his athletic arm dropped from weariness, his whole person dripping with the blood of the slaughtered whales, and his brain fairly delirious with excitement and exertion. Ere midnight the whole herd lay dead on the beach, those which had been killed in the water being dragged above the flood-mark.

Next morning, the laird and the assessors of the booty met in solemn conclave, while an eager and noisy though respectful multitude, were gathered around the bodies of the slain. In such cases the capture is divided into three parts. One part belongs to the admiral as crown dues, another to the proprietor of the shore on which the whales are stranded, while the third is divided

among those who have assisted in the chase. But the admiral now, I believe, waives his right in favor of the captors. On the occasion I have been alluding to, the division was first effected justly, and to the satisfaction of all, and then commenced the operation of flenching, or cutting off the blubber, which is the only part of this species of whale here considered of any use.

Some of the participants chose to carry away their own shares, while others were happy if their landlord would take theirs, the value to be placed to their credit against rent-day. I have mentioned that the flesh of the ca'ing whale is eaten by the natives of the Faroe islands. It is not necessity that compels them to this; for they have abundance of other sorts of animal food—sheep, wild-fowl in profusion, and their superfluous foals, which last are said to be palatable food—but the whale's flesh is considered to be nutritious, and is much to their liking. Having heard of this custom, I resolved to taste the flesh of one of the above-mentioned whales. A young one was selected, from which some steaks were cut, and, without other preparation, broiled. The flesh looked and tasted exactly like beef; rather coarser, than our delicate Shetland beef, indeed, but with no peculiar flavor or odor to distinguish it from ox flesh, or betray its origin. Prejudice was found the only drawback; for several persons—men, women, and children—partook of it with relish, who did not know it to be other than beef; yet no sooner were most of them informed of what their repast consisted, than no persuasions could induce them to finish what remained; so much are we the creatures of early prejudice and prepossession. It is not more than fifty years since the flesh of the seal was eagerly eaten by the Shetlanders, as it still is by the Faroese and Greenlanders. I have tasted it too, and found it much the same, but still more delicate than the whale's. Could the prejudice against whale's flesh be overcome, what a welcome supply of food would the carcasses prove, which now are left to rot on the beaches, or else to sink in the sea, while the natives of Faroe never suffer from famine, as the Shetlanders have done for a succession of years, from failure of their crops and fishing. A more extraordinary prejudice of the Shetlanders leads them obstinately to refuse as food all sorts of shell-fish, even in the extremity of distress from want. Lobsters and crabs, of large size and fine quality, as well as many of the smaller crustacea, no Shetland peasant or fisherman will ever taste; and when others do, they look on with loathing and abhorrence.

Occasionally a large Greenland whale, or finner, has been stranded and killed among the Shetland islands, after the manner described by Sir Walter Scott in the *Pirate*. A very large one was embayed in a narrow sound above twenty years ago, and having been killed, was towed into the nearest bay, when it grounded, and lay like an island till it was flenched. It was eighty feet long. A six-oared boat could row into its mouth, and it required a ladder to climb on its back. Another individual of this species had more lately run into a narrow creek, in which it could not turn to get out, and was therefore killed without risk or much trouble, and yielded a noble recompense.

I have already described the seal as one of the animals occasionally domesticated by the solitary-living gentry of Shetland. Our seas once abounded more in seals than they do now; not that we have

steamboats fizzing and fussing into every creek and harbor, disturbing these timid and harmless denizens of our rocks; but light being a great desideratum in every dwelling, the seals have been mercilessly hunted and destroyed for the sake of the oil they yield, which is well known to be the finest of all for the lamp. There are only two species known here, and the distinction between them is very strongly marked. The one is *phoca barbata*, seven to ten feet long. The female is so different in color and appearance, as to be recognized at once when only the head is above water, even by the fishermen, and thus it has been mistaken and figured by naturalists as a different species, under the name of gray seal and gryphus. These are monogamous, each pair residing in a cave by themselves. The other species is the *phoca vitulina*, never above six feet in length; male and female nearly alike; gregarious, or congregating in flocks of from six to fifty, or more. Both species bring forth but one at a time. The young of the former is carefully nursed and fed in its native cavern, till it has cast its first hair, which it does in about six weeks; while the young of the latter takes the water from its birth, and swims and dives with nearly the same facility as its parents. We have very frequently attempted to rear the cubs of both species, but unsuccessfully, except in the case of the one formerly alluded to. She was captured in a dangerous and almost inaccessible cave, after a severe struggle, when a few weeks old. From her having acquired vigor by the ordinary nursing of the mother, she was easily fed on fish, (of which she devoured an incredible quantity,) and grew very rapidly; but, on the other hand, she never lost altogether her native ferocity, nor would suffer herself to be touched, or even too nearly approached, by any but the individual who had her peculiarly in charge; and strange to say, with that person she was, from the first, confiding and gentle. After a while, however, she became much more domestic, traversing the house, apparently seeking society or caressing language, of which she seemed exceedingly sensible. The unreclaimable wildness of her nature was then only perceivable in the piercing glance and strikingly intelligent expression of her large and beautiful eyes. Her voice was singularly expressive, and of various modulation. Plaintively pleasing and prolonged were the notes when singing her own lullaby, or, perhaps, one might fancy, (we often did,) that she pensively mourned for her native haunts of rocks, billows, and freedom. When impatient for food, her cry was precisely like that of a child; when disturbed or irritated, it was the short howl of a dog. Her gait on land was awkward, and apparently uneasy, as she was always anxious to be carried the few hundred yards' distance to the water; and there, indeed, her motions were all grace and ease; diving for amusement, or after the pieces of fish which were thrown to her, or else presenting an air of the haughtiest and most dignified defiance to the Newfoundland dog, who, on his part, anxious as he ever was to encounter a wounded seal, dared not too familiarly or nearly approach the ferocious glance of that expressive countenance.

It appears that diving is necessary for the health of these animals. They usually remain from a few minutes to a quarter of an hour under water; their blood then becomes more venoid; and with this condition their brain appears formed most to agree. It is imagined to be this condition of the blood that

gives rise to the powerful odor of coal-tar, or carburetted hydrogen gas, emitted from their bodies both dead and alive. I have observed it to be more powerful from this animal when angry, or just after returning from her daily visit to her native element. Our *seachie* lived with us for six months, and grew to the size of above seven feet. She was then permitted to go at large on the sea; but on being called, though at a considerable distance, she would immediately answer in the plaintive sound expressive of pleasure and recognition; and on returning to the house, we would soon find her swim to land, and patiently wait on the beach for her carriage; or else, if called and encouraged, make her ungainly way over stones, grass, and gravel walks, to the lodge appointed for her. She was thus amusing herself on the sea one day, when a sudden storm of snow came on, and we observed one or two wild seals of the smaller species swimming about her; the clouds thickened, the snow drifted from the land, and we never saw our interesting protégée again, though a boat was instantly sent in search of her. We conjectured that she had been attracted round a point of the land by the wild ones during the thickness of the weather; for next day, our favorite found her way into a neighboring inlet, not to be welcomed and regaled with warm milk, as she had been accustomed, but, when she confidently approached the dwelling of man, only to be knocked on the head and eagerly despatched, (we hope thoughtlessly, though she was well known in the island,) for the sake of her skin and blubber. Poor Finna! long wast thou regretted, and bitterly was thy cruel fate lamented.

Several pairs of the white-tailed, or sea-eagle, breed in the cliffs and precipices of Shetland. A few years ago, an adventurous climber scaled one of these cliffs, and made prisoner of an unfledged eaglet from the nest. It was carried to a young gentleman in a neighboring island, and in time grew to be a very large and noble bird, but never became in the least degree tamed. A hut was built for his dwelling-place, and he was permitted to go at large, with his wing clipped, to prevent escape; but the only dispositions he ever displayed were fierceness and voracity. Many a poor straggling hen and duck became the victims of the savage guest; even the person who approached him with food was fiercely attacked; and the servants preferred many weighty complaints regarding torn garments and wounded hands. At length fears were entertained for the little children just beginning to run about the premises, as even the thatched roof of his hut was not sufficient to resist the force of his efforts to escape confinement, and after a sojourn of eighteen months, he was reluctantly destroyed. Another eagle, of the same species, but a full-grown one, was captured last year in a very surprising manner by a daring fowler, whose favorite recreation it is to scale, fearless and alone, the dizzy precipice, every nook and cranny of which is familiar to his footsteps. This man had been aware for several years that a pair of eagles built on an almost inaccessible point of a cliff several hundred feet high. Long he had searched for their nest, but in vain. At length he stumbled upon it one day by accident, but imprudently, as it turned out, carried off the only egg it contained. When he imagined the young ones would be hatched, he returned by a path he had carefully marked; but no nest was there. The parent birds had been aware of the spoiler's visit, and removed

their residence to a still more concealed and inaccessible spot. Again the enthusiastic cragsman renewed his search; and after a patient cowering among the rocks in the face of the precipice, he saw the eagles engaged in feeding their young, but in a place which appeared altogether beyond his reach. Difficulties seemed only to nerve my undaunted friend to fresh efforts; and after many attempts, he at last reached the wished-for spot. He saw three eggs in the nest; but, made wise by experience, he resolved to wait till they were hatched, and contented himself with carefully marking the situation, and the safest approach to it. It was not always that, daring as was our cragsman, the state of the rocks, of the weather, and of his own feelings, permitted him to make the dizzy attempt. At length, last season he accomplished it. On reaching the place, he perceived the white tail of the parent bird, as brooding on the nest it projected over the shelf of rock on which she had built. With dauntless bravery, perceiving that she was not aware of his approach, he flung himself on the back of the powerful and ferocious bird. She seemed to be at once cowed and overcome by the might and majesty of man, before whose glance we have been often told the fiercest beasts of the desert quail. In what a situation was our adventurer now! standing on a flat ledge of rock, a few feet square, a precipice overhanging a hundred feet above him, while underneath, at six times that distance, roared the abyss of ocean, and screaming overhead soared the male eagle, as if hesitating whether or not to attack the spoiler. We can hardly imagine a more dreadful, nay, sublime position; but the cool courage and self-possession of the cragsman carried him safely through the adventure. First he twisted the strong wings of the bird together; loosening one garter, with it he bound her bill, and with the other her legs. Thus fettered and gagged, she lay quietly at his mercy, and he paused a moment to draw breath, and ask himself if it were possible that he had accomplished a feat so extraordinary. Much he wished to preserve his captive uninjured, to make his triumph appear the more questionless and complete; but thus loaded, he could not have attempted the dangerous path by which he had to return; so, after a few anxious cogitations, he threw his prize over the precipice. Bound and helpless, she dashed from rock to rock as she fell, till she rested on a point which he knew was quite easily accessible to him, and then he took his eager and joyful, though to any other than himself, hazardous path, to where she lay, struggling yet with the remains of life, so that it became a matter of humanity to finish her death at once. Her bereaved mate followed the successful spoiler on his homeward way that evening, soaring low, and screaming fearfully; but he has never been seen since. To his indulgent landlord the adventurer carried his extraordinary prize, and told his tale with modest enthusiasm, receiving a handsome present when he had finished, as well as unqualified praise for his brave and daring deed.

On a solitary stony hill in the middle of the island of Unst, (the most northerly of the Shetlandic group,) is frequently seen the snowy owl, a rare and noble bird, the largest of the genus *Strix*. It is a native of North America, Lapland, and Norway; but it is very rarely seen in Britain, except in the locality above-mentioned, where it is found at all seasons. This hill is plentifully strewn with its pellets, or those balls of feathers

and hair which birds of prey eject from their stomachs as the indigestible remains of their meals. After diligent search, their nest has never been met with; but it is reasonably supposed that the breeding-place is somewhere in the island, as young ones have also been seen, or what were taken to be such, from their darker color. The Shetland peasants have a superstitious hatred of these birds. Few ornithologists visit that remote quarter, and therefore they remain pretty much unmolested. The male adult snowy owl is a large and powerful animal, nearly quite white; the female is rather larger, and more numerously spotted with dusky gray.

We have in Shetland annual visits of that beautiful bird, the wild swan. A few years ago, early in spring, a large flock of them were winging their way over the island of Unst to the solitary lakes of Iceland, to which they migrate yearly for the purpose of incubation. A flight of swans is an interesting and attractive sight; the majestic birds soaring on their powerful pinions, and uttering their pleasing inspiring cry, which seems to breathe the very essence of eager expectation and cheering encouragement. Or, is it that we but imagine this! for these, to the natives of Shetland, are the first notes of returning spring, like those of the cuckoo in more favored latitudes. Sometimes the swans fly so high as to be invisible; yet at that season we always hear their cheerful voice, and seek not to repress in our bosoms the throb of joy that responds to their note. It rarely happens, when these beautiful birds alight for a little rest upon one of our small lakes, that they escape without leaving a few victims sacrificed to man's cupidity. I may just stop to remark, that, as a general rule, we do not allow any young sportsman, over whom we have any control, to kill birds during their breeding season. Pigeons and plovers are then suffered to pursue their task unmolested; and it is not until they again begin to congregate in flocks, that we cast a thought on our game pias. Probably the far-sighted reader will perceive as much policy as sentiment in this self-denying procedure. But this is a digression. I was going on to say that a flock of swans rested on our largest inland lake, and a respectable native of the neighborhood, with his dog and gun, hastened to have a shot at them. The birds seemed wearied with the storms they had encountered; the air was heavy, the wind light and contrary, so that they could not easily rise. Fortunately for them, there were no boats on the lake. The noble birds kept the dogs which assailed them at bay, and beat them at swimming; while, by keeping to the middle of the sheet of water, the gun-shot could not reach them; so, after a long chase from dawn till night, they were left in quiet for a few hours. The sportsman slept by the lake side, and he slept soundly. But he was awaked in the early dawn by the triumphant cry and loud sound of pinions, and starting up, he was just in time to see the swans taking advantage of a favoring breeze, majestically rise, and speed their way to the north, in which direction, we may easily imagine, the disappointed sportsman looked long and wistfully, but in vain.

We have, in the Shetland isles, another rare bird, much asked after by ornithologists—the skua gull, called sometimes Richardson's skua. It is the largest of the gull tribe, and of a dark brown color. Not above five years since, from the unsparing deprivations of collectors, and other causes,

this family of birds was almost extinct, being reduced to three individuals; but by the protection of the proprietor of the promontory where they breed in Unst, they have now increased to at least twenty pairs. The promontory or enclosure here alluded to is the most northerly point of the British isles, and during the summer months, no sight can possibly be more interesting and extraordinary than what is here presented. The whole ground, (as well as the precipitous banks, which on three sides overhang the sea,) is literally covered with the nests of innumerable sea-fowl of various species, so that the unwonted visitor is apt to tread on them before he is aware, and is each moment in danger of being struck by the wings of the parent birds, which, alarmed for the safety of their progeny, dash over his head, and almost in his face, while their screams are absolutely deafening. Contrasted with this animated picture, when the birds have migrated for the winter, how bleak and desolate is the aspect of the scenery, from whence such multitudes of the inhabitants of the rocks and sea have fled for a time, leaving only a forlorn wilderness, which erewhile had swarmed with innocent and lovely forms of animated life, engaged in their most interesting and important avocations. From the nests in this locality, we have frequently procured, and afterwards domesticated, the skua gull. He is not, however, a very amiable bird. His motions and cry are not unlike the eagle's; and he is apt to be very tyrannical, and even injurious, to poultry and children; though he is not destitute of affection to any who are accustomed to feed or caress him.

Should the above familiar sketches induce any young reader to prosecute the subject to which they refer, for himself, and thus become interested in the manners and customs of the brute creation around him—a study which may well be ranked among the influences calculated to moralize and soften our nature—my object will have been attained.

THE SCOTTISH DIALECT. The Scotch is not to be considered as a provincial dialect—the vehicle only of rustic vulgarity, and rude local humor. It is the language of a whole country, long an independent kingdom, and still separate in laws, character, and manners. It is by no means peculiar to the vulgar; but is the common speech of the whole nation in early life, and, with many of its most exalted and accomplished individuals, throughout their whole existence; and though it be true that, in later times, it has been in some measure laid aside by the more ambitious and aspiring of the present generation, it is still recollected, even by them, as the familiar language of their childhood, and of those who were the earliest objects of their love and veneration. It is connected in their imagination not only with that olden time which is uniformly conceived as more pure, lofty, and simple than the present, but also with all the soft and bright colors of remembered childhood and domestic affection. All its phrases conjure up images of school-day innocence and sports, and friendships which have no pattern in succeeding years. Add to all this, that it is the language of a great body of poetry, with which almost all Scotchmen are familiar; and, in particular, of a great multitude of songs, written with more tenderness, nature, and feeling, than any other lyric compositions that are extant—and we may perhaps be allowed to say, that the Scotch is, in reality, a highly poetical language; and that it is an ignorant, as well as an illiberal prejudice, which would seek to confound it with the barbarous dialects of York shire or Devon.—*Lord Jeffrey's Essays.*

From the Gentlemen's Magazine.

*Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan.* Edited by her Son. 3 vols.

AMONG the papers found at the death of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, in 1838, was a brief sketch of the earlier part of her life, which she began to write in 1825. It contained a view of the principal incidents of it from her birth, in 1755, to 1806, when it terminated. The present volumes contain her correspondence from 1803 to 1838, during the greater part of which time she resided at Edinburgh. In 1816 she became known to the public as the author of the *Letters from the Mountains*. Her infancy was passed in America. In 1768 she returned with her parents to Scotland. In 1779, being then Miss Macvicar, she married a young clergyman named Grant, a name a little more brief and euphonious than her own. He died in 1801 of decline, leaving her with a family of eight children. Of these, however, as they grew up, many a beautiful flower was cut off and destroyed by the same fatal disease which had deprived her of a husband. Her eldest son, a promising young soldier, died in India; the last of her daughters was lost to her in 1827. Mrs. Grant, for the last twelve years of her life, received a pension of £100 a year from George the Fourth; and Sir William Grant, the Master of the Rolls, left her by will an annuity of the same amount. She died, November, 1838, in her eighty-fourth year. Her person is thus described by one who visited her in 1829. "I have seen Mrs. Grant of Laggan. She is a venerable ruin. She is so lame as to be obliged to walk with crutches, and even with their assistance her motions are slow and languid. Still, she is not only resigned but cheerful; her confidence in divine goodness has never failed. I think I shall never forget that venerable countenance, so marked by suffering, yet so tranquil, so indicative at once both of goodness and greatness; the broad and noble forehead above all, relieved by the parted gray hair, exceeds in interest any feature of youthful beauty which it has yet been my fortune to behold. Her conversation is original and characteristic, frank yet far from rude, replete at once with amusement and instruction. She frequently among friends claims the privilege of age to speak what she calls truth; what every one, indeed, must acknowledge to be such in its wisest and most attractive form," &c. Mrs. Grant's *Letters from the Mountains* contain her correspondence with her friends from 1773 to 1804, which is continued in the present volumes, so that united they form an autobiography both full and authentic. All subjects considered interesting to the writer or her friends are treated of as they arise, and the more important events of her life, and the circumstances of the times, and anecdotes of her acquaintances, and anxieties regarding her children, are mixed up with the common incidents and ordinary topics of the day. If the present

writer does not possess the charms of Madam Sevigné's style and expression, she excels her in the change and variety of her subject, and she possesses the same warmth of feeling without the perpetual and too elaborate profession of it. To her personal friends these volumes must offer most grateful recollections of past friendship; to the public they present a portrait of the author by her own hands, and with the colors fresh from the pallet. All the domestic scenes and home sketches are drawn with tenderness and affection; and she paints the manners of social life and the passing events of the day with great delicacy of judgment and strength of coloring, while her opinions of others are regulated by generosity of temper and feeling. They are the letters of a well-bred gentlewoman, as well as of a sensible observer and accomplished writer. While she was satisfied and pleased with a retired and contemplative life, she also enjoyed the delight of a polished and intellectual society.

In describing those she admired or loved, her warmth of friendship has just tinted the likeness with that coloring that makes it more pleasing without detracting from its truth. These letters will show that the writer possessed both strength of understanding and justness and delicacy of taste, while it will also be observed that the bereavements she experienced in many ways, though borne with fortitude and resignation, gave additional seriousness to her views, and a peculiar tenderness to her expression. It is an old observation that women excel in letter-writing,\* and that their ideas and observations are given with a natural ease of expression and elegant familiarity of phrase which men rarely possess. Now if this observation is, as we believe it to be, true, we might, perhaps, trace it to this as to one of the causes, that they are not accustomed, so much as men are, to make a distinction between written and spoken language, or to require that when we take the pen in hand, as when we put on a dress suit, we should at once alter our manner and appearance, assume a more majestic look, walk with a statelier step, and wear an aspect of superior dignity and importance. Those persons whose letters are submitted to the press are generally authors who are conversant with literature, who have formed their manner from books rather than conversation, and who, besides having acquired what we may call a *printed* style, may be afraid that any relaxation might be deemed debasement, and the masculine character of their writings sink

\*"When you except a few men of distinguished talents, ladies both write and speak more agreeable than scholars. If you ask me the reason of this, I must inform you that the easy and natural excursions of the imagination are seldom checked in ladies, while the enslaved pupils of colleges and schools in tender youth are forced into awkward imitations, or dreary ungrateful tracts, where genius or beauty never were seen," &c. See the very elegant essay called "Clio; or a Discourse on Taste," by Mr. Usher, p. 92, concerning whom see Watts' *Bibliotheca Britannica*.

into weakness or vulgarity. But such a practice would be the very destruction of letter-writing, which is, in fact, nothing but good conversation written down. "Utinam et verba in usu quotidiano posita minus timeremus," is advice the letter-writer would do well to remember. "When," says an elegant and philosophical writer,\* "a woman of feeling, fancy, and accomplishment, has learned to converse with ease and grace, from long intercourse with the most polished society, and when she writes as she speaks, she must write letters as they ought to be written, if she has acquired just as much habitual correctness as is reconcilable with the air of negligence," &c. But to return to Mrs. Grant and her volumes. The topics of her correspondence are very miscellaneous, touching on all that was most important or pleasing, in what she saw, heard, or read. These subjects would, we think, lose much of their interest in such detached extracts as we could make, and when separated from all that accompanies them. Take one trifle out of the heap, and like a single leaf it is blown away and lost; we have thought it best, therefore, to confine ourselves to those portions of the correspondence which contain information on literature and anecdotes on literary persons; *Rudem enim esse in nostris Scriptoribus, aut inertissimæ segnitæ est, aut fastidii delicatissimi.* Our own remarks we wish to be considered as lights reflected from the text rather than assuming an importance from any little original information they may contain. For the volumes themselves, he who opens them for amusement will find himself also receiving instruction. When the Sirens invited Ulysses to their island they not only offered the attraction of melody of voice and variety of song, but they promised also to open to him their ample stores of knowledge, and to satisfy his desire of information,

Ἴδμεν δ' ὅσα γένηται ἐπὶ χθονὶ πολυβοτῶν.

We shall now commence the extracts, and, in order not to break in upon the narrative of the author, place our own observations at the bottom of the page.

Vol. I., p. 52. "Richmond and its whole neighborhood is certainly a cluster of beauty, which, after all, one can hardly call rural, consisting of the houses of pleasure, and grounds adjoining, belonging to numberless noble and wealthy families. There are no views here (except that exquisitely luxuriant one from Richmond Hill) that would much please Mr. Brown; that is to say, they have no bold and striking features, and would make no figure in a landscape. Richmond Park too is very beautiful, and has an agreeable wildness that relieves the eye after the very tame, the very rich, country that surrounds it. Every walk we take seems to be crowded with departed wits and beauties. I meet Swift, Arbuthnot, Addison, and

Pope, about Ham and Twickenham every day in idea. They are beautiful walks no doubt; but, if I durst say so, I like my own sweet Woodend better. The self-same rich scenes pall upon my eyes; but the silver Thames, meandering through the most charming meadows, decked with the noblest trees one can possibly behold, always delights me," &c.\*

P. 189. "I sent you a copy of Paley's Sermons: they are very characteristic of the author, having all his power of argument, energy of thought, and purity of doctrine, with his careless, inelegant, and unfinished diction; they are much run after, I suppose, because they are scarce, and were printed in the face of his dying prohibition; he did not think them sufficiently accurate or polished for the public eye."†

\* Mrs. Grant has well described the associations with departed genius which the neighborhood of Richmond and Twickenham must awaken, more, perhaps, than any other locality we could mention; but now the natural beauties of the spot alone remain. The genius loci, who still hovered over the land of song, departed forever when Strawberry Hill was deprived of its exquisite treasures. Last autumn the walls whose mirrors had reflected "Wortley's eyes," were stripped of their tapestried ornaments. This is the latest ravage which the spoiler could make. But Pope's monument to his mother still stands amidst his ruined gardens, to be sold to the highest bidder. It was on Richmond Hill that the eyes of him whose hand is now writing, first opened to the light of day, the noble landscape stretching over many a province lying below; and he who gazes on it will, perhaps, recollect with pleasure that its beauties have been immortalized alike by the poetry of Akenside and the pencil of Reynolds.

† There is so much right and so much wrong in Paley's works, so much original and so much borrowed, so much that is happy in illustration and so much defective in argument, so much that may be admitted with confidence and so much that must be received with caution, that an edition of his works, with proper introductions and notes, would be of much service. Two of his illustrations so well known and so much applauded, and that were deemed original, we have found in the course of our reading in previous works. That of the "Watch" in Natural Theology, is taken from "La véritable Usage de Contemplation de l'Univers pour la conviction des Athées et des Incrédules," by Bernard Niewentyt, translated by Chamberlayne, and published under the title of the "Religious Philosopher." That of the comparison of "rivers marked out without any source to flow from, and running where there is nothing to receive them, when viewed in a map of a district or small detached territory, separated from the adjacent country," to the partial and narrow views we have of human life; for this he is indebted to Tucker's Light of Nature. Bishop Watson says, with some truth, "Paley, in all his publications had the art of working up in a very great degree of other men's labors, and of exhibiting them to the world as novelties of his own. The perspicuity with which he has arranged, and the elegant language in which he has explained many abstruse points, are his own, and for these I give him great praise." Vide Mem. of his own Life, vol. II., p. 266. We have heard that when the Bishop of Durham (S. Barrington) gave Paley his preferment, he said, "I give you this, Doctor Paley, not for your Moral Philosophy, nor for your Natural Theology, but for your Evidences of Christianity and your Horæ Paulinæ." Yet this is hardly agreeable to the language of the Dedication. The Horæ Paulinæ is certainly his *opus magnum*. The passage in Paley which Dr. Parr so much praised and so often quoted as *sublime*, is the last page of the fifth book of the Moral Philosophy, beginning "Seriousness is not constraint," &c. We could point out those works, and the parts of them, which should be consulted and used as commentaries on Paley's different works, with the cautions they afford, and the modifications they suggest, but it would extend too far the limits of these notes.

\* Sir James Mackintosh.

P. 194. "Talking of genius leads me naturally to congratulate you on the awakened brotherly feelings of that Theodore (*Theodore Hook*) for whom I know your sisterly concern is restless and extreme. You may believe I rejoice over the capture of this shy bird, for his own sake as well as yours. You will teach him for his own good to make a due distinction between living to please the world at large, and exerting his powers in a given direction for his own benefit, and the satisfaction of his real friends. Of a person depending merely on talents and powers of pleasing, what more brilliant example can be given than *Sheridan*? and who would choose to live his life and die his death? I talk of his death as if it had already taken place, for what is there worth living for that he has not already outlived? and who, that ever knew the value of a tranquil mind and spotless name, would be that justly admired, and as justly despised, individual? And if the chieftain of the clan be such, what must the tribe be '*of those that live by cramo clink*,' as poor Burns called those hapless sons of the muses, who, without an object or an aim, run at random through the world, and are led on by the unfeeling great and gay to acquire a taste for expensive pleasures and elegant society, and then left to languish in forlorn and embittered obscurity, when their health and their spirits, and their means ebb together. Raise then your voice of truth and affection, and outsing all the syrens that on the coast of idleness strive to attract Theodore by the songs of vanity, pleasure, and dissipation; teach him to love those that love him, independent of all that flatters or pleases, for himself, and make auxiliaries of all those kindred among whom you are now placed, to make him know something of more value than empty admiration," &c.

P. 198. "I called on the Duchess of Gordon yesterday, she and I having a joint interest in an orphan family in the Highlands, which creates a kind of business between us. She had a prodigious levee, and insisted on my sitting to see them out, that we might afterwards have our private discussion. Among other characters at her levee I saw Lord Lauderdale, who made me start to see him, almost a lean slippered pantaloan, who, the last time I saw him, was a fair-haired youth at Glasgow College. He was really like a *memento mori* to me. Had I much to leave I would have gone home and made my will directly. More gratified I was to see Sir Brooke Boothby, though he too looked so feeble and so dismal that one

would have thought him just come from writing those sorrows sacred to Penelope, which you have certainly seen. Being engaged to dinner I could stay no longer. The Duchess said that on Sunday she never saw company, nor played cards, nor went out; in England, indeed, she did so, *because every one else did the same*, but she would not introduce those manners into this country. I stared at these gradations of piety, growing warmer as it came northward, but was wise enough to stare silently. She said she had a great many things to tell me, and as I was to set out this morning I must come that evening when she would be alone. At nine I went, and found Walter Scott, whom I had never before met in society, though we had exchanged distant civilities, Lady Keith, Johnson's Queeney, and an English lady, witty, and fashionable-looking, who came and went with Mr. Scott. No people could be more easy and pleasant, without the visible ambition of shining, yet animated and seeming to feel at home with each other. I think Mr. Scott's appearance very unpromising and commonplace indeed, yet, though no gleam of genius animates his countenance, much of it appears in his conversation, which is rich, various, easy, and animated, without the least of the petulance with which the faculty, as they call themselves, are not unjustly reproached," &c.

P. 232. "What do you think of the new novel of Cælebs in Search of a Wife! I think there is considerable ability displayed in it; the principles are such as every one who professes genuine Christianity must acknowledge as just, and regard as sacred. But to theologians such a book is unnecessary, and, for those who must needs be caught by amusement, there is not enough; and if the intention was to excite the curiosity of strangers to religion, and lead them to serious reflection through the avenue of amusement, there certainly should have been more story and character, more display of wit and fancy, and less of what is calculated merely to instruct. Against this criticism the general reception of the book may be weighed.\* What is universally read, must have some very powerful attraction, and the voice of the people in such an instance may be at least called the voice

\* Poor Sheridan! we know it from his own mouth, died *heart-broken*, and in utter destitution. "Tell Lady Bessborough (he said to a friend the day before he died) that the eye she said was so bright will lose none of its brightness when it looks on the lid of my coffin." In justice to him it must be recollected that neither the adversity of his party, nor the slights he received from them, nor the temptations of poverty, ever shook his adherence to his public principles and attachments. His public character was incorruptible, when all beside was in ruins.

\* Cælebs. The popularity of this work was supported by the name of the author for a while, but soon declined, because it was written on a plan that in never but one instance was attended with success,—that of conveying instruction *directly* through fictitious representation; using the story of the novel merely as the shell to contain the maxims of wisdom, lessons of instruction, and dictates of prudence, which is something like the attempt to make physic palatable by presenting it in an embossed and golden cup. The exception we alluded to is that of Johnson's "*Rasselas*," but the moral instruction there given was the most generally interesting, as chiefly relating to the regulation of life, and management of those habits and talents which fit men for the performance of its duties; while at the same time the imagery in which it was *set*, was of a romantic and attractive kind to allure and delight the imagination, for, as some witty person observed, new scenery does as much for a new book as for a new play. It possessed too all the elegance of a master's hand; and yet it is gradually fading away, together with the literature of the past age.



of Apollo; and certainly we have not known a book go so soon through so many editions. One reason may be, that it has a separate charm for every class of people. Why the pious and serious—who, though a quiet, are still a numerous class—read it, need not be asked. Curiosity and the abilities displayed by the writer, attract very many; and a great number of both sexes who have no character at all read it merely because Cælebs is in search of a wife. Johnson, the majestic moralist of the last century, did more good to the cause of religion than half the divines of the age, I mean their writings. When people are disposed to delight in devotional treatises, their hearts cannot be estranged from their Maker. 'They that are whole need not a physician;' but the book, supposing it to have a moral and religious tendency,—the book, I say, that does most good is that which is most read; and how many thousands were allured by the splendor of Johnson's diction, and the weight of his reputation, to read in his works what they never attended to anywhere else, and to learn from him that the best talents are best suited to the noblest purposes, and that wit and infidelity are by no means so nearly allied as many suppose. His works form at least a lofty avenue to the temple of Truth, in which no one can walk long or steadily without wishing to reach the sacred fane which terminates the sublime vista."

P. 236. "I have got a new book lately, which you must have seen—Gertrude of Wyoming. It is very provoking that Campbell's democratic hoof should invariably and unnecessarily protrude itself through all the beautiful drapery in which he knows so well to clothe the children of his rich poetic fancy. Why should Waldegrave, a Briton born and educated, and married to the daughter of an Englishman,—Waldegrave, who had only for three months tasted the sweets of Transatlantic liberty,—why should he be seized with such an unnatural rage of antipatriotism, as to light the banner of revolt against his native sovereign, and the glorious land of which he had the honor to be a native, and in which he had the happiness to receive his intellectual nurture? My annoyance at all this, and at certain strange omissions, obscurities and inversions, does not prevent my seeing and feeling all the charms of this exquisite poem, which unfolds new beauties at every renewed perusal.

'Closed were his Gertrude's lips, yet still their bland  
And beautiful expression seemed to melt  
With love that could not die;' &c.

"Was ever anything so exquisitely refined, yet so sweetly natural as this stanza throughout? Nothing less than merits supereminent, the irresistible enchantment of genius the most powerful, arrayed in diction of chastened sweetness and polished elegance, could make me forgive his flagrant violation of truth and national character, when he introduces 'poor Scotia's mountaineers' as arming in the provincial cause. Glowing with the

love of their native land, and full of ancient, venerable, perhaps useful prejudices, they all to a man armed in the cause of Britain, whether right or wrong. If taking the other side were a virtue, 'tis a virtue they have no claim to, and will not thank Campbell for bestowing on them," &c.\*

P. 248. "Mr. Henry Mackenzie of the Exchequer, otherwise called the 'Man of Feeling,' is one of our nearest neighbors. \* \* \* Walter Scott and the formidable Jeffrey have both called on me, not by any means as a scribbling female, but on account of links formed by mutual friends. You would think, by their appearance, that the body of each was formed to lodge the soul of the other. Having met them both formerly, their appearance was not any thing new to me—but Jeffrey looks the poet all over—the ardent eye, the nervous agitation, the visibly quick perceptions, keep one's attention constantly awake, in expectation of flashes of the peculiar intelligence of genius. Nor is that expectation entirely disappointed, for his conversation is in a high degree fluent and animated. Walter Scott again has not a gleam of poetic fire visible in his countenance, which merely suggests the idea of plain good sense. His conceptions do not strike you as by any means so rapid or so brilliant as those of his critic; yet there is much amusement and variety in his good-humored, easy, and unaffected conversation," &c.

P. 253. "One of our nearest neighbors is Mr. Henry Mackenzie.† You have probably seen him as the 'Lounger.' Some call him the Scottish Addison; but that is too high praise, for, though he has much delicacy of delineation in moral painting, he totally wants humor or wit, or whatever you call that gay and playful faculty that assumes so many shapes to dazzle or to please, and pleases most when it pretends least; and this is the salt, the incorruptible principle, without which a periodical work can never live long. This may be the reason why, notwithstanding the refined sentiments and elegance of expression which distinguish

\* The defect in Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming, as relates to the story, is, that it is so extremely artificial as to be little more than a beautiful lyrical effusion—a picture of pleasing sentiments and elegant images, without much connexion. The defect in the language is in too great a variation between ornament and plainness. Every poem, like a piece of music, should be set in a certain key. See how Milton attended to this, how Young neglected it. The poems of Thomson and Goldsmith were altered in later editions, on the ground of a more harmonious uniformity of style.

† For some account of Mr. H. Mackenzie, the author of the Man of Feeling, &c., see Scott's Lives of the Novelists, vol. ii., p. 149; Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. vi., p. 143. The story of "La Roche" is the gem of the Mirror. Pinkerton remarks, "that it is odd the editor should admit so odd a blunder, as 'Serious Letters to the Mirror.' Was he ignorant that a man may be a Spectator, or Guardian, but not a Mirror?" We observe both in the Mirror and Lounger more *Scotticisms* than we should have expected. Even the writings of Lord Hailes, a critic by profession, are not free from them. The "Man of Feeling" is the production of genius and sensibility, but H. Mackenzie's fame as a writer of pathos must be founded on Julia de Roubigné.



it, one never takes up the 'Lounge' but when one feels inclined to lounge. But to return—Mr. Mackenzie is married to an excellent woman, in abilities at least his equal, though the cares of a large family have always kept her in the shade of privacy. Their sons and daughters are accomplished and informed young people; and their house is the resort of the best society in one sense, that is, people of fashion with cultivated minds. Lord Webb Seymour,\* Lady Carnegie, Lady Minto, and others equally distinguished, I have met with there. . . . To-morrow Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake* comes forth in all the charms of novelty, and nothing else will be spoken of," &c.

P. 261. "Do you know, notwithstanding my wrath for his manifold literary offences, I think I shall be forced to like the arch-critic himself (*Mr. Jeffrey*.) He is, what indeed I knew before, the most affectionate relation possible, and truly good-natured in society, though so petulant on paper. He sometimes calls on me, and, being in the same circle, I meet with him wherever I go. He has a brother lately come from America, a widower like himself, and they reside together. I was asked with Mary to the first dinner they gave there; it was by no means a literary, or what Mrs. A. would call an intellectual, one. All was ease and good humor, without discussions or debates of any kind; indeed the party were rather relatives and friends than savans. I might except perhaps a little discussion on the *Lady of the Lake*, for which I augur a very favorable review. I hope you are all as much pleased with it as we are. There are some sturdy critics here, however, who deny Walter Scott the merit of being a poet at all, and call all that delights us jingle and jargon. The public at large is an excellent judge of poetic merit; some very fine things indeed are too much refined for its great wide ear; but, when it is much and long pleased, there must be excellence, and all that remains for the critic is to trace that pleasure to its source, and discriminate the lights and shades that needs must exist in whatever is human," &c.

P. 278. "My time is at present much occupied, but I shall avail myself of a short interval of leisure, to tell you what I am sure you will be interested in hearing—the particulars of the final interview between the Prince of Wales and the late Bishop of London, (*Dr. Porteus*), which have lately been communicated to me from a source which appears to me quite authentic. Among other good people with whom my informant is intimate, is Mr. Owen, minister of Fulham, who was in a manner the bishop's parish clergyman, and long his chaplain. He even gave my friend

\* Of that very interesting and estimable person, Lord Webb Seymour, so little known, and whose virtues, talents, and acquirements were only to be seen in the shade of a retired and private life, the reader may consult the *Life of Mr. F. Horner*, in which publication in fact his name was made known to the world for the first time.

an account of this interview, as the bishop gave it to him two days before his death. It seems his Royal Highness had sent out a summons for a great military review which was to take place on a Sunday. The bishop had been confined, and did not hope, nor I suppose wish, ever in this world to go out again. He ordered his carriage, however, upon hearing this, proceeded to Carlton House and waited on the prince, who received him very graciously. He said, 'I am come, sir, urged by my regard to you, to your father, and to this great nation, who are anxiously beholding every public action of yours. I am on the verge of time, new prospects open to me, the favor of human beings or their displeasure is as nothing to me now. I am come to warn your Royal Highness of the awful consequences of your breaking down the very little that remains of distinction to the day that the Author of all power has hallowed and set apart for himself.' He went on in pathetic terms to represent the awful responsibility to which the prince exposed himself, and how much benefit or injury might result to the immortal souls of millions, by his consulting or neglecting the revealed will of the King of kings; and, after much tender and awful exhortation, concluded with saying, 'You see how your father, greatly your inferior in talent and capacity, has been a blessing to all around him and to the nation at large, because he made it the study and business of his life to exert all his abilities for the good of his people, to study and to do the will of God, and to give an example to the world of a life regulated by the precepts of Christian morality. He has been an object of respect and veneration to the whole world for so doing. If he has done much, you, with your excellent abilities and pleasing and popular manners, may do much more. It is impossible for you to remain stationary in this awful crisis; you must rise to true glory and renown, and lead millions in the same path by the power of your example, or sink to sudden and perpetual ruin, aggravated by the great numbers whom your fall will draw with you to the same destruction; and now, were I able to rise, or were any one here who would assist me, I should, with the awful feeling of a dying man, give my last blessing to your Royal Highness.' The prince upon this burst into tears, and fell on his knees before the bishop, who bestowed upon him with folded hands his dying benediction: the prince then, in the most gracious and affecting manner, assisted him himself to go down, and put him into his carriage. The bishop went home, never came out again, and died the fifth day after. On hearing of his death, the prince shut himself up, and was heard by his attendants to sob as under deep affliction."

P. 281. "I must tell you that we have read Mrs. Montagu's Letters. Mary thinks them extremely amusing; I, too, am amused, but there is a visible hardness in her character,—such a total

absence of the amiable romance of early life, and such an ungraceful harshness on some occasions, and petulance on others.—I cannot conceive how she has made such very desirable things as good principle, sound sense, brilliant wit, and much intelligence and early usage of the world so little pleasing; there is everything to admire, but nothing gentle, graceful, or attractive. I greatly dislike her style.\* Female wit has generally a kind of gay elegance that makes its manner recommend its matter: there must be something wanting when it pleases me so little, who am so delighted with everything of that nature. I cannot say how much Mrs. Carter's kind of humor amuses me; and Gray's letters charm me beyond measure: his wit is of such a grave, odd kind, it takes one by surprise," &c.

P. 283. "Now, as to '*Self-Control*;' it is not Miss Hamilton's, nor is it the work of any one of the many it is ascribed to. The secret has, as yet, been carefully concealed, and all curiosity eluded; but I am fixed in the opinion that it was born in Orkney: I shall not, however, anticipate your judgment in any respect regarding this work, so much admired by some and condemned by others. In this literary city it occasions as much conversation as a new island in the Clyde could do at Greenock."

P. 283. "Southey, who, I think, writes the articles in the Quarterly Review about the Methodists, is not far wrong. They do a great deal of good, as he allows; but both the good and evil peculiar to their tenets are more obvious in England than here: indeed, their tenets are radically good; 'tis their cheerless gloom, their spiritual pride, and their sectarian bigotry that are bad. If their clergy love *pleasure* less than others, they certainly love *power* more, and organize their modes of preserving it with as much diligence as ever the Jesuits did. Yet the Jesuits did much good among the subdued and wretched savages in Paraguay; and the Methodists do a great deal of good among the ignorant and profligate populace in England. For such converts their austere discipline is best suited; they drive them as far as possible from their wonted haunts, lest the evil spirit should regain possession of the herd, and urge them down the precipice. They do not

show the extremes of their extravagance to us in Scotland; our people are too enlightened to bear it. They answer many good purposes: 'to goad the prelate slumbering in his stall,' and to show all other teachers of religion how necessary it is to move the human mind by its two great hinges—hope and fear; the said mind being very little affected by moral essays," &c.

P. 285. "I am pleased that you not only found much amusement in reading Miss Seward's letters, but have candor enough to own you did; for it is the fashion to rail at her as vain and absurd. Her bad taste and self-opinion are too obvious to escape detection from any person that can think or see: yet, though these prominent faults make her less estimable as a woman and less admirable as a writer, I am not sure that they detract much from the entertainment we derive from her letters. Her literary vanity in particular appears naked and not ashamed, with a most amusing *naïveté*. The singular artlessness of so artificial a character gives the idea of something unique and anomalous that we know not how to define, nor exactly whether to admire or despise. Talent and sincerity, however disguised, must have their attractions; and Miss Seward had both in no common degree. She furnishes arms against herself by her open avowal of so many feelings and opinions, that others would carefully conceal. She wants art, but, on the other hand, she totally wants delicacy and even that refinement of mind which is almost the necessary consequence of high cultivation. Witness the gross flattery which she gladly received and liberally bestowed. Perhaps it is wrong to call it flattery; her adulators, who for the most part were male and female coxcombs of the first magnitude, very probably thought all they said. Her coarseness and her laxity of religious principle she inherited, I fear, from her clerical father and housewively mother; this was nursed in a card-playing provincial town, where she was the one-eyed queen of the blind, having no superior to look up to, and her mind exasperated by all the underworkings of petty envy and malignity. Her intimacy with Darwin, however innocent, was fatal to her in different respects; his false brilliancy aggravated her false taste, and to the tottering fabric of her religious principle he gave the last blow. I believe that the friendship between her and Saville was as pure as that betwixt you and me; every person of sense and candor, that ever knew them, thought so, and the strain of their letters proves it incontestably. Saville was a man in the highest degree virtuous, pious, simple, and sincere; their friendship was inherited and begun with her father. Having now spoken so freely of Miss Seward's faults, let me do justice to her merits also. She was respectable for her honor and integrity, and the length and strength of her attachments. Could there be a better daughter, a warmer friend, or one that had more home-feelings and home-enjoyments? Her

\* Mrs. Grant's observations on the style and character of Mrs. Montagu's letters appear to us to be just; they are clever, but not natural. Some manuscript letters of hers were published in the *Censura Literaria*, vol. i., p. 87; ii., 173, and some in the third volume. It is not, we believe, generally known that no less a person than Conyers Middleton superintended her education. A slight sketch from the inimitable pencil of Madame du Deffand on this learned lady is sufficient. "Je vois quelquefois Madame Montagu, je ne la trouve pas trop pédante, mais elle fait tant d'efforts pour bien parler notre langue, que sa conversation est pénible. J'aime bien mieux miladi Lucan, qui ne s'embarrasse point du mot propre, et qui le fait fort bien entendre, &c. Mad. de Montagu s'est très bien comportée à l'Académie; c'est une femme raisonnable, ennuyeuse sans doute, mais bonne femme et très polie." The allusion to her behavior at the Académie was on account of an Essay of Voltaire's against Shakespeare being read there.

criticisms and descriptions, over-adorned as they are, still convey to the mind, in the most lively manner, one of the first charms of human existence, an enlarged capacity of enjoyment, and a keen and exalted relish for all that is capable of delighting in external nature or the wider world of intellect; powers of enjoyment so buoyant and so active communicate their impulse to slower faculties, and for the moment invigorate and exalt them. \* \* \* When you tell me you are not tired, I shall, perhaps, tell you more of Miss Seward."

P. 308. "You ask my opinion of Mrs. Hannah More's last publication (*Practical Piety*.) Very favorable indeed it is; not that I think anything new remains to be said on the most important subject she treats. Yet if, by throwing those new and clear lights upon useful and well-known truths, which she is so capable of producing, the young are allured to serious consideration, and the old reminded of duties which the tide of worldly cares is apt to overwhelm, much, very much, may be done by her respected agency. I think there is no individual now living to whom the cause of religion owes so much. Her arguments on the subject of prayer are calculated to carry conviction to the reason and contrition to the heart. I have lately read again, with new delight, her *Strictures on Female Education*. There has not yet been any work published on that beaten subject more calculated to do good; genius of the first order, excellent sound sense, profound and practical piety, and thorough knowledge of the prevailing manners and characters, give value and ought to give efficacy to that admirable work," &c.

Vol. II., p. 29. "You ask me what I think of *Rokeby*. I think, in the first place, that it is the Bards of Minstrel's *Odyssey*; that is to say, there is in it a higher tone of morality, though less of the glow and rapidity of inspiration that hurried you along in his former productions. The descriptions are beautiful, and correctly true to nature, for you know that I, having traced all the scenes under the conduct of their enthusiastic owner, can judge pretty accurately of the resemblance. Mr. Morritt, who is himself a poet, looks on the Tees and the Greta with a lover's eye, and delights in pointing out the beauties of the valleys through which they wander. There cannot, however, be a more powerful illustration of Mr. Jeffrey's theory, of the necessary connexion between scenery and sentiment to give inanimate beauty its full effect, than the comparatively feeble impression left on the mind by description so fine in itself and so true to its original, for want of those legends and poetical associations by which our Scottish glens and mountains are not only consecrated, but in a degree animated. Observe how rich the notes of Scott's former poems are in allusions to traditions and quotations from local poetry! But where is the local poetry of England? Granville and Pope, of very late years, have celebrated Windsor and the

Thames; our own countryman, Thomson, too, hung a wreath on Richmond Hill; but what other place in England can be mentioned that awakes one poetical recollection? \* Milton's very self has not sanctified a single spot; and Spenser's localities were all in Ireland."

P. 36 "I have dismissed my cold, and have at present no other illness but that of being sick of *Madame de Stael*, from whose ubiquity there is no escaping. She appears to fill every place, and the mania regarding her seems epidemical. \* \* \* I consider *Madame de Stael's Delphine* a very bad book; and I should be apt to insist on the author doing penance in a white sheet, like Jane Shore, at St. Paul's, before I would forgive her for writing it.† All this I say to qualify the inclosed eulogy, and to assert my decided principle, that there is much danger in allowing talent to atone for dangerous opinions. I think the *Bride of Abydos*—as every bride should be—very beautiful; but the unrivalled *Giaour* is still more so. Now, as I cannot say anything nearly so good myself, I shall conclude by quoting a letter I lately received from Miss —, on the subject of Lord Byron and *De Stael*. '*Madame de Stael* entered at one door of the London Theatre just as the *Edgeworths* exited at the other; I, too, was exiting, but just contrived to get one sight of her, worth a dozen of common ones; I need not say *contrived*, for the D——s kindly pressed me to meet her at their house, the day after her arrival; and as the only guest besides was Lord Byron, and as they drew each other forth in perfection, I never listened to a dialogue so thoroughly entertaining. The present sentiments, political and religious, of *Childe Harold* and *Madame de Stael* are as completely in contrast as her torrent of eloquence and his cold sarcastic wit," &c.

P. 40. "Mr. Jeffrey has married Miss Wilkes, a young lady from America. About two years and a half since I received a note from him, apologizing for a short invitation, and entreating that I would come next day to dine with some American friends. I had been much obliged to him for sim-

\* Mrs. Grant forgot to mention Jago's poem of *Edge Hill*; Crowe's finer poem of *Lewesdon Hill*; Dyer's *Grongar Hill*, so deservedly popular; among the elder poets are the names of Drayton and Denham, both of whom described local scenery; and in the present day there are Wordsworth's *Sonnets to the River Dudden*, &c. We may here mention that the story of the *Maid of Nethercombe*, introduced into the last edition of *Lewesdon Hill*, was not written by Mr. Crowe, but by his son, and might, perhaps, have been better spared. Mr. Orator Crowe reviewed Shee's *Rhymes on Art* in *Cumberland Review*.

† Let us hear what the Comte Segur says of this work, to which the motto prefixed seems little in harmony, "Un homme doit savoir braver l'opinion; une femme s'y soumettre."—"Je met dans une classe à part le *Roman de Delphine*; la lutte des opinions sur cet ouvrage égale peut-être celle des défauts et des beautés dont il fourmille." See Segur sur les Femmes, vol. iii., p. 258. We believe that the character of *Cerleches* in *Delphine* was intended for Madame Necker Saussure, the biographer and cousin of Mad. de Stael. Mad. de Stael confessed that *Delphine* was intended for herself; à la beauté près.

ilar compliances, so set out readily and met these strangers. One was a dark gloomy-looking man, another his wife, the plainest, worst dressed woman I had seen; and the third was a gay, fashionable-looking girl of seventeen. These were M. Simond,\* a Frenchman, who left Lyons during the revolutionary horrors, and went to America, where he married Miss Wilkes, niece to the patriot; Mrs. Simond his wife, and Miss Wilkes niece to that wife. Simond, though very unlike a Frenchman, being reserved, fastidious, and philosophic in the highest sense of the phrase, is a man of talent, great refinement, and agreeable conversation when he does converse. His wife is a person that, after the unfavorable impression of her unpromising exterior was got over, I liked exceedingly; most candid, most disinterested, most benevolent, with a cultivated mind, plain manners, and continual good humor. How it came to pass I know not, but so it was, that she lived much with the noted Mrs. Montagu, and all her opinions were formed in that school. The party besides consisted only of Mr. Henry Mackenzie, (the Lounger,) his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, and myself; and we all did wonderfully well. These strangers remained for some time in Edinburgh, making excursions round it," &c.

P. 48. "I am glad M. de Stael has left England; prudery apart, I never relished the worship paid to a Minerva so much more than equivocal in conduct. Far am I from wishing to limit that mercy which keeps the gates of accepted penitence open to those who have erred most deeply; yet such is my impression of the rectitude, deep feeling, and honorable shame that belongs originally to the female character, and revives with renewed force when fallen woman endeavors to regain the height from which vice has precipitated her:—so perfectly do I comprehend what such a person must feel, from one or two instances which have come within my own observation, that I have no faith in a triumphant Magdalene sitting on the tripod of inspiration to deliver oracles to her admirers, or mounting the throne of literary eminence to dictate to her implicit worshippers. A real female penitent aspires to no such distinctions; humility is the first fruit of real penitence; and that penitence which has to expunge a public scandal given to the world, aggravated by volumes of the most pernicious sophistry, would plunge into the depths of retirement if it produced the necessary effects of deep and sincere remorse. The habits of that

vice which is fed and supported by gratified vanity are very obstinate, yet not indelible. It is not mere rhapsody to say,

Let heaven seize it, all at once 't is fir'd;  
Not touch'd, but rapt, not waken'd, but inspir'd.

But what is Madame de Stael's religion when you examine it! That poetical German devotion that seeks theatrical effect and strong sensation; that wishes to forget immutable justice in divine beneficence; that seeks God more in his *works* than in his *word*, and worships more as imagination pictures him than as he has revealed himself:

As wise as Socrates, if such they were,  
As wise as Socrates might justly stand  
The definition of a modern fool.

The enthusiasm that she supposes essential to devotion is certainly more that of the imagination than of the heart. Yet I will allow that, even in figurative and fanciful manner, the suffrage of a person so distinguished in favor of religion, is desirable; we ought never to forget the declaration,—'He that is not against us is with us.'\*\*\* I certainly did not set out with the intention of wandering so far after Madame de Stael, but I certainly did grudge a little the homage paid her when in England, without at the same time detracting from the superiority of her talents and acquirements," &c.

P. 50. "I hope you have read, or will read, Waverley. I am satisfied from internal evidence that Walter Scott, and no other, is the author of that true and chaste delineation of Scottish manners, such as they existed at the time he assigns for his drama. I am afraid, as you only saw fine and great people in Scotland, that much of this truth of painting will be lost on you. He is not, however, just to the Highlanders; and the specimens of Highland manners which he gives are not fair ones. He makes them on different occasions ready to assassinate, without their well knowing why, those who displease their chieftain. This is unfair and unjust. A Highlander in old times, was much too ready to use his dirk in a quarrel man to man, and held life much too cheap in skirmishes about cattle, &c., but no people on earth had such a horror at assassination. Of taking the life of another without risking one's own, there is no example even in the sad history of the insurrection of Forty-five; and of murder, they have such a horror, that they even scruple to use the term. But the consequences of a party brawl they do not account murder," &c.

P. 59. "Have you seen Wordsworth's new poem, the Excursion? There is much beautiful writing in it, and much piety; but his piety has too much of what is called Pantheism,\* or the

\* This M. Simond has given in his interesting *Travels in Switzerland* some anecdotes and account of Mad. de Stael: he mentions her letters from Paris to her father, which Mr. Bonstetten said were written with more spirit, ease, eloquence, and acuteness of observation than anything of hers ever published, and regrets the *caution* of M. Necker, who burnt them. See vol. i., p. 282, &c. He mentions among other traits of character, that at Coppet, while Mr. Bonstetten was walking in the grounds, he was struck with a switch from behind a tree; turning round, he saw Mademoiselle Necker, then a child of five or six years old, laughing, who said,—"*Maman veut que je me serve de la main gauche, et j'essayais.*"

\* This accusation of "Pantheism" has been brought against Thomson in his *Seasons*, as well as against Wordsworth, in both cases we think quite erroneously, by taking single insulated passages and poetical expressions; a mode of interpretation perhaps of all most fruitful of error.

worship of nature, in it. This is a kind of German piety too; they look in the sun, moon, and flowers, for what they should find in their Bible. The corruptions of the human heart, however, require a deeper and more radical cure than can be found in contemplating rocks and solitary glens; these remedies for the disorders of the heart must produce their chief effect on very sensitive or imaginative minds. \* \* \* \* Wordsworth, they say, talks incessantly; his conversation has the perpetual flow of a stream,—monotonous in sound and endless in duration. I was quite surprised to hear this at first, imagining that, meditating so much as he does among lakes and groves, he had almost forgot the sound of his own voice; but I fancy he is rather like the late Dr. Moore, who, I was told, was always speaking when he was not writing. These lake poets, having their attention entirely withdrawn from the world, and what is passing in it, consider everything that passes in their own minds of such paramount importance, that it must all be communicated, and considered worthy of attention," &c.

P. 61. "I now proceed to tell you that, though I hear some people impute Waverley to Boswell, the son of Johnson's biographer, who is unquestionably a man of genius, I still continue fixed in the opinion that it is Walter Scott's. I know his style of speaking, thinking, and observing so well, that, were he himself to swear as hard as Lord Cochrane that he did not write it, I would not believe him. The arch-critic (Mr. Jeffrey) and I had a discussion on it, when the book first came out; he perfectly agreed in opinion with me, going on surer ground, if possible, than internal evidence, though of that he felt the full weight. He says, he knows every man in Scotland capable of producing a work demonstrative at once of learning and genius, and knows only one mind equal to this work, and his impress is on every page. Miss H., a friend of ours, dined on Friday at William Erskine's; he is the *fidus Achates* of Walter Scott; the poet and his mate were there, as also the Laird of Staffa, and other chiefs. In the evening there were two cantos of the unpublished Lord of the Isles read in the author's presence. Miss H. heard them praised, and thought them worthy of the applause they received; she is a spectator in large companies, but a shrewd and intelligent observer, and carries much away, not indeed of poetry. This is the bard's great work, national work I may say; for, behold! is not the battle of Bannockburn the Leipsic of Scotland,—recorded therein? If his success equals my hopes, we shall crown him with thistles and add the rampant lion to his coat of armor. I am dazzled with the extract you give from your friend Mr. Sotheby, who has awaked the sleeping muse of Tragedy. Joanna Baillie's are fine dramatic poems, but will not suit the stage; our critic was near sharing the fate of Orpheus, for his censure of her in the Edinburgh Review; the ladies here were enraged

beyond measure. It should have been more gently expressed, but was far from wrong. Your lines from 'Ivan' are admirable. \* \* \* \* Pray tell me more of Mr. Sotheby's character and history. I received a present two days since of 'Discipline,' a new work by Mrs. Brunton, author of Self-Control.—I now know and like her, but am not sure I shall like her book," &c.

P. 78. "What has most interested me of late, has been a visit from Campbell, the sweet bard of Hope. You must know his enchanting Gertrude, his Exile of Erin, and other unequalled lyrics. I wish I could share with you the satisfaction I felt in seeing him cheerful, happy, and universally welcomed and caressed in his dear 'Queen of the North,' from which he had been so long banished, by the necessity of seeking the bread that perisheth elsewhere. He is one who has suffered much, from neither understanding the world nor being understood by it. He encountered every evil of poverty, but that of being ashamed of his circumstances—in that respect he was nobly indifferent to opinion, and his good, gentle, patient little wife, was so frugal, so simple, and so sweet-tempered, that she disarmed poverty of half its evils. This, I fear, was not the case with the bard of Hope, whose morbid sensibility wars with the kind and generous part of his character, and who began the world under the influence of those violent discontented opinions that seem to accuse Heaven of injustice, because the wealth of mind is not accompanied with those advantages which fat contented ignorance often attains, and very justly, because it patiently labors for them. Poor Burns had a great deal too much of this. \* \* It is time I should tell you the bard is now come to Scotland, after an absence of thirteen years, to receive a legacy left him by a grand-uncle. You cannot think how much every one is delighted: though you did not care for Campbell, it would charm you to see people rejoice so cordially in his acquisition. He has visited me several times, and is so amusing and so original; his admiration of other people's genius, too, is so generous. Scott, though of different opinions, he regards with fond and high admiration: so it seems does Lord Byron. Truly great men must have a congenial attraction for each other. The great English moralist is only an exception that confirms the rule. After being starved for thirty years, married to Tetty, and afflicted with perpetual ill health, it is more wonderful that any benevolence remained, than that all suavity should have been dried up with Johnson," &c.

P. 119. "What shall I tell you of literary novelty from this scribbling city! The last subject of discussion is a new poem by Dr. Thomas Brown, and called the 'Wanderer of Norway.' You do not know Dr. Brown? Well, then, he fills—worthily they say—the chair of the benevolent philosopher Dugald Stewart. He has great fertility of mind, and delightful variety of intelligence and

playfulness in his conversation, which, in the long run, conquers the prejudice resulting from a manner so affected and so odd that there is no describing it. His lectures, I am told, are beautiful; he published poems long ago, but they were too metaphysical for common use or ordinary comprehensions.\* He is the very best of sons and brothers. This description is meant to introduce the first thing that meets your eye in case you see the poem; it is a dedication to his mother. \* \* \* I should have told you that 'The Wanderer of Norway' is founded on the hard-fated Mary Wolstencroft's beautiful letters from that country, to which her rich though gloomy imagination, her deep feelings, and the dark mist through which her bewildered mind seems wandering, give a painful interest, not, I should think, to be heightened by poetry," &c.

P. 148. "I am quite of your opinion as to the too uniform splendor of Felicia Hemans. She keeps us hovering constantly on the wing, like birds of paradise, for want of a perch to repose upon. This cannot be said of the honest Lake poets. You may there find obscure and languid places where you may not only perch but nod till some of those beautiful passages which redeem the poppy-covered waste, occur to wake you. Did ever I tell you of one of said poets we have in town here, indeed one of our intimates, the most provoking creature imaginable! He is young, handsome, wealthy, witty; has great learning, exuberant spirits, a wife and children that he doats on, (circumstances one would think consolidating,) and no vice that I know, but, on the contrary, virtuous feelings and principles, yet his wonderful eccentricity would put anybody but his wife wild. She, I am convinced, was actually made on purpose for her husband, and has that kind of indescribable controlling influence over him that Catherine is said to have had over that wonderful savage the Czar Peter. Pray look in the last Edinburgh Review, and read the favorable article on John Wilson's City of the Plague—he is the person in question; and had any one less in favor with them built such a city in the region of fancy, and peopled it in the same manner, they would have plagued him most effectually," &c.

P. 163. "I must not omit an anecdote, better than my own, about kissing hands. A young lady from England, very ambitious of distinction, and thinking the outrageous admiration of genius was nearly as good as the possession of it, was presented to Walter Scott, and had very nearly gone through the regular forms of swooning sensibility

on the occasion. Being afterwards introduced to Mr. Henry Mackenzie, she bore it better, but kissed his hand with admiring veneration. It is worth telling for the sake of Mr. Scott's comment; he said, 'Did you ever hear the like of that English lass, to faint at the sight of a cripple clerk of session, and kiss the dry withered hand of an old tax-gatherer?' "

P. 200. "Most of our great towns are so fortunate as to have some piece of light sandy ground in the vicinity, which produces only furze and broom, and becomes valuable from its very defects, affording always a dry walk. The links of Edinburgh are also the gymnasium of the city, the place for boyish sports and manly exercises. Here the *wappinshaws* were held of old; and here the good citizens pursue the flying ball, in the ancient mode of the golf. On the south side of these links are the frugal villas of the last race of the Edinburgh citizens, the old castle of Merchiston, where Lord Napier formed his logarithms, the shaded modest dwelling where Robertson wrote his history, another very near it where Adam Smith\* composed the works that perpetuate his

\* It is much to be lamented that Dugald Stewart, from some motive perhaps of delicacy, or perhaps constructing his biography on a different principle, neglected to use, we believe destroyed, very curious particulars relating to Adam Smith, which had been communicated to him. Madame Riccoboni, who was a very good judge of manners, and a diligent observer of society, used highly to praise the manners and character of Smith. It is said that Adam Smith dictated his writings, and that this mode of composition may be distinguished by a peculiarity of style. A curious passage omitted in his *Moral Sentiments*, was first printed by Dr. Chalmers in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, vol. ii., p. 294-6. This eloquent work was translated into French by the widow of the celebrated Condorcet. We have never heard it remarked by any one that many parts of this treatise are almost translations from the *Ethics* of Aristotle. Smith's absence of mind, so remarkable as to appear hardly consistent with sanity, is not yet forgotten in the literary circles of Scotland, though we know but one person now alive who enjoyed his acquaintance. We must give one remarkable instance of it. Adam Smith was a commissioner of the Board of Customs. To this board was attached a porter, in a scarlet gown, with a staff of office. When a commissioner entered, the custom was for the porter to salute with his staff, and then precede him to the board-room. This had been repeated before Smith for years in the usual manner; but one day he came to the board apparently only in the body, his mind being left in some deep theory in his study at home. As he entered, the porter drew up and shouldered his staff; Smith, earnestly watching him, immediately did the same with his cane, holding it with both hands, as a soldier does his musket. The astonished porter then lowered his ensign of command; Smith did the same. He then stepped back to let the commissioner pass; Smith also retreated. The officer then moved up stairs with his staff advanced at length; Smith marched behind him, holding his cane in the same position, intently anxious in watching where the porter placed his feet on the stairs, and himself choosing the same spot for his. When they arrived at the door of the room, the porter saluted the philosopher with his staff, bowed very obsequiously, and retired; all which motions Smith imitated with the utmost seriousness and attention. It was only when a friend spoke to him, that the enchantment was broken up, and the sage restored to his senses. We regret to state that the manuscripts left by Dugald Stewart have been intentionally destroyed, a loss the greatness of which it is impossible to measure, and the motive that led to it, it would be painful to surmise.

\* Dr. Thomas Brown died of decline at Kensington, we believe, when not much above forty years old. We think a life of him has been published. His Lectures will be still read for their philosophical acuteness and their elegance. His poetry has long since passed to the repository of the dead. Sir James Mackintosh said of his work on Cause and Effect, "that, in his humble opinion, it entitled Brown to a place very near the first among the living metaphysicians of Great Britain."

name, and several other quiet abodes, without any ornament but groups of ancient trees that surround them, that yet seem haunted by the illustrious shades of their former inhabitants. Beyond these the Pentland hills form a fine screen to the westward. I should add, to finish the picture, that the Pisgah of Edinburgh, Blackford Hill, from whence Marmion surveyed the Scotch army, is near the scene I have described," &c.

P. 207. "You ask me of Crabbe's Tales of the Hall. What shall I say of his merits, when I begin by confessing that his very faults delight me? All his quaintness, his elaborate minuteness, and his oddities of style, come to my sight like the moles and freckles in a dear friend's face, which I should be sorry to see removed. I seem to know his *dramatis personæ* intimately. How charming, yet how wounding, the sisters Lucy and Jane! What ease, and grace, and interest in Richard's detail of his childish feelings, and the incidents of after life; and then the old bachelor, whose dog was so angry that he would not shoot, is inimitable. \* \* I could tell you a great deal about Crabbe's very self if I had time, and you cared to hear."

P. 220. "Our thoughts, and indeed those of the Edinburgh public in general, have been much engrossed of late by one of those irreparable privations to which I have alluded. The death of Mrs. Brunton, the authoress of *Self-Control and Discipline*, under circumstances most aggravating to those nearly concerned, and painful to the feelings of her numerous friends and admirers, has produced a deep and universal sensation. Her character has been so ably and truly delineated in the public prints, that nothing can be added to her praise by me, who knew and loved her much, and would have lived in the most cordial intimacy with her had circumstances admitted; but her spending the summer in the country, seven miles off, and in winter our inhabiting the extreme opposite parts in the town, prevented our meeting as often as we wished. We did meet, however, as often as we could at home, and frequently in third places. One consolation I have which does not seem to be taken into account by others; it is looking back on the peculiar and very superior degree of happiness which she enjoyed here, resulting from a clear conscience, and a life spent in the active and unwearied exercise of beneficence, a cordial and vital piety that was too much a part of herself to be worn outwardly in the way of display, a vigorous and powerful mind above disguise or littleness of any kind; a constant, unvaried cheerfulness, not the result of mere animal spirits, but of true wisdom and content; an excellent husband, loving and beloved, and sufficiency for her modest wishes. I might add that she combined with the treasures of a cultivated intellect the capacity for most judicious and regular family management. She was not merely happy in what she possessed, but in what she had not; she had not the least shadow of pride, that makes so many odious, nor

of vanity, that makes so many ridiculous, and worse than ridiculous; consequently she had not a shade of pretence or affectation. I really never knew a person more perfectly natural in manner or language; judge how much she must have been beloved. One privation she felt at first keenly, but very early brought her mind to submit to it with cheerful resignation—it was the want of offspring. After being nineteen years married, this only wish seemed to be granted. Every one rejoiced, and many thought this was granted to her as a temporal reward for her generous and tender care for the forlorn and helpless children of others in various instances. Why should I tell you of our hopes and joys on this occasion? After three days of great suffering, she gave birth to a still-born child. She insisted on seeing it, held its hand, and said, 'The feeling this hand has caused to my heart will never leave it.' Shortly after a relative came and spoke tenderly of her loss; in her plain strong way she said, 'There was nothing so dear to me as my child, and I make my Saviour welcome to it.' After this she never mentioned it, and seemed to go on well for a few days, when she was attacked with a fever, which soon terminated fatally. I leave you to imagine—what I cannot describe—the sorrow of her husband."

P. 223. "As to Blackwood's Magazine, it is somewhat odd that all the wits (for wits they certainly are) engaged in that work should be from the west of Scotland. Laurenwinkle, and all the contributions of the same masterly hand, are attributed to John Lockhart, the son of one of the ministers of Glasgow. He is a *handsome*, gentleman-like young man, in company reserved and silent, yet evidently a diligent observer. Mr. Thomas Hamilton, younger brother to Sir William, is the author of the Memoirs of Ensign O'Doherty. The other West-country people are John Wilson, the 'Isle of Palms,' as he is called here, a man of genius and talents, much goodness of heart, and considerable eccentricity. He lived some time at the English lakes, where he still has property, and is a disciple and great admirer of Wordsworth. His younger brother James is, I think, at least equal to him both in talent and judgment, and possesses a sort of peculiar quiet humor which is irresistible. Mr. Robert Sym, maternal uncle of John Wilson, writes the letters from Timothy Tickler to Hogg and others, which you would think very good did you know the parties. I would say much of Wordsworth if I had time; he certainly has a head of gold, but his feet are of clay, with little or no mixture of iron. \* \* I think he must have written his poem of 'The White Doe' with these clay feet of his. There is something so pure and lofty in his conceptions—he views external nature so entirely with a poet's eye, and has so little of the taint of worldly minds, that I grieve when I find him wandering through the trackless wilds of metaphysics, where I cannot follow him, or in the lower and too obvious paths

of childish vanity, where I wish not to accompany him," &c.

P. 247. "The morning before we left Edinburgh we had the Laureate to breakfast, that being the only time he could afford to us. I had James Wilson to meet him, a younger and graver brother of the Isle of Palms. When I speak of gravity, I mean the grave countenance with which he says things irresistibly ludicrous; he is in fact the author of some of the best, at least the most refined, wit in Blackwood's Magazine. But to return to the Laureate. I like him exceedingly: he has the finest poetical countenance, features unusually high, and somewhat strong though regular; a quantity of bushy black hair worn carelessly, but not with affected negligence; deep set, but very animated black eyes; and a countenance serious and collected, but kindling into ardor when animated in conversation. I have heard Southey called silent and constrained; I did not find him so: he talked easily and much, without seeming in the least consequential, or saying a single word for effect; on the contrary, he converses with the feeling and earnestness of one who speaks not to flourish in conversation, but to relieve a full mind from subjects of frequent meditation. \* \* If you ask me about Southey's singular and most laudable household, I will tell you in some future letter of what will surprise and please you in regard to the very sweetness of his benevolence," &c.

P. 258. "Miss Joanna Baillie and her sister found means to pay me a long forenoon visit, when we had a good deal of quiet conversation. Mrs. Baillie (for so her elder sister chooses to be distinguished) people like in their hearts better than Mrs. Joanna, though they would not for the world say so, thinking that it would argue great want of taste not to prefer Melpomene. I, for my part, would greatly prefer the muse to walk in a wood or sit in a bower with; but in that wearisome farce, a large party, Agnes acts her part much better. The seriousness, simplicity, and thoughtfulness of Joanna's manners overawe you from talking commonplace to her; and as for pretension, or talking fine, you would as soon think of giving yourself airs before an apostle. She is mild and placid, but makes no effort either to please or shine. She will neither dazzle nor be dazzled; yet, like others of the higher class of mind, is very indulgent in her opinions; what passes before her seems rather food for thought than mere amusement. In short, she is not merely a woman of talent but of genius, which is a very different thing, which is the reason that I have taken so much pains to describe her. Joanna's conversation is rather below her abilities, justifying Lord Gardenstone's maxim, 'that true genius is ever modest and careless.' Agnes unconsciously talks above herself, merely from a wish to please, and a habit of living among her intellectual superiors. I should certainly have liked and respected Joanna, as a person singularly natural and genuine, though she

had never written a tragedy. I am not at all sure that this is the case with most others," &c.

P. 310. "I am going to speak of one whose Correspondence I have been reading, even of Horace Walpole,\* the witty, the ingenious, the amusing, the selfish, the vain, the heartless, and the godless. All this he was, and moreover a declared and virulent whig, yet evidently considering 'the people' as scarcely of the same species with himself; professing popular opinions with more aristocratic feelings and manners than any other man of the same reach of understanding. His temper was gay and easy, and he possessed all the gilding and polish of court manners, with a good portion of talent, yet sense enough to know that he could by no means take his place in the first ranks of the aristocracy of genius, and he was too much a noble to be satisfied with ranking in the second; so he contented himself with being a kind of virtuoso, and writing scraps of poetry in the French style of gay, witty, *vers de société*, the only style of poetry in which they excel. The emulation of the noble wit has not been very successful, for all his courtly trifles of this kind are totally deficient in ease and grace, the only merits to which such verses pretend. If nature made any mistakes, one would be tempted to say a mistake had placed him in England, for certainly no Englishman ever had so much of the French character and taste. He seems to me always most at home in France, and it must be allowed that no Englishman ever wrote letters with such light and playful felicity. You are going to silence me with Cowper, the charm of whose elegance, purity, and gentle pleasantries have long delighted me; but I speak only of talent. You are fascinated with Horace's amusing powers, his talent and vivacity, though you see, at the bottom of all, a selfish skeptical character, who, measuring others by himself, believes not in the existence of generosity or any human virtue. Now with Cowper it is the reverse; it is himself, the charming character of the amiable and hallowed recluse, unveiled in his letters, that forms their chief attraction. The powers must however be great, in the other case, that fix your attention to the careless effusions of one whom you can neither esteem nor love. You will

\* The press has of late years poured forth numerous commentaries, and reviews, and opinions, and sketches of Horace Walpole, both whig and tory, favorable and disparaging, some composed with knowledge, some with impartiality; but these have served their turn and are forgotten; while two masterly portraits of him, taken at different periods of his life, and written both in foreign languages, will remain to perpetuate the truth of the likeness and the talent of the writers. The first, by Conyers Middleton, will be found prefixed to his *Quædam Monumenta*, &c., and bears the testimony of that accomplished scholar to Walpole's early attainments and admiration of art: the second is by Madame du Defland, written in 1776, of which every line shows the fine taste, feeling, and sagacity of the writer. The colors are faithful, and yet the impression of the whole is far from pleasing. Gibbon called him "the ingenious trifler;" we wonder that no enemy hit upon the expression—"Le sublime du frivole."



however receive much entertainment from Horace Walpole's Letters, and also considerable information—shall I add edification? Yes; for it is good to know how little the world has to give to its votaries, and how sad is the decline of life without some fairer prospects to light its gloom than the world has to bestow."

Vol. III., p. 9. "I was persuaded to dine out yesterday. It might almost be called a dinner of authors and artists: at the head of the last was Sir Henry Raeburn, and of the first John Wilson—if, indeed, the benign influence of Dr. Brewster's modest worth did not claim precedence. There was much good and lively talk at dinner, and some good music in the evening. I never saw the laird and lady appear to such advantage.

\* \* There is a very elegant and pleasing book, the title of which I do not remember; it is written by a son of Mr. Adolphus the barrister,\* a youth about twenty-two, and contains the result of more reading and reflection, more delicacy of taste and accuracy of judgment, than one would suppose attainable at that early period. It is moreover very entertaining, which you will wonder at, when you know that the whole purport of the volume is to show the impossibility of the Scotch novels being written by any one but the author of *Marmion*. If your brother has not seen them, *Simond's Travels* must afford him not merely amusement, but new and impartial views of many things which are too familiar to us to strike observation or awake reflection. I know no book of the kind which contains so much sense and truth. I speak of the *Tour in Britain*. That in *Switzerland* has the same attractions, only that the history and policy of the little cantons possess no lively interest; but, where he merely tells what he sees and feels, your attention is chained down by the power of genius and sensibility," &c.

P. 14. "I have been agreeably interrupted by a much valued and pretty frequent visitor—Mr. Henry Mackenzie, who is more animated, more correctly informed, and pleasant, than any young person I know. Apropos to what is very pleasant, very lively, and full of sense and information: if you find time or inclination to read a small volume, ask for the lately published *Life of John Home*, by Henry Mackenzie†. It will give you a distinct and faithful picture of the society and manners of Edinburgh, at the period when it first rose to distinction from the number of highly-gifted persons who adorned every profession, and shed a lustre on the land of their nativity. \* \* \* Have you heard anything of a book which everybody (meaning every idle Athenian eager for novelty) is now

reading. It is called the 'Confessions of an English Opium-eater.' Many strange things and persons have I encountered in my journey through life, and among the rest this same opium-eater. I spent an idle half day talking with him fourteen years ago in London, when he was a student at Oxford, and met him once since. I directly recognized him through the thin disguise in his book: I am since assured that I have not been mistaken. Ask more about him, if you have any taste remaining for oddities," &c.

P. 34. "What a being must Cowper have been that could excite such a pure and fervent attachment; and how much beyond the conception of ordinary minds was the tenderness, the constancy, the fortitude, and, above all, the faith of this blessed woman! Lady Hesketh, the good, the generous, and the amiable, tried to fill her place, but sank under it. Miss Fanshawe, who was with lady H. in the last months of her life, told me that she never recovered the miserable winter she spent with her beloved cousin," &c.

P. 39. "Speaking of books, we have been all much engaged with Jeremy Taylor of late. There is a new edition, preceded by an admirable life, by that most admirable person Reginald Heber. Read it by all means: such sound opinions, most happily yet simply expressed, so much learning without pedantry, and research without tediousness, so much piety without dogmatism or bigotry, are rarely met with.\* He—this eminent divine—goes to Calcutta in the very spirit of martyrdom; he carries all these fine and consecrated talents, all that wealth of knowledge, and that power of genius, to a region where they will be comparatively little understood or appreciated. You know, perhaps, that he goes out as bishop. Mr. Canning, who greatly loves and admires him, urges him to stay for the first vacant English bishoprick. His brother, who has a large estate, and has no heirs, is equally averse to his going; but the highest and purest motives urge him to spend and be spent in the service of his Master," &c.

P. 57. "Now to speak of books. There is a lady here whom I think you must know—Miss Ferrier; her father is a very old man, and she, who is not very young, and has indifferent health, secludes herself almost entirely with him. The fruits of this seclusion appeared three or four years since in the form of a novel called *Marriage*; it was evidently the production of a clever caustic mind, with much good painting of character in it, that could not be produced without talent and considerable knowledge of men and books. I have

\* These Letters by Mr. Adolphus were dedicated to Mr. Richard Heber, and were written with much cleverness and ingenuity. After reading them, little doubt could exist in the mind of any one regarding the author of *Waverley*.

† This *Life of John Home*, by Henry Mackenzie, was reviewed by Sir Walter Scott in the *Quarterly Review*, and the critique contains, as Mr. Lockhart says, "a rich chapter of Scott's early reminiscences."

\* In the *Life of Jeremy Taylor*, by R. Heber, there is no mention of a tract which we possess—"A Pindaric Elegie upon the Death of the Right Rev. Father in God Jeremy, late Lord Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dro-mo-re, by Le. Mathews, A. M., a sacr. domest. 4to. Dublin, 1667," which should be inserted in the next edition. On the tract called "Christian Consolations" not being by J. Taylor, see *Gibb's Correspondence*, vol. ii., pp. 509, 513. by Al. Knox, M. A., a work of great interest both in theology and literature.

just finished a hasty perusal of a new work by the same author, called *The Inheritance*, and join the general voice in pronouncing it clever, though there is, perhaps, too much of caricature throughout. Pray read it; there is strong sense in it, and it keeps attention awake even when it does not entirely please. There are some here who praise this book beyond measure, and even hold it up as excelling the invisible charmer. This leads me to *Redgauntlet*, where Walter is himself again. Who says that his *forte* is low characters? I do not meet in books, and very rarely in life, such gentlemen as his, with sentiments so just, so manly, and so happily expressed. Witness the feeling without weakness or painted sentimentality, the dignity without strut or false elevation, the graceful ease and unbending spirit displayed in the painful interview betwixt the infatuated Chevalier and his adherents. Basil Hall's *Letters on South America* I have read with pleasure, and hope, nay believe, the information they contain is genuine; yet he sometimes reminds me of the Clown's address to Malvolio, when he supposes him possessed: 'Out upon thee, foul fiend! speakest thou of nought but ladies!' I have met with Basil Hall, and was never more surprised. I looked for a bold weather-beaten tar, but I found a gentleman, with a soft voice and soft manners, pouring out small-talk in half-whispers to ladies; I believe, *however*, he is very estimable. Two volumes of Ariosto Rose's *Recollections of Italy* have lately amused me much. He is acute, elegant, and refined even to fastidiousness; but some allowance must be made for a young man nursed in purple and fine linen, and fed with Greek and Roman classics, and born to smart and agonize at every pore, from being the hapless owner of a sickly and sensitive frame. \* \* \* Of Byron's death I like neither to speak nor hear. What a fall was his before the scene closed!" &c.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### SCENES ON BOARD A CAPTURED SLAVER.

THE pamphlet of the Rev. Pascoe Grenfell Hill, "Fifty days on board a Slave-Vessel in the Mozambique Channel, in April and May, 1843,"\* is a production not more remarkable for its naked exposure of the present state of the African slave-trade, than for its candid revelation of very dire transactions taking place under the British flag. We shall attempt a brief review of the contents.

Her Majesty's ship *Cleopatra*, of twenty-six guns, commanded by Captain C. Wyvill, sailed from Spithead in July, 1842, under orders to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope station, and to convey Governor Gomm to Mauritius. The vessel having reached Rio Janeiro, the Rev. P. G. Hill was there transferred from the Malabar to the *Cleopatra*, to act as chaplain during the voyage. After a stay of a week at Rio, where an opportunity was afforded of seeing and describing the condition of the Brazilian slave population, the *Cleopatra* sailed on her cruise, and reached the Cape of Good Hope on the 9th of October. From

\* London: John Murray, 1844.

this point the vessel got round the Cape to the eastern coast of Africa, and having touched at Mauritius, arrived, in January, 1843, at Madagascar. The stretch of ocean between this large island and the African continent, called the Mozambique Channel, appears to have been the appointed cruising ground of the *Cleopatra*, in order to watch and check any attempt on the part of slave-vessels to carry away negroes from the African coast. The centre of this odious traffic being about the mouth of the Quilimane river, which is exactly opposite Madagascar, here the *Cleopatra* kept a sharp look-out for her prey. The reverend author describes various nautical manoeuvres and sailings to and fro in this arduous enterprise, all proving abortive; till at length, on the 12th of April, a brigantine of suspicious appearance being observed from the mast-head, a chase was the consequence. After the firing of a few shots, the brigantine, no match for her powerful antagonist, yielded to her fate. A cutter was hoisted out from the *Cleopatra*, with an officer, to take possession, and the green and yellow flag of Brazil was displaced by the British ensign. The capture being thus effected, Captain Wyvill, the writer of the narrative, and the surgeon, went on board the prize, to see the state of affairs. Here we may let the chaplain tell his own story.

"It was a strange scene which presented itself to us when we mounted her side. The deck was crowded to the utmost with naked negroes, to the number, as stated in her papers, of 450, in almost riotous confusion, having revolted, before our arrival, against their late masters, who, on their part, also showed strong excitement, from feelings, it may be supposed, of no pleasant nature. The negroes, a meagre, famished-looking throng, having broken through all control, had seized everything to which they had a fancy in the vessel; some with hands full of 'farinha,' the powdered root of the mandroe or cassava; others with large pieces of pork and beef, having broken open the casks; and some had taken fowls from the coops, which they devoured raw. Many were busily dipping rags, fastened to bits of string, into the water-casks; and, unhappily, there were some who, by a like method, got at the contents of a cask of aquadiente, fiery Brazilian rum, of which they drank to excess. The addition of our boats' crews to this crowd left hardly room to move on the deck. The shrill hubbub of noises, which I cannot attempt to describe, expressive, however, of the wildest joy, thrilled on the ear, mingled with the clank of the iron, as they were knocking off their fetters on every side. It seemed that, from the moment the first ball was fired, they had been actively employed in thus freeing themselves, in which our men were not slow in lending their assistance. I counted but thirty shackled together in pairs; but many more pairs of shackles were found below. We were not left an instant in doubt as to the light in which they viewed us. They crawled in crowds, and rubbed caressingly our feet and clothes with their hands, even rolling themselves, as far as room allowed, on the deck before us. And when they saw the crew of the vessel rather unceremoniously sent over the side into the boat which was to take them prisoners to the frigate, they sent up a long universal shout of triumph and delight."

The vessel proved to be the *Progresso*, bound for Rio Janeiro. It had taken its cargo on board only the evening before, and was under the charge of a crew, seventeen in number, Spaniards, Portuguese, and Brazilians. The size of the vessel was about 140 tons, length of the slave-deck 37 feet, its mean breadth 21½ feet, and its height 34 feet. The captain was not forth-coming, and it was alleged he was drowned, though this was ultimately discovered to be false. A muster being made of the hapless beings on board, they were found to amount to 189 men, mostly under twenty years of age, 45 women, and 213 boys—total 447. To relieve the vessel, Captain

Wyvill took fifty on board the *Cleopatra*, leaving 397 in the *Progresso*, which was immediately sent off to the Cape of Good Hope under the charge of a lieutenant, a master's assistant, a quarter-master, a boatswain's mate, and nine seamen. Four Spaniards and a Portuguese, including the cook, were permitted to remain in the prize. Mr. Hill having expressed a wish to act as chaplain on board the captured slaver, his offer was accepted, and he sailed with the party on the voyage to the Cape. More than fifty of the negroes would have been put on board the *Cleopatra*, so as to relieve the pressure in the *Progresso*, but the surgeon thought that small-pox prevailed among the slaves, and a limited number only was taken from the vessel. This opinion proved erroneous; the eruption was afterwards found to be a species of itch. All went well with the overloaded *Progresso* for a few hours, while good weather lasted. Shortly after midnight a sudden squall sprung up, and great was the confusion on deck, covered as it was by groups of naked negroes, who remained above for the sake of fresh air. Strangely enough, the possibility of some such change of weather does not seem to have been provided against. All was tumult on board; the sailors had a difficulty in finding and handling the ropes; and an order was given to send the whole of the negroes below, which was immediately obeyed. The writer proceeds to relate what ensued. The night, he says, "being intensely hot, four hundred wretched beings thus crammed into a hold 12 yards in length, 7 in breadth, and only 3½ feet in height, speedily began to make an effort to re-issue to the open air. Being thrust back, and striving the more to get out, the after-hatch was forced down on them. Over the other hatchway, in the fore part of the vessel, a wooden grating was fastened. To this, the sole inlet for the air, the suffocating heat of the hold, and, perhaps, panic from the strangeness of their situation, made them press; and thus great part of the space below was rendered useless. They crowded to the grating, and, clinging to it for air, completely barred its entrance. They strove to force their way through apertures in length 14 inches, and barely 6 inches in breadth, and in some instances succeeded. The cries, the heat—I may say, without exaggeration, 'the smoke of their torment'—which ascended, can be compared to nothing earthly. One of the Spaniards gave warning that the consequence would be 'many deaths.' This warning, however, does not appear to have been regarded, nor does the writer say that he made any effort to interfere.

Next day the prediction of the Spaniard "was fearfully verified. Fifty-four crushed and mangled corpses lifted up from the slave-deck have been brought to the gangway and thrown overboard. Some were emaciated from disease, many bruised and bloody. Antonio tells me that some were found strangled, their hands still grasping each other's throats, and tongues protruding from their mouths. The bowels of one were crushed out. They had been trampled to death for the most part, the weaker under the feet of the stronger, in the madness and torment of suffocation from crowd and heat. It was a horrid sight, as they passed one by one—the stiff distorted limbs smeared with blood and filth—to be cast into the sea. Some, still quivering, were laid on the deck to die; salt water thrown on them to revive them, and a little fresh water poured into their mouths. Antonio reminded me of his last night's warning, 'Ya se lo dixé anoche.' He actively employed himself, with his comrade Sebastian, in attendance on the wretched living beings now released from their confinement below; distributing to them their morning meal of farinha, and their allowance of water, rather more than half a pint to each, which they grasped with inconceivable eagerness, some bending their knees to the deck, to avoid the risk of losing any of the liquid by unsteady footing; their throats,

doubtless, parched to the utmost with crying and yelling through the night." Being thus somewhat refreshed, the negroes, reduced to 343 in number, "went below of their own accord, the hatchways being left open to allow them air. But a short time, however, had elapsed when they began tumultuously to re-ascend, while persons above, afraid of their crowding the deck too much, repelled them, and they were trampled back, screaming and writhing, in a confused mass. The hatch was about to be forced down on them, and, had not the lieutenant in charge left positive orders to the contrary, the catastrophe of last night would have been re-enacted." The negroes were now disposed in the most convenient places on the deck, out of the way of the ropes, and covered with long rugs provided for the purpose. This attention was rewarded by only one being found dead next morning; but several were in a dying state, from the effects of injuries suffered on the first and awful night.

The *Progresso* had been provided with stores sufficient to victual the negroes for two months. There were six hundred bags of small beans, bags of rice and farinha, and below the slave-deck were stowed twenty-two huge casks of water, containing each five or six hogsheds. The cabin stores were also profuse; ale, porter, wines, macaroni, tapioca, pickles, cigars, raisins, almonds, &c.; and the coops on deck contained ducks, fowls, and pigs. There was thus no want of food or water, but the latter article seems to have been dispensed with ultra economy. The quantity allowed to each was a pint per diem, but this was far from quenching the thirst which perpetually raged amongst them. Driven to desperation, "they eagerly," says our author, "catch the drippings from the sails after a shower, apply their lips to the wet masts, and crawl to the coops to share the supply placed there for the fowls. I have remarked some of the sick licking the deck, when washed with salt water." To aggravate their distress, the water casks in the hold beneath their den were almost within reach. To lift the planks of their flooring, and furtively get at these repositories during the night, was a crime of which they were found to be guilty. One night the chaplain hears a noise, and obtaining a lantern, "I descended on the slave-deck," says he, "with a Spaniard and an English sailor, who caught seven of the ringleaders in the act of drawing water from the casks beneath. The long loose planks which compose this deck have daily to be removed to get at the water and provisions; but the nightly depredators, in raising them, must at the same time displace a mass of living beings piled on the top, regardless, no doubt, of any injury they may thus cause to them. The mischief resulting from their delinquency is not the loss of the water abstracted, but the corruption of that which remains, by the foul rags which they dip into the casks to obtain it. The boys were anxious to exculpate themselves from sharing in the theft with the men, crying in their language, 'Oushi ouishi no capean'—'the little ones do not steal.' This morning the culprits were 'seized up,' with small cords to the fore-rigging, and received from fifteen to twenty lashes each from a rope's end; a Spaniard, an Englishman, and a strong negro, relieving each other at the task."

If designed as an example, the lashing failed in its effect. Some days later, more water-stealing was discovered, and "summary punishment was inflicted on eight. They received by moonlight about eighteen lashes each, and were coupled in shackles previously to being sent back into the hold. Thus, as in many other fine beginnings, the end but ill corresponds with the 'early promise.' The sound of knocking off their irons, which thrilled so musically on the ear when we boarded the prize, terminates in the clank of riveting them on again, with the accompaniment of flogging. The result of their offence is

certainly highly provoking, when, as is sometimes the case, instead of pure water, we draw up from the casks their putrid rags: on the other hand, none can tell, save he who has tried, the pangs of thirst which may excite them in that heated hold, many of them fevered by mortal disease." The chaplain does not tell us that any means were taken to prevent these thefts. Flogging, to all appearance, was the only cure.

The deaths continued frequent from over-crowding, disease, and other causes, and the bodies, as we learn, were tossed overboard without winding-sheet or ceremony. This, which excites no remark from the writer, surely was not seemly. If the negroes were not Christians, they were at any rate human beings. One of the bodies would not sink. "When thrown overboard, it being a dead calm, the body floated for upwards of half an hour, the face above water, close to the vessel, and sometimes striking against the sides; while we were in apprehension every moment that a shark might approach and seize on it." When a sailor died, his body was committed to the deep with the usual solemnities, and loaded to carry it out of sight.

During the progress of the voyage southward, the weather became cold, and this was a change of evils. "May 1.—The naked negroes begin already to shiver, and their teeth to chatter. This is a new infliction added to the former calamities to which this unhappy race is doomed. \* \* May 3.—We feel the cold severely. Seven negroes were found dead this morning—among them a girl." Deaths also continue from the lurching of the vessel during squally weather: through the gloom of the night, the shrieks rise above the noise of the wind and waves, and are, "of all horrors in this unhappy vessel, the saddest." When the morning comes, "the same dismal oft-repeated tale—three bodies, a man and two boys, lifted on deck from the hold. The man was one who had been savagely beaten by two of his fellows in misery three or four days ago. That the greater number of those who die have their deaths hastened by others overlying or otherwise injuring them below, is obvious from the fact, that they are found dead in the morning; very rarely, at least, during the day-time. It not unfrequently happens that they are crushed between the loose planks of the slave-deck, affording space for their limbs to slip down beyond their strength to extricate." Surely something might have been done to fasten these shifting planks!

Our author speaks of the little respect for each other among these negroes, yet he somewhat contradictorily praises their courtesy and love of fair dealing. "May 18.—There is a natural good-breeding frequently to be remarked among the negroes, which one might little expect. They sometimes come aft on seeing us first appear on deck in the morning, and bend the knee by way of salutation. Their manner of returning thanks for any little present of food or water, is by a stamp on the deck, and a scrape of the foot backwards; and they seldom fail, however weak, to make this acknowledgment, though it cost them an effort to rise for the purpose. The women make a courtesy, bowing their knees forward so nearly to touch the ground. In the partition of the small pieces of beef in their tubs *de farinha*, the most perfect fair-dealing is always observed."

On the 28th of May, Cape Agulhas came in sight, and in a day or two afterwards the negroes were landed, in order to be transported to Cape Town in wagons. Of the 397 at the beginning of the voyage, only 222 lived to reach the Cape, making the total number of deaths on board 175. Many, however, died after landing; and of those in the *Cleopatra*, two died. The scene on board the *Progresso* at the clearing out of the living mass was appalling. Seven bodies lay piled on deck to be buried on the beach, and "the body of a lad was found beneath the planks in a state

of decomposition. Part of a hand had been devoured, and an eye completely scooped out by rats."

At the conclusion of his narrative, the reverend writer states it as his impression, that the present arrangements to put down the slave trade are futile. In the first place, the trade offers the most extraordinary profits. On the east coast of Africa slaves can be always purchased with ease, and at a moderate price. Sometimes money, and sometimes coarse cottons, are paid in exchange, at the rate of about £3, 16s. 6d. per man, and £2, 9s. for boys. Taken to Rio Janeiro, a man will sell for £52, a woman for £41, 10s., and a boy for £31. The author assumes that £19,000 will thus be cleared on a single cargo. At this rate of profits, a slave trader will be compensated if he secure only one cargo out of four or five, which he is certain to do. With avarice whetted by an average degree of success, he defies all risks. In the second place, he has nothing to fear from punishment. The United States, Great Britain, the States of Buenos Ayres, Brazil, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Portugal, have each, by conventions or legislative enactments, declared the slave trade to be piracy, and its perpetrators deserving of death as pirates; but all this is practically a dead letter. The crew of the *Progresso* were set at liberty, "there being no authority at the Cape to deal with them as criminals."

Stimulated with the hopes of excessive gains, and dreading no personal chastisement, the slave traders carry on their detestable traffic with as great vigor at the present moment, if not greater, than at any former period. "While we boast the name of Wilberforce," observes Mr. Hill, "and the genius and eloquence which enabled him to arouse so general a zeal against the slave trade; while others are disputing with him the claim of being 'the true annihilator of the slave trade,' that trade, so far from being annihilated, is at this very hour carried on under circumstances of greater atrocity than were known in his time, and the blood of the poor victims calls more loudly on us as the actual, though unintentional aggravators of their miseries."

These announcements, by no means new, are sufficiently humiliating. The interference of British philanthropists has vastly aggravated the horrors of the slave trade. Instead of being carried across the ocean in roomy vessels, the negroes are now packed into the smallest possible space, in brigantines built for quick sailing; and thus, while as many cross the Atlantic as ever—it is said 20,000 annually—notwithstanding the vigilance of British cruisers, the sufferings and deaths during the passage are prodigiously increased. Capture, even by a British vessel, would seem, from the account before us, to be by no means an immediate relief to the sufferers. Officers, unaccustomed to such duties, and probably with few trusty hands to aid them, make indifferent custodiers of the newly emancipated negroes; so that, under the British flag, and under the guise of discipline, scenes occur as revolting as any which take place in the slave-holding states of the New World. ~~Is there, then, really no means for putting down the abominable trade in slaves?~~ Must philanthropy sit down and sigh over evils which are apparently irremediable? The author before us hints at civilizing and Christianizing ~~action~~ by missionaries, as the only means of cutting up the traffic at its roots. We agree with him so far; but go a step farther, and point to the kind of missionaries to be employed. Africa, in our opinion, is only to be civilized by her own colored race. This, fortunately, can be done without taking a shilling from the European purse. There is a demand for hired laborers in the West Indies. Supply this demand from Africa, giving the servants so introduced a safe conduct back to their native country on the expiry of their engagements. Carrying home with them the civilized habits and tastes, also the knowledge of the Christian doctrines and graces, which they would

acquire during their servitude, a flood of civilization might thus be regularly returned to the African continent, affecting all within its influence. Nor is this scheme without precedent. Already, in the small and free state of Liberia, on the coast of Africa, manumitted American slaves have successfully planted the standard of civilization, and, we believe, done more to Christianize this benighted region than all the efforts of English philanthropists put together. It is unfortunate that, because the Liberian scheme did not originate in England, it has hitherto been viewed with distrust, if not open indignity, in this country. Still, there is the fact of its success, offering a lesson which the anti-slavery societies should not rashly disregard. The experience of half a century proves that guns cannot put down the slave trade. And a refusal to have commercial dealings with the South American states will prove equally fallacious; for they will deal with some one else, and we shall only lose their trade for our pains. In short, there appears no means to quell this horrid traffic than that of outdoing the slave-holding states by cheapness and dexterity of labor; and to effect this result, nothing could be so effectual as to strip the West Indies of their present sloth-inducing monopoly, and compel them to resort to every honorable expedient to undersell their slave-holding competitors.

In conclusion, we offer thanks to the Rev. Mr. Hill for the candor of his disclosures, which cannot fail to make a deep and beneficial impression in the country.

From the Athenæum.

*Seventh Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of Education; together with the Seventh Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board.* By HORACE MANN, Esq. Boston, Jan. 1844.

THE last of these documents is one of the most interesting reports on educational subjects we have ever happened to meet with. Mr. Horace Mann, its author, is a school critic of much experience, sagacity, and practical quickness in detail. He is besides evidently a benevolent man, looking seriously, and yet not with despondency, on our social state; a lover of his own country, an admirer of her institutions, but touched with a consciousness of her present shortcomings. After six years' devotion to the duties of his office, as Secretary to the Massachusetts Board of Education, his health being injured by exertion, he requested leave to make such a tour (at his own expense) as might serve the double purpose of bodily renovation, and of bringing in valuable information respecting his favorite objects—and accordingly employed six months of 1813, in a rapid survey of English, Irish, Scotch, Prussian, and French schools. The time, no doubt, was much too short for the purposes of careful individual inspection, and the pamphlet is not without an occasional appearance of haste: yet it serves a useful purpose. Men accustomed, like Mr. Mann, to look much at children and teachers, acquire great quickness in estimating the general position of these relative parties; and those less experienced are, more apparently than really, wise, when they speak with contempt of their criticism. It is always good for something—and teachers should be willing to accept the aid it might give them, in forming an estimate of the principal deficiencies, as well as merits, of their rule. The worst part of the business is, that these clever and energetic men, who bustle through a great deal of work in a

short time, do not, in general, allow enough for what, in a short survey, they cannot see. We may grant, for instance, the facts of the promptitude, spirit, and energy displayed in the Scotch schools, and yet doubt exceedingly whether the individual attainments of boys kept in this state of violent excitement, are at all equal to those of many pupils in quieter and duller looking schools. There seems to us no necessity for the sleepy method of hearing each scholar answer his question *in turn*, merely because there is no taking places—let the teacher put his question as irregularly and unexpectedly as he pleases, only let a distinct answer be required from the scholar signified; or if he cannot answer, let him proceed to another. The secret is, vigor and promptitude, without violence.

Respecting the antagonistic wrestlings of Scotch scholars, however, let Mr. Mann speak for himself:—

"I entirely despair," he says, "of exciting in any other person, by a description, the vivid impressions of mental activity or celerity which the daily operations of these schools (the Scotch) produced on my mind—actual observation can alone give anything approaching to the true idea. I do not exaggerate when I say, that the most active and lively schools I have ever seen in the United States, must be regarded almost as dormitories, if compared with the fervid life of the Scotch schools; and, by the side of theirs, our pupils would seem to be hybernating animals just emerging from their torpid state, and as yet but half-conscious of the possession of life and faculties. It is certainly within bounds to say, that there were five times as many questions put, and answers given, in the same space of time, as I ever heard put or given in any school in our own country. But a few preliminary observations are necessary to make any description of a Scotch school intelligible. In the numerous Scotch schools, which I saw, the custom of place-taking prevailed, not merely in spelling, but in geography, arithmetic, reading, defining, &c. Now did this consist solely in the passing up of the one giving a right answer above the one giving a wrong; but, if a scholar made a very bright answer, he was promoted at once to the top of the class—if he made a very stupid one, he was sentenced no less summarily to the bottom. Periodically, prizes are given, and the fact of having been '*Dux*' (that is, at the head of the class) the greatest number of times is the principal ground on which the prizes are awarded. In some schools, an auxiliary stimulus is applied. The fact of having passed up so many places (say ten or twelve) entitles the pupil to a ticket; and a given number of these tickets is equivalent to being '*Dux*' once. When this sharper goad to emulation is to be applied, the spectator will see the teacher fill his hand with small bits of pasteboard, and, as the recitation goes on, and competition grows keen, and places are rapidly lost and won, the teacher is seen occasionally to give one of these tickets to a pupil as a counter, or token, that he has passed up above so many of his fellows; that is, he may have passed up above four at one time, six at another, two at another—and if twelve is the number which entitles to a ticket, one will be given without any stopping or speaking—for the teacher and pupil appear to have kept a silent reckoning, and when the latter extends his hand, the former gives a ticket without any suspension of the lesson. This gives the greatest intensity to competition, and, at such times, the children have a look of almost maniacal eagerness and anxiety."

Again:—

"A boy errs, giving, perhaps, a wrong gender, or saying that the word is derived from a Greek verb,

when, in fact, it is derived from a Greek noun of the same family. Twenty boys leap forward into the arena—as though the house were on fire, or a mine, or ambush, had been sprung upon them—and shout out the true answer, in a voice that could be heard forty rods. And so the recitation proceeds for an hour. To an unaccustomed spectator, on entering one of these rooms, all seems uproar, turbulence, and the contention of angry voices; the teacher traversing the space before his class in a state of high excitement, the pupils springing from their seats, darting to the middle of the floor, and sometimes, with extended arms, forming a circle around him, two, three, or four deep—every finger quivering from the intensity of their motions, until some more sagacious mind, outstripping its rivals, solves the difficulty—when all are in their seats again, as though by magic, and ready for another encounter of wits. I have seen a school kept for two hours in succession in this state of intense mental activity, with nothing more than an alteration of subjects during the time, or, perhaps, the relaxation of singing. At the end of the recitation, both teacher and pupils would glow with heat, and be covered with perspiration, as though they had been contending in the race or the ring. It would be utterly impossible for the children to bear such fiery excitement if the physical exercise were not as violent as the mental is intense. But children who actually leap into the air from the energy of their impulses, and repeat this as often as once in two minutes, on an average, will not suffer from suppressed activity of the muscular system."

As Mr. Mann makes no remark on the hazards of this violent competitive exercise, it is to be supposed he has no decided opinion against it. To ourselves it appears, morally, mentally, and physically, bad. The sort of "physical exercise" here spoken of, seems to us no more likely to benefit the body than the convulsive movements of a child suffering under St. Vitus's dance. As to the proof it brings of the love of knowledge, also, to what does it amount? The whole thing is reduced to a system of prize-fighting. Not the more for all this may the intelligent desire of improvement flourish, nor does there come before us the pleasant vision of the man, in after times, slaking his mental thirst at the well-springs of knowledge, alone and far away though he may be from those who wrestled with him for a first draught. The very noise and clamor appear (for we, too, have seen our Scotch schools) as fatal to the growth of a spirit which should be trained to vanquish difficulties by quiet continuous effort, rather than by violence.

Mr. Mann seems fully aware of the evils of this competitive system in the communication of religious knowledge; but why, though the impiety of the strife is more flagrant, should the effects on the religious character be much worse in one case than in the other?

Here, however, is a specimen, "an exact account," says Mr. Mann, "of a religious lesson which I saw and heard:—"

"Teacher. What sort of death was denounced against our first parents for disobedience?

"First Pupil. Temporal death.

"T. No, (and pointing instantaneously to the second.)

"Second P. To die.

"The teacher points to the third, crying, 'Come away!' and then to the fourth, a dozen pupils leap on the floor, a dozen hands are held out, all quivering with eagerness.

"Fourth P. Spiritual death.

"T. Go up, *Dux*, (that is to the head of the class.)

"And so of the following, from the Westminster Catechism, which, with all the proofs, is committed to memory.

"Teacher. What is the misery of that estate whereinto man fell?

"Pupil. All mankind by their fall lost communion with God, &c.

"T. What sort of a place is hell?

"P. A place of devils.

"T. How does the Bible describe it?

"First P. (Hesitates.)

"T. Next. Next.

"Fifth P. A lake of fire and brimstone.

"T. Take 'em down four.

"And thus on these awful themes, a belief and contemplation of which should turn the eyes into a fountain of tears, and make the heart intermit its beatings, there is the same ambition for intellectual superiority as on a question in the multiplication table. There is no more apparent solemnity in the one case than the other."

We are curious to see what Mr. Mann would say on the Prussian system. His judgment on some points indeed might be anticipated, visiting these schools as he did, in order to cull materials for comparison with, and, if need be, improvement of, those of his own land, he would of course exult in their points of accordance. Yet more, in some few particulars, would he triumph in the superiority of the birth-right privileges of a Massachusetts child.—"That child," he says, "would be as much astonished at being asked to pay any sum, however small, for attending our common schools, as he would be if payment were demanded of him for walking in the public streets, for breathing the common air, or enjoying the warmth of the inappropriable sun." Again in another, and more important point, he adverts to the conduct of the Prussian government, in taking two different religions under its exclusive patronage, and of teaching under the same roof, with equal authority, propositions contradicting each other.

"In the same schoolhouse, under the same roof, I have passed from one room to another, separated only by a partition wall, where different religions, different and irreconcilable ideas of God, and of his government and providence, of our own nature and duties, and of the means of salvation, were taught to the children by authority of law! and where a whole system of rites, books, teachers, officers, had been provided to enforce upon the children, as equally worthy of their acceptance, these hostile views. Everlasting, immutable truth—not merely the image, but the essence of God, not merely unchanging, but in its nature unchangeable and immortal—was made, after crossing a threshold, to affirm what it had denied and to deny what it had affirmed. The first practical notion which any child can obtain from such an exhibition, and the brightest minds will obtain it earliest, is, of the falsity of truth itself, or that there is no such thing as truth, and that morals and religion are only convenient instruments in the hands of rulers for controlling the populace. Such a conclusion must be an extinction of the central idea of all moral and religious obligation. \* \* \* Wherein does the teaching of two hostile religions, by authority of law, differ from teaching contradictory theories in science, only as the former subject should be approached with more caution and reverence than the latter? Suppose some weak but proud mortal, having by means of birth or any other accident obtained a control over the destinies of men, should decree that the half of the children

in his kingdom should be taught the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, according to which the sun revolves round the earth; and the other half, the Copernican system, according to which the earth revolves round the sun, could he retain the respect of any intelligent subject, either for his system, or himself?"

Deplorable, also, are the effects of this unfaithfulness upon the teachers themselves. "I asked one of them, how he could teach what he disbelieved; and whether it did not involve the essence of falsehood." His reply was, "It is a lie of necessity. The government compel us to do this, or it takes away our bread."

With regard to the general character of these Prussian teachers, to the efficiency of their instructions, the admirable discipline of their schools, the absence of base and unworthy motives of action, no one can speak more strongly than this American Inspector.

"I speak of the teachers whom I saw, and with whom I had more or less of personal intercourse; and, after some opportunities for the observation of public assemblies or bodies of men, I do not hesitate to say, that if those teachers were brought together, in one body, I believe they would form as dignified, intelligent, benevolent-looking a company of men as could be collected from the same amount of population in any country. They were free alike from arrogant pretension, and from the affectation of humility. It has been often remarked, both in England and in this country, that the nature of a schoolmaster's occupation exposes him, in some degree, to overbearing manners, and to dogmatism in the statement of his opinions. Accustomed to the exercise of supreme authority, moving among those who are so much his inferiors in point of attainments, perhaps it is proof of a very well-balanced mind, if he keeps himself free from assumption in opinion and haughtiness of demeanor. Especially are such faults or vices apt to spring up in weak or ill-furnished minds. \* \* Among the Prussian and Saxon teachers whom I saw, there were not half a dozen instances to remind one of those unpleasant characteristics—what Lord Bacon would call 'the idol of the tribe' or profession—which sometimes degrade the name, and disparage the sacred calling of a teacher. Generally speaking, there seemed to be a strong love of the employment, always a devotion to duty, and a profound conviction of the importance and sacredness of the office they filled. The only striking instance of disingenuousness, or attempt at deception, which I saw, was that of a teacher, who looked over the manuscript books of a large class of his scholars, selected the best, and bringing it to me, said, 'In seeing one you see all.' Again:—'Though I saw hundreds of schools, and thousands, I think I may say, within bounds, tens of thousands of pupils, I never saw one child undergoing punishment, or arraigned for misconduct; I never saw one child in tears from having been punished, or from fear of being punished. \* \* I cannot say that this extraordinary fact was not the result of chance or accident. Of the probability of that others must judge. I can only say, that during all the time mentioned, I never saw a blow struck, I never heard a sharp rebuke given, I never saw a child in tears, nor arraigned at the teacher's bar for any alleged misconduct. On the contrary, the relation seemed to be one of duty first, and then affection, on the part of the teacher,—of affection first, and then duty, on the part of the scholar. \* \* I have seen a teacher actually clap his hands with delight at a bright reply: and all this has been done so naturally and so unaffectedly, as to excite no other feeling in the residue of the children than a desire, by the same means, to win the same caresses. What person worthy of the name of a parent, would not give anything, bear anything, sacrifice anything, to have his children, during eight or

ten years of the period of their childhood, surrounded by circumstances, and breathed upon by sweet and humanizing influences like these? I mean no disparagement of our own teachers by the remark I am about to make. As a general fact, these teachers are as good as public opinion has demanded; as good as the public sentiment has been disposed to appreciate; as good as public liberality has been ready to reward; as good as the preliminary measures taken to qualify them would authorize us to expect. But it was impossible to put down the questionings of my own mind—whether a visitor could spend six weeks in our own schools without ever hearing an angry word spoken, or seeing a blow struck, or witnessing the flow of tears."

On questions of *method*, respecting which the American visitor naturally dwells at some length, (these in his opinion being considerably in advance of the New World among the Continental States,) we will not now enter, only briefly stating that Mr. Mann is a warm advocate for the *Phonic* method of elementary instruction in reading, and that he pronounces the Prussian schoolmasters to be admirable teachers of writing and drawing, of grammar, music, and very often, in an eminent degree, of geography. It is well known, that "every man is his own book." His library is in his own head. "Promptly, and without pause or hesitation, from the rich resources of his own mind, he brings forth whatever the occasion demands."

"I remember calling one morning at a country school in Saxony, where everything about the premises, and the appearance of both teacher and children, indicated very narrow pecuniary circumstances. As I entered, the teacher was just ready to commence a lecture on French History. He gave not only the events of a particular period in the history of France, but mentioned, as he proceeded, all the cotemporary sovereigns of neighboring nations. The ordinary time for a lesson here, as well as elsewhere, was an hour. This was somewhat longer, for, towards the close, the teacher entered upon a train of thought from which it was difficult to break off, and rose to a strain of eloquence which it was delightful to hear. The scholars were all absorbed in attention. They had paper, pen, and ink, before them, and took brief notes of what was said. When the lesson touched upon cotemporary events in other nations, which, as I suppose, had been the subject of previous lessons, the pupils were questioned concerning them. A small text-book of history was used by the pupils, which they studied at home."

We propose recurring to this interesting Report again, for the purpose of citing some of Mr. Mann's remarks on the *effects* of the Prussian schools, and the eager manner in which English writers, anxious to find arguments against the obnoxious clauses in the Factories Bill of 1813, have turned whatever might tell, fairly or unfairly, against the results of a national education in that country, against national education in another. In our second notice, also, we shall give a few of the reporter's remarks on English schools.

A WORD OR TWO ON PORT WINE.—"Pure as imported" is, it appears, a very equivocal phrase; for we learn from this little pamphlet, written by one who has resided in Portugal for eleven years, that Port wine is adulterated at Oporto to an extent scarcely credible—that what is called "rich wine" receives from 20 to 25 gallons per pipe of brandy! and from 6 to 18 gallons of *jerupiga*, a compound of elderberry juice, brown sugar, and unfermented grape juice.



From Chambers' Journal.

## TEN POUNDS: A TALE.

"TEN pounds!" exclaimed John Hawker, as he re-folded a letter and put it into his inmost pocket, for fear it should be seen by his wife. "Ten pounds lost—gone—and I shall never be able to make it up again. Oh dear, what *will* become of me?" John Hawker's anxiety was so intense, that it broke out in a profuse perspiration, and he was wiping his brow when his wife entered the little parlor. He turned pale, his lip quivered, and he laid hold of a chair to steady himself, lest she should see how much he trembled.

"Why, John," exclaimed Mrs. Hawker, "you seem dreadfully vexed about your brother's family leaving the town. For my part, I feel their going away is like a load taken off me, for they were always borrowing something or other, and having things upon trust out of the shop. Even up to the last minute, if I had not looked pretty sharp after them, we should have never got that two pounds eleven and odd they run up for groceries." John groaned in spirit; for well he knew that the "small account" had been paid out of the money he had lent his brother, and he buttoned his coat tightly over him, lest a corner of the letter which announced the borrower's inability to return the loan should reveal itself to betray the secret.

"I don't wish them any harm," added Mrs. Hawker benevolently, "and hope they will do better as emigrants to Australia than they could do here. But I doubt it, John: a man with a wife and three children in a foreign country stands but a poor chance. However, we shall see." Mrs. Hawker's remarks were cut short by the shrill voice of the errand boy exclaiming, "Shop!" and she bustled out to serve a customer.

When his wife retired, John drew aside the green curtain, and peeped through the glass door to see who the customer might be; a practice which he had invariably indulged in during the last month—ever since, in fact, he had clandestinely lent his brother the fatal ten pounds. To his horror, the individual who was being served with the various articles in which he was licensed to deal, proved to be the customer whom of all others he dreaded most to find in communication with his wife. The truth is, poor John, being only a cipher in his own chandlery business, had committed a kind of fraud—or rather it would have been a fraud, if it were possible for a man to swindle himself. The customer now in the shop had paid him an account, and instead of duly handing the proceeds over to the head of the firm (in other words, to his "good lady,") he lent them to his brother. From that moment peace was banished from his breast. The fear of being found out haunted him constantly. In ordinary cases, a man would have lent the cash in spite of his wife, and boldly owned the deed. But John's was *not* an ordinary case. In matters of business, he was so completely under uxorial control, that he would have looked on such a disclosure with a dread equivalent to contemplating poison. Not that Mr. and Mrs. Hawker lived unhappily together; far from it; for, apart from the shop, Mrs. Hawker was a pattern of conjugal affection:—the wife was amiable, attentive, and kind, but the shopwoman was imperious, exacting, inflexible!

We left John peeping under the curtain of the little shop parlor. He watched the motions of the customer and his wife with intense suspense, trembling lest it should come out that he had received the money. The buyer and seller were in close conversation, but it was evidently on indifferent topics. Presently Mrs. Hawker's brow darkened; the customer produced a paper, which was not unlike, in outward appearance, John's own receipt! He could look no longer, and sunk into the nearest chair, overpowered

with dread. His hour was surely come; for his wife bounced into the room with terrible haste. She never heard of such a thing! The dishonesty of some people was really shocking! "Your brother," continued the dame, "actually had the impudence to ask Mrs. Thompson to lend him ten pounds, when he knew he was going to leave the country, and could never repay it."

"Indeed!" replied John, feigning astonishment, but in reality suddenly delighted to find he was yet safe; "and that paper she showed you was—"

"His letter soliciting the accommodation. Not that I think the Thompsons are able, if willing, to be so generous, for they have not yet paid us their last half year's account."

Though once more experiencing the delights of temporary relief, John Hawker determined, when his wife returned to her shop duties, to devote all the energy of his mind to staying off to a still more distant period the catastrophe he so much dreaded. He pored over the ledger, which he luckily kept, to pick out some bill which he could safely present, and get paid, so as to transfer the money to the Thompson's account, and thus close it. After a long search, he selected a twelve pound bill owing by Mr. Staple, the timber merchant. He knew the cash would be forthcoming, and lost no time in applying for it.

John found Staple sitting alone over his wine after dinner, and was not slow in accepting his invitation to sit down and take a glass. The conversation turned, as usual, on the hardness of the times—a subject on which John invariably expressed himself with great despondency. Staple, who was a peculiarly good-hearted person, construed the grocer's lamentations literally, and knowing that he and his wife were deserving people, offered to be of any assistance. An idea instantly darted into John's brain (which, it must be owned, was never fertile in expedients) that had never before entered it. Would Staple, besides paying his account, *lend* him ten pounds? The wine inspired him with courage, and he asked the favor—it was not denied—and John Hawker experienced a feeling of ease and security he had been a stranger to for more than a month. Still, the pleasure was not without its alloy; to remove which it was necessary to solicit another, and, as he thought, a greater favor. He asked, in a tone of intreaty that was not to be resisted, "if Mr. Staple would be good enough not on any consideration to mention the transaction to his wife?"

Staple faithfully promised. "But there is one thing," continued the lender, "about which I am extremely particular, and that is punctuality of payment. You must let me have the money again before the 25th of March, for on that day I make up my accounts." As this was three months to come, John faithfully promised, and joyfully departed with the money in his pocket.

For some time past, Mr. Hawker's despondency had been the talk of the town; but since his visit to Staple, his spirits had so manifestly improved, that it gave the neighbors a new theme for their gossip. At length, after many guesses, they thought they discovered a cause for John's unusual liveliness in the prosperity of the grocery establishment. The lord of the manor had come to reside on his estate, and made a point of confining his custom to the tradesmen of the town, none of whom felt the benefit of Lord Winter's patronage so extensively as the Hawkers. Had, however, their acquaintances known the truth, they would have perceived that this accession of good fortune brought no benefit to John himself; for, in proportion as the business flourished, so did the managing partner's vigilance increase. Mrs. Hawker looked narrowly into the state of the books every night, calculated the profits, withdrew them from the till, and kept them under lock and key with the most exact and unbending regularity. In this state of things there appeared, but a small prospect



of John being able, either by fair means or foul, to scrape together Staple's ten pounds by the day he had promised to return it; and as the time approached, his despondency and terror returned. Seeing no prospect of averting a forfeiture of his word to his friend, he never met him without descanting more dolefully than ever on the hardness of the times and the badness of trade. Staple sincerely pitied him, but hoped he would be punctual in his payment on Lady Day.

As Mrs. Hawker had few weaknesses, she may be readily forgiven for one which she possessed in a predominant degree. Considering herself, perhaps justly, (for her father was an attorney,) somewhat above her present station in life, she had a habit of boasting and making as much pretension to gentility as she possibly could. Hence it was not unnatural that, out of the increased profits of trade, she should treat herself with a new bonnet oftener than heretofore; should fit up her "first-floor front," as she called it, in a superior style, and make certain other additions to the household expenses, as were fully warranted by the flourishing state of the business. Now, all this ought to have made John Hawker all the happier; but, alas! it augmented his misery. The 25th rapidly approached, and his good lady was spending the money which ought, in strict justice, to be saved for liquidating the loan.

On Sunday she appeared at church in a new tuscany bonnet, with blue trimmings, which was the envy and admiration of the surrounding congregation—at least of the female part of it. Conscious of the effect she had produced, Mrs. Hawker was, on her way home, peculiarly chatty to all and sundry of the town gossips. Amongst others, she and her husband were joined by Mr. Staple, who, after a well-turned compliment to the lady's blooming looks and elegant attire, turned to John, remarking that times could not be so desperate after all. John presented his longest face, and assured his friend that business was as bad as it could be, that money was very scarce, and there was no end to the difficulties now-a-days of making ends meet. From this, however, Mrs. Hawker decidedly dissented. For her part, she was perfectly satisfied with things as they were, and had no notion of living in the hugger-mugger way that some people would live in if they could have their will. Indeed, she was fitting up the front drawing-room in a genteel manner, that they might occasionally see their friends in a social way. Poor John! in vain were all his nudges and looks of intreaty to admonish her to change the subject. Every word uttered by her belied the plea of poverty he was constantly putting in to Staple; but being on a favorite topic, Mrs. Hawker still went on. "There was a carpet, for instance, I bought at Tod's—"

"A cheap Kidderminster merely," remarked the grocer.

"Not at all cheap!" observed the lady tartly; "for when I buy things, I like them good and serviceable. One don't buy a carpet every day; do we, Mr. Staple?"

Mr. Staple hoped not.

"I am in treaty for a sofa with Morrison the broker, but—"

"But you know, my dear," interrupted John in an insinuating tone, "we cannot afford it."

"I'll see about that, Mr. Hawker," said the groceress, "if I can only get Morrison down to my price."

"Well, well, you know best," returned John, who felt that he had carried his contradictions as far as he dared. Here Staple turned to go off towards his own house, and on parting, Mrs. Hawker pressed him to drop in some evening in a friendly way. "We have just got two dozen of gold-colored sherry down from London."

"I am delighted to find you are getting on so well

in the world," remarked Staple, as he shook hands. By this time John was completely bewildered; but quickly awoke to a sense of his situation, when his friend added significantly, "I suppose I shall see you on the twenty-fifth, John?"

John was too frightened to reply, so Staple went away without receiving an answer.

"So, so," said Mrs. Hawker in a tone of severe inquiry; "what is going on on the twenty-fifth?"

John made a mighty effort to utter—"Nothing."

"Nothing! eh, John? as if I did not know Staple of old. But take care, if you do dine with him on that day, you don't come home in the state you did last Christmas. Indeed, if I were you, John, I would not go at all."

Alas! John only wished he might have it in his power for once to disobey his better half; but as he saw not the smallest prospect of being able, with any face, to visit his friend on the day named, he faithfully promised that he wouldn't. Oh that ten pounds!

Again the neighbors noticed that John Hawker had relapsed into the old state of melancholy; neither was this overlooked by his wife. It was in vain she tried to rouse him—vain were her treats after supper of little tumblers of the gold-colored sherry and warm water; for every drop John swallowed, he felt as if he were committing a fraud on his only creditor. Vain was her triumph over Morrison the broker, when she succeeded in getting the sofa at her own price; for John shared not in her exultation. "How," thought the wretched grocer, "can I face Staple, when the news of the outlay comes to his ears?"

How indeed? Conscience makes cowards of us all; but never did it make an individual so timid as John Hawker. The certainty of being unable to keep his engagement troubled him with a morbid dread of meeting his creditor. For three weeks before the appointed day he feared to leave his shop, lest he should encounter Staple on the street; and feared to stay at home, lest Staple should call. On one or two occasions, when he could invent no reasonable excuses for going errands of business for his head partner, he was observed to turn the corners of every street with the utmost caution, taking a careful survey of its passengers before he ventured to enter it. Once, when he thought he saw Staple approaching him, he darted down a blind alley; and another time, when laboring under a similar delusion, he rushed into a doctor's shop, and asked for a certain drug with so much incoherency of manner, that the dispenser refused to supply him.

At length the awful twenty-fifth arrived!

Still, all John's tribulation was groundless, for he heard nothing from Staple. But who could foretell the sweeping catastrophe which may be awaiting him? Was the creditor nursing up all his wrath till the default of payment had been actually committed? Would he, in violation of his pledge, tell Mrs. Hawker? John's hair stood on end at the bare anticipation. But no, no; he knew Staple better—never was so strict a man of his word. He may go to law for the debt—resort, in fact, to great extremities to get it paid; but the last extremity of all—the divulging the secret to his wife—was a piece of malice John felt would never be hurled against him—and John was right.

The twenty-fifth passed over; the next day; the twenty-seventh, and not a word from Staple about the ten pounds. This silence was ominous; it boded either great good or dire evil. On the twenty-eighth, however, John's terrible suspense was put an end to. Staple had just gone to London on some pressing business! "Perhaps," said John, the first moment he found himself alone, while rubbing his hands with such ecstatic violence that his linen shop-sleeves looked like a couple of white ribbons—"perhaps," he exclaimed, "Staple has forgotten the ten pounds!"

From the moment this egregious improbability possessed the mind of John Hawker, his spirits exhibited symptoms of fresh elation. Whenever his wife had a commission for him to execute out of doors, instead of making all manner of excuses for getting off the job, he surprised her by the alacrity with which he undertook it. He walked along the streets with a bold step and confident air, never dreaming of looking round the corners. Nay, he even ventured once or twice past Staple's own house, although he had previously gone many a mile out of his way to avoid it. On one of these excursions this comfortable condition of mind was doomed to receive a severe check. John met the post-man, who placed in his hands a letter. He glanced at the post-mark, and turned pale; it was from London. With a cautious step, but trembling hand, he sought out the most retired part of the road, and broke the seal. Sure enough it was from Staple. After upbraiding the grocer for breaking his word, the writer gave him peremptory notice, that unless the ten pounds were paid "immediately," (and under this word were scored three very conspicuous dashes,) the affair would be put into the hands of an attorney—a London attorney; for Staple was unwilling to expose the defaulter to his neighbors by employing one belonging to the town.

It is truly said that no situation is so desperate but it is possible to extract some comfort out of it; and though the terrors of the law too surely awaited the miserable shopkeeper, yet one shred of satisfaction remained;—it was evident that Staple didn't mean to tell his wife. While safe from such a disclosure, John felt almost strong enough to defy the law.

It was well he *was* thus fortified; for exactly a week after the receipt of the epistle, while he was serving in the shop, a small slip of paper was thrust into his hand by a stranger who came in under pretence of inquiring the price of mottled soap. Luckily, at that moment Mrs. Hawker's back was turned, (for she was weighing off treacle,) and John was able to crush the memorandum in his palm, and thrust it under his apron-string without detection. When an opportunity occurred of perusing it in secret, he found that it was nothing less than the copy of a writ.

"Troubles," says a much-used adage, "are nothing when you are used to them;" in other words, the constant contemplation or experience of severe misfortunes blunts their poignancy. Familiarity breeds contempt for woes as well as for friends; and this was the case with John Hawker. So long had his mind been tortured with the idea of having borrowed ten pounds, and being quite unable to pay it, that familiarity with that fact hardened his despondency into a sort of desperate recklessness and disregard of consequences—a patient but bewildered awaiting for the worst, come when it would.

He did wait, and in due time let judgment go by default. He was no longer a free member of society; his liberty was at the mercy of the sheriff of the county! In these circumstances, another man would have chosen the least of two evils—he would have preferred telling his wife to going to prison. 'Tis true that in moments of extreme excitement several wild schemes entered his head. He *had* thought of robbing the till, and even of running the country; but to give himself up to eternal domestic discord, by divulging his secret, was too dreadful to be contemplated.

Exasperated at John Hawker's obstinate silence, Staple pursued him to the last extremity; and one morning, while the devoted chapman was mechanically checking off an invoice in the parlor, a rough-looking man entered the shop. Luckily, a customer was engaging Mrs. Hawker's attention, and on the stranger inquiring for her husband, she desired him to "step in." The moment the parlor door was opened, and John's eyes fell on the entrant, he saw it was all over with him. He first shut the door and then the ledger, took off one of his short sleeves, and

looked for his hat. "I suppose I must go with you?" he remarked, in a tone of resignation that would have done honor to a martyr.

"Oh no," answered the man, pulling out a very dirty pocket-book; "you labor under a mistake; this writ"—and he exhibited a long slip of parchment—"this writ is not a *capias*. I have not come to take your body; we only want the goods—that's all."

"The what?" asked John, aghast; "the goods? the furniture?"

"Of course; and stock in trade, too—at least so much of it as will cover the debt and costs."

John thought of the sofa, the carpet, and the other elegancies of the up-stairs room, in which his "good lady" took such pride, and felt that he would much rather have gone to prison at once. His old terrors came over him as he contemplated the precipice that was about to fall on him. Here was a crisis! An execution was in the house! Now it *was* all over. "Mercy on me!" he exclaimed, clasping his hands; "now my wife must know of it!"

"Not by no means," said the sheriff's man, as he took off his greatcoat, and sat in a chair to make himself perfectly at home; "at all events not just yet; for I dare say it would distress her, poor thing."

"But how *can* it be avoided, my good man?" asked poor John, grasping the stranger's shoulder with unnatural energy.

"Why, this way. You see I am now in possession of your goods and chattels, and you can keep me here if you like for nine days, which will give you time to look about you, and get the money together. But if you do not arrange before that time, we must have in the broker, and sell."

"Something may turn up, to be sure," said Hawker, thoughtfully. "But you will have to live and sleep here; I can't keep *that* from my wife."

"Nothing more easy. Can't I pretend to be a cousin of yours, just come from sea?"

"But I have no cousin at sea."

"Then we must try something else. Men in possession, as they call us, are obliged to turn anything to accommodate parties. When I get into great people's houses, they put me in livery, and visitors little think they are waited on by a sheriff's man. In other houses I pretend to be a single-man lodger, who boards with the family; but I always find the cousin from sea to answer best. Make haste," he added, "and think of something; your wife's a-coming! Have you *no* relations abroad?"

At this opportune question the cause of all his misfortunes darted into his mind, and John had just enough sense left to say, "Yes, my brother; he emigrated three months ago."

The man replied, "Very well; leave the rest to me," just in time; for the words were scarcely uttered before Mrs. Hawker entered the parlor.

The ingenious "man in possession" exercised his imagination so successfully, that for a time he deceived the not-easily-taken-in Mrs. Hawker. He said he had been sent by the emigrants to give an account of their embarkation, and to say they were quite well; adding, that he was very glad to accept the kind invitation which Mr. Hawker had given him to stay a day or two, to await the arrival of some money he expected from London. The lady frowned upon her husband one of those annihilating looks which generally made John tremble. The guest, however—who boasted, and not untruly, that he had seen a good deal of life—made himself, during the rest of the day, so agreeable to his hostess by a little adroit flattery, that after supper she produced the gold-colored sherry, and caused a bed to be made for him on the new sofa, in the best room.

As for poor John, he went about the house next day like a man in a dream. The little wit he usually possessed was completely frightened out of him, and only returned when something happened that tended to awaken his "good lady's" suspicions, and conse-

quently his own fears. For instance, the stranger's story concerning the departed brother turned out, on cross-examination, to be rather incoherent. Sometimes John was said to have four nephews, instead of two; at others, his brother had gone to New Zealand, instead of to Australia; till at length the lady's suspicions were so effectually roused on the sixth day, that she told John confidentially she believed the man was an impostor, and hinted the expediency of consulting some intelligent constable. This gave the husband a new fit of dread. He bore up against it as long as he could; but at length, when the man in possession was detected smoking a pipe up the kitchen chimney, the "good lady" vowed she would submit to be deceived no longer.

John's agony was now worked up to such a pitch, that he was seized with a violent fever, and symptoms of incipient insanity. But here the rigid shopwoman relaxed into the affectionate wife. All her attentions were centered in her husband: the doctor was sent for, and every minute to be spared from the shop was passed at his bedside. The stranger made himself too useful to be thought unkindly of; but still he had a duty to perform, and—the ninth day was to-morrow!

The doctor's report to Mrs. Hawker tended to hasten on the crisis, which seemed inevitable. He said that John's disease was mental, rather than physical; that it was evident he had something on his mind—something awful! Upon this Mrs. Hawker intreated her husband to unbosom himself. She tried all that endearment and coaxing could do; and three several times did John essay to divulge his secret, but on each occasion his heart failed him, and he was silent. As it turned out, it was perhaps fortunate that he remained so; for at this, the eleventh hour, succor was at hand!

At the very moment that Mrs. Hawker was making the third endeavor to extract the secret from her husband, who should enter the shop but the brother who, it was supposed, had emigrated! Having quarrelled with Mrs. Hawker, he declined seeing her, but desired to have an interview with his brother alone. This he had; and related that, having gone to London to embark on board the emigrant ship, he accidentally met Lord Winter's land-steward, who dissuaded him from so rash a step, wrote to his lordship, and he had given him the situation of bailiff. "So, as I have no passage-money to pay, I can return the ten pounds after all."

"What!" said John, starting up in his bed with a degree of energy which alarmed his brother. "What did you say about the ten pounds? Say it again, for mercy's sake!"

"Here it is," replied the elder Hawker, showing a bank-note.

"But the costs?"

"What costs?"

This question was answered by a rambling account of all poor John had endured for his brother's sake. The man in possession was called up stairs; the money (debt and costs) paid; the deception he practised on Mrs. Hawker was favored and strengthened by the brother, who corroborated his story; and John's peace of mind and health were completely restored.

Since this transaction, John and his wife have got on so well in the world, that they talk of retiring from business. They live most happily together; for Mrs. Hawker continues to have it all her own way. John is obedient and confiding in everything save one;—to this day his good lady does not know a word about the "TEN POUNDS."

#### EFFECT OF MANUFACTURING PRESSURES.

MANUFACTURING pressures tend to increase improvements in machinery. Driven to threadbare profits, the manufacturers seek every means of reducing the cost of production; and hence it has occurred that,

during the last five or six years, there has been more improvement in machinery than had taken place for twenty-five years before that period. We believe we are correct in stating that, some eight or nine years since, the maximum capability of the spinning-mule did not exceed the power of turning above 640 spindles. There are self-acting mules now in use that will turn upwards of 2000 spindles! A mill of the present day, with improved machinery, is capable of turning off a given quantity of work at about one-third less expense than it could have accomplished seven years since: in other words, a factory, which in 1836 required an outlay of £600 per week for wages, can now throw off the same quantity of work for £400 per week. We heard one respectable manufacturer declare that if his forty-inch cotton was made fast to a vessel at Liverpool, and the vessel allowed to make the best of her way to Canton, he could make the cotton as fast as the ship could sail away with it, or he would consent to have nothing for it. Now, allowing the ordinary voyage of four months, and calculating the number of miles the ship would sail, it would require about *twenty-four millions of yards of cloth* to keep pace with the ship, or above 8,330 yards per hour, working the whole time, night and day. The same machinery would, in seven months, make a belt round the earth 40 inches wide. Now, we would ask, if one manufacturer can do this, what could the whole machinery of England alone accomplish? Could it not make sufficient cloth in a few years to cover the whole surface of the inhabited part of the globe?—*Poor-Law Guide.*

**INSTINCT OF THE ANT-LION.**—Among the instincts which direct animals in the acquirement of their food, few are more remarkable than those possessed by the larva of the ant-lion, a small insect allied to the dragon-fly. This animal is destined to feed upon ants and other small insects, whose juices it sucks; but it moves slowly, and with difficulty, so that it could scarcely have obtained the requisite supply of food, if nature had not guided it in the construction of a remarkable snare, which entraps the prey it could not acquire by pursuit. It digs in fine sand a little funnel-shaped pit, and conceals itself at the bottom of this until an insect falls over its edge; and if its victim seeks to escape, or stops in its fall to the bottom, it throws over it, by means of its head and mandibles, a quantity of sand, by which the insect is caused to roll down the steep, within reach of its captor. The manner in which the ant-lion digs this pit is extremely curious. After having examined the spot where it purposes to establish itself, it traces a circle of the dimensions of the mouth of its pit, then placing itself within this line, and making use of one of its legs as a spade, digs out a quantity of sand, which it heaps upon its head, and then, by a sudden jerk, throws this some inches beyond its circle. In this manner it digs a trench, which serves as the border of its intended excavation, moving backwards along the circle until it comes to the same point again; it then changes sides, and moves in the contrary direction, and so continues until its work is completed. If, in the course of its labors, it meets with a little stone, the presence of which would injure the perfection of its snare, it neglects it at first, but returns to it after finishing the rest of its work, and uses all its efforts to get it upon its back, and carry it out of its excavation; but if it cannot succeed in this, it abandons the work, and commences anew elsewhere. When the pit is completed, it is usually about thirty inches in diameter by twenty in depth; and when the inclination of its walls has been altered by any slip, as almost always happens when an insect has fallen in, the ant-lion hastens to repair the damage.—*Carpenter's Animal Physiology.*

From Hood's Magazine.

## THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

AN extract from a piece in the form of a farce, entitled "The House of Mourning," in which the establishment of shops in London, exclusively for the sale of mourning attire, is exposed to playful satire. A shop of this kind, painted black outside, after the fashion of a Parisian *Maison de Deuil*, attracts the attention of a country squire and his lady, and, influenced by curiosity, they forthwith enter the establishment. Ebony chairs being placed for their accommodation, they are addressed by a young man in black, who speaks across the counter, with the solemn air and tone of a clergyman at a funeral.

'May I have the melancholy pleasure of serving you, madam?

*Lady.* I wish, sir, to look at some mourning.

*Shopman.* Certainly, by all means. A relict, I presume!

*Lady.* Yes, a widow, sir. A poor friend of mine who has lost her husband.

*Shopm.* Exactly so—for a deceased partner. How deep would you choose to go, ma'am? Do you wish to be very poignant?

*Lady.* Why, I suppose crape and bombazine, unless they're gone out of fashion. But you had better show me some different sorts.

*Shopm.* Certainly, by all means. We have a very extensive assortment, whether for family, court, or complimentary mourning, including the last novelties from the continent.

*Lady.* Yes, I should like to see them.

*Shopm.* Certainly. Here is one, ma'am, just imported—a widow's silk—*watered*, as you perceive, to match the sentiment. It is called the "Inconsolable;" and is very much in vogue in Paris for matrimonial bereavements.

*Squire.* Looks rather flimsy, though. Not likely to last long—eh, sir?

*Shopm.* A little slight, sir—rather a delicate texture. But mourning ought not to last forever, sir.

*Squire.* No, it seldom does; especially the violent sorts.

*Lady.* La! Jacob, do hold your tongue, what do you know about fashionable affliction! But never mind him, sir; it's only his way.

*Shopm.* Certainly, by all means. As to mourning, ma'am, there has been a great deal, a very great deal, indeed, this season, and several new fabrics have been introduced, to meet the demand for fashionable tribulation.

*Lady.* And all in the French style?

*Shopm.* Certainly—of course, ma'am. They excel in the *funèbre*. Here, for instance, is an article for the deeply afflicted. A black crape, expressly adapted to the profound style of mourning—makes up very sombre and interesting.

*Lady.* I dare say it does, sir.

*Shopm.* Would you allow me, ma'am, to cut off a dress?

*Squire.* You had better cut me off first.

*Shopm.* Certainly, sir—by all means. Or, if you would prefer a velvet—ma'am—

*Lady.* Is it proper, sir, to mourn in velvet?

*Shopm.* O quite!—certainly. Just coming in. Now, here is a very rich one—real Genoa—and a splendid black. We call it the *Luxury of Wo*.

*Lady.* Very expensive, of course!

*Shopm.* Only eighteen shillings a-yard, and a superb quality; in short, fit for the handsomest style of domestic calamity.

*Squire.* Whereby, I suppose, sorrow gets more superfine as it goes upwards in life!

*Shopm.* Certainly—yes, sir—by all means—at least, a finer texture. The mourning of poor people is very coarse—very—quite different from that of persons of quality. Canvass to crape, sir!

*Lady.* To be sure it is! And as to the change of dress, sir, I suppose you have a great variety of half-mourning?

*Shopm.* O, infinite—the largest stock in town! Full, and half, and quarter, and half-quarter mourning, shaded off, if I may say so, like an India-ink drawing, from a grief *prononcé* to the slightest *nuance* of regret.

*Lady.* Then, sir, please to let me see some half-mourning.

*Shopm.* Certainly. But the gentleman opposite superintends the Intermediate Sorrow Department.

*Squire.* What, the young fellow yonder in pepper-and-salt?

*Shopm.* Yes, sir; in the suit of gray. (*Calls across.*) Mr. Dawe, show the Neutral Tints!

[*The Squire and his Lady cross the shop and take seats vis-à-vis; Mr. Dawe, who affects the pensive rather than the solemn.*]

*Shopm.* You wish to inspect some half-mourning, madam?

*Lady.* Yes—the newest patterns.

*Shopm.* Precisely—in the second stage of distress. As such, ma'am allow me to recommend this satin—intended for grief when it has subsided—alleviated, you see, ma'am, from a dead black to a dull lead color!

*Squire.* As a black horse alleviates into a gray one, after he's clipped!

*Shopm.* Exactly so, sir. A Parisian novelty, ma'am. It's called "Settled Grief," and is very much worn by ladies of a certain age, who do not intend to embrace Hymen a second time.

*Squire.* Old women, mayhap, about seventy?

*Shopm.* Exactly so, sir—or thereabouts. Not but what some ladies, ma'am, set in for sorrow much earlier; indeed, in the prime of life: and for such cases, it's very durable wear.

*Lady.* Yes; it feels very stout.

*Shopm.* But perhaps, madam, that is too *lugubre*. Now, here is another—not exactly black, but shot with a warmish tint, to suit a wo moderated by time. We have sold several pieces of it. That little *nuance de rose* in it—the French call it a gleam of comfort—is very attractive.

After a little more chat of this dolorous kind, the pair are shown into a back room, hung with black, and decorated with looking-glasses in black frames. A show-woman in deep mourning is in attendance.

*Show.* Your melancholy pleasure, ma'am!

*Lady.* Widow's caps.

*Squire.* Humph!—that's plump, anyhow!

*Show.* This is the newest style, ma'am—

*Lady.* Bless me! for a widow! Is n't it rather—you know, rather a little—

*Squire.* Rather frisky in its frilligigs!

*Show.* Not for the mode, ma'am. Affliction is very much modernized, and admits more *goût* than formerly. Some ladies, indeed, for their morning grief wear rather a plainer cap—but for evening sorrow this is not at all too *ornée*. French taste has introduced very considerable alleviations—for example, the *sympathizer*—

*Squire.* Where is he?

*Show.* This muslin *ruche*, ma'am, instead of the plain band.

*Lady.* Yes; a very great improvement, certainly.

*Show.* Would you like to try it, ma'am?

*Lady.* No, not at present. I am only inquiring for a friend—pray what are those?

*Show.* Worked handkerchiefs, ma'am. Here is a lovely pattern—all done by hand—an exquisite piece of work——

*Squire.* Better than a noisy one!

*Show.* Here is another, ma'am—the last novelty. The *Larmoyante*—with a fringe of artificial tears, you perceive, in mock pearl. A sweet pretty idea, ma'am.

*Squire.* But rather scrubby, I should think, for the eyes.

*Show.* O dear, no, sir!—if you mean wiping. The wet style of grief is quite gone out—quite!

*Squire.* O! and a dry cry is the genteel thing. But come, ma'am, come, or we shall be too late for the other exhibitions.

Curiosity being now appeased, the lady leaves the shop with her plain-spoken husband, who, turning back, takes a last look at the premises.

*Squire.* Humph! And so that's a Mason de Dool! Well if it's all the same to you, ma'am, I'd rather die in the country, and be universally lamented, after the old fashion—for, as to London, what with the new French modes of mourning, and the "Try Warren" style of blacking the premises, it do seem to me that, before long, all sorrow will be sham Abram, and the House of Mourning a regular Farce.

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From the Britannia.

#### THE LATE LORD ABINGER.

DURING the greater part of his public life the late Lord Abinger occupied a large share of the public attention—an unusual share, as compared with other law lords of the same standing. He also excited, during the latter years of his life, a degree of rancorous hostility amongst a certain class of politicians not at all justified by either the extent or the nature of his interference in public affairs. He was, however, in many respects, a remarkable man, and he ought not to be allowed to pass away from among us without a record of some of those characteristics on which his fame was founded. As an advocate at the bar the late judge was really unrivalled. Sir John Copley might be more impressive in his appeals to the feelings, or might inspire more confidence in a purely legal argument; the fine sonorous voice of Denman, and his noble face and form, might enable him to appear more eloquent; Brougham might be more startling or more amusing; and Wilde more astonishingly clever in the tortuosities of legal skill; but not one of the great men who were the contemporaries of Lord Abinger at the bar equalled him, nay, or even approached him, in the one great art to which a *nisi prius* lawyer should devote himself—the art of getting favorable verdicts from juries.

As a young man behind the bar, Mr. Scarlett soon attracted attention. Personal appearance has more to do with a man's first steps in life than we are usually disposed to believe. Without talents

mere exterior advantages are, of course, useless in such a profession as the law; but it is astonishing how they help a young barrister along if his abilities keep pace with the promise exhibited in an intelligent face and commanding figure. This was the case with Mr. Scarlett. He had one of those compact, firm-set faces that look well in a wig. His West Indian extraction gave a sort of proud confidence to his carriage; his features, though not regular, were decidedly handsome; and his countenance, which was capable of every variety of expression, became full of intelligence when lit up by his eye, which twinkled with keen sagacity. His thorough acquaintance with his profession, (acquired by long years of study,) and the striking skill he displayed as an advocate whenever the opportunity fell to him, soon attracted such general attention, that he was recognized as a first-class man long before he got his silk gown, and was rewarded with business accordingly. Like the present Sir William Follet, he was for a long period intrusted with the sole conduct of important cases while he was still a junior.

Later in life, when holding the highest position at the bar, and ruling almost despotically the court of King's Bench, it was a great intellectual treat to observe him conducting a cause. The secret of his remarkable influence over juries appeared to lie in the quiet unobtrusiveness of his manner, which threw them altogether off their guard. A spectator unacquainted with the courts might have supposed that anybody rather than the portly, full-faced, florid man who was taking his ease on the comfortable cushions of the front row was the counsel engaged in the cause. Or, if he saw him rise and cross-examine a witness, he would be apt to think him certainly too indolent to attend properly to his business, so cool, indifferent, and apparently unconcerned was the way in which the facts which his questions elicited were left to their fate, as though it was of no consequence whether they were attended to or not. Ten to one, with him, that the plaintiff's counsel would get the verdict, so clear seemed the case, and so slight the opposition. But, in the course of time, the defendant's turn would come; and then the large-headed, ruddy-faced, easy-going advocate would rise slowly from his seat, not standing quite upright, but resting on his left hand placed upon the bar, and turning sideways to the jury, to commence the defence of his client. Still the same unpretending, *nonchalant* air was continued: it almost seemed too great an exertion to speak: the chin of that ample face rested upon the still more ample chest, as though the motion of the lips alone would be enough for all that might have to be said. So much for the first impression. A few moments' reflection sufficed to dispel the idea that indolence had anything to do with the previous quiescence of the speaker. Now it became clear that, all the while he seemed to have been taking his ease bodily, he had been using his powers of observation and his understanding. That keen grey eye

had not stolen glances at the jury, nor at the witnesses either, for nothing. Nor had those abandoned facts drawn out in cross-examination been unfruitful seeds, or cast in barren places. Low as the tone of voice was, it was clear and distinct. It was not a mere organ of sound, but a simple medium of communication between the mind of the advocate and the minds of the jury. Sir James Scarlett did not attempt, like Denman or Brougham, to carry the feelings of the jury by storm before a torrent of invective or of eloquence; nor was there any obvious sophistry, such as occupied too large a space in the speeches of Campbell or Wilde; it was with facts—admitted, omitted, or slurred over, as best suited his purpose—and with inferences made obvious in spite of prepossessions created on the other side, that this remarkable advocate achieved his triumphs. Not that he refused to avail himself of the prejudices which his knowledge of character and experience of juries enabled him to detect the existence of, with almost unerring accuracy. The skill he displayed consisted in the adaptation of his suggestions and inferences to those prejudices. But he never indulged in that parade of his mystifying power, which is so often apparent in the speeches of even the most distinguished advocates at the bar. He was not satisfied unless he made the jury parties (and that with confidence in their own sagacity) to their own self-deception. Watchfulness, prudence in the management of a case, great moral courage in the choice or rejection of the means to be used on behalf of a client, experience of human nature, and great self-denial in the exhibition of that experience—these were the chief agencies by which he acquired his ascendancy over juries; while it is not surprising that he should have also acquired great influence over the bench, when he added intimate knowledge of the intricacies of law to an unusual personal deference for judges, and the prestige which almost unvarying success gave him.

When in the House of Commons Lord Abinger continued, though from very different motives, the same unobtrusiveness which he adopted so successfully in the courts of law. He sat for a whig nomination borough at a time when whiggery was characterized by some pretensions to constitutional principle; and when, therefore, men who have since adorned the bench could ally themselves with the whig party without the fear of being called on (as has happened of late to one very distinguished man) to prostitute their professional character in the advancement of party interests. But the staid and well-constructed mind of Lord Abinger could not fail to anticipate the time when passion for popularity would carry the then virtuous party beyond the limits at which his coöperation must stop. Accordingly, he seldom or never spoke in support of whig politics, but chiefly confined his efforts to legal questions. Upon such subjects as the reform of the criminal law his opinion had much weight with the House. He wisely ab-

stained from all attempts at oratorical display; and the same skill and self-denial which made him the ruling spirit in the Court of King's Bench also gave him, though in a modified degree, influence over the average understanding of the House of Commons, which is, after all, in the hands of a clever speaker, little more than a monster jury. The moderation of his political opinions, the conservative tendencies which had become, from time to time, apparent, and which were inevitable from the construction of his mind, added to his high reputation at the bar, pointed him out to Mr. Canning as the most fit person to be attorney-general in the ministry which he was forming by a fusion of principles. This was his first open connection with a conservative administration; and when the party, after oscillating under Mr. Canning and Lord Goderich, at length righted itself under the Duke of Wellington, Sir James Scarlett became again attorney-general.

It fell to his lot, while in this office, to have to prosecute a portion of the press for those libels on the personal motives of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst in granting Roman Catholic emancipation. It was now that the political rancor which pursued him to the close of his life first showed itself in its most virulent form. An ostensible change of party, accompanied by apparent gain, if it can be charged against a public man, is always a safe ground of personal attack; and in the case of Sir James Scarlett it was unsparingly used. On both sides, men of extreme opinions tried to make him the scape-goat of these prosecutions. The extreme Tories, who had quarrelled with the government for conceding to the Catholics, hated him for the perseverance with which he prosecuted the libellers who openly expressed sentiments which they were not disposed to repudiate, while those on the other side took no less umbrage because they shrunk from the idea of an attorney-general prosecuting the press at all. However, one of the peculiarities of the late chief baron was that he was by no means thin-skinned. He could bear any amount of abuse unconcernedly from those whom he utterly despised. He went on doing his duty as attorney-general, and finished it by gaining verdicts.

When, on the accession of Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Scarlett was raised to the bench and the peerage, these political animosities revived in full force. Every scribbler seemed to think him fair game. An opinion got wind, which was greedily seized upon by his enemies, that he was a bad judge. Now, it should always be remembered that the qualifications of a judge can only be decided upon by those who are very nearly upon a par with himself in point of talent and information. Lord Abinger was not a showy judge. The same quietness of temperament which he displayed at the bar characterized him also on the bench. But, as might be expected from the position he held at *nisi prius*, his summings-up always exhib-

ited great acuteness and knowledge of the true bearings of the case. As to whether his decisions on legal questions were of equal value, the higher members of the legal profession are the persons best qualified to form an opinion. As Lord Abinger was very little in the habit of assuming when on the bench, superficial observers may have carelessly and thoughtlessly formed an unfavorable estimate of his judicial capabilities.

More serious charges against him were, that he was a "political" judge, and that in criminal cases he was too apt to allow himself to be influenced by the rank or profession of the party accused. With regard to the first charge, we must remember that it has been made by the advocates of those Chartists who had rendered themselves amenable to the law by their democratic violence. With respect to the other charge, if it be alleged with a better apparent foundation, it should be remembered that in every court in this country punishment is proportioned to the position in life of the offender, not in order that the rich may have less punishment, but because, in proportion to the elevation of the individual, disgrace itself is the most terrible punishment. The principle and the practice of the laws are here apparently at variance.

In the House of Peers Lord Abinger, though he spoke but seldom, and then chiefly on legal questions, carried much weight. The constitution of his mind rendered this almost a matter of necessity. He had a great respect for constituted authority, and a wholesome hatred of all political quackery. He was by no means a regular attendant in the House of Lords.

During the latter years of his life, and since his elevation to the bench, Lord Abinger grew very stout, and latterly infirm in his gait. An attack he had some few years back caused him to wear a black patch over one of his eyes, and he walked with a stick, apparently with difficulty. His intellectual faculties, however, remained unimpaired until the attack of paralysis, which ultimately terminated his existence. He is said to have been seventy-six years of age, but it is probable that he was a year or two older.

#### ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

THERE appears in one of those small country papers\* to which we recently adverted, the following admirable letter by Mr. Carlyle, author of 'Past and Present,' 'Heroes and Hero-Worship,' and other well-known publications. 'It was addressed,' says our authority, 'to a young man who had written to Mr. Carlyle desiring his advice as to a proper choice of reading, and it would appear also, as to his conduct in general. It is now, we believe, printed for the first time; and we most earnestly recommend it to the attention of our youthful readers, as containing advice of the most valuable and practical description, and pregnant with truths with which they cannot be too well acquainted. The young are too much inclined to be dissatisfied with their actual condition, and to

neglect their immediate duties in vain aspirations after others beyond their lot; and they need the monitions of such a kind, but vigorous and emphatic adviser as Mr. Carlyle, and to have it impressed on their minds, that

To do  
That which before us lies in daily life  
Is the prime wisdom.'

Dear Sir—some time ago your letter was delivered me; I take literally the first free half hour I have had since to write you a word of answer.

It would give me true satisfaction could any advice of mine contribute to forward you in your honorable course of self-improvement, but a long experience has taught me that advice can profit but little; that there is a good reason why advice is so seldom followed; this reason, namely, that it is so seldom, and can almost never be, rightly given. No man knows the state of another; it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking.

As to the books which you—whom I know so little of—should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good, and universally applicable:—"Read the book you do honestly feel a wish and curiosity to read." The very wish and curiosity indicates that you, then and there, are the person likely to get good of it. "Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities;" that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men; applicable to our wishes and efforts in regard to reading as to other things. Among all the objects that look wonderful or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope the one which looks wonderfulest, beautifullest. You will gradually find, by various trials, (which trials see that you make honest, manful ones, not silly, short, fitful ones,) what is for you the wonderfulest, beautifullest—what is *your* true element and province, and be able to profit by that. True desire, the monition of nature, is much to be attended to. But here, also, you are to discriminate carefully between *true* desire and false. The medical men tell us we should eat what we *truly* have an appetite for; but what we only *falsely* have an appetite for we should resolutely avoid. It is very true; and flimsy, desultory readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, and mischief of all—are not these as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial false desire after spiceeries and confectionaries for their real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, far quieter, after solid nutritive food! With these illustrations, I will recommend Johnson's advice to you.

Another thing, and only one other, I will say. All books are properly the record of the history of past men—what thoughts past men had in them—what actions past men did: the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named History can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books—the preliminary to all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books. Past history, and especially the past history of one's own native country, everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully; innumerable inquiries will branch out

\* Cupar and St. Andrews Monthly Advertiser.

from it; he has a broad-beaten-highway, from which all the country is more or less visible; there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell.

Neither let mistakes and wrong directions—of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many—discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding that we are wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right, he will grow daily more and more right. It is, at bottom, the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling—a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement! it is emblematic of all things a man does.

In conclusion, I will remind you that it is not books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge; that is your post; stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it, as all human situations have many; and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that it, at least, required of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly, can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lie before them.

With many good wishes and encouragements, I remain, yours sincerely,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chelsea, 13th March, 1843.

From the Spectator.

#### KING ALFRED, A POEM.

THIS is one of those daring exploits that make "the boldest hold their breath for a time." An epic upon King Alfred, in forty-eight books and six octavo volumes; and the poem yet unfinished!

From the preface by Mr. Roscoe, the editor, it appears that the book is posthumous. Mr. John Fitchett, the poet, was a country lawyer, who spent the leisure of forty years upon the subject of his choice, besides a good deal of money for travelling-expenses to investigate localities, &c., but died in 1838, leaving his poem still unfinished. It would further seem that the publication is designed by his friends as a monument to his memory; in which case nothing is to be considered beyond the funds to pay. It is common enough for persons who desire to be remembered by posterity, to bequeath a certain sum for the erection of a memorial; and the application is just as good in one way as another—perhaps the diffusion among papermakers, printers, and their collaborators, does more good than giving it to a sculptor. It is to be doubted, indeed, whether the shade of Mr. Fitchett may chant the poetical finale,

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,  
Regaliæ situ Pyramidum altius."

But there is no question that his epitaph will be more widely read, than had it been inscribed on a monument in the church at Warrington; and though we say nothing about the

"multaque pars mei  
Vitat Libitinam,"

yet we think the very magnitude of the attempt will secure a mention of the exploit in literary his-

tory. *King Alfred, a Poem*, by John Fitchett, will occupy some rank in the future Curiosities of Literature.

Whether a great epic can be produced in an age whose manners and opinions are essentially different from those of the poem, may be doubted; for an epic, like a prose fiction, dealing in narrative and minute description, requires fuller development of modes than the slight touches that suffice for a drama, such as the passing indications of a remote period in *Lea*. Be this as it may, all great epics have delineated their age directly or reflectively. Homer without question painted the heroic manners and opinions he saw about him; the age of chivalry and superstition was not superseded, in its forms at least, in the times of Ariosto and Tasso; notwithstanding the immeasurable advances in knowledge and civilization between the ages of Homer and Virgil, the spirit of manners was perhaps much the same; Milton and Dante selected themes where no delineations of manners were needed, whilst the opinions of the author and his party are clearly visible in each poem; Dryden had formed the idea of an epic upon Arthur, or the Black Prince, but never fulfilled his intention; and Milton himself had at one time contemplated Arthur, but abandoned the plan.

To what extent deliberate or instinctive judgment may determine the choice of a great poet, is beside the purpose to inquire, though, as an epic is the expression of foregone conclusions, and not, like a compilation from history or science, written off as the writer goes on, it is probable that instinct, or the sense of fulness requiring delivery, is the real prompter; which accounts for the originality and fitness. So far as we have dipped into *Alfred*, (for we suspect no mortal, save its editor, will ever read it,) this want of coherence and nature is the most obvious defect. It begins the poem, and stares the reader in the face let him look where he will. *Paradise Lost* is the model. Mr. Fitchett copies and expands the opening invocation, and paints, though with weaker colors, the combats, councils, and speeches, of the Anglo-Saxons and the Danes, in the same style as Milton adopted "to trace the counsels of Hell or accompany the choirs of Heaven." The machinery consists of demons headed by Satan on the part of the Danes, and an angelic host which supports Alfred and the English; where the Miltonic is more in place, though not perhaps more visible. Of the action we cannot speak; but Mr. Roscoe in his preface, says it is not of an epic nature; nor has John Fitchett really produced an epic poem, whatever might have been his design. Remarking upon "frequent and diffuse dialogues," and other extraneous matter, the editor continues—"By these expedients, it was the design of the author to elicit in a more striking manner the feelings, motives, and projects of Alfred, in every point of view, moral, prudential, and political. A composition aiming at such results must unavoidably, in some of its departments, assimilate itself rather to the nature of a metrical history than to that of the highest order of poetry, and must seek in the interest excited by the miniature touches of the chronicler and the antiquary, a compensation for the emphatic brevity and dignified reserve uniformly exacted by the majesty of the epic muse." Of such merits of execution, however, we must confess we have seen nothing. Everything that is not an imitation out of place, is cold and lifeless abstraction, without the least



idea of the manners of a barbarous age, or of any other, and without that consistency between the actors and the requirements of action which common sense demands, much less historical poetry.

Yet there is a quiet, jog-trot, amiable sort of air about some passages, which is not unpleasing; perhaps from the contrast it offers to the more ambitious or affected styles of the day. It is true, indeed, that these passages are short, and of a style that would soon tire. We think, however, that had Mr. Fitchett years ago carried into effect the advice of his friend Dr. Dake and contracted the length of the poem, fixing a "finis" and curtailing the approaches to it, *Alfred* might have received some attention, perhaps have achieved some sort of reputation, "when George the Third was king." But the producer outstaid his market. Many men have fallen upon too late an age, but John Fitchett outlived his age.

A poem in six volumes, whether epic or chronicle, demands a specimen, if only as a curiosity. We will take the portent by which the archangel Michael stops the career of the Danes in the full tide of victory, after some time has been lost in a council of the angelic host, and a very long speech by their leader.

"Lo! amid the Danish host  
The Archangel has arrived, where, high upborne,  
Blazed like a comet mid the turbid air  
Their mighty standard, to the watchful moon  
Waving its gleamy bulk, horrent with gold.  
Apparent in the midst, as if alive,  
The pictured raven stood, by fated hands  
Of royal virgins wove with magic rites,  
Breathed to avenge a murder'd father's blood.  
Now black it stood and vast, rearing aloft  
Its sable form terrific, with keen eye  
Seeming to scan the deeds of hosts below;  
Far-seen with awe by all the sons of war,  
Wherever helms on helms in long array  
A shadowy splendor cast, as ocean waves  
Subsiding when the tempests, thunder-wing'd,  
Have torn their watery beds. Lifted, it moved  
By valiant chosen hands, enclosed around  
By solemn priests and virgin prophetesses,  
Skill'd to expound its ever-varying shape,  
While near on all sides round, favor'd of kings,  
For its protection throng'd the choicest war.  
Touch'd by the angel's hand invisible,  
Behold! the image bird, omen of fate,  
With living motion seized, in sight of all  
Droops its sunk head: down falls its shuddering  
wings,  
And hide its pendent crest; tottering it drops  
Prone to the pictured ground, faint as in death.

"Immediate from the victor host arose  
Shrieks horrible of terror and dismay,  
Filling heaven's concave; shouts and cries succeed,  
That stun all ears. Lo! wondrous to relate,  
Suddenly stops the universal mass  
In height of victory; nor the hot pursuit  
Nor lust of battle claims one wandering thought.  
Sole toward the awful omen each man bends  
His total soul. Forth from their thousand bands,  
In trembling consternation, furious spring  
Kings, leaders, chiefs; Guthurun and Oskital,  
And Amund, mighty warriors! Hubba there,  
And Hinguar, brothers of the fatal three  
Who wove the dreadful ensign: issuing flew  
Frena and Sidroc, potent thanes; with these  
Names other, known to fame, in battalious deeds  
Tried and renown'd, too numerous to recount.  
Thronging, all hasten toward the mystic sign,  
There to consult the heaven-inspired dames,

Daughters of kings, with holy awe revered;  
Eager from their unerring lips to learn  
What means this dread portent and high decree  
Of their offended gods."

From Chambers' Journal.

#### A CONVERSATION WITH CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

On the 11th July, 1793, I went to the National Convention to assist at the debate which it was expected would take place on the motion for outlawing Lanjuinais, who had miraculously saved himself by flight from the arrest under which he had been placed by an order of the Committee of Public Safety, in consequence of his having, on the 2d of July, denounced at the tribune Marat and his followers for their murderous deeds. In fact, Barrere proposed in a long speech, and Robespierre seconded in a few words, the project of a decree for outlawing that individual; but the very instant that Condorcet rose to address the members on the subject in question, St. Just having made a sign to the *sans culottes*, with whom the Committee of Public Safety daily filled the space allotted to the public, a tremendous uproar began, and numerous stentorian voices were heard to exclaim—"Outlaw the traitor! Down with the royalist! To the guillotine with the friends of Brissot and the federation!"

Turning my eyes towards that ferocious band, I perceived with sorrow amongst them a rather stout and tall female, dressed in deep mourning, who, however, disgusted, and probably horror-stricken at so dreadful a scene, soon endeavored to open for herself a passage, and left the house. The unusual presence in such a place, and the sudden departure of the unknown but decent female, made so powerful an impression on my mind, that I immediately resolved to leave the Convention and follow her, to find out, if possible, who she was, and what extraordinary motive could have instigated her to visit a place in which so many horrors and crimes were perpetrated under the mask of justice, and in the name of liberty.

Fortunately, the woman who had so strongly excited my attention was walking rather slowly towards the Tuilleries, so that I not only overtook her, but, as she seemed absorbed, and unconscious of my presence, I was able to examine her countenance very minutely. The more I looked at her, the more anxiously I sought an opportunity of engaging her in conversation, without committing a breach of politeness towards a female apparently so modest and dignified.

We had scarcely arrived at the entrance of the garden of the Tuilleries, when, by good fortune, a shower of rain suddenly overtook us. Having an umbrella, I spread it, approached, and offered her a share of it. With a dignified but kind expression she replied, "Thank you, citizen; I accept your offer, and beg you to accompany me to a shelter." On reaching Rue St. Florentin, we found a shelter under the gateway of the house of Robespierre. Then my fair companion said, "I am truly thankful, citizen, for your kindness." Reanimated by these words, I attempted a gallant and complimentary reply; but, as if taking alarm at my freedom, she abruptly, almost angrily, interrupted me by saying, "Who are you? If a spy, I scorn your baseness, and warn you to respect both my sex and my virtue." "Pardon, pardon, citoyenne," I resumed, in the most respectful

tones; "I am not a spy; I meant no offence by my words; they were the natural expression of an Italian mind. I will candidly explain to you why I am now in your company. I observed you, a female, *alone*, amidst that horrible multitude assembled in the Chamber; and I was so much surprised to see you there, that I followed you with the intention of asking what motive had brought you into such company. Believe me, *citoyenne*, I am not one who would willingly offend you. I came to Paris five years ago in search of instruction and amusement, but the political events made me a republican, and the friend and admirer of Brissot and Lanjuinais. For this reason I had gone to the Convention."

While I was speaking thus frankly, her eyes, which she had fixed upon my countenance, seemed to penetrate my inmost mind; afterwards, resuming her natural air, she said, "Well, well, young citizen, I believe you; and agree that you must have been justly surprised at seeing a female alone amongst those strange beings; but I had strong reasons for being there. I am glad to learn that you were a friend and admirer of Brissot. May I ask if you have known the noble *citoyenne* Roland?"

"Yes," I said, "I knew her in her days of prosperity, and do not now shrink from visiting her during her adversity.\* She always treated me as a friend."

"Hast thou ever met Barbaroux at her house?"† demanded she.

"Oh yes, many a time. He is one of the men I esteem, and whom I think unjustly persecuted. He is an able and pure-spirited republican. Very often he has confided to me his projects, his apprehensions——"

"Enough!" cried my companion, with a pleased look; "I now guess that you are the foreigner whom I have heard Barbaroux speak of with affection as the friend of his party." She gazed for a minute upon me; then turned her eyes toward the sky, as if to see whether the rain would soon cease; but I perceived by her countenance that her mind was powerfully agitated by different emotions; for at one moment she flushed, and then became again pale and melancholy.

However, after a few minutes' meditation, she said, "Now that I know thee, I will ask you a favor. I am a stranger in Paris, and have come purposely from the country to obtain an interview with Marat, for I have some important secrets to reveal to him. Could you tell me how I can succeed?"

"*Citoyenne*," I answered, "Marat is at present very ill, and during three weeks has been unable to attend at the sittings of the Convention; nay, it is with difficulty that he goes sometimes to the Committee of Public Safety; but you may write to him, and request an audience, and he will probably grant it to you. I would, however, advise you to address yourself to Fouquier-Tinville."

"No, no," she exclaimed; "I know Fouquier-Tinville well; but he is the public accuser, and the agent of Marat; though, probably, in a short time I shall have business with him also. I want to speak first to the man who rules at his will over France."

\* Madame Roland was now in confinement amongst other victims of the Jacobin party.

† Barbaroux was that member of the proscribed Girondist party who had conversed with Charlotte Corday at Caen, and whom she most admired. He had furnished her with a letter for a friend in Paris, without being aware of her design.—Ed.

"But have you ever seen Marat?"

"No, I have never seen his person, and am told it is repulsive; but I know him so well by his acts and deeds, that I earnestly wish to have an interview with him for the sake of my country."

"May you succeed in your patriotic project!" I replied. "You will find, *citoyenne*, that it will be rather difficult to obtain any good in that quarter."

"Well, well, we will see; but I fear the rain will continue some time longer, and I must go home on pressing business. Will you fetch a chariot for me?"

"May I dare to ask your name?" said I with much anxiety.

"No, you must not," she replied with a resolute air; "but rely on what I tell you—very shortly both my name and project will be known to you and to the whole world. Now, go and fulfil my wishes."

I obeyed her orders, fetched the chariot, and, when she entered it, I kissed her hand in token of respect and admiration; when she, apparently not displeased at my Italian compliment, said, with a sweet smile, "Adieu, citizen, adieu."

After her departure, I remained for some time absorbed in thought, and invented a thousand schemes to guess what she could have to reveal to Marat; but at last finding no solution to the enigma, I returned home. Next morning I had almost forgotten the strange female, notwithstanding having passed upwards of an hour in conversation with her.

But two days afterwards, when the almost incredible news of the assassination of Marat was spread with rapidity and terror all over Paris, I remembered my meeting; and as it was reported that a young lady had stabbed him in the heart, I no longer doubted that, as she had manifested such an anxiety to see Marat, the deed had been committed by the fair unknown whom I had met in the Convention. Consequently, the day that she was tried I was present at her examination, and with heartfelt sorrow I recognized my new acquaintance in the handsome and modest heroine of France, Charlotte Corday. She wore the same dress in which I had seen her. Amidst the assemblage of corrupted judges and jurymen, and in the presence of that monster, Fouquier-Tinville, her countenance presented no marks of fear; nay, she appeared to me more lovely and more majestic than when I saw her first. She acknowledged and gloried in having murdered the man whom she considered the greatest enemy of her country and of a pure republic; and when the sentence of death was passed on her, while I and many others shuddered, her countenance remained calm, and her angelic smile shone triumphant. And I am told that, on the 17th, during her long journey from the Abbaye to the scaffold, she preserved the same equanimity.

**BUTTONS FROM CLAY.**—The principle of forming Mosaic tesserae by the pressure of dry powder, has been applied to the manufacture of various kinds of buttons. They are called agate buttons, and are made of *kaolin*, or China-clay, brought from the neighborhood of St. Austell, in Cornwall. This kaolin is the same as the celebrated pottery-clay of the Chinese, which is obtained from disintegrated granite. The buttons are pretty and clear in appearance, and very hard. They are manufactured in all shapes and sizes, plain and ornamented; and as compared with the cost of mother-of-pearl, are said to be about one-third the price.

From Chambers' Journal.

## LIFE AND POETRY OF MR. HAYNES BAYLY.

THE songs of Mr. Haynes Bayly have been the most popular of our times next to those of Moore. They are things generally slight in substance, yet invariably elegant and pleasing. Some are airy and cheerful beyond even Mr. Moore's best ditties of the same kind; others express, in a manner which the public felt to be original, the pathos arising from some of the less happy relations which rest beneath the smiling exterior of refined society. From a memoir prefixed to an edition of Mr. Haynes Bayly's lyrical works, published by his widow,\* we learn that he was connected by birth with the aristocracy of England, and the sole heir of a gentleman of property near Bath, who had pursued the business of a solicitor in that city. By a fate rare with poets, he was nurtured in the lap of luxury; but it will be found that misfortune claimed her own at last, and that his latter years were spent under the pressure of difficulties which seem next to inseparable from literary avocations. He was an inattentive school-boy, preferring, even at seven years of age, the business of dramatizing stories from his picture-books to that of mastering his tasks. He composed verses under the age at which Pope and Spenser attempted them. Educated at Winchester school, he was devoted by his father to the legal profession; but it was found impossible to confine him to such duties, and after a severe struggle with the paternal wishes, he was allowed to study for the church. This was a voluntary-assumed pursuit, but it did not prove the less uncongenial when tried; and, finally, it seems to have been found by all parties that it was vain to prevent the subject of our memoir from giving himself entirely to that for which his faculties seemed primarily fitted—elegant literature.

While he was studying at Oxford, he formed a fond attachment to a fellow-student who fell into consumption and died. At an early stage of the youth's illness, his sister, who resided at Bath, ventured on the somewhat extraordinary step of corresponding with Mr. Bayly, to ascertain her brother's real state; for the accounts which had hitherto reached the family were only calculated to excite alarm without giving satisfactory information. This increased the interest which our poet felt in his friend's condition, and he soon gave himself entirely up to the duty of watching beside his sick-bed. He used to read to him for hours during the intervals of the slow fever which was consuming his life. He soothed him in the hour of pain and suffering, and at the last closed his eyes in peace. His whole conduct, and a monody in which he expressed his feelings on this occasion, make manifest the extreme kindness of nature which distinguished Mr. Bayly. Afterwards, "his acquaintance with the young lady was renewed at Bath, whither he returned immediately after the decease of her brother. He was overwhelmed with thanks for his attentions to the lost one by the bereft family, and invited constantly by the afflicted parents to fill the vacant seat at their table; in short, he soon became as one of themselves. The sorrowing sister poured forth her grief: the poet sympathized, and "pity

is akin to love." It was certainly not surprising that an attachment begun under such circumstances should have strengthened daily; and when the lover declared his sentiments, it of course became necessary to inquire into the probability of his being able to raise a sufficient income to allow of their marrying with prudence. Mr. Haynes Bayly was entirely dependent on his father, who was not then disposed to come forward for such a purpose. The young lady had nothing of her own, and her father, Colonel —, would not make any settlement on her. How were matters to be arranged? They were both too wise to think of living upon love, and, after mutual tears and sighs, they parted—never to meet again. The lady, though grieved, was not broken-hearted, and soon became the wife of another." Mr. Bayly fell into deep melancholy, to alleviate which he was induced to make a journey to Scotland. It was at this time, and with reference to his own feelings, that he wrote his well-known song, "Oh, no! we never mention her;" also one less known, but perhaps more remarkable for the generosity of its sentiments:—

I never wish to meet thee more, though I am still  
thy friend;  
I never wish to meet thee more, since dearer ties  
must end;  
With worldly smiles and worldly words, I could not  
pass thee by,  
Nor turn from thee unfeeling with cold averted  
eye.

I could not bear to see thee 'midst the thoughtless  
and the gay;  
I could not bear to view thee decked in fashion's  
bright array;  
And less could I endure to meet thee pensive and  
alone,  
When through the trees the evening breeze breathes  
forth its cheerless moan.

For I have met thee 'midst the gay, and thought of  
none but thee;  
And I have seen the bright array, when it was worn  
for me;  
And often near the sunny waves I've wandered by  
thy side,  
With joy that passed away as fast as sunshine from  
the tide.

But cheerless is the summer! there is nothing happy  
now;  
The daisy withers on the lawn, the blossom on the  
bough:  
The boundless sea looks chillingly, like winter's waste  
of snow,  
And it hath lost the soothing sound with which it  
used to flow.

I never wish to meet thee more, yet think not I've  
been taught,  
By smiling foes, to injure thee by one unworthy  
thought.  
No—blest with some beloved one, from care and  
sorrow free,  
May thy lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts  
of me.

A year spent in Scotland, and a subsequent gayer residence in Dublin, reestablished the poet's spirits, and he now began to publish his songs. Returning, in 1824, to his father's house of Mount Beacon, near Bath—being now twenty-seven years of age—he formed a new attachment, equally peculiar in its circumstances, but more fortunate

\* Songs, Ballads, and other Poems. By the late Thomas Haynes Bayly. Edited by his Widow. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1844.

in the event. "He was introduced by a friend at an evening party given by Mrs. Hayes, whose soirées at Bath were frequented by the talented, the young, and the gay. Mrs. Hayes had an only daughter, who, having heard with delight the ballad of 'Isabel,' expressed the greatest anxiety to see its author; the friend just alluded to being one of Miss Hayes's suitors, was requested by her mother to convey an invitation for her next party to the *beau idéal* of her daughter's fancy. The appointed evening arrived—the poet saw, and was fascinated with Miss Hayes—and, on conversing with Mrs. Hayes, discovered that she and his own mother had been friends and school-fellows in their young days. This circumstance laid the foundation of an intimacy which ceased only with his life. His friend was then little aware that he was introducing to her, whose hand he himself was seeking, her future husband; for so it proved.

"He came, he saw, but did not conquer at once; for the young lady, though she could not but acknowledge that Mr. Haynes Bayly was very charming and agreeable, was nevertheless disappointed at not finding him *exactly* what her youthful imagination had portrayed. Seeing, therefore, that he was '*épris*' without her having any intention of captivating him, she persuaded her mother to shorten their stay at Bath, and take her to Paris. Mrs. Hayes reluctantly complied, as she much wished her daughter to encourage Mr. Haynes Bayly's suit; but when she found her daughter's mind was set on going abroad, she wisely allowed her to do so; for Miss Hayes, when absent from the poet, missed his witty and delightful conversation and his attentions, which were entirely devoted to her, so much, that her mother's wish was more forwarded by absence than it would have been had she remained in Bath. Mr. Haynes Bayly was, however, not discouraged by her intended departure"—as appears from the poem addressed to her, of which the following is a specimen:—

Oh! think not, Helena, of leaving us yet;  
Though many fair damsels inhabit our isle,  
Alas! there are none who can make us forget  
The grace of thy form, and the charm of thy smile.

The toys of the French, if they hither are sent,  
Are endeared by the payment of custom-house duties.

Ah! why do not *duty* and *custom* prevent  
The rash exportation of pure British beauties?

Say, is there not *one* (midst the many who sighed  
To solicit your favor)—one favorite beau?  
And have you to *all*, who popped questions, replied,  
With that chilling, unkind monosyllable—*no*?

Your mansion with exquisite swains has been  
thronged,

With smiles they approach you, in tears they depart;

Indeed, it is said that a man who belonged  
To the Tenth, sighed in vain for a tithe of your heart.

And are you still happy? Could no one be found  
Whose vows full of feeling could teach *you* to feel?  
A girl so expert at inflicting a wound,  
Should surely be now and then willing to heal.

Then leave us not; shall a foreigner own  
The form we have worshipped as if 't were divine?

No, no, thou art worthy a Briton alone,  
And *where* is the Briton who would not be thine?

The pair were made happy by wedlock at Cheltenham, in 1826. The heir of a wealthy gentleman, and united to an elegant woman who had also considerable expectations, there seemed every reason to augur for Haynes Bayly a long course of happiness. They spent part of the honeymoon at Lord Ashtown's villa at Chessel, on the Southampton river; and here occurred a little incident which gave rise to the most popular of all the poet's songs. "A large party was staying at Lord Ashtown's, and the day before it broke up, the ladies, on leaving the dining-table, mentioned their intention of taking a stroll through his beautiful grounds, and the gentlemen promised to follow them in ten minutes. Lured by Bacchus, they forgot their promise to the Graces, and Mr. Haynes Bayly was the only one who thought fit to move; and he in about half an hour wandered forth in search of the ladies. They beheld him at a distance, but pretending annoyance at his not joining them sooner, they fled away in an opposite direction. The poet, wishing to carry on the joke, did not seek to overtake them; they observed this, and lingered, hoping to attract his attention. He saw this manœuvre, and determined to turn the tables upon them. He waved his hand carelessly, and pursued his ramble alone; then falling into a reverie; he entered a beautiful summer-house, known now by the name of Butterfly Bower, overlooking the water, and there seated himself. Here, inspired by a butterfly which had just flitted before him, he wrote the ballad, 'I'd be a butterfly.' He then returned to the house, and found the ladies assembled round the tea-table, when they smilingly told him they had enjoyed their walk in the shrubberies excessively, and that they needed no escort. He was now determined to go beyond them in praise of his solitary evening walk, and said that he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life; that he had met a butterfly, with whom he had wandered in the regions of fancy, which had afforded him much more pleasure than he would have found in chasing them; and that he had put his thoughts in verse. The ladies immediately gave up all further contention with the wit, upon his promising to show them the lines he had just written. He then produced his tablets, and read the well-known ballad,

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,

to the great delight of his fair auditors.

"It should perhaps be here remarked, that the poet foretold his own doom in this ballad; for it will be seen, by his early death, that his nerves were too finely strung to bear the unforeseen storms of severe disappointment which gathered round him in after years. On the same evening he composed the air, to which Mrs. Haynes Bayly put the accompaniments and symphonies, and it was sung the following evening to a very large party assembled at Lord Ashtown's, who encored it again and again."

For several years Mr. Bayly lived in the enjoyment of the utmost domestic happiness. Possessed of fortune, brilliant talents, and manners universally pleasing, no lot could apparently have been better cast. Although not called to literary exertion by necessity, he wrote and published many beautiful lyrics, which generally attained great popularity: he composed a novel, *The Aylmours*,

which met with success—and began to write for the stage. At length, in 1831, came the blight of misfortune. A bad speculation of his father's and his own in coal-mines, and the faithlessness of the agent upon his wife's property in Ireland, reduced him to comparative poverty. The fine nervous system of the amiable poet was ill calculated to bear up against such calamities: for a time, his spirits were so sunk, that he was totally unable to command his mind to literary composition. A short residence abroad served to restore him in some degree, and he resumed the pen with feelings which he has embodied in an Address to the Spirit of Song:—

I welcome thee back as the dove to the ark:  
The world was a desert, the future all dark;  
But I know that the worst of the storm must be past,  
Thou art come with the green leaf of comfort at last.  
Around me thy radiant imaginings throng,  
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

I welcome thee back, and again I look forth  
With my wonted delight on the blessings of earth;  
Again I can smile with the gay and the young;  
The lamp is relighted, the harp is restrung.  
Despair haunts the silent endurance of wrong;  
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

Some deeper feelings which still abode with him are expressed in a birth-day ode, which he soon after, in pursuance of a custom, addressed to his wife:—

Oh! hadst thou never shared my fate,  
More dark that fate would prove;  
My heart were truly desolate,  
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,  
Whilst this relief I found,  
Like fearless lips that strive to take  
The poison from a wound!

My fond affection thou hast seen,  
Then judge of my regret,  
To think more happy thou hadst been,  
If we had never met.

And has that thought been shared by thee?  
Ah no, that smiling cheek  
Proves more unchanging love for me  
Than labored words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight  
Of sorrow summons forth;  
Though known in days of past delight  
We knew not half their worth.

How unlike *some*, who have professed  
So much in friendship's name;  
Yet calmly pause to think how best  
They may evade her claim.

But ah! from them to thee I turn;  
They'd make me loathe mankind.  
Far better lessons I may learn  
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,  
I feel they cannot take.  
We'll pray for happier years to come,  
For one another's sake.

From this time Mr. Bayly's life was in a great measure that of a man writing for subsistence. In

this new character he exhibited marvellous industry, insomuch that, in a few years, his contributions of pieces to the stage had amounted to no less than thirty-six, while his songs ultimately came to be numbered in hundreds. But severe literary labor, united to corroding anxieties, proved too much for his delicate frame, and he sunk, in 1839, under confirmed jaundice. He lies buried at Cheltenham, under a stone which his friend Theodore Hook has thus inscribed:—"He was a kind parent, and affectionate husband, a popular author, and an accomplished gentleman." Most sad it is to reflect how he thus came to realize his own playfully-expressed wish:—

What, though you tell me each gay little rover  
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day!  
Surely 't is better, when summer is over,  
To die when all fair things are fading away.  
Some in life's winter may toil to discover  
Means of procuring a weary delay—  
I'd be a butterfly; living, a rover,  
Dying when fair things are fading away!

The poems and songs of Mr. Haynes Bayly will not be entitled to a high place in the literature of our age; a certain air of insubstantiality attaches to them all; the pathos rarely goes down to the springs of the human feelings, and the humor scarcely exceeds the playfulness which marks elegant society in its daily appearances. Yet, considering him as what he really was, the poet of modern fashionable life, he must be allowed the merit of having reflected this successfully, both in its gravities and its levities. He must be allowed, moreover, to have possessed in an eminent degree the comparatively rare power of producing verses which readily danced along in connection with music. Withal, an amiable and virtuous nature shines throughout all his various compositions. As a specimen of his humorous powers in a walk in which he is little known to the public, take the following, descriptive of the realized consequences of "love and a cottage:—

Some months the bride, with fortitude unshaken,  
Endured the dull routine of beans and bacon;  
Preserved each precious morsel on the shelf,  
And ate the puddings that she made herself;  
By daily repetition well she knew  
How to provide but just enough for two;  
Learnt to economize in every way,  
And hash the mutton of a former day.  
Before her spouse she labored to conceal  
Her secret horror of the vulgar meal;  
Boldly contented with domestic ills,  
And studied the amount of bakers' bills.

Her bridal garments soiled, with wondrous skill  
She turned, and washed, and made them useful still;  
Corrected and revised her old array,  
And neatly darned each symptom of decay;  
Contrived to make the last years' bonnet do,  
And said it looked almost as good as new;  
Dyed her old gown, its splendor to recall;  
And sighed in secret—if she sighed at all.  
The bridegroom gazed upon his lovely wife,  
Talked of domestic joys and rural life;  
Genteelly acquiesced in all she said,  
And drank her currant wine both white and red.

So far 't was well; but ere two years were past,  
Their matrimonial sky was overcast;  
And Ellen then, in tone not very sweet,  
Complained their mansion was not quite complete.

"'Tis such a bore," said she, "in rainy weather,  
In this small room to sit all day together,  
Which serves for drawing-room and parlor too ;  
And there's no study set apart for you ;  
You're never out of hearing—and it feels  
So strange to have you always at my heels ;  
We're very loving—but it is too much  
To sit so close—our elbows almost touch.  
And then our maid (alas ! we have but one)  
Does only half of all that should be done,  
For Nelly acts as cook and butler both,  
And she who scrubs the kitchen lays the cloth ;  
With arms all crimson, and a flaming face,  
She bustles on, sole handmaid of the place ;  
And frequent must my occupations be,  
Since all she fails to do—is done by me :  
Oft am I plagued with closet, drawer, and shelf—  
In fact, I'm maid-of-all-work to myself.  
My dear, before I married you, I vow  
I wish I'd been as wise as I am now."

These Edward heard, and he at times gave vent  
To equal murmurings and discontent.  
"What you assert, my love," he cried, "is true ;  
I think our cottage quite as small as you ;  
But then, my charmer, what can you expect,  
Your portion brought me nothing, recollect ;  
'Nothing can come of nothing,' pounds and pence  
In calculation makes a difference.  
I hate our paltry dinners, where the meat  
Is only just as much as we can eat ;  
If sick of mutton roasted, we arrange  
To have it boiled next day, by way of change ;  
And boiled or roasted, it might do, I own,  
Had I some good old port to wash it down ;  
But as for current wine, say what you will,  
That home-made stuff is apt to make one ill.  
In tedious tête-à-tête our time is past—  
Each day a repetition of the last ;  
And in this nutshell, as we sit alone,  
I hear no human voice except your own.  
We used to read, but who can pass his life  
In reading doleful ditties to his wife ?"

This was his constant theme : thus months were spent  
In bitter matrimonial argument.

"Love in a Cottage," was their former boast—  
The cottage still remains, but Love is lost ;  
And when for man and wife it proved too small,  
No wonder Love could find no room at all.  
Thus wise at length—though haply wise too late,  
By mutual consent they separate :  
And by a written paper we are told—  
"This cottage either to be let or sold."

As a specimen of his serious or sentimental  
manner, few pieces could be more appropriate than  
the following, which expresses, indeed, the whole  
soul of that softened kind of tragedy which he saw  
beneath the gay *externe* of modern society :—

Oh ! do not suppose that my hours  
Are always unclouded and gay ;  
Or that thorns never mix with the flowers  
That fortune has strewn in my way ;  
When seen by the cold and unfeeling,  
We smile through the sorrows we feel ;  
But smiles are deceitful—concealing  
The wounds which they never can heal.

The world is a changeable ocean,  
And sunbeams and shadows abound ;  
Where the surface seems least in commotion,  
The rocks of misfortune are found :  
And man is the pilot, who, steering,  
Of every billow the sport,

Sees the gale of prosperity veering,  
Which promised to wait him to port.

Our hopes are the gales that serenely  
Waft onward our sails as we float ;  
Our tears are the whirlwinds that keenly  
O'erwhelm our poor perishing boat ;  
And reason's the beacon that gives us  
Its light through life's perilous way,  
But folly's the ray that deceives us,  
And leads us too often astray.

Our moments of mirth may be many,  
And hope half our sorrow beguiles ;  
But believe me, there cannot be any  
Whose features are always in smiles.  
The heart may be sad and repining,  
Though cheerfulness brightens the scene,  
As a goblet with gems may be shining,  
Though bitter the potion within.

A glittering volume may cover  
A story of sorrow and woe ;  
And night's gayest meteors may hover  
Where dangers lie lurking below ;  
Thus oft, in the sunshine of gladness,  
The cheek and the eye may be drest,  
Whilst the clouds of dejection and sadness  
In secret o'ershadow the breast.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE LAST CITATION.

Two criminals were executed at Madrid in 1838, for their ferocious and blood-thirsty conduct during the *emute* of 1835. They perished by the garota, or iron collar, substituted in Spain for the halter—and not only protested their innocence to the very last moment of their lives, but summoned their accusers and judges to appear in judgment with them, within a few days, before the bar of the Great Judge. Yet the guilt of these unhappy criminals was most notorious ; the murders for which they suffered had been publicly committed, and the only wonder was, that they should have escaped their just punishment for so long a period as three years.

This bold and pertinacious assertion of their innocence by such undoubted criminals, fills the mind with the most painful emotions. We cannot but shudder at the infatuation which led them to go before their Maker with a lie upon their lips ; and we begin to doubt what degree of credit may be due to the last solemn assertions of many who have died for crimes proved against them by only circumstantial evidence. Can it be possible that innocence and guilt, in the same awful situation, with the terrible apparatus of death before them, an un pitying crowd of fellow-men around, with no hope for the future but such as may be founded on the mercy of their Creator—can the conscience-stricken criminal and the guiltless victim of judicial error, under these terrible circumstances, feel alike—be equally able to call down upon their judges the swift-coming condemnation of the Great Judge ! It seems incredible that such things should be ; yet a reference to the history of the past affords many instances in which this great problem of our nature remains on record, only to be solved at that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known.

Spain was governed, in 1311, by Ferdinand IV., a monarch possessing many excellent qualities,

being brave, just and generous; yet he died in the prime of life under very singular circumstances, arising out of a departure from the love of justice which he had usually evinced. Three noblemen were brought before him charged with having murdered a fourth; they strongly protested their innocence, and affirmed that, if time were given them, they could bring proofs of it; but the king, disregarding their intreaties, ordered them to be thrown from a lofty rock. The unfortunate men continued to make the strongest asseverations of innocence, declaring that the death of the king, within thirty days from that time, would show the truth of their statements, for that they summoned him to come to judgment with them before the throne of Heaven. Ferdinand, at this time, was in perfect health; but whether the startling prediction of his victims produced its own fulfilment by affecting his imagination, or whether some other malady attacked him, history does not determine—he died on the last of the thirty days, and hence obtained the surname of Ferdinand the Summoned.

About this period, which abounds in circumstances that show the superstition and intellectual darkness of all classes of people in Europe, the celebrated order of Knights Templars was abolished. This powerful body, half monastic, half military, had acquired a strength and influence which made them hateful to the jealous eyes of the sovereigns of Europe; while, individually, they were feared by the people, who suffered from their vices. Warriors of the cross, they passed freely into court and camp, wherever the nobles of the land were assembled; they were privileged to display all the pomp and circumstance of war—to practise all that was then considered gay, gallant, and refined, or adapted to win the love of dames of high degree; while their vows of celibacy cut them off from all chance of honorable alliance with the objects of their admiration. Many a noble house had been dishonored by these soldier-priests; many a humble hearth was robbed at once of the innocence of its brightest ornament, and of all, in the shape of wealth, that rapacity could wring from those too powerless to resist. Still, though guilty of ambition and profligacy—the vices of the camp; though convicted of avarice and luxury—the sins of the cloister; these wrought not their downfall: their wealth, as a body, was immense, and greater than their political power; so Pope Clement V., then at Avignon, and Philip the Fair of France, (needy prelate and avaricious king,) caused all the Knights Templars within their dominions to be seized on the same day, and thrown into secure dungeons. Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master of the order, and several of the best and bravest among them, were accused of sorcery, and other dark crimes against the laws of God and man, which admitted not of proof, and could only be met by solemn denial; some of them, in the agonies of the torture to which they were subjected, confessed to impossible enormities, and were thereupon condemned to die. Not so Jacques de Molay; he appears to have possessed qualities, both physical and mental, that might “give the world assurance of a man;” mingling the martyr’s faith with the warrior’s pride, he never quailed under the severest torture, but strongly protested not only his own innocence, but that of his order. Even at the last fiery ordeal of fagot and stake, before the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, he appeared with unshaken sereni-

ty. His deportment was full of majesty, for he had long been the equal companion of princes; and of calm dignity, for he was conscious of innocence; and he had, withal, a Christian faith whose fervor could not be chilled even in the hour of death. Humbly admitting that he was guilty of the faults of our common nature, he denied the crimes imputed to him, and committing his spirit to his Maker, he summoned Clement and Philip to appear with him in judgment within a year. They both outlived the period, though Philip died so soon after, as to occasion some doubt in the minds of the believers in the marvellous, whether his sudden death was not a fulfilment of the Grand Master’s prediction.

Charles de Gontault, Baron de Biron, was the friend of Henry IV. of France before that monarch came to the throne, and he continued to be his firm adherent for some time afterwards. Disappointed, however, in some project of ambition, he caballed against his master, and being betrayed by his own valet, was committed to the Bastille. Henry was much attached to this brave chevalier, and intreated him to acknowledge his fault and be forgiven; but either Biron was innocent, and his valet a traitor, or he continued to hope that that person would not ultimately criminate him, and proudly refused to make any concession. When put upon his trial, he was found guilty; but he still trusted to Henry’s favor for a pardon: the king, however, was not less offended by his obduracy than by his treason, and signed the warrant for his execution. Nothing could exceed the surprise and despair of Biron when he was informed that he was to die on the following day: he broke out into vehement protestations of innocence, upbraided the king with ingratitude and cruelty, and defied and denounced his accusers and judges, accusing the chancellor who had presided at his trial of unfair dealing, and summoning him to appear in judgment with him within the year. The chancellor, thrice armed in the consciousness of his own uprightness, did not die, but lived five years longer than Biron—until 1617.

The Portuguese in 1640 threw off the yoke of Spain, and nominated John, Duke of Braganza, to the throne. At his death he left two sons, Alphonzo and Pedro, and a daughter, Catherine, who became the unhappy wife of our second Charles. Alphonzo, who was a prince of mean intellect, married a princess of Nemours; she had a good dowry, a handsome person, considerable talents, and few virtues; and they succeeded to the throne. Don Pedro, the younger brother of Alphonzo, was every way his superior; and the shrewd, intriguing, unscrupulous princess of Nemours soon contrived that her husband’s imbecility should be so apparent, as to justify his removal from the throne to make room for Don Pedro. Her own divorce then followed, and she artfully demanded back her dowry, well knowing that it was irrevocably squandered; but, as her real object was to become the wife of Don Pedro, she managed to be solicited to marry him, and so to reassume the name and rank of queen. Having carried this point, the guilty pair thought it necessary, for their own security, to have the deposed king and divorced husband closely confined: he submitted without complaint, and with only a momentary ebullition of anger, on hearing that his brother had married his wife. For fifteen years he remained a melancholy captive in the castle of Cintra, the beauties of whose ‘glorious Eden’ he was not suffered to enjoy.

When on the point of death, he said, 'I am going, but the queen will soon follow me to answer before God's awful tribunal for the evils she has heaped upon my head.' She died a few months after him, in 1683; having been more miserable in the gratification of her passions, than her victim could have been in his solitary prison.

The last and most remarkable of these citations is connected with the history of the reigning family of this country; and its details are, perhaps, more touching and romantic than any that have preceded it. George, the electoral prince of Hanover, who afterwards ascended the throne of Great Britain, was married, early in life, to Sophia Dorothea, princess of Halle, a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments. She was the only child of her parents, and had been reared with much tenderness, so that she carried to the court of the elector that unchecked gaiety of heart which so often leads innocent and inexperienced females first into imprudence and then into error. She allowed herself, soon after her arrival, to make some piquant remarks upon the rather coarse and inelegant ladies whom her father-in-law, after the custom of the small German sovereigns, kept openly at his court, and thereby she created enemies, who were ever on the watch to injure and annoy her. Her own conduct was irreproachable, until, in an evil hour, there came to Hanover the young Count Koningsmark, a Swedish nobleman of an ancient and honorable family, who was high in favor at the court of Stockholm. The count, fascinated by the manners of the princess, (whose husband was absent with his father's army,) paid her the most flattering attentions, which she carelessly, but it is believed innocently, admitted. This afforded the elector an opportunity of accomplishing her ruin. A trap was laid for her, which had the effect of bringing Koningsmark to the neighborhood of her apartments at an improper hour. The unfortunate Swede was never more seen in life, and Sophia, being arrested, was conveyed, without loss of time, and with the concurrence of her deceived husband, to the castle of Ahlen, on the banks of the river Ahlen, where she remained in close confinement thirty-two years.

It is not to be supposed that this incarceration of a young and beautiful woman, the wife of a powerful monarch—for George in time became king of Great Britain—could be an unimportant secret. Their son, the Prince of Wales, who was never on very good terms with his father, was anxious to see her, and twice, at the risk of his life, swam his horse across the river that surrounded the castle where she was confined. There is something very touching in this filial devotion to a mother whom he could scarcely remember to have seen, and who was accused of such grave offences; but the heart of the old German baron who kept the castle was made of such stern stuff, as to be proof against all fine emotions, and the young prince could not obtain an interview with his mother. There was no evidence against her that could justify a divorce; and on one occasion her husband made overtures to her for a reconciliation; but she proudly replied, "If what I am accused of be true, I am unworthy of him; if the accusation be false, he is unworthy of me; I will not accept his offer." Immediately before her death, she wrote a letter to him containing an affirmation of her innocence, a reproach for his injustice, and a citation to appear, within a year and a day, at the Divine tribunal for judgment. This letter she con-

fided to an intimate friend, with a solemn charge to see it delivered to the king's own hand; but as this was an undertaking of a delicate, if not a dangerous nature, some months passed by without its being conveyed to him. At length his visit to his electoral dominions seemed to present the desired opportunity, and when he was on his way to Hanover a messenger met him, and delivered the packet to him in his coach. Supposing that it came from Hanover, he opened it directly; but its contents, and the fatal citation with which it ended, had such an effect on him, that he fell into convulsions, which brought on apoplexy and death. He expired at the palace of his brother, the bishop of Osnaburgh, just seven months after his unfortunate wife.

George II., their son, always believed in his mother's innocence, and, had she survived his father, he would have restored her to her rank as queen dowager. Soon after his accession, he visited his electoral dominions, and caused some alterations to be made in the palace. On taking up the floor of his mother's dressing-room, the remains of Count Koningsmark were discovered. It is probable that the unfortunate man was seized and strangled at the moment of his arrest, and that his body was placed under the boards to prevent discovery. The affair was hushed up, for George was careful of his mother's character; besides which, prudential motives would lead him to desire strict secrecy on this subject. His frequent altercations with his father, in conjunction with the stigma thrown upon his mother, had already given occasion to severe sarcasm and some ribaldry on the part of the Jacobites, and this discovery was not calculated to silence unwelcome insinuations about his parentage. Sophia's story remains on the page of history, a melancholy example of the miseries that may result from the neglect of those minor morals so important to woman. That she was essentially innocent, there is little room to doubt, but if she had also been duly scrupulous to maintain those appearances of purity which are necessary to the perfection of woman's moral status, her whole destiny might have been bright instead of dark; her talents and beauty, instead of being wasted in a prison, might have adorned a palace and added lustre to a crown.

Such is a brief sketch of some of the most famous citations recorded in history. There is matter in them for serious consideration, not as encouraging a superstitious belief in marvels, but as showing the influence of the mind upon the body; a subject of such importance, that the writer gladly leaves it to abler hands.

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**BLACK SPOTS ON LEAVES.** The black spots observable on the leaves of the elm, plane, and many other trees in autumn, are accounted for by Mr. Barham in the following ingenious manner:—"I have examined these spots with some attention. They have certainly nothing to do with insect attacks, and are as little connected with changes taking place in the physiological functions of the tree. They are entirely, I believe, occasioned by the concentration of the rays of light passing through the globules of rain, or dew, which settle on, and remain attached for a time to the leaves; hence the black spot is formed on the upper surface of the leaf. These globules act the part of burning lenses, and the circular patch beneath them is scalded. Thus the leaves of cucumbers and melons, from a similar cause, are frequently blotched, and sometimes perforated.



## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more:

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine;  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died!

*Longfellow's Poems (Chambers' Journal.)*

**ENCOURAGING HINTS.**—Don't be discouraged, if in the outset of life things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish for the future are realized. The path of life appears smooth and level; but when we come to travel it, we find it all up hill, and generally rough enough. The journey is a laborious one; and, whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it to our disappointment, if we have built any other calculation. To endure it with as much cheerfulness as possible, and to elbow our way through the great crowd, "hoping for little, yet striving for much," is perhaps the best plan. Don't be discouraged, if occasionally you slip down by the way, and your neighbor treads over you a little; or, in other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you. Accidents *will* happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made; things will turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember, that fortune is like the skies in April, sometimes clear and favorable; and as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun, because to-day is

stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency when fortune frowns, since, in the common course of things, she may surely be expected to smile and smile again. Don't be discouraged if you are deceived in the people of the world; they are rotten at the core. From such sources as these you may be most unexpectedly deceived, and you will naturally feel sore under such deceptions; but to these you may become used: if you fare as other people do, they will lose their novelty before you grow gray, and you will learn to trust more cautiously, and examine their character closely, before you allow great opportunities to injure you. Don't be discouraged under any circumstances. Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience than the opinion of men, though the latter is not to be disregarded. Be industrious, be sober, be honest; dealing in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising a neighborly and obliging spirit in your whole intercourse; and if you do not prosper as rapidly now as some of your neighbors, depend upon it you will be at least as happy.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

**DUBLIN SHOE-BLACKS SIXTY YEARS AGO.**—Among the populace of Dublin, says the University Magazine, the shoe-blacks were a numerous and formidable body—the precursors of Day and Martin, till the superior merits of the latter put an end to their trade. The polish they used was lamp-black and eggs, for which they purchased all that were rotten in the markets. Their implements consisted of a three-legged stool, a basket containing a blunt knife, called a spudd, a painter's brush, and an old wig. A gentleman usually went out in the morning with dirty boots or shoes, sure to find a shoe-black sitting on his stool at the corner of the street. He laid his foot on his lap without ceremony, where the artist scraped it with his spudd, wiped it with his wig, and then laid on his composition as thick as black paint with his painter's brush. The stuff dried with a rich polish, requiring no friction, and little inferior to the elaborated modern fluids, save only the intolerable odors exhaled from eggs in a high state of putridity, and which filled any house which was entered before the composition was quite dry, and sometimes even tainted the air of fashionable drawing-rooms. Polishing shoes, we should mention, was at this time a refinement almost confined to cities, people in the country being generally satisfied with grease. [This custom still lingers in Paris: we have had our boots polished on the Font Neuf; and boy shoe-blacks are to be found in most of the steamers plying on the Seine.]

**HOW TO CLEAN A FOWLING-PIECE.**—Sir Astley Cooper seemed to be innately philosophically disposed, and always had some object of practical utility in view. In his scientific inquiries, he had remarkable facility of applying his knowledge to the daily concerns of life, and delighted in suggesting improvements for matters which might almost appear too trifling to attract his notice. I remember upon one occasion saying in his hearing, "I must send my gun to town to have it cleaned, for it has become so much leaded that it is unfit for use." "Pooh!" said he: "send it to London! there is not the least occasion for it. Keep a few ounces of quicksilver in the run-case, and then you can easily unlead your gun yourself. Stop up the touch-holes by means of a little wax, and then, pouring the quicksilver into the barrels, roll it along them for a few minutes. The mercury and the lead will form an amalgam, and leave the gun as clean as the first day it came out of the shop. You have then only to strain the quicksilver through a piece of thin wash-leather, and it is again fit for use, for the lead will be left in the strainer." I have since adopted this plan, and with perfect success.—*Life of Sir Astley Cooper.*

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 8.—6 JULY, 1844.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE incomparable Spectator is the only British Journal we have seen, which has not fallen into a passion about the Prince de Joinville's speculations upon a steam armament to attack Great Britain—if it should become necessary.

These English journalists are right. It would be very cruel and barbarous to plunder and burn English merchant ships, or to batter down or hold to ransom English sea-port towns, killing peaceable men, and women and children. But we, who are out of England, cannot avoid making in some degree a *general principle* of it; and it seems to us that it is as wicked to do this to other nations as it is to do it to the English; and that it is as wicked for Englishmen to do it, as for Frenchmen to do it. And then we have a recollection that some of the English writers have speculated upon the expediency of battering down *our* sea-coast towns, and exciting the negroes to attack their *masters*, (they probably trusted to the chivalry of the slaves, as a security for the women and children.) And then the wholesale slaughters in India, and the cutting down solid masses of helpless Chinese, (in our opinion the greatest crime in history,) by way of opening trade! It really seems to us, whose habits and prejudices are all in favor of England, that she has less cause than any other people, to profess so holy a horror of shedding the blood of the weak and helpless.

But it has been a boast of England, that while the French and the Yankees are excitable, and can be easily goaded into passion by a *little fun*, the English are quite above the annoyances of journalists and pamphleteers. How is it, then, that sensitiveness is so apparent on this occasion? Can it be that the French prince has really touched a sore point, and that England feels herself less invulnerable, less *safe*, than she was before? Such has been our opinion ever since the applicability of steam to war-ships has been ascertained. So long as *sailors* were necessary in naval engagements, the superiority of England was sure—for it is impossible for a rival government, by any outlay of money, to create this indispensable ma-

terial. But when the steady steam battery came into existence, and the improvements in gunnery were made, it became possible, by an equal expenditure of capital, to rival the English navy—so far at least as to dispute the passage of the narrow channel upon equal terms. If there should be war between England and France, there will be successors of Paul Jones. Let us hope that the danger of this may have a due weight with future Palmerstons.

It will be seen that private trade with the Niger is about to be resumed.

As it is acknowledged that all the effect of the English navy upon the slave-trade has been to increase its horrors, let us hope that the conjecture of the Spectator may be realized, and that the treaties which England has made, (and which have often threatened to bring on a war with us and with France,) may be abandoned.

The Spectator seems to have a clear understanding of the immediate causes of the Philadelphia riots, and is disposed to do us justice.

The Energiatype shows a farther improvement in the wonderful discovery of the Daguerreotype. This, the Electric Telegraph, and the Atmospheric Railway, overwhelm us with admiration.

The Royal Love-Letters are curious, as showing the state of refinement and intelligence which the first family in the nation has attained to—and the gentleness with which women are treated who are so fortunate as to be connected with it.

If we *could* only have given the pictures of the English Exhibition in China, our readers would have heartily enjoyed it—especially such of them as have seen Mr. Dunn's admirable Chinese Museum, now in London. Even without them, however, there is much good in the article.

In the Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans, and the article upon the Reprints of the Stuttgart Literary Union, we give some good continental matter.

## THE TEA-ROSE.

[The following is taken from an American publication entitled "The Mayflower"—a series of sketches by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stowe's scenes and characters are of a domestic nature, each exhibiting some feature in every-day life which we are apt to regard as of little or no importance. That which we extract very simply but happily inculcates the duty of cherishing a sense of the beautiful among our lowlier neighbors—"that fine feeling which rusts out and dies, because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification."—*Chambers' Journal*.]

THERE it stood, in its little green vase, on a light ebony stand, in the window of the drawing-room. The rich satin curtains, with their costly fringes, swept down on either side of it, and around it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can offer to luxury, and yet that simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked, its white leaves just touched with that delicious creamy tint peculiar to its kind; its cup so full, so perfect; its head bending as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness—oh! when did ever man make anything to equal the living perfect flower!

But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose—a young lady reclining on an ottoman, who was thus addressed by her livelier cousin. "I say, cousin, I have been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose when you go to New York, as to our consternation you are determined to do; you know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatter-brain as I am. I love flowers indeed; that is, I like a regular bouquet, cut off and tied up, to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing, which is needful to keep them growing, I have no gifts in that line."

"Make yourself easy as to that, Kate," said Florence, with a smile; "I have no intention of calling upon your talents; I have an asylum in view for my favorite."

"Oh, then you know just what I was going to say. Mrs. Marshall, I presume, has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was quite pathetic upon the subject, telling her the loss your favorite would sustain, and so forth; and she said how delighted she would be to have it in her greenhouse, it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like to give it to her, you are so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know."

"Now, Kate, I am sorry, but I have otherwise engaged it."

"Who can it be to? you have so few intimates here."

"Oh, it is only one of my odd fancies."

"But do tell me, Florence."

"Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing?"

"What! little Mary Stephens? How absurd, Florence! This is just another of your motherly old-maidish ways, dressing dolls for poor children, making bonnets, and knitting socks for all the little dirty babies in the neighborhood. I do believe you have made more calls in those two vile ill-smelling alleys behind our house, than ever you have in Chestnut street, though you know everybody is half dying to see you; and now, to crown all, you must give this choice little bijou to a sempstress-girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the world can people in their circumstances want with flowers?"

"Just the same as I do," replied Florence, calmly. "Have you not noticed that the little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds? And don't you remember, the other morning she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?"

"But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stuffed in that close little room where Mrs. Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, and cook."

"Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one

coarse room, and wash, and iron, and cook, as you say; if I had to spend every moment of my time in toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick wall and dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold enjoyment to me."

"Pshaw, Florence; all sentiment! Poor people have no time to be sentimental. Besides, I don't believe it will grow with them; it is a greenhouse flower, and used to delicate living."

"Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner is rich or poor; and Mrs. Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunshine of as good quality as this that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes are his gifts to all alike. You will see that my fair rose will be as well and cheerful in Mrs. Stephens' room as in ours."

"Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people, one wants to give them something *useful*—a bushel of potatoes, a ham, and such things."

"Why, certainly, potatoes and ham must be supplied; but, having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any other little pleasures or gratifications we may have it in our power to bestow? I know there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for example, I know she would enjoy birds, and flowers, and music as much as I do. I have seen her eye light up as she looked upon these things in our drawing-room, and yet not one beautiful thing can she command. From necessity, her room, her clothing, all she has, must be coarse and plain. You should have seen the almost rapture she and Mary felt when I offered them my rose."

"Dear me! all this may be true, but I never thought of it before. I never thought that these hard-working people had any ideas of *taste*!"

"Then why do you see the geranium or rose so carefully nursed in the old cracked teapot in the poorest room, or the morning-glory planted in a box, and twined about the window? Do not these show that the human heart yearns for the beautiful in all ranks of life? You remember, Kate, how our washerwoman sat up a whole night, after a hard day's work, to make her first baby a pretty dress to be baptized in."

"Yes, and I remember how I laughed at you for making such a tasteful little cap for it."

"Well, Katy, I think the look of perfect delight with which the poor mother regarded her baby in its new dress and cap, was something quite worth creating; I do believe she could not have felt more grateful if I had sent her a barrel of flour."

"Well, I never thought before of giving anything to the poor but what they really needed, and I have always been willing to do that when I could without going far out of my way."

"Well, cousin, if our heavenly Father gave to us after this mode, we should have only coarse, shapeless piles of provisions lying about the world, instead of all this beautiful variety of trees, and fruits, and flowers."

"Well, well, cousin, I suppose you are right, but have mercy on my poor head; it is too small to hold so many new ideas all at once—so go on your own way," and the little lady began practising a waltzing step before the glass with great satisfaction.

It was a very small room, lighted by only one window. There was no carpet on the floor; there was a clean but coarsely-covered bed in one corner; a cupboard, with a few dishes and plates, in the other; a chest of drawers; and before the window stood a small cherry stand, quite new, and indeed it was the only article in the room that seemed so.

A pale, sickly-looking woman of about forty was leaning back in her rocking-chair, her eyes closed,

and her lips compressed as if in pain. She rocked backward and forward a few minutes, pressed her hand hard upon her eyes, and then languidly resumed her fine stitching, on which she had been busy since morning. The door opened, and a slender little girl of about twelve years of age entered, her large blue eyes dilated and radiant with delight, as she bore in the vase with the rose-tree in it.

"Oh! see, mother, see! Here is one in full bloom, and two more half out, and ever so many more pretty buds peeping out of the green leaves."

The poor woman's face brightened as she looked, first on the rose, and then on her sickly child, on whose face she had not seen so bright a color for months.

"God bless her!" she exclaimed unconsciously.

"Miss Florence—yes, I knew you would feel so, mother. Does it not make your head feel better to see such a beautiful flower? Now, you will not look so longingly at the flowers in the market, for we have a rose that is handsomer than any of them. Why, it seems to me it is worth as much to us as our whole little garden used to be. Only see how many buds there are! Just count them; and only smell the flower! Now, where shall we set it up?" And Mary skipped about, placing her flower first in one position and then in another, and walking off to see the effect, till her mother gently reminded her that the rose-tree could not preserve its beauty without sunlight.

"Oh yes, truly," said Mary; "well, then, it must be placed here on our new stand. How glad I am that we have such a handsome new stand for it; it will look so much better." And Mrs. Stephens laid down her work, and folded a piece of newspaper, on which the treasure was duly deposited.

"There," said Mary, watching the arrangement eagerly, "that will do—no, for it does not show both the opening buds; a little farther round—a little more; there, that is right;" and then Mary walked around to view the rose in various positions, after which she urged her mother to go with her to the outside, and see how it looked there. "How kind it was in Miss Florence to think of giving this to us," said Mary; "though she had done so much for us, and given us so many things, yet this seems the best of all, because it seems as if she thought of us, and knew just how we felt; and so few do that, you know, mother."

What a bright afternoon that little gift made in that little room. How much faster Mary's fingers flew the livelong day as she sat sewing by her mother; and Mrs. Stephens, in the happiness of her child, almost forgot that she had a headache, and thought, as she sipped her evening cup of tea, that she felt stronger than she had done for some time.

That rose! its sweet influence died not with the first day. Through all the long cold winter, the watching, tending, cherishing that flower, awakened a thousand pleasant trains of thought, that beguiled the sameness and weariness of her life. Every day the fair growing thing put forth some fresh beauty—a leaf, a bud, a new shoot—and constantly awakened fresh enjoyment in its possessors. As it stood in the window, the passer-by would sometimes stop and gaze, attracted by its beauty, and then proud and happy was Mary; nor did even the serious and careworn widow notice with indifference this tribute to the beauty of their favorite.

But little did Florence think, when she bestowed the gift, that there twined about it an invisible thread that reached far and brightly into the web of her destiny.

One cold afternoon in early spring, a tall and graceful gentleman called at the lowly room to pay for the making of some linen by the inmates. He was a stranger and wayfarer, recommended through the charity of some of Mrs. Stephens' patrons. As

he turned to go, his eye rested admiringly on the rose-tree, and he stopped to gaze at it.

"How beautiful!" said he.

"Yes," said little Mary, "and it was given to us by a lady as sweet and beautiful as that is."

"Ah," said the stranger, turning upon her a pair of bright dark eyes, pleased and rather struck by the communication; "and how came she to give it to you, my little girl?" "Oh, because we are poor, and mother is sick, and we never can have anything pretty. We used to have a garden once, and we loved flowers so much, and Miss Florence found it out, and so she gave us this."

"Florence!" echoed the stranger.

"Yes—Miss Florence l'Estrange—a beautiful lady. They say she was from foreign parts; but she speaks English just like other ladies, only sweeter."

"Is she here now? is she in this city?" said the gentleman eagerly. "No; she left some months ago," said the widow, noticing the shade of disappointment on his face; "but," said she, "you can find out all about her at her aunt's, Mrs. Carlyle's, No. 10 — street."

A short time after, Florence received a letter in a hand-writing that made her tremble. During the many early years of her life spent in France, she had well learned to know *that* writing. This letter told that *he* was living, that he had traced her, even as a hidden streamlet may be traced, by the freshness, the verdure of heart, which her deeds of kindness had left wherever she had passed. Thus much said, our readers need no help in finishing my story for themselves.

From the Athenæum.

#### SONG OF THE GERMAN WEAVER.

THOSE of our readers who have travelled in that beautiful part of Germany called the Saxon Switzerland, and thence onward through Silesia to the Riesen Gebirge, will have knowledge not only of the character of the country, but of its industrious people, living not in towns, but, as it were, in one continuous village along the bottoms of the valleys, following the course of a river or rivulet. They will remember the houses, half built of wood, and gaily painted red, and green, and yellow, like so many Mrs. Jarley's caravans standing in the sunshine; and they will remember, too, all the webs of linen-thread which lay on the hill sides bleaching, and all the looms that they heard at work within the houses. They will remember that in these gay, straggling brookside villages, is made all the beautiful damask table-linen which has been their admiration at the hotels and in private houses half over Europe. As they passed through this region of German weavers, they, no doubt, have thought of our own weavers in Manchester and Glasgow, living in dens of poverty, working sixteen hours a day, and hardly seeing God's sunshine, and to their fancies these Silesian villages seemed bits of Arcadian life. The prosperity of that region, however, is with the things that were—times are altered, even there; political changes and restrictions, principally perhaps the closing of the market which they had for their goods in Russia and Poland, has brought down the curse of the bitterest poverty and want on these industrious people. The hand-loom weavers of Lancashire are not suffering more severe want than they.

Our own Hood wrote "The Song of the Shirt," like a knell sounding from the depths of despair to call up human kindness in human hearts, and the German poet Freiligrath, one of the noblest-hearted

men and finest poets of Germany, has written, too, his poem from the mountains of Silesia, which is a worthy pendant to Hood's song. The following is a translation, by Mary Howitt, of Freilgrath's poem, but which we must first premise with a word or two of explanation.—Rübezahl, familiar to our readers as Number-nip, had his haunt among the Riesen Gebirge, and was the especial friend and patron of the poor. The legend of Rübezahl is one of the most touching and beautiful of the German popular stories :—

*From the Mountains of Silesia.*

Green grow the budding blackberry hedges ;  
What joy! a violet meets my quest!  
The blackbird seeks the last year's sedges,  
The chaffinch also builds her nest.  
The snow has from each place receded,  
Alone is white the mountain's brow ;  
I from my home have stolen unheeded ;  
This is the place—I'll venture now ;  
Rübezahl!

Hears he my call? I'll boldly face him!  
He is not bad! Upon this rock  
My pack of linen I will place him—  
It is a right-good, heavy stock!  
And fine! yes, I'll uphold it ever,  
I'll th' dale no better's wove at all—  
He shows himself to mortal never!  
So courage, heart! once more I call ;  
Rübezahl!

No sound! Into the wood I hasted,  
That he might help us, hard bested!  
My mother's cheeks so wan and wasted—  
Within the house no crumb of bread!  
To market, cursing, went my father—  
Might he but there a buyer meet!  
With Rübezahl I'll venture rather—  
Him for the third time I entreat!  
Rübezahl!

For he so kindly helped a many,—  
My grandmother oft to me has told ;  
Yes, gave poor folks a good-luck penny  
Whose woe was undeserved, of old!  
So here I sped, my heart beats lightly,  
My goods are justly measured all!  
I will not beg,—will sell uprightly!  
Oh, that he *would* come! Rübezahl!  
Rübezahl!

If this small pack should take his fancy,  
Perhaps he'd order more to come!  
I should be pleased! Ah, there is plenty  
As beautiful as this, at home!  
Suppose he took it every piece!  
Ah, would his choice on this might fall!  
What's pawned I would myself release—  
That would be glorious! Rübezahl!  
Rübezahl!

I'd enter then our small room gaily,  
And cry, "Here, father's gold in store!"  
He'd curse not; that he wove us daily  
A hunger-web, would say no more!  
Then, then, again would smile my mother,  
And serve a plenteous meal to all;  
Then would huzza each little brother—  
Oh, that he *would* come! Rübezahl!  
Rübezahl!

Thus spake the little weaver lonely,  
Thus stood and cried he, weak and pale.  
In vain! the casual raven only  
Flew o'er the old gnome-haunted dale.

Thus stood he, whilst the hours passed slowly,  
Till the night-shadows dimmed the glen,  
And with white quivering lips, said lowly,  
Amid his tears, yet once again,  
"Rübezahl!"

Then softly from the green-wood turning  
He trembled, sighed, took up his pack,  
And to the unassuaged mourning  
Of his poor home went slowly back.  
Oft paused he by the way, heart-aching,  
Feeble, and by his burden bowed.  
—Methinks the famished father's making  
For that poor youth, even now, a shroud!  
Rübezahl!

THE DUKEDOM OF SUSSEX.

A committee for privileges of the House of Lords sat on Thursday morning, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair, to consider the claim of Sir Augustus Frederick D'Este to the rank, title, and honors of his late father, the Duke of Sussex, Earl of Inverness, and Baron Arklow.

The committee was numerously attended. The Lord Chancellor and all the law lords were present; and the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Justices Williams, Patteson, Coltman, and Cresswell, and Baron Parke were also present, having been summoned to assist their lordships.

The counsel for the claimant were Sir T. Wilde, Mr. Erle, and Mr. Wilde; and the case was watched on the part of the Crown by the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, and Mr. Waddington. We sincerely regret to say that the Attorney-General appeared to be still very weak and suffering.

Sir Thomas Wilde said that he appeared at their lordships' bar to present to their consideration the grounds on which Sir Augustus D'Este claimed to succeed his late father as Duke of Sussex. He had presented to her Majesty his humble memorial praying that he might be declared entitled to the succession, and it had been her Majesty's pleasure to refer this memorial to their lordships' consideration. The claimant would prove beyond all doubt that he was the son of his late Royal Highness. There would be no difficulty about that. Nor, it was hoped, would there be any in establishing his claim as the legitimate descendant of his father. He anticipated that the real question, which their lordships would have to consider would be that which related to the construction and effect of an act of Parliament, the 12th Geo. III., commonly called the Royal Marriage Act. It was with no small degree of confidence that he looked to their lordships for a declaration of their opinion that that statute did not apply to the case of this claimant.

The points that he should have to establish were—first, the fact of the marriage, which took place at Rome on the 4th of April, 1793, and of which he apprehended there would be no doubt; next, that that was a valid marriage, independently of the Royal Marriage Act; and lastly, that it was a valid marriage notwithstanding that act. He should, before discussing these points, state the circumstances under which the marriage took place.

Their lordships knew that Prince Augustus, the son of George III., was sent abroad at the early age of thirteen. It would appear, from the course of his education, and the period of his absence,

that it was intended that he should be domiciled abroad, and become an inhabitant of other dominions of his Majesty rather than that he should live in England. He was sent to the University of Gottingen in his thirteenth year, and remained there till he was twenty. At that age his health was much affected, he had become subject to asthma. It was supposed that his growth had been beyond his strength, and that it was necessary he should go to Italy, to try the effect of a warmer climate. He arrived there at the end of 1792. The arrival of a young and accomplished English prince at Rome would, of course, create a great sensation, which was not likely to suffer any diminution when his manners and accomplishments became known in society there. He was very gladly received in all society. Lady Dunmore was at that time at Rome with her two daughters, Lady Augusta and Lady Virginia Murray. Lady Augusta, especially, possessed very considerable personal attractions, and her other merits were worthy of her rank, her sex, and her station. The Prince became warmly attached to her. She did not at first favor this attachment. She was aware that any connection with a family, however high and honorable, but which was not royal, was not likely to meet with approbation. He himself struggled with his passion, but the struggle threatened to be fatal to him—he abstained from food, and intimated his resolution to marry or to die. His attachment and his offers were studiously concealed from Lady Dunmore, but the prince and Lady Augusta met as often as they possibly could without attracting observation. At last he pressed for marriage in the most urgent manner. She was six or seven years older than he, and she acted a most honorable part. Though she was not insensible to the merits of his Royal Highness, though she must have been impressed with his attachment—though these circumstances would naturally induce on her part a strong feeling of regard towards him, yet she felt that it was necessary for her to resist her own feelings, and to assist him in repressing the indulgence of his own wishes. But parleying on such occasions never did much good. Where an ardent attachment existed, in proportion as the object of it showed magnanimity and generosity, in that same proportion was the passion of the other party excited and inflamed. Thus every appeal made by Lady Augusta to the prudence of the prince, every attempt to induce him to impose a restraint on his own wishes, only increased the ardent repetition of his own entreaties. At last she gave way, and both seemed to have formed a determination to marry.

It would be proved to their lordships that neither of these young people had at the time the slightest idea of the Royal Marriage Act. The only difficulty that they anticipated was in the possibility of the royal displeasure. It even seemed that the prince imagined that when he was twenty-one there would be no difficulty in his marrying in England or elsewhere, and his object was to procure a marriage at Rome, so as to secure to himself for life this lady, in whom his happiness was centred. That object was with him one of paramount importance—he would have sacrificed anything to it. He was a man of too much honor and of too high feeling to entertain for a moment the intention of attempting to possess Lady Augusta upon any terms but those of marriage. To that purpose he thought there was no objection but in the possible opposition of the king; and he thought

that a marriage at Rome, would place him beyond the power of his Majesty's resentment; and he hoped that, that having taken place, he should be able, when he came to England, to conciliate the king, and then he intended publicly to celebrate the marriage, and thus reconcile his duty with his wishes. This accounted for a promise which some of the evidence would show he had made, never to disclose the name of the clergyman who had married them. He thought that, in fact, he should be permitted to have this second marriage, if he could have a private one performed at Rome. The prince applied to the priests of the Roman Catholic Church to celebrate this marriage, but they declined to do so. It happened that there were at that time very few Protestants at Rome. Mr. Gunn was there. He was a clergyman of the Church of England, and was there on some private business—he was employed on a search after the Stuart papers, and this introduced him to his Royal Highness. Mr. Gunn felt that it would be an imprudent act on the part of the prince; and when, therefore, he was asked to perform the ceremony, he refused for some time, but at last he yielded. The parties met at the residence of Lady Dunmore, taking advantage of an opportunity when that lady was absent. Mr. Gunn was made to call on Lady Augusta. She received him, and, while they were in conversation, the prince came forward, and the two young persons importuned Mr. Gunn to perform the ceremony. He did celebrate it according to the rubric of the Church of England. Everything which could render the marriage valid in that way was performed; and nothing, so far as form went, was wanting to give it force and validity. After a few months the prince was recalled to England. The lady and her family were likewise about to return hither, and on their road they met at Florence. The consequences of the intercourse between them had then begun to manifest itself. The lady was unwell, a medical man was called in, and at Florence, in order to prevent her from being treated in a manner which her case did not really require, the truth was confessed, and then, for the first time, her mother became acquainted with her marriage. They came to England in September or October, 1793. The prince went to his own family, and she remained with hers. From the first he had been extremely desirous that no question should be raised as to the legitimacy of the child, but he knew the pledge of secrecy which he had given to Mr. Gunn at Rome, and he was desirous of keeping that pledge. But, when the condition of the lady rendered it necessary that some step should be taken, the prince caused the bans of marriage to be published in the church of St. George, Hanover-square. They were published in the names of Augustus Frederick and Augusta Murray, names which did not attract attention, and no one knew of the marriage which was intended to take place, and which did take place shortly afterwards. It was impossible to say at what time the king was informed of the matter; but it appeared that very shortly afterwards a nobleman, having occasion to search the registry of marriages in that church, saw the names and handwriting, and immediately afterwards the king became acquainted with the fact of the marriage. The fact of the king's knowledge did not appear to have been communicated to the prince, for he was shortly afterwards ordered abroad, where he remained for some years, and it was not till after his departure, and after some severe proceedings

had been adopted towards the lady, that the fact of the king's knowledge of the matter was ascertained. Some time afterwards the prince was taken ill at Berlin, and the lady went thither to attend her husband. There was some difficulty in her getting a passport, and at last she obtained one in a feigned name, and departed to discharge her conjugal duties. After she had been there a short time she was required to quit Berlin, and she returned to this country. The prince afterwards returned to this country, and he then lived with her for some little time in a house which he occupied in Lower Grosvenor-street. During this time his communications with the Royal Family were not satisfactory, and he quitted England. From that time they never met again.

In the first instance the prince had left England at so early an age that he could have had no knowledge of the virtues or the firmness of his father, and thought, when about to marry, that his father would relent; but he knew from history what the character of that father was, and, in fact, he positively resisted, from the beginning, anything like a concession or a consent. Some years had passed away when, after this residence in Lower Grosvenor-street, the prince again quitted England. In the mean time his brothers had received titles and provision for their maintenance; he alone was kept in a state of extreme depression. Separated from his wife, from his family, oppressed with absolute poverty, he suffered dearly for the imprudence he had committed. His wife for some time suffered similar evils, and the consequences were such as might naturally have been anticipated. The lady became perhaps a little impatient under her sufferings. Wants and wishes had been excited in her which could not be gratified. In England she had, for the first time, become aware of that act of Parliament, which appeared the more to be feared from the obscurity of the terms in which it was couched, subjecting, as it did, the persons who violated its provisions to all the consequences of a *præmunire*—a word which, to those who did not understand it, appeared to threaten them with transportation. Complaints of her wants and privations were made to him, and, perhaps, appearing to him unreasonable, as these wants and privations were inevitable, produced by degrees in his mind an altered state of things. Letters of disappointment, possibly of reproach, followed. She was not aware of the efforts made by him to do her justice; and all this led to alienation of feeling between them; and having separated in full warmth of feeling, believing that their happiness depended on each other, they never again met.

Some time afterwards proposals were forwarded to her through Lord Grenville, to settle £4,000 a year on her on certain conditions, such as giving up the royal livery; and the lady, smarting under the circumstances already detailed, accepted these proposals. The claimant, however, was then, and always had been, the object of his father's affection, who addressed him in terms of as warm affection as were ever used by parent towards his children. The prince, too, desired that the son should succeed to all his honors. In his will, where he made the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and the Duke of York, his executors, he urged them in the strongest manner to maintain the interests and rights of his son; and, even after being fully made acquainted with the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act, the prince still asserted the legitimacy of his son, and looked on him as

entitled to succeed to his own titles and honors. The influence of the royal character was predominant in these affairs, and the separation produced in this way became permanent.

The claimant grew up; he thought he had claims on his father to bring the question of his rights to an issue; but the prince had the most marked aversion to a public discussion of the matter during his life. His son did not sympathize with this feeling; and, when he saw his father becoming more and more infirm, and the clergyman who had celebrated the marriage dropping into the vale of years, he pressed the matter on his father, perhaps, a little too urgently for his father's pleasure. He at length filed a bill in Chancery, in order to obtain an examination of witnesses, and so to perpetuate testimony; but this bill could, by the rules of law, have no legal effect; his hope was that his father would have yielded to it. But the Duke of Sussex refused to be examined, on the ground that by such examination he might render himself liable to the penalties of the Royal Marriage Act. The clergyman refused in the same manner, and, as the law could not force the examination, none took place. He ought here to mention that another child had been born after the lady's visit to Berlin. The marriage had, as a fact, never been doubted, and the evidence that still remained would establish it. He should not read to their lordships any of the letters which preceded the contract of marriage. They were, like other letters, remarkable for the warmth of expressions of affection. The *sponsalia*, or contract, consisted of a paper signed by the prince and Lady Augusta. It was in the prince's own handwriting, and was in these terms:

"As this paper is to contain the mutual promise of marriage between Augustus Frederick and Augusta Murray, our mutual names must be put here by us both, and kept in my possession; it is a promise neither of us can break, and is made before God our Creator and all-merciful Father.

"On my knees before God, our Creator, I, Augustus Frederick, promise thee, Augusta Murray, and swear upon the Bible, as I hope for salvation in the world to come, that I will take thee, Augusta Murray, for my wife, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part; to love but thee only, and none other; and may God forget me if I ever forget thee. The Lord's name be praised. So bless me, so bless us, O God; and with my handwriting do I, Augustus Frederick, this sign, March the 21st, 1793, at Rome, and put my seal to it, and my name.

(L.S.)

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.

"(Completed at Rome, April 4th, 1793.)"

"March 21st, 1793, Rome.

"On my knees before God, my Creator, I, Augusta Murray, promise and swear upon the Bible, as I hope for salvation in the world to come, to take thee, Augustus Frederick, for my husband; for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer; in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part. So bless my God, and sign this. AUGUSTA MURRAY."

The expression "completed at Rome" meant "married," or that the contract was completed by marriage, for in a counterpart of this document kept by the lady the word was not "completed," but "married." The letters he should now read would sustain the statements he had made relative to the difficulty of getting a priest to celebrate the marriage. The first was dated March 26, 1793, and in these terms:



"Do, my dearest Augusta, trust me: I never will abuse the confidence you put in me, and more and more will endeavor to deserve it. I only wait for your orders to speak to Mr. Gunn. Say only that you wish me to do it, and I will hasten to get a positive answer. See, my soul, it only depends upon you to speak; thy Augustus thou wilt find ready as at all times to serve you. He thinks, he dreams of nothing but to make thee happy. Can he not succeed in this, all his hopes are gone; life will be nothing to him; he will pass the day in one constant melancholy, wishing them soon to conclude, and finding every one longer than the other. Indeed, my Augusta, that cannot be the case; my solemn oath is given, and that can never be recalled.

"I am yours, my soul, ever yours,

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"Have you wrote to me, my soul, since dinner? Have you told me what I ought to know? Has the Abbé been with you? He must bring good news."

Her answer was in these terms:

"Again I have confidence—again I have trust in our future endeavors. Forgive me, my treasure, my soul's joy, for having given you a moment's uneasiness by my past anxieties; but I agree with you, my beloved prince. I think Mr. Gunn ought not to be spoken to but as the last extremity. The Abbé is employed busily about finding among the Greeks or *Americans* a pasteur or patriarche, and this evening he comes to tell me what has been the end of his researches."

The learned counsel here read some other letters in a similar strain. On the 4th of April some serious doubts appear to have arisen, and the prince wrote on that day the following letter:

"Will you allow me to come this evening? It is my only hope: oh, let me come, and we will send for Gunn. Everything but this is hateful to me; more than forty-eight hours have I passed without the smallest nourishment. Oh, let me not live so. Death is certainly better than this, which, if in forty-eight hours it has not taken place, must follow; for by all that is holy till when I am married I will eat nothing, and if I am not to be married the promise shall die with me! I am resolute; nothing in the world shall alter my determination. If Gunn will not marry me I will die." \* \* \*

On the same day she wrote in answer thus:

"My treasure, my dearest life and love, how can I refuse you? and yet dare I trust to the happiness your letter promises me? You shall come if you wish it; you shall do as you like; my whole soul rejoices in the assurances of your love, and to your exertions I will trust. I will send to (—), but I fear the badness of the night will prevent his coming. My mother has ordered her carriage at past seven, and will not, I fear, be out before the half hour after. To be yours to-night seems a dream that I cannot make out; the whole day have I been plunged in misery, and now to awake to joy is a felicity that is beyond my ideas of bliss. I doubt its success; but do as you will; I am what you will; your will must be mine; and no will can ever be dearer to me—more mine than that of my Augustus—my lover, my all. Don't be angry at my not adding my husband. I cannot any more say this till marriage sanctions it. Forgive my doubts—my fears. They are excusable in Augusta."

On the same day she wrote the following letter to Mr. Gunn:

"Dear Sir,—After you have been with the prince I shall be very happy to see you. My mother does not go out till near nine, so if you can come at nine

we will drink tea together, and talk over our misfortunes. I am, dear Mr. Gunn, your much obliged humble servant.

"A. M."

And then this:

"Dear Sir,—I cannot help thanking you very much for the goodness you have shown, and I feel very grateful for your having yielded to our wishes in opposition to your first determination; but still I should like to speak to you to-morrow if you can conveniently call. I am sure I shall be at home, and alone, at any time between twelve and two. I am, dear sir, your ever obliged and humble servant.

"Thursday night."

"A. M."

These letters came from Mr. Gunn's executors, and the second was indorsed by him as being written after the marriage. It appeared that they kept a journal, in which were recorded their transactions and their feelings. One extract, dated on the day of the marriage, was in these terms:

"A bright sunshine of hope blazed upon me yesterday, but the darkest ray of despair succeeded it. I return thee, oh prince, thy promises, thy oaths: if love does not make you mine, I scorn all other claims. I am extremely wretched, but I must submit to inevitable destiny. How that destiny changed at night, dare I tell? Oh, my God and my Lord, let me remember this awful day; let me remember the new, the dear duties it imposes on me. At night my lover and my prince came; then came a clergyman. Oh day, ever sacred to my memory! Oh moment, that I must record with letters of gold; you are written on the tablets of my heart; you have changed my destiny; this morning, wretched and forlorn; this evening, the happy wife of the most amiable, the most honorable among men. Teach me, O Lord, to deserve the favors you lavish upon me, and grant that I may ever have reason to bless this day."

After the marriage they appeared to have exchanged letters, which he should now read, and which were in these terms. The first was written by the lady, the other by the prince:

"My dearest and now really adored husband! you are but this moment gone—the sacred words I have heard still vibrating in my ears—still reaching my heart. Oh, my prince, my lover! and now indeed my husband, how I bless the dear man who has made me yours. What a precious, what a holy ceremony; how solemn the charges; how dear, and yet how awful. Do you feel happy, my only love? Tell me you do, that I may bless my destiny. To be your wife is the summit of my wishes; I have attained that summit; but if my loved, my adored husband has one moment of regret my happiness is fled, and despair returns. But do I talk of despair when joy ought to be my only theme—when it fills my whole soul?

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow morning, my only beloved! Will you write to your wife? Will you tell her how you have gotten home, and whether the coming out has given you cold?

"Your dear note is just arrived, my dearest husband! I will observe all you tell me, and assure you I feel happier than words can express."

"Wife! dearest of all beings! my dearest Augusta! what happiness, what comfort to my wounded heart, to find all sorrow vanished from it; yes, my soul, to feel what inclination, the dearest inclination, joined to duty, has done. We have made a hard promise to Gunn, a very hard one indeed; but what would we not have done for to have obtained the highest blessing—that of never being separated, our conscience free. Does my Gussy know that she can

no more have a will of her own, that she will and must be strictly guided by me? Oh yes, that the dearest creature knows; how rigidly we must observe what we swore to Gunn. Gratitude demands this; and, though a trial, we shall enjoy everything better afterwards.

"I may say at least Gunn has made us make a dreadful promise, and we must keep it. This is hard—much more so than we think; but a trial for to reap so much blessings from is just; and though at times we shall be sorry for having made it, yet comfort ourselves we have made a great acquisition."

On the 15th of September, 1799, the prince made his will, in terms which left no doubt as to what he thought of his own marriage and his son's legitimacy. This was an extract from it:

"I think it requisite and just for me to declare in this my last will that I was solemnly and duly married to Lady Augusta Murray, (second daughter of the Earl of Dunmore,) on the 4th day of April, 1793, at the city of Rome, and in the inn commonly known by the name of Sarmiento, where my aforesaid wife then resided with her mother, Lady Dunmore, and her sister, Dady Virginia Murray; and also that, for greater security, and not from apprehension of the first being insufficient, I again performed the ceremony of marriage with my said wife at the parish church of St. George, Hanover-square, in the county of Middlesex, by virtue of bans published in the said church on the 5th day of December, in the year of our Lord, 1793; and that, notwithstanding a decree has since passed the Court of Doctors' Commons to declare my marriage unlawful and void, yet I feel myself still not less bound by every obligation of law, conscience, and honor, to consider her as my lawful and undoubted wife in every respect as if that decree had never taken place. And that I consider and ever shall acknowledge our son Augustus Frederick, who was born after both these marriages, as my true, legitimate, and lawful son."

In another will, made in 1800, he appointed the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York as his executors, and entreated them to maintain the just rights of his son. He wrote on the same subject to various persons of influence, and took every means short of that open public avowal, which, if then made, would have superseded the necessity of the present proceeding. Such were the means he took to assert his marriage. There were now but few persons alive who had taken part in these transactions. The only person of the family now alive was Lady Virginia Murray, now residing in Paris, who would come here as a witness should their lordships deem her attendance necessary, but who could only prove the secrecy which had been observed by the prince and her sister respecting the whole affair, till the circumstances he had already mentioned had rendered a disclosure necessary and inevitable. The facts he had stated were, he thought, sufficient to establish the fact of a marriage.

This, then, brought him to the statute. There were now two questions to be considered: first, whether, supposing the marriage made at Rome, under circumstances like these, was held to be a marriage of the claimant's parents, this act contained anything which would render a marriage that was otherwise perfectly valid of no value whatever, and make the offspring, who would otherwise be legitimate, merely bastard. But he should not argue that point till he had made some observations on the statute; for, if the statute could render it null, it would be of little importance

that it was in other respects valid and binding. In arguing on the statute, he must assume the marriage to be in other respects a good and lawful marriage. Assuming that he came to the question whether it was void by reason of this act of Parliament, one of the parties to it being, within the words of the act, a descendant of George II., was this act confined to marriages contracted in England, or in British territories, or did it prohibit British subjects from marrying anywhere, or under any form, without first obtaining the consent required by its provisions? He contended that its effect must be confined to this country, and to marriages contracted within the British territories, and that the ordinary rules of construction, would so confine it. Such, he was sure, would be the conclusion of their lordships when its history was considered. The act was passed in the summer of 1773. In the previous year the marriages of the king's brothers, the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, had been made public. The children of the king were too young at that time to require such a statute for their protection. The act was rather an expression of the royal displeasure against the king's brothers, than anything else. It was passed with extreme rapidity—it might be doubted whether it was consistent, either with regard to policy or religion, and on the face of it little consideration was shown either for principles or details. It was passed after a short but vigorous opposition, and was adopted amidst the protests of many noble lords. The Marriage Act of George II. had been considered by the courts as an act creating disabilities, and, therefore, to be strictly construed; the Royal Marriage Act much more truly deserved that character, and required the application of that rule of construction. It was indefinite both as to the persons to be affected by it, and the time during which it should operate upon them. It interfered with that which was most sacred in its nature, and most necessary to a man's happiness and to the good of society, and it professed to hand over to one person the choice of that which was dearest to man, though the person thus intrusted with the choice might have no one sympathy with the person for whom he was to choose. The first objection to the act in point of law was, that there was no period during which its provisions were restricted in their operation—it would operate on the descendants of George II. forever. If all the children of George III. had families as numerous as his own, the multiplication of persons on whom the act was to operate would have become ridiculous. If the public interests required such a restriction, the public ought to provide for the persons on whom the restriction was placed, for even the most remote descendants of George II. were affected by its operation. The circumstance alone showed the sort of rules of construction that ought to be applied to such an act. This act was uncertain as to time, place, and persons, and its value and general expressions could not be assisted by the doctrine of implication. In order to enforce this act, their lordships must abandon all the ordinary rules of construction, and guess at possible intentions.

Lord Campbell: You do not go so far as some of the lords who dissented from the bill, and declared that it was against the constitution, and though passed in Parliament could not have the force of law.

Sir T. Wilde never went to that length, when the Parliament which made the law possessed the

power to enforce it. It might be unholy, irreligious, and bad, but still it was law. What were its terms? He would read the whole of it, and then comment on its provisions.

[The learned counsel here read the act. The two chief clauses are these:]

"Be it enacted that no descendant of the body of his late Majesty King George the Second, male or female, (other than the issue of princesses who have married, or may hereafter marry, into foreign families,) shall be capable of contracting matrimony without the previous consent of his Majesty, his heirs or successors, signified under the great seal, and declared in council; and that every marriage, or matrimonial contract, of any such descendant, without such consent first had and obtained, shall be null and void, to all intents and purposes whatever.

"2. Provided always, and be it enacted, that in case any such descendant of the body of his late Majesty King George II., being above the age of twenty-five years, shall persist in his or her resolution to contract a marriage disapproved of, or dissented from, by the king, his heirs or successors, that then such descendant, upon giving notice to the king's Privy Council, which notice is hereby directed to be entered in the books thereof, may, at any time from the expiration of twelve calendar months after such notice given to the privy council as aforesaid, contract such marriage; and his or her marriage with the person before proposed and rejected may be duly solemnized without the previous consent of his Majesty, his heirs or successors; and such marriage shall be good, as if this act had never been made, unless both Houses of Parliament shall, before the expiration of the said twelve months, expressly declare their disapprobation of such intended marriage."

[A third clause subjected all parties concerned in the marriage to the penalties of premunire.]

Sir T. Wilde, having concluded reading the act, continued:—In this act there was no limitation on the power of the crown; and the fancied power of the party to give notice under the second clause might be forever prevented by the simple delay of the crown to express any dissent. Then again, the issue of princesses marrying into foreign families were excepted from the operation of the act. Why, that would have excluded the issue of Princess Charlotte, and perhaps even the issue of her present Majesty, for both were princesses who married into foreign families, unless, indeed, the fact that her Majesty had come to the throne before her marriage prevented the act from applying to her. The fact that such a question might be raised on the act showed how loosely its provisions were drawn, and how rigidly it ought to be construed, if it was not to be turned into means of defeating the principles, as well as impeding the practice, of the law of England. The act, it would be said, created a personal incapacity. But for that very reason it must be strictly construed. Now, its effect must in some measure be judged by the means of enforcing it. It created not only an incapacity, but a crime, one punishable by a premunire; in other words, by forfeiture of goods and imprisonment. But how was this premunire to be enforced? How could an offence against the laws of this country be committed by persons beyond the seas, unless the act creating the offence declared that it might be committed by such persons? In all other cases that rule of construction applied. No crime declared to be such by our law could be tried in this country if committed abroad, unless the law distinctly declared

that it should be so tried, and settled how it should be tried. In foreign states a marriage good by the laws of those states was recognized as good here. Such was a principle of law, existing not here alone, but throughout the civilized world. The marriage in this case was not good by the law of the place where it was celebrated. He should not repeat his arguments, that no statute of this country could affect British subjects in foreign states, without expressly declaring that the Legislature intended so to affect them. But such was the rule; and the cases of the laws against slavery and against usury were instances strikingly in point upon this subject. The learned counsel here proceeded to refer to several legal authorities in support of his arguments, and concluded by observing that he hoped, upon a review of the circumstances of this case, that their lordships would be of opinion that there was nothing to deprive the claimant of those honors to which he was, in justice at least, so fully entitled. He trusted that their lordships would consider the act of Parliament as one which, imposing liabilities, required, according to the ordinary rules of law, to be strictly construed, and as one the provisions of which could not be implicitly extended to cases for which it did not contain any express enactments. He should not stay to consider what might be the consequences of a contrary construction—what fearful events might arise from it—how it might even give rise to all the horrors of a disputed succession, and bring on the country all those evils which it had so long been our happiness to avoid. He simply asked their lordships to act on the ordinary rules of law—on those rules which had been found the best security for our lives and property, and, if they did so, he felt confident that they would in the end advise her Majesty to award to the claimant those honors to which he was justly entitled.

The further hearing of the case was adjourned *sine die*.

From the Athenæum.

*Western Barbary: its Wild Tribes, and Savage Animals.* By J. H. DRUMMOND HAY, Esq. Murray.

HERE is a fresh and pleasant volume,—we need not say cheap, seeing that it forms the ninth of Mr. Murray's *Colonial and Home Library*. It consists of notes made by the son of H. M. Consul-General at Tangier, on a journey into the interior: the object of which was to purchase for Her Majesty "a barb of the purest blood." Mr. Hay failed in his mission, but succeeded in collecting materials for an interesting work—as we hope to prove: premising, in the way of duty, that the perpetual flourish of his style, however accordant with a land where tale-tellers, and serpent-charmers, and holy madmen, and dervishes are as rife as they were in the days of Maugraby or Prince Camaralzaman, becomes occasionally a little wearisome. Modern Arabesque is too often a failure, and Mr. Borrow's gipsy narratives are, perhaps, the one exception which proves the rule.

Every page (to be sure the *Colonial Library's* pages are substantial and double-columned) contains its picture. The very departure from Tan-

gier city may be hereafter stolen by way of opening for a romance :—

"As we passed through the *Sok Ssare*, (the little market place,) groups of tall Reefians, enveloped in their haiks or hooded *gelab*, the long mountain-dagger slung by their side, their heads bare and closely shaved, with the exception of a long lock hanging wildly on their shoulders, were resting on their *Agarzen*, or Moorish hoes, waiting for hire; whilst every now and then there passed by with measured steps a Taleb, (Moorish scribe,) returning from his matins in the great mosque, the living image of those 'who enlarged the borders of their garments, and loved greetings in the market-place.' We passed the Upper Fountain, where black slaves were screaming and squabbling as to who should first fill their antique-looking jars; whilst the Jew, the slave of slaves, waited humbly until his acknowledged superiors of Islam were satisfied. As we reached the gates of the town, old Hamed Ben Khajjo, the porter, made his appearance. In one hand he carried a ponderous bunch of ancient-looking keys; in the other a rosary, which he continued to finger, muttering away, as he counted his beads, some of the ninety-nine epithets of the Deity—"O Giver of good to all! O Creator!" And then another bead; and then a curse on the great-great-grandfathers of the crowd, who pressed upon him. The heavy half-rotten gates, covered in part with camel skin, much of which had been devoutly cut off for charms or medicinal purposes, swung back groaning on their hinges, and we passed out."

Then came the characters engaged in the adventure: the soldier and sole escort, Malleem Ahmed, mounted on a strong chestnut horse, with a flowing haik and a soolham of blue cloth, a tall red Moorish cap, and a pair of "dandily worked yellow boots with terrific spurs;" talkative Hadj Abdallah, with his black *gelab*, and the long Reefian knife stuck in his girdle, a sheikh of probity, and excellently skilled in the points of a horse; Sharky, "cook, butler, and slut" to the expedition; and Don José M. Escazena, the best of travelling companions and an accomplished sketcher. The road was over the hill of *Baharein*, or Two Seas; not easy to travel, but well beguiled with stories. Mr. Hay, indeed, takes more than the usual allowance of "yarn" to every *knot*. Hardly has he reached the top of the mountain which commands a view of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic (whence its name,) than he is encountered by Hadj Amar, armed with a peaceful bowl of milk, and the two start off in the "*Do-you-remember*" style of Act the First. But the reader need not fear detention over these episodal narratives, spirited though some of them be, since we propose to glean among the realities, before meddling with the wonderful tales which he gathered "on the rough road, and never thought it long." Skipping then, at once, the Hadj's story of Alee Boufrahee, the famous Barbary thief, we shall allow Mr. Hay to continue :—

"I interrupted our new acquaintance in his story, to point out to my Spanish friend some Moors thrashing corn. Mares with their colts tied

abreast by the head or neck are used for this work. One man stands in the middle holding the reins, whilst another shouts and applies the whip or goad when necessary. Mules and donkeys are employed in bringing the sheaves. The country folk are dressed in light woollen shirts, their arms and legs bare; a red cap or small turban covers the head; their shoes are religiously left at the margin of the thrashing-floor, it being regarded as holy ground by all the children of the East. I remarked that they carefully avoid making any calculation of the produce of their harvest, and are offended if you question them as to their expectations, checking you by the grave reply—"As God may please." There is a curious custom which seems to be a relic of their pagan masters, who made this and the adjoining regions of North Africa the main granary of their Latin empire. When the young corn has sprung up, which it does about the middle of February, the women of the villages make up the figure of a female, the size of a very large doll, which they dress in the gaudiest fashion they can contrive, covering it with ornaments to which all in the village contribute something; and they give it a tall peaked head-dress. This image they carry in procession round their fields, screaming and singing a peculiar ditty. The doll is borne by the foremost woman, who must yield it to any one who is quick enough to take the lead of her; which is the cause of much racing and squabbling. The men also have a similar custom, which they perform on horseback. They call the image *Mata*."

We have met something like this manikin elsewhere, and remember, at the moment, the stuffed figure which is tossed about by the little boys, at the Antwerp *Kirmesse* in August. Proceeding on his journey, Mr. Hay's attention was next arrested by a fine three-year-old, "feeding with her dam amongst the stubble," with a head so small that she might truly "have drunk from a quart pot." A young half-naked Arab sprung up from amid the stubble like an apparition, ready with her lineage, and conscientiously stating that the one drawback to her entire desirableness was, that the rider who put her to her full speed would be deafened by it! The next group encountered was a party of hunters, "their legs well protected by palmetto buskins formed exactly like the greaves of ancient Greece, with a leathern apron to defend the body from the thorny thicket." They were boar-hunting, and their cries to the dogs (Mr. Hay vouches for his familiarity with the Mogrebin dialect of the Arabic) make a whimsical addition to a dictionary of venery :—

"By the note of the dogs they knew that the beast was at bay; so on dashed the whole hunt, shouting to their dogs to keep clear of the boar, and expressing their feelings in the most *endearing terms*; such as, 'My children—My dearest—Take care, he sees you—He is an infidel, a Nazarene—He will have his revenge—None but the one God!'"

Mr. Hay declined the lion's share of the pork pressed upon him, and invited the hunters to a supper of bread and fruit,—poor fare, we submit, after a day's sport. We have treated our readers

to a study or two of Barbary costume, they shall now have the European gentlemen at their nightly *symposia*, Mr. Hay and the artistic Don appearing in dressing-gown and slippers, but wearing each, in addition, *a lady's bonnet and veil!* as the best approved protection against the mosquitoes. The Barbarians seem to be now as polite as the French used to be; and even when the Frank sallied forth from the tent, on a subsequent evening, to treat with the Saheb Alarby for a horse, equipped in this epicene fashion, the only remark it provoked was, that the head-gear "was the very thing for robbing a bee-hive in." By the way, these tents are by no means the comfortless and unfurnished abodes the name suggests. Those of the Moorish officers are sometimes made of strong silk or fine damask, and are as well matted, carpeted, and cushioned, as the houses in the towns: those of the Arabs are humbler but more lasting in texture, being woven of palmetto fibre with goat's hair or camel's wool, with a brood of chickens, it is true, sometimes among the other movables. The scriptural handmill, or quern, and the baker-stones, and the spinning-wheel and distaff, and "the large and grotesque-fashioned chest," and the earthen jars, saddle, and long gun which "complete the furniture of the Arab's home." These tents, too, be it recollected, are, with persons of fortune, mere summer-houses. They have town mansions of sun-dried bricks, "for winter and rough weather," of greater pretension: and of the sights which may be therein seen by favored Europeans, let Mr. Drummond Hay tell, in describing his visit "to the house of a great man in this curious country:"—

"Having passed the outer porch of the Cid's abode through a low arch of horseshoe form, the party of which I was one were conducted into a little garden, where the verbena-louisa, the jessamine, and the rose vied in luxuriant vegetation. Our path was shaded from the piercing rays of a September sun by the thick foliage of vines trained over fantastic trellises of cane, through which hung temptingly within our reach fine grapes, both red and white, with some of a singular ash-color, and others of a long tapering form, peculiar perhaps to this country, and called, in the poetical language of the people's Arab ancestry, 'the damsel's fingers.' We ascended a few steps to an alcove, in front of which played a bubbling fountain, and through its jet of sparkling water came the cool breeze scented by flowers. Here we found our host sitting on a rich Rabat carpet, in the cross-legged tailor fashion universal in this country, with many an embroidered cushion to complete the luxury of his divan. A little behind the great man, yet where he could wait and watch for every wish of his lord, stood a young bronze-colored slave, whose fine eyes rolled their white orbs in astonishment at the Nazarene visitors. Three handsomely carved chairs had been placed for the Christians; such chairs as one might suppose to have been a gift to an ancestor of the kaid from some friendly governor of Tangier, in the time of our merry King Charles."

The host regaled the party with compliments,

accompanied (as the musicians say) on his rosary of green ivory beads, and then with exquisite tea served in delicate porcelain; cakes, and sweetmeats. The Moor is a Johnsonian tea-drinker, but loves his beverage furiously sugared. After tea came the treat of treats. The host's heart warmed to the point of his taking the great key from his girdle, unlocking the harem door, and pressing them to walk in. We cannot make room for half the objects described by our keen observer: how he noticed what (for brevity's sake) we may call the great man's armory; also, the trousseau-box of the favorite, and laid, saltire-wise, across its lid, an eight-stringed lute and the noisy *tom tom*:—how he observed that the mirrors made ill-natured reflections—a strange *galanterie* in a lady's chamber;—and that the brazen chandeliers were cast in that form of the two intersecting triangles which stands for Solomon's seal.

"Whilst our host was noting to my companions the names of the villages that are to be seen from a lattice, through which they were admiring the distant scene, I became impatient at a nomenclature which I had already by heart, and so moved sauntering away, peering about into sundry curious nooks and passages that form the strange distribution of a Moorish palace. At length, becoming somewhat alarmed at my own hardihood, I turned to rejoin the master of the house; when a door, through the chinks of which all my movements must have been watched, was thrown open, and out rushed the Houris, black, white, half-caste, fat, thin, old and young! It was impossible for me to escape, and had I made a precipitate movement, I should have become liable to the worst of imputations; so I stood stock still, and was quickly arrested by the powerful paws of a jet-black dame, and then commenced a general scrutiny of my person. 'Look,' said one, 'I told you the Nazarenes had a mouth, and a nose, and ears, just like the Mahomedans!' 'See,' said another, taking up my hand; 'one, two, three, four, five!—exactly the same number!' 'But what are these?' screamed a third, who had laid hold of the skirts of my coat; 'does he hide his tails here!' 'And he laughs, too!' they exclaimed. From this, indeed, I could no longer refrain, although I was becoming seriously uneasy, lest my absence should be discovered by the great man; for I was now in the midst of the most forbidden fruit, although it proved far inferior to what my fertile fancy had previously imagined. Indeed a less attractive posse of womankind I never beheld: for almost all these ladies were at a time of life when the fineness of the Moorish features had disappeared; and the only redeeming grace that remained to them, which is common, indeed, to all the white women of West Barbary, was the large gazelle eye. As to the admired *en bon point* of youth, it had been replaced by a gross fatness, which covered forms that were once perhaps of perfect symmetry. According to the taste of the Moor, a lady is in perfection when her charms are a load for a camel. One, however, of this motley circle deserved all my admiration as a Mauritanian Venus. This was a delicate-looking girl; her age, I thought, was sweet fifteen—the prime of womanhood in this precocious country; for their beauty seems to fade with the *teens*. Her complexion was very fair,

her eyes dark hazel, to which the black border of 'Kohol' gave a languid expression. She had a coral-lipped mouth, round as a ring, as the Moorish ode describes the feature. Her black hair, braided with silver cords, waived in profusion over her shoulders. Her sylph-like figure was clothed in a pale green caftan, embroidered on the bosom and skirt in a silver thread. This garment reached a little below her knees, and over it she wore an outer robe of light gauze, confined around the waist by a red zone of Fez silk. The sleeves of her caftan were wide and open near the wrist; showing at every turn an arm like alabaster, which was encircled by a plain but massive bracelet of Soodan gold; and her uncovered legs were seen from below the caftan clasped with chased silver; her feet were also bare, for in her sally with the rest she had forgotten her slippers; her feet, as well as her hands, were dyed with henna of a bright orange color. Over her head she had thrown a light muslin kerchief; but in this sudden tumult her curiosity got the better of her national caution, and she stood before me quite unveiled. During the uproar occasioned by my intrusion, the youthful damsel was the only one silent; but now taking alarm from the noise of the rest, she half hid her pretty features, and cried in an anxious whisper, 'Hush! hush! hush! My father will hear; and then, oh! what will become of this young Christian!' 'What do we care!' said a barrel of a woman, with eyes that rolled like gooseberries in a saucer, and whom I took to be the most favored dame of this party-colored assemblage; for her dress far surpassed that of all the rest in costliness. 'It was the Christian's fault for daring to——.' She could not finish her speech, for the gruff voice of their lord was heard. 'What is that noise! Where's the other Nazarene?' And then his heavy step came tramping nearer and nearer. Off scampered all the surrounding spirits, black, white, and grey. The little damsel was the last to move, and evidently with less apprehension than the rest. Veiling closely all her features except one dear eye, she said to me, in a quick whisper, 'Don't be afraid, Nazarene. Tell my father it was all our fault; he is very good-natured, and you are so young.' I had by luck a rosebud at my breast. I answered by giving it to her with a thanking smile; and instantly she flew after her companions. '*Elle Haramy!* Hollo, young rascal!' said the big man, as he laid hold of me by the collar; and I began to feel that my head was very insecure on my shoulders. 'Kah, kah, kah!' and his fat sides shook with laughter; 'So, boy! (my chin was yet smooth,) you have been among my women, eh! Don't you know you deserve to die!' suiting the action to the word by drawing his hand across my throat. 'Eh! trying to carry off my gazelles! Eh! you young Nazarene.' Though frightened out of my wits, I had just breath enough to gasp out, 'O my lord, if I have done anything to displease you, attribute it to ignorance of your customs. In my country it is usual to pay our respects to the ladies in preference to everybody else.' 'Ah! deceiver,' said he; 'you Nazarenes must have a pleasant time of it too. Kah, kah, kah! I must go to your country. Kah, kah! Yes they speak true; they speak true when they say that your Paradise is on earth. Come along, young sir; I will show you the kitchen, where I have a black beauty in a cook; pay Christian attention to her, if you please. Kah, kah, kah!'"

But we are loitering rather than making way. Our solitary chance, indeed, of discharging our duty, lies in ceasing to follow Mr. Hay step by step: and the utmost we shall be able to do this week is, to offer, by way of specimen, an illustration or two of Barbarian superstition; the first chiefly because it recalls to us a traveller who, though lost, is not forgotten.

"A camel led through a country town in England, could not have excited more curiosity and astonishment, than the appearance of my Spanish friend and myself, in the wild village through which we were passing. At each door stood whole families gaping with amazement; whilst the younger children shrunk in terror, at beholding such strange apparitions. One youth, bolder than the rest, having approached our party, demanded of the Hadj what kind of beings we were. The Hadj, with a grave face, replied that we were *Jins*, or evil spirits, which he had caught and was conducting to *Laraiche*, to be shipped for the land of the Nazarene. Upon which the lad fled howling to his hut. I remember poor Davidson mentioning to me the general belief he had found prevalent amongst the Arabs in those parts of the Levant, which travellers seldom frequent, that the Frank is in league with devils, witches, and unearthly beings. He told me that, on more than one occasion, he had profited by such fancies, when his life had been in danger from the wild tribes among whom he had ventured. Davidson was bald, and wore at that time a toupet. A body of Arabs, having surrounded him, had commenced plundering his effects, and threatened even his life; when suddenly Davidson, calling upon them to beware how they provoked the Christian's power, dashed his false hair to the ground, saying 'Behold my locks; your beards shall go next!' The Arabs fled, abandoning their plunder. On another occasion, when making some astronomical observations he was so inconveniently pressed upon by a crowd of insolent Arabs, that he found it impossible to continue his operations: so, turning to them, he said, 'O fools, seek ye destruction! Know the power of the Nazarene!' Then, beckoning one of the elders to approach, he told him to look through the sextant, whilst he, slowly moving the index, informed the barbarian that he would behold the sun to leave its course, and approach the earth. The Arab, pale with fright, after a momentary glance, threw himself on the ground and begged for mercy, beseeching Davidson that he would forthwith leave their land, and take compassion upon their herds and crops, upon which he felt convinced that the Nazarene had the power to inflict murrain and blight."

We are not precisely reconciled to this mode of managing a wild people, even in a land like this, rife with "periapts and spells"—witness the wonderful story (p. 61) of the snake charmer, whose doings Mr. Hay witnessed. Whatever may happen at the present juncture, for the sake of the future, the Magic of Truth is the thing which should alone be resorted to. But the tourist or resident in Morocco must have strong nerves, as he may be called upon to encounter strange playfellows in his morning walks.

"Shortly after we had passed the Sultan's

arsenal, we were met by a disgusting but not unfrequent spectacle in Morocco; it was a sainted maniac, naked as on the day of his birth, except a party-colored sackcloth, which covered his shoulders and back; his hair was long and matted, and his beard extended to the middle of his breast; in his hand he carried a short spear, ornamented with plates of brass, and bits of red cloth. On approaching him our attendants dismounted, and bowing their heads, seized his hand and kissed it. My turn came next; and as I did not like to come to such close quarters, I threw him a small piece of money; upon which the poor creature jabbered some few words of thanks, and then stalking up to me with all the dignity of a bashaw, and an air of condescending patronage, seized the collar of my coat and spat upon my eyes. I knew enough of the habits of the people to be aware that this was a high compliment, but I could not restrain myself from making a wry face upon the occasion; and I was pulling out my handkerchief to wipe off the filth, when the Mallem cried out, "O blessed Nazarene, what God has given let no man efface. Thou shalt be happy. Seedy Momoh, the inspired, has spat upon thee. Thou shalt be happy!" There is no use running in the teeth of superstition, so the holy spittle dried on my face. The madman or idiot is universally looked upon in West Barbary as a person to be held in reverence. The Moor tells you that God has retained their reason in heaven, whilst their body is on earth; and that when madmen or idiots speak, their reason is for the time permitted to return to them, and that their words should be treasured up as those of inspired persons. These wretched people are allowed to parade the streets in a state of nudity, and the maniacs sometimes prove most dangerous to unwary Europeans. A French consul-general some years ago was nearly killed by a sainted madman, and in 1830 I had a very narrow escape for my life from another. I happened to be walking on the sea-shore with my sister immediately below the walls of the town of Tangier, when I espied above us a wild-looking fellow about seventy or eighty yards off, with a clotted head of hair that bespoke a sainted madman aiming at me with his long gun, which he had rested on the wall. We were near a rock at the time, behind which we took refuge, and waited there a good while, in the hope that the madman's patience would be worn out; but he did not stir, and the passers by, whom I appealed to for their interference, shook their heads, muttered something about Seedy Tayeb, which proved to be the name of the saint, and went their way. In the mean time the tide was rising rapidly, and we had the unpleasant choice of being drowned or shot. We agreed it was better to risk the latter; so telling my sister to run off in another direction, I stepped forward and gave him the preference of a standing shot. The maniac took aim and fired; and I heard the ball whiz into the water behind me. I was proceeding to run up to him by a path which led to that part of the town wall where he was standing, when I observed that he was coolly reloading his gun; and as the next shot at close quarters might have proved more effective, I thought the best thing I could do was to follow my sister; so I fairly took to my heels."

We must conclude—at least for the present. Mr. Hay, it will be seen, incorporates the experience gathered during many years with the notes of his journey, and therein has done wisely.

From Punch.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE ENGLISH IN CHINA.

MR. FRISBY, our friend and correspondent, late Anglo-Chinese pundit of Canton, has favored us with a most particular and lucid account of an exhibition now opened at Pekin; a show which has attracted all the mandarins and gentry, their wives and families, of the "flowery kingdom." Little think the sagacious English public who visit Mr. Dunn's Exhibition, Hyde Park Corner, to marvel at the pigtails and little feet of the Chinese, that a Dunn from Pekin—Li Li by name—has sojourned many years in England, for the express purpose of showing to his countrymen the faces and fashions of the barbarian English. But so it is. At this moment there is open in Flying Dragon Street, Pekin, an exhibition, called "*The Barbarian English in China*." There we all are, from high to low; numbered in cases as at Hyde Park Corner, and a catalogue of our good and bad qualities illuminates the darkened mind of the curious.

Our dear friend the aforesaid pundit has translated this catalogue for *Punch*; and has, moreover, regardless of expense on our part, caused drawings to be made of our countrymen as they are presented by Li Li to the dwellers of the Celestial Kingdom. The prominent parts of this catalogue we lay before the reader; they will be found to beautifully harmonize with the skill which has displayed us in cases; wherein, sooth to say, we do appear with a certain Chinese air, which proves the national prejudices of the artist. Whether he has improved our looks or otherwise for the Chinese public, we leave to the opinion of the judicious and reflecting beholder. Our simple duty is now to lay before the reader the Chinese catalogue, translated and enriched with notes, by our indefatigable and profound correspondent. The exhibition is dedicated to the "Son of Heaven," very vulgarly known as the Emperor. The dedication, however, we omit; as it tells us no more than that Li Li is, in his own opinion, a reptile, a dog, a wretch, a nincompoop, a jackass, when addressing the said "Son of Heaven;" that his "bowels turn to water" with dread, and his pigtail grows erect with amazement. It will be conceded that, allowing a little for oriental painting, the dedication in no way differs from many other such commodities of home manufacture. Leaving the preface, we begin with the

#### INTRODUCTION.

When your slave remembers that through the creamy compassion of the Son of Heaven, the Father of the Universe, and the Dragon of the World, the barbarian English were not, in the late war, seized, destroyed, and sawn asunder; that their devil-ships were spared, their guns respected, their soldiers mercifully permitted to retain their swords, and their sailors allowed to return to their barbarian wives and little ones,—when your slave remembers all this, his heart is turned to honey by the contemplation of your natural sweetness, whilst, in admiration thereof, his soul drops upon its knees, and, prostrate, worships.

And when your slave further remembers, that in some leisure hour, you may—with a benevolence that is as broad as the earth, and as high as heaven,—vouchsafe to reign over and to comfort the aforesaid barbarians, your slave tremblingly takes hope that the samples of the people he has gathered together, with the subjoined faithful account of their manners and their doings, may find

favor in the sight of Him, who when he sneezes, arouses earthquakes; and when he winks, eclipses the moon.

**CASE I.—An English Peer.** He wears a garter about his leg; an honorable mark of petticoat government bestowed by the barbarian queen. The garter is sometimes given for various reasons, and sometimes for none at all. It answers to the peacock's feather in the "flowery kingdom," and endows with wisdom and benevolence the fortunate possessor. The peer is represented at a most interesting moment. He has won half a million of money upon a horse, the British nobility being much addicted to what is called the turf, which in England often exhibits a singular greenness. The nobleman, however, displays a confidence always characteristic of the highly born. By winning so much money, he has broken the laws of the country, by which more than his winnings may be taken from him; but it will be seen that he has pens, ink, and paper before him, and is at the moment he is taken, making a new law for himself, by which he may, without any penalty whatever, protect his cash. It is the privilege of the nobility to have their laws, like their coats, made expressly to their own measure.

**CASE II.—Shakspeare.** This is the national poet, which the barbarians would, in their dreadful ignorance, compare to Confutzee. It is melancholy to perceive the devotion paid by all ranks of people to this man. He was originally a carcass butcher, and was obliged to fly from his native town because he used to slip out at nights, kill his neighbors' deer, and then sell the venison to the poor for mutton. (All this I have gathered from the last two or three authentic lives lately written.) He went to London, and made a wretched livelihood by selling beans and wisps of hay to the horses of the gentlemen who came to the play-houses. Thinking that he could not sink any lower, he took to writing plays, out of which—it is awful to relate—he made a fortune. (It is, however, but justice to the barbarians to state that they give no such wanton encouragement to playwrights at present.) Shakspeare, or Shakspeer, or Shikspur—for there have been mortal battles waged, and much blood shed, about the proper spelling of his name—is now the idol of the nation. The house he was born in has been bought by the government, and is surrounded by a silver rail. Whenever his plays are played, the queen invariably goes in state to the theatre, and makes it pain of death to any of the nobility to stop away. All his relations are dead, or it is to be feared—such is the devotion of the court to Shakspeare—that they would be turned into lords, and have fortunes settled upon them, like retired ministers and chancellors. A man named Char Les Knite, for only publishing his works, received from the queen her portrait set in precious diamonds, and was made Baron of Stratford-on-Avon. In a word, from the queen to the peasant, all the people worship Shakspeare. The first thing seen on approaching Dover is a statue of the poet, forty feet high, perched upon the Cliff. It is lamentable to record these things; but to fully show the moral darkness of the barbarians, it is necessary.

**CASE III.—An Actor.** In England, play-actors are very different to the players of the "flowery country." They all of them keep their carriages. When they do not, they, like Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, job a Brougham. An actor sometimes spends twelve thousand a year; or if he does not

exactly spend it, he takes credit for the same. Actresses, too, like watches, to act well, must act upon diamonds: these are sometimes borrowed at the rate of a hundred and fifty pounds per annum. The present specimen of the actor is also a sample of the first fashions. He is allowed great privileges beyond those of any vulgar tradesman. When he can't pay his debts he is allowed to make a joke, which is taken by the judge (commissioner he is called) as a very handsome dividend to be shared among the creditors. Three jokes and a fair intention at a fourth are generally received from the actor as satisfaction in full to any amount of thousands.

**CASE IV.—A Sempstress.** The women who live by needle and thread amount to many thousands; and are easily known by the freshness of their complexions and the cheerfulness of their manners. Indeed, nothing shows the humanity of the barbarians in a more favorable light than the great attention which is paid by the rich and high to the comforts of their milliners, dress-makers, and sempstresses. Women of noblest title constantly refuse an invitation to parties rather than press too hardly upon the time of those who have to make their dresses. Indeed, there is what is called a visiting committee of ladies, who take upon themselves the duty of calling, not only on the employers of the needle-women to inquire into the comforts of the workers, but of visiting the humble homes of the women themselves, to see that they want nothing that may administer to their health and reasonable recreation. Hence there is a saying in England, that "the life of a sempstress is as the life of a bee; she does nothing but sing and make honey."

**CASE V.—The Literary Lord.** Perhaps, nothing shows a greater laxity of the English police than the fact that a literary lord is seldom taken up for robbery. The specimen here given is from the life. The fact is, the English love the name of a lord, and so the booksellers pay handsomely for a title wherewith to gull the poor barbarians. The novel of a literary lord is generally made after the following fashion: He obtains the works of half-a-dozen of the lower and laboring classes, and, like a Hottentot, dresses himself in their entrails. He has been known to rob a Lion, gut a Tynney Hall, and knock down an old unoffending Antiquary, and only that he might enrich a miserable Tuft-Hunter. He is here depicted with a portrait of the original scissors with which he stops books upon the highway, and makes them deliver.

**CASE VI.—A Member of the House of Commons.** This is a beautiful specimen of a member of Parliament for a place called Lin Con. He calls himself a true son of Bull, and when his voice is heard, there is no doubting the relationship. He is at home, surrounded by pictures of the painted Britons, and is drawing out a bill by which Englishmen may be carried back to their pictorial condition. A cup of tea is beside him, which he drinks cold; his wholesome aversion to steam not permitting a kettle to boil under his roof. Members of Parliament—especially the members for Lin Con—are always chosen for the clearness of their heads. If a rushlight, held close to one side of the skull, will, in a dark room, enable the electors to read the written professions of the candidate, held close to the other side, he is immediately elected. In the present specimen, there was nothing to intercept the rays of light which shone through the head like the flame of a taper through a water-bottle.



**CASE VII.—*Literary Gentleman in Summer Costume.*** The literary men receive the highest honors. From their body are chosen ambassadors to foreign states, plenipotentiaries extraordinary, governors of islands, and other officers of great authority. All the barbarians, from high to low, pay them the greatest homage. The queen herself is so fond of the literary character, that she never sits down to dinner unless surrounded by at least a dozen of poets, novelists, dramatists, and others. In the palace they receive almost royal consideration. Nobody can calculate the sum of money every year expended by the queen in presents of jewels, books, &c., to the authors of England. And it is the same with the painters and sculptors. It need scarcely be added that all these people are immensely rich.

**CASE VIII.—*A Law Lord.*** This nobleman was a chancellor, which means an officer who sells the chances of E Qui Ty, an article of excessive luxury, very rarely to be indulged in by the lower classes. Indeed, E Qui Ty may be likened to our delicious swallows' nests;\* it is equally dear, and to be obtained only at the greatest peril of the adventurer. The law lord is called, particularly by himself, the Mi Tee Broom, and is accounted the best juggler in the kingdom. He can turn himself inside out, like an old glove, and is often employed by the House of Lords to tumble and throw sunmersets to keep the noblemen wide awake. He can write a book with his toes, and even after dinner can spell every speech he has made backwards. With all this, he is singularly independent, and "cannot fawn or glose" upon anybody higher than a duke and a field marshal. He is a man of universal doings. There is, perhaps, no man in England who can better balance a straw upon his nose, or blow a new statute out of soap and water. When he would make a law to make a new place, he does it as carefully as a bird builds its nest; and for the like reason, it being for his own especial comfort and advantage.

**CASE IX.—*A Shopkeeper.*** The shopkeepers—especially those who deal in silks, hosiery, and linens—are a race of extraordinary people. Many of them write up over their shop-doors, "FROM FLINT'S;" but this is only a pleasant contradiction to show the extreme softness of their hearts, and the benevolence of their natures. They are all of them oracles of truth; and when you see it written up in their windows that they are "selling off at a great sacrifice," you may be sure that the shopkeeper, touched by the misery of his fellow-creatures, has resolved to almost give his goods away, that he may retire to "Bricks Town," or "Eye Gate," or some other suburb famous for hermits. Their shops, like those of the flowery country, are written over with moral sentences, such as "No abatement allowed," "For ready money only," and other choice maxims dear to the barbarian philosophers. The condition of the shopmen is also of the happiest kind; more than sufficient time being allowed them for the cultivation of their souls and the benefit of their health. Most of the masters keep libraries, and even billiard tables, for the improvement and recreation of

their young men. And whereas, in the "flowery country," we say as "happy as a bird," the English exclaim, "as happy as a linendraper's shopman."

**CASE X.—*A Lady of Fashion.*** This is the wife of a nobleman, in full dress. It will be seen that the barbarian English have no notion whatever of "the golden lilies" which adorn the "flowery country." The poor women of England are, almost from their cradles, made the victims of a horrible custom. It is supposed that thousands and thousands die yearly from a disease called Tite Lace In. The female child is taken at a very early age, and has its stomach compressed by a machine called Sta Iz, which is ribbed with steel and whalebone, (whence the South Sea fishery for whales,) and is corded tightly up the back. The Sta Iz is never, up to the time of womanhood, taken off; as is plain from the specimen here presented. The barbarians have a laughable notion of the use of this custom: they think that, by making the waist no thicker than the arm, it gives beauty to the female—a melancholy bigotry. They also believe that it keeps the blood in the face, and thereby improves the complexion. The women have also another strange custom. They wear what, in their secret language, is called a Buss El. We have inquired of many of them the meaning of the word, but have always received a pouting, resentful evasion. We have, however, searched the dictionaries, and found a word somewhat like it—the word *bustle*, which means swagger, importance, fuse—and in one dictionary it has no other interpretation than cheat.

**CASE XI.—*A Bishop and a Beggar.*** The English bishop—unlike the priests of the "flowery country"—is a man chosen from the priesthood for the strength of his mind, and the excelling beauty of his life. Nothing is more common than to find the humble curate of to-day the bishop of to-morrow. Officers, appointed by the government, travel in secret through every part of the kingdom, to discover hidden virtue in the church; and when they find it, it is straightway exalted. To every bishop a large salary is paid, which, it is his religion to lay out to the last penny among the poor and suffering. Remark the extreme simplicity of his dwelling-place. He has just returned from visiting a hospital, and his hat, cloak, and staff, are laid only a little way from him. Wherefore? Alas! although it is a cold wet night, he must out again to comfort a dying widow. He has a hundred orphans at school at his own charge, and often bestows dowries upon poor maidens. He has, by right, a seat in the House of Lords, where he may be seen engaged in silent prayer that the law-makers may do the thing that is holy. When he speaks, it is to condemn war and injustice, and to turn the hearts of his hearers to peace and brotherly love. The English have a proverb which says "the words of a bishop are honey; they feed the poor." They have this other beautiful saying—"The bishop carries the poor man's purse;" and this is the only beggar that, during the long sojourn of the writer in England, was ever seen by him. Therefore, he can give no description of the class from a solitary individual. In fact, after a minute inquiry, it was discovered that the above was not a beggar from necessity; but was really a nobleman begging for a wager. Thus, in England, there are no beggars!

\* Li Li here alludes to the nests of the *hirundo esculenta*, which nests are made into delicious soup by the Chinese. The nests are chiefly obtained in the caves of Java. They are generally taken by torch-light from recesses of the rock, where "the slightest slip would plunge the nest-seeker" into the boiling surf below.

\* The "golden lilies" are, poetically, the little distorted feet of the Chinese women.

## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

## BANQUET TO THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

THE Duke of Wellington's position at the East India Directors' dinner to Sir Henry Hardinge, on Wednesday, recalls the image of the captive French King in the tent of the Black Prince. The duke was the hero of the evening; Sir Henry, the nominal hero, laid all the honor of the banquet at the duke's feet; the chairman was lavish in his eulogiums of the duke; the great end and aim of the speechification was to soothe the duke. And yet, amid all this homage, the impertinent idea would recur, that the duke was sitting at the hospitable board of the Board that had checkmated him.

The duke, in return, was grimly civil. In his speech—returning thanks for the toast of himself and the army—there was, to be sure, not one word about indiscretion; but rigidly scrutinized, not one word of decided compliment to his entertainers will be found in it. No; though he sat at their table—though all the delicacies of the season, and all the flatteries of half-a-dozen seasons, were showered upon him—not one word of his House-of-Lords philippic was even by implication unsaid by him. Not an expression positively unkind escaped him—but not a kind one either. The bright armor of the French monarch could not have received with more polished coldness and rigidity the blandishments of his youthful captor.

The new governor-general, while apparently bent alone upon soothing his veteran chief, contrived adroitly to pay his court to the directors. The skilful and tortuous climax with which he rose from a panegyric on the Indian army, to dilate upon his own ultra-transcendental pacific disposition, was an unspeakable relief to the assembled chairs. The Board was heard to draw a long sigh of unutterable relief. Each chair muttered to itself, in unpremeditated concert with its fellows—"Public opinion is right; Sir Henry will be a safe governor of India."

Oh the faithlessness of chairs as well as of sitters upon chairs! Three little years have not passed since Lord Ellenborough was feasted with as much *empressment* as now Sir Henry Hardinge; yet on Wednesday his name was not once named, even by the Duke of Wellington; and, what was worse, words rife with implied charges against him superabounded. Sir Henry Hardinge's vehement protestations of pacific policy, his reiterated professions of deference to the Directors, and Sir Robert Peel's magnanimous declarations against any change in the constitution of our Indian government, all indicated where the shoe pinched under the late Governor-General. No one knew what Lord Ellenborough might take into his head next; and Lord Ellenborough, not contented with setting the fee-farm of his masters the directors constantly on the hazard, was barely civil to them when they remonstrated.

So, as far as ministers and directors can do it, Lord Ellenborough is quietly shelved. Whether he will sit quietly down under this on his return, remains to be seen. Doubts appear to be entertained on that head. Nay, from the unwonted despatch with which his successor proceeds to the scene of action, it might almost seem to be expected that Lord Ellenborough, unlike the "good army" of Bombastes Furioso, might "kick up

a row" before he allowed himself to be disbarred.—*Spectator*, May 25.

CUSTOM-HOUSE FRAUDS AND THEIR PREVENTION.—Some time ago, the public were startled with the discovery of enormous frauds, that had gone on for years, in the Customs—not only frauds committed on the department by bold and wealthy smugglers, who drove their trade upon such a scale as to impart to it an air of "respectability," but also among the officials themselves. The government appointed a commission to inquire; law-proceedings were commenced against some of the delinquents; several verdicts were obtained; and—what else! Hitherto, nothing! Not the least wonderful part of the business is the extraordinary backwardness apparent in following up the several proceedings. In the city, these questions have been asked—When is the evidence taken before the commission to be produced, or is it to be suppressed! When are the other revenue-trials to come on, or are they to be quashed! Where verdicts for the crown have been obtained, has judgment been followed up; or have the parties been allowed to laugh at the delay! When are the names of the delinquents to be made public; will *all* be declared; or will some be suppressed, or all! When are fair dealers to be relieved from the suspicions with which they are now regarded! These, and perhaps still darker doubts, thus find voice; and it is not to be wondered that an answer is anxiously looked for, when it is supposed that the revenue has suffered to the extent of several millions per annum—perhaps to the extent of the income-tax! Some alteration has been made in the staff of the department, by appointing two inspectors and increasing the number of surveyors and other subordinates; which may be very needful and very useful; but the evil would seem to be too deep-seated for that sort of surface-plastering. Slight palliatives do not deserve to be taken into account, when such a radical taint, a rottenness at the core of the department, remains untouched. The whole disease should be laid bare; the whole diseased parts extirpated, by searching remedies; and, above all, future wrong should be prevented by publicity, and especially by making the managing Board of Commissioners an open board, where any complaint may be stated; at present, "petitions" which might be disposed of in a few hours remain unanswered for weeks—many weeks! There appears to be no system; and, whatever the evidence may show respecting the particular cases of fraud, nothing can show that the addition of a few officers and a few trivial improvements of regulation will suffice where the causes of evil have been want of system and internal demoralization.—*Spectator*, May 25.

RENEWED INTERCOURSE WITH THE NIGER.—One of the weightiest objections to the government Niger Expedition, was its necessary tendency to suppress the trade from Europe, which had already been opened with the interior through that river. Mr. Jamieson, whose enterprize had created that trade, felt that it was in vain for the merchant to expect returns for his goods, so long as a joint-stock company, supplied with public money, was scattering lavish presents of similar goods. Mr. Jamieson therefore withdrew from the field; and for the civilizing influence of a commercial intercourse with the agents of British merchants, was substituted the "model-farm," in which negroes

who had enough of European education to make them more powerful than the natives, and who were liberated from the control of European observation, soon established slavery!

The government expedition having proved a lamentable and disgraceful failure, has in turn been withdrawn; and the Niger is again left free to the enterprise of British commerce. Mr. Jamieson, we learn from some remarks which he has printed for circulation among those who take an interest in Africa, is of opinion that this mischievous interference having ceased, a successful attempt might be made to re-open the trade of the Niger. Jealousy of the objects of Europeans, he admits, does exist, since the government commissioners attempted to acquire the sovereignty of portions of territory on the river; but this, he is confident, would be effaced after the second visit of a steamer for exclusively commercial purposes. Captain Becroft's experience, during a stay of nearly seven months on the Niger, has shown that the fatal sickness in the government expedition was mainly owing to the excess of Europeans in the ship's companies; and that a crew of natives under European officers are perfectly competent to the management of a steam-ship. Mr. Jamieson proposes to form an association for re-establishing the trade with the Niger, destroyed by government interference, and to raise the requisite funds by subscription. There is this to be said in favor of the proposal—that what Mr. Jamieson formerly did unaided, a company with adequate means may do again. The experience acquired by the officers of the *Ethiope*, (Mr. Jamieson's steamer,) during a three-years' cruise in the Niger, Calabar, and neighboring rivers, and their willingness to return, are in favor of the experiment. It is to be wished that something of the kind could be tried. An intercourse with the interior of Africa, which was slowly but surely extending by natural means, has been interrupted by a dreamy attempt to do too much; and the inhabitants have been shut out from traffic with a more advanced race—the only means of civilizing them. To undo that evil, is a legitimate field for private enterprise. Mr. Jamieson calculates that £20,000 at the utmost, would purchase the vessels and secure the working of the plan for four years; and he thinks there will surely be found in Great Britain twenty persons willing to subscribe £1,000, or two hundred persons to subscribe £100 each.

*Spectator*, May 25.

**THE ROLEY-POLEY MARTYRS.**—Man is a sympathizing animal. He seems incapable of existing unless he has some oppressed beings to pity and protect. A state of perfect happiness would be misery to him, for there would be no one to excite his compassion—no one in whose behalf to indulge his quarrelsome propensities. The county of Surrey must be fast verging towards the insipid state of unalloyed felicity, when the inhabitants of Epsom, for want of better objects to give exercise to their amiable and heroic propensities, are obliged to take up with the owners of roley-poleys, wheels of fortune, &c., scattered before a ruthless Police.

On Monday night, the Commissioners of Police, "ungraciously if not unjustly," as the newspapers have it, issued a notice for the suppression of gambling-booths at Epsom races. A meeting of the inhabitants addressed a memorial to the Home Office, in consequence of this "arbitrary proceeding" of the Police Commissioners. In the memo-

rial it was represented with due emphasis, that the keepers of the gambling-booths had spent large sums in hiring ground and fitting up tents to inveigle the unwary; and that "if they are not allowed to proceed, hundreds of persons must be reduced to a state of destitution, many having travelled from all parts of the United Kingdom." This is the richest idea of a "vested interest" on record; the pockets of the honest holiday-folks are to be exposed to the congregated blackguardism of all parts of the United Kingdom, because "a similar practice has prevailed." And the penny-a-line chroniclers of the races, catching the contagious sympathy of the inhabitants of Epsom, are astonished at the dignified forbearance of the injured swindlers, after Sir James Graham's cruel refusal to repeal the police ordinance—"The unfortunate persons who had hired and paid for ground for their gambling-booths did not create any disturbance; and we have heard that the reason they did not, was not so much from fear and deference for the police, as respect for the local magistrates. Perhaps the presence of the military aided."—*Spectator*, May 25.

**THE LATE MR. CROCKFORD.**—The test of a truly great man is the universal confession extorted by his death that his place cannot be filled up. The late Mr. Crockford's reputation stands this difficult test.

It has been said of Lord John Russell that he would take the command of the Channel Fleet at five minutes' warning. But even that enterprising man would shrink from the responsibility of carrying to a successful close the multifarious and multiform speculations of the deceased.

Sir Robert Peel has obtained some credit as a manager of the House of Commons. The skillful way in which he sapped and undermined the advanced position taken up and entrenched by Lord Ashley, gives new countenance to this old opinion. But though Sir Robert may play Neptune, (see Virgil's *Æneid*.) to the storms of the House of Commons, to preserve anything like the decorous outward show of common honesty in a gambling-club would overtask his powers.

The person who shall succeed to the vacant throne of Crockford, must with a taste and talent for successful gaming combine a degree of integrity that commands the confidence of noble and gentle blacklegs who know that he has kept their corrupting company for many years.

If any of our leading members of parliament or barristers should die to-night, the public would say, with the king in *Chery Chase*, that there are within the realm "five hundred good as he." Now that we have lost Crockford, Wellington and O'Connell are the only public characters of the day to whom no successors could be found. And as there is little chance of Sir Harcourt Lees being able to bring about the repeal of the Emancipation Act, or of a new Napoleon rising up to disturb the peace of Europe, with all deference to these great men, Crockford's loss will be more felt than theirs would be. Though the police have stormed the gaming-houses in Regent's Quadrant—though Sir James Graham has swept the roley-poleys from the race-courses of England, and advances flushed with conquest to crush the "Derby sweeps"—and though the thunders of the law have been directed against Art-Unions—there still survives a gambling public, which requires a Crockford to keep it from becoming too bad.—*Spectator*, June 1.

**THE LUNAR ECLIPSE—WHO IS MEANT BY IT!**—A solar eclipse, according to Milton, "with fear of change perplexes monarchs;" at whose heads may the evil augury of a *lunar* eclipse be supposed to be levelled? "Who is meant?" schoolboys ask in whispers when the pedagogue threatens some anonymous culprit; "*who is meant!*" may be asked by the various watchers of last night's portentous eclipse of the moon.

Perhaps at the heads of ministers, who, as subordinate officers of monarchy, may be imagined to be placed under the influence of the "satellites" among planets. In this case, Sir Robert Peel's enjoyment of the Whitsuntide holidays may have suffered abatement from the phenomenon of last night.

Perhaps the primary planets alone have influence on the destinies of premiers, the satellites having power over subordinate officials only. In this case, the eclipse, (if "visible at Calcutta,") may have been to Lord Ellenborough the shadow of his coming recall, cast upon a luminary which appears to have exercised no small influence over some of his sayings and doings.

Or, as the moon shines by borrowed light, perhaps its threats concern theatrical dynasties and representative royalties alone. In this case, Mr. Webster may be supposed to have been panic-struck for the fate of his five hundred pound prize.

The money-makers of this world are accustomed to call everything prized by the imaginative and sentimental "moonshine." They may see some connexion between the eclipse and the financial position of the Free Church, which the *Scotsman* protests "beautifully illustrates the power of the voluntary principle;" this beautiful illustration being neither more nor less than the fact that the worthy ministers, who to constitute the Free Church gave up livings ranging from £250 to £600 per annum, are now in the receipt by "voluntary contributions" each of £100 a year.

The Irish land-owners say that the eclipse was prophetic of the defeat which "*the League*" sustained in South Lancashire a few days before.

Some have alleged that the pickpockets and other "minions of the moon" were extremely slack in their vocation on the night when their "chaste mistress" waned in mid splendor; but it is doubtful whether they are learned enough to have known that they ought to be afraid.

But the most prevalent opinion is, that a lunar eclipse prognosticates the reversal of courses of national policy adopted by wits unsettled by lunar influence. If in this supposition there is anything of truth, perhaps some of the present generation may live to see the slave-trade suppression treaties sent to the chandler-shops.—*Spectator*, June 1.

**TEXAS.**—It would be difficult to find in any collection of state papers, even drawn up by absolute ministers in the regions of St. Petersburg, Constantinople, or Ispahan, a document of such nefariously tyrannic principles, or so painfully disgraceful to the minister who wrote it, and to the nation he is allowed to represent, as the manifesto or letter respecting Texas, addressed by Mr. Secretary Calhoun to the British envoy, Mr. Pakenham, on the 18th of last April.

Lord Aberdeen in December laid down for his envoy the rules which were to guide him, and which had guided the British government. These were to employ, in efforts to abolish slavery in Texas, merely the means of *counsel*, to do nothing to stir

up even excitement in the slave-holding states of the Union, and to resort to no measures which might even *tend* to disturb the internal tranquillity of those slave states.

Nothing certainly could be meekier than this declaration, but it did not disarm the slave-holding American Secretary of State. Mr. Calhoun declares that England had no right to strive, even by counsel, to bring about the abolition of slavery in other countries; and that he, far from confining himself to counsel, "felt it to be the imperious duty of the Federal government to take the *most effectual measures* to defeat it." Those effectual measures are no less than the annexation of Texas.

Not content with this defiance, Mr. Calhoun reads the British envoy and the world a lecture on the inestimable blessings of slavery, and the dreadful results which follow freedom. The consequence of giving freedom to the negro, says Mr. Calhoun, is to strike him with deafness, dumbness, blindness, idiocy, and madness; nay, not only to visit the free negro with these ills, but also to inflict the same dreadful maladies on the whites in those regions where the blacks have been emancipated. The blacks are thus punished by a benign Providence for daring to be free, and the whites of the same regions are similarly punished for the guilt of rendering the blacks equal to them!

Such is the logic, such the philosophy of an American and a republican Secretary of State! And he brings statistics, as every one can, especially a Secretary of State, to support his theory. Having thus satisfied himself and his hearers of the physical expediency of slavery, Mr. Calhoun proceeds to give political reasons. The chief one of these is, that slavery having been once established as the distinguishing mark of one race, whilst freedom is that of the other, it can no longer be hoped, or be possible, to get the two races to live together on equality and in amity. The seeds of mutual hatred and contempt are sown, and form a crop not to be eradicated. There is undoubtedly much truth in this, as there is much wisdom in the conservative maxim, that you should slay the man you have injured for fear of his vengeance. But justice and humanity are the names omitted in the vocabulary of the American Secretary of State, and in the sentiments of his heart. The latter part of his arguments and of his despatch would serve admirably the purpose of an Irish Orangeman who has got the *cacoethes* of prescribing for the ills of Ireland. Here the same argument applies, viz., the impossibility of living on terms of equality and amity with a race injured and oppressed for centuries, the only alternative being the continuance of the system of oppression.

It speaks well, however, for the state of feeling of Americans in general, that the scheme of Texan conquest has called forth loud and active reprobation. Mr. Clay has replied to Calhoun in an able letter; Mr. Van Buren has spoken in the same sense; and public meetings have been held, and have drawn up resolutions, all of which must embolden the Senators and the Whigs to reject the proposed measure. The arguments, indeed, most powerful against it are the expense of war with Mexico, the necessity of more than doubling the army, increasing the Presidential power, creating a military class, and of paying the Texan debt of 14,000,000 dollars at a time when the states are most reluctant even to pay their own.

The time, too, is one of considerable excitement

amongst the negro population. A fierce civil war rages from one end of St. Domingo to the other, where the blacks have risen against the predominance of the mulattoes, and where French and Spanish parties have come to action. In Cuba the effervescence is great. Owing to the extreme rigor and peculation of O'Donnel, the Moderado governor sent out by Christina, who has resumed the custom abolished by the Liberal governor, Veldez, of deriving a revenue from the sale of slaves, the negroes there have been driven to desperation, and conspiracy after conspiracy breaks forth, or is discovered, O'Donnel acting Narvaez, and quenching each, as far as he can, in blood. For the Americans to undertake a war for the avowed purpose of extending and supporting slavery in Texas might prove an exceedingly dangerous experiment, and it is therefore wisely and fortunately shrunk from.—*Examiner*, May 25.

**THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.**—A young French naval officer who seeks distinction has certainly a hard task of it. He looks back through the annals of defeat, and looking forward, has but the alternative of a repetition of drubbings, or of inglorious peace. It is not surprising, then, that a French admiral should do out-o'-the-way things, such as the storming of Queen Pomaré's cabin with 500 marines, or as the pamphlet of the Prince de Joinville. Unable to earn his epaulettes with the sword, he is valiant with the pen; and what reality denies, the prince achieves with his imagination. The pamphlet of Admiral Joinville is a romance—a naval Coningsby. And yet it is not the dream of a fiery poet, full of exaggeration, and pride, and restless conquest. He does not picture to himself Aboukir or the First of June reversed, the tri-color flying at the mast-head of hostile navies. He does not aspire to be Nelson or Lord Howe. The form of Paul Jones contents him, and the Red Rover is evidently his ideal of nautical heroism.

The Prince de Joinville informs his countrymen that the attempt to rival or meet English fleets is absurd; for that even victory with sixteen sail of the line, which could not be replaced, would be tantamount to defeat. The only prospect, then, for France at sea is a war of *corsairs*, and these should have wings of steam. He therefore recommends them to lay up their men-of-war, build steamers, and turn their sailors and soldiers into engineers and marines. The achievements of those, whenever war may come, will be to render English commerce insecure, ravage the English coasts, and intimidate our fishermen, whenever our war-steamer have their backs turned.

Now we can conceive a petty power, like Tunis or Morocco, indulging in such dreams, and meditating such a war, but for a great and brave country like France, this is pitiable heroism. But the Orleans dynasty is humble in its military ambition. Tahiti is its New World, and Algiers is its India, where, after twenty years of constant war, the Arab enemy the other day defeated the Duc d'Aumale, killed his officers, cut up his division, and nearly captured himself. So much for the modern Condé.

Conjecture is afloat as to what could have induced the Prince de Joinville to publish his amiable plan for pillaging English merchantmen and ravaging the English coasts, at the very time that his royal sire was meditating a visit to Spithead and Windsor. It seems certain that the prince laid his book before his father, who hesitated

much between the fear of offending Queen Victoria and the desire of presenting his son to France as one of its inveterate heroes. The latter prevailed. And M. Thiers' journal represents Louis Philippe as Dædalus, hesitating but at last deciding to launch his naval Icarus on his literary flight. The pamphlet was to be printed to only a certain number of copies for the court and for diplomacy; but this half flight ended naturally in a regular stretch across the channel. And such is the gravity of the least incident in so excitable a community, that the political existence of the marine minister, Mackau, and even of M. Guizot, are said to be in danger on the vote on the *budget de marine*, in consequence of the prince's revelations.

The storm with the French public was not the only menacing one; that from England was looked upon as also alarming. And accordingly a court-disavowal of the prince appeared in the *Débats*, which read the young admiral a severe lesson. The Prince de Joinville, however, took this in dreadful dudgeon, went to Neuilly, and spoke very intemperate words to both his parents, threatening to resign and to appeal to the public against M. Guizot. What arguments were used with the young prince is not known, but he left the palace alone, unattended by friend or aid-de-camp, and it was not till night that he was brought back to calm and reason.

The debate on the Navy Budget will be warm. The opposition will adduce the prince's arguments. On their side, the ministry can plead not merely the immense sums spent on the navy, but their efforts to abolish beet-root sugar, and by confining the consumption of France to colonial sugar, thereby greatly increase the tonnage and the number of seamen. But the prince has the feeling of a large portion of the Chamber with him. The owners of land, wood, and iron do not want to sacrifice their interests to the sea-ports, and care not for the commercial navy; but steam-boats they are prepared to patronize, provided that coal and iron be taken exclusively from them. The prince de Joinville's plan of a steam navy in preference to a sailing one thus chimes in with the interests of the dominant few, as well as with the prejudices of the nose-led many; and such projects are apt to prosper as projects, however little they may be calculated to serve the public ends, put forth as their pretext.—*Examiner*, May 25.

**AMIALE PROJECTS OF THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.**—Who can doubt that, with a well-organized steam navy, we should have the means of inflicting on the coasts of our enemies losses and sufferings unknown to a nation who has never felt the miseries which follow in the train of war! And as the consequence of these sufferings would come the evil, equally new for her, of a lost confidence. The riches heaped on her coasts, and in her ports, would cease to be in safety; and that, whilst by a well-regulated system of cruisers, the plan of which I will after explain, we should efficaciously war against her commerce, spread over the surface of every sea. The contest would no longer be unequal. I continue to reason under the supposition of war. Our steam navy would then have two theatres of action totally distinct: the English Channel at first, where our ports could conceal a considerable force, which, putting to sea under cover of the night, would escape the English cruisers, were they ever so numerous. Nothing then would hinder our force from meeting, before daybreak, at any point of the coast of England

previously agreed upon, and there it would act with impunity. \* \* \* Without having actually taken part in the long wars against the British navy during the revolution, and under Napoleon, one may yet have studied and profited by reading the history of them. It is an acknowledged fact, that whilst the engagements of fleet against fleet were almost always fatal for us, the cruises of our corsairs were almost invariably successful. Towards the close of the reign of Napoleon, several frigates, despatched from our ports with orders to scour the sea, without decisively engaging against an enemy of superior number, inflicted considerable damage upon the English commerce. And to strike at this commerce, is to strike England at the heart. Until the period I have just mentioned, we had not tried this system, and we had permitted the British merchants to realize enormous profits from prizes gained in the war. This lesson should not be lost upon us at the present time, and we should be prepared, on the first blow being struck, to act so powerfully against the English commerce, as entirely to destroy the confidence reposed in it. And France will gain this object by having in every part of the globe a well-managed system of cruisers. In the English Channel and the Mediterranean this task could be advantageously intrusted to steamers. Those which are employed as packet-boats in time of peace, would, from their great quickness, make excellent corsairs in time of war. They could overtake a merchantman, strip it, burn it, and even escape from the steamers of war, which would be retarded by their heavier construction.—*English edition of the prince's pamphlet.*

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

**CURRENCY BILL.**—Sir Robert Peel has proceeded with his currency measure, and has made a speech supplementary to that of May the 6th, comprising some important points. He has modified that portion of his plan which relates to the additional circulation, based on securities, that the bank of England is to be empowered to make under certain contingencies: instead of making the extension on grounds sanctioned by three ministers of the crown, the bank is to make it on grounds indicated in the act of Parliament, to communicate the intention to ministers, and to receive the sanction of the queen in council. Another important detail added to the plan is the permission to the bank to base part of its issues on silver, which is construed, as in popular parlance, to be included in the term "bullion;" only with certain restrictions: the public are still to have the right of demanding gold in payment of notes, the bank to be at the risk and cost of converting silver into gold under any possible necessity of the kind; and the proportion of silver included in the "bullion" taken as the basis of circulation must not exceed one-fifth. [Sir Robert Peel said "one-fourth;" but he illustrated his meaning by adding, that in every £5,000,000 of bullion £1,000,000 must be of gold and £1,000,000 might be of silver.] This will obviate several inconveniences that might have arisen from taking gold as the sole basis: the bank will not be interested in avoiding the use of silver, which would have been a troublesome impediment to many customers in the ordinary course of business; silver is the metallic circulating medium in most foreign countries; remittances of coin to or from those countries must be made in silver; the bank is the appropriate great national dépôt to receive or supply the coin; and for the bank to have avoided that function, might not only have been a hindrance to commerce, but a source of disturbance to the exchanges. Another item is, that the public

are to have the right not only to demand gold for notes but notes for gold. And Sir Robert Peel developed several particulars respecting the future regulation of issuing joint-stock and private banks, allowing them as much freedom of action as is consistent with a perfect control over the currency. These further details give completeness to the plan. He also strove to give completeness to his argument, by supplying the link between his premises and his conclusions, observed to be missing in his speech of the 6th. He then laid down principles, but did not show that they led to his particular measures. He now said that he was not aware of the omission; but further to explain the utter disregard of right principles in the management of currency exhibited by the country banks, he cited extraordinary instances of extravagance, mismanagement, and wholesale bankruptcy. This was interesting, and it proved the necessity for interference; but still it failed to supply the strictly logical chain from the data to the particular measure as the sole and inevitable conclusion. With few and eccentric rather than striking exceptions, everybody in the House seemed to admit the great want, and to think that the measure would do remarkably well for the exigency; so that if not logically, practically the minister may be said to have made out his case; as by the boldness, the comprehensiveness, the completeness, and the prudence of his measure, he has vanquished party-jealousies, and has from all sides won an admiring concurrence, alike creditable to him and to those who render it.—*Spectator, May 25.*

**STEAM VS. ENGLAND.**—Louis Philippe is troubled with a naughty boy, who is out of bounds among politicians, pamphleteers, and opposition agitators. The Prince de Joinville, it appears, abetted Admiral Dupetit-Thouars, that bugbear to Queen Pomaré before her lying-in; and the prince threatened to resign his commission as rear-admiral because ministers refused to ratify M. Dupetit-Thouars's peculiar style of bullying. The tears of his aged mother, however, subdued the wrongheaded youth; the scandal was prevented; and instead of resigning he only went out of town in a huff. But he wrote a pamphlet to prove that France ought to be prepared to go to war at sea—with England, for example. There is nothing further from his wish than a war with England; only France should get and keep the weather-gage of us, and be prepared at a moment's notice to destroy our confidence in our marine, in our commerce, and in our insular position—in short, to drub and scare us. Being relatively thus placed, France is magnanimously to vouchsafe peace. Of course, the young admiral's essay attracted some notice here: the *Times* laughed at it; and the *Morning Chronicle* called it "a buccaneer brochure." This redoubles the clamor among the French press—who think the prince "misconceived," as he only prepares for war to maintain peace, and by no means merits the Antigallican asperities of his English critics. The ministerial *Journal des Débats* first contented itself with copying the English strictures, but at last read the royal pamphleteer a respectful lecture on his indiscretion. The ultra-opposition, on the other hand, are not thoroughly conciliated even by the prince's Anti-British demonstration, because he excuses the French ministers' reluctance to declare war with England in 1810! So the fasciculus has actually revived a kind of war-hubbub, when there is nothing to go to war about. Some seem to think this very clever; others see in it a fore-armed prudence; but for our part we can see in it nothing but a puerile indiscretion. War-distinctions being denied to the prince, he seeks to show how apt he is for them, and meanwhile to snatch a little distinction for an audacious sagacity in a paper-war. It is a pity that his escapade should not be merely harmless, but that there should be older and more influential politicians willing to discuss how England

and France could beat each other. Together, France and England could be an efficient police to keep the peace of Europe, at a tithe of the expense which it would cost either to inflict mutual injury; and some day, perhaps, Frenchmen generally will be as willing to learn that lesson, as most Englishmen, having learned it, are to put it in practice.—*Spectator*, May 25.

**SUGAR AND SLAVERY.**—The connexions and friends of the West Indies in London have been making a last effort to induce government to do justice to those ill-fated colonies. They have been deprived of their slave-labor; they have been debarred from making up for compulsion of labor by abundance of labor, since free immigration has been prohibited except under great restrictions; and now they are to be deprived of that fiscal "protection" which was a bad substitute for a healthier independence. Sir Robert Peel argues against the ten-hours' agitators, that you cannot impose restrictions on labor and maintain the corn-laws in importing England: *à converso* it may be said, you cannot impose restrictions on labor and enforce free trade in the producing West Indies. But justice might easily be done with the West Indies, if the subject were not complicated with irrelevant considerations. We deprecate the political propagandism of France—the intervention of the United States in Ireland—the meddling of Ireland in foreign aids; forgetting that we are guilty of intervention as gross in propagating anti-slavery doctrines: thus we keep alive a perpetual exasperation in France about the treaties of 1831 and '33; thus we keep certain citizens of the United States in constant trepidation about slave rebellions, not unlike the fears of Orangemen in Ireland about Riband conspiracies; and our embarrassment recoils on us here, in the shape of an incapacity to do justice to the West Indies. Why, if we begin to move towards putting the colonists on an equality with slave-countries in respect of fiscal affairs, can we not put them on an equality with them in respect of the sources and supply of labor? Forbidding slavery in our own dominions, our functions should cease: but we must needs meddle, not merely by precept and didactics, but actively, with the slavery of other countries; and so, if we were to allow the West Indies to obtain free labor as unrestrainedly as others obtain slave-labor, it would be "said" that we encourage a trade we forbid to others. Our harsh constructions make us timid in conscience; our meddling ties our hands; and the West Indies must suffer incompatible exposure and restraint, because we attempt impracticable and inconsistent missions in countries ready to "suspect" us.—*Spectator*, May 25.

**O'CONNELL.**—Judgment has been pronounced on Mr. O'Connell and his companions. The law's delays—the motions for a new trial, in arrest of judgment, and other hindrances—have been at last overcome, and the award of the highest court of justice in Ireland is enforced. The priest, indeed, got off, on the strength of some doubt expressed by two of the judges as to the evidence against him. The chief traverser is condemned to twelve months' imprisonment, with a fine of £2,000; the others, to nine months' imprisonment, with a fine of £50; and all are bound over to keep the peace for seven years. The sentence cannot justly be regarded as vindictive. The fines may be accounted for nothing, where there is so ample an exchequer to bear them. Compared with the terms of incarceration to which other political offenders have been doomed in England—offenders of a less prominent and dangerous order—O'Connell's imprisonment is short. The bond to keep the peace may prove embarrassing to pledged agitators; but where public pledges to a career of agitation have been given—where "conspiracy," in some form, more or less safe, is made a profession—such a bond is a fair check upon future acts. On the whole, the sentence is one of discipline and precaution, but not of

vengeance. Mr. O'Connell has perhaps done more mischief to Ireland within the last two years than the rest of his life can repair; and the law performs its best office when it prevents rather than punishes further harm.

One word, however, to those who have brought him to account. If this successful trial is all that ministers are going to do for Ireland—and pretty soon too—they had better have let it alone. If Mr. O'Connell has been answerable, and made to answer, for the mischief of the last two years, to the queen's government will belong a heavy and now undivided responsibility for the future.—*Spectator*, June 1.

**DE JOINVILLE.**—A perusal of the Prince de Joinville's very clever note on the state of the French navy confirms our opinion of its origin. The young admiral burns for distinction; the peace of the seas denies it him; and he rushes into print. And very well he acquits himself. His note is a strictly professional effusion: he sees the French navy, especially the steam marine, (which he acutely perceives to be a modification of shipping suited to the unnautical French nation,) in a deplorable state of inefficiency; he desires to procure an efficient steam marine—would he not signalize himself in its management and use!—and accordingly he sets forth how weak is that arm of France, and how strong and effective it might be made. This is done in language which is plain, terse, and pithy; there is no enfeebling rhetoric—every sentence tells home—the reader is convinced as he reads. Glance beyond the professional view, indeed, and you are struck with the crude statesmanship of so clear-sighted and clever a man, coming too from so prudent a family; for nothing can be more inopportune and indiscreet than the talk about warring with England, which he assumes among his data. And there are other warlike allusions which could not but act like a match thrown among gunpowder when promulgated in Paris. That collateral tendency of his pamphlet may have recommended it to others more cunning and more malicious, and have procured him the advice to publish it. Once determined, it is not surprising that he should have been obstinate in refusing to give up his darling work, so likely to do him credit and at least to make a noise. The papers had last week a story how he threatened, some time back, to resign because Admiral Dupetit-Thouars was given up—how he resisted his father's anger—but how he succumbed to the tearful entreaties of his venerable mother: this week they have the very counterpart of the story, but now it is about the pamphlet; only they say that the king was so far party to a compromise, that he asked, and even executed with his own hand, the alteration of certain passages. The sagacious Nemours too, it is said, was angrily opposed to his sailor-brother: and no wonder if he were. The *Standard* contradicts this tale, "on authority." At all events, the affair is settled: and no war is likely to follow because de Joinville has shown in type how he would display his prowess.

But it seems we are menaced in other quarters. The *Journal des Débats* has a formidable account of renewed understanding between Russia and our enemies in the East—a conspiracy, extending from St. Petersburg to Cabul, from Nicholas to Akhbar Kahn; and once more, in the fancy of the Parisian journalist, our Indian empire totters to its fall! Has some hallucination come over men like these astute French writers? Impossible. But a little anti-British farrago may serve as a set off to the recent lecture administered to the Prince de Joinville, and may reconcile the ultra-French spirits who took fire at the *Débats*, which was pronounced to be more English than our *Times* or *Chronicle*; and accordingly, a topic is chosen on which a most terrible attack can be made upon British interests—where it can do no harm—where it can have no present results.—*Spectator*, June 1.



THE AMERICAN MAIL brings us news on three points,—the House of Representatives has refused to reduce the Tariff, so that hope is gone for the present; the Texas affair is *in statu quo*, the treaty still lying before the Senate without expectation of ever seeing the light again in the legitimate shape of a confirmed treaty; and Philadelphia has been torn by riots. There is in the Union a rising, but apparently not very respectable party, called "the Native Americans," whose object seems to be to discourage popery and the admission of foreigners to rights of citizenship. This party held a meeting at Kensington, a quarter of Philadelphia much inhabited by Irish settlers; some Irish foolishly disturbed the meeting with noises; they were beaten; their fellows assembled and assailed the Native Americans, who resisted; and for three days Philadelphia was a prey to battle, slaughter, and fire. The best of the joke is some praise awarded to the authorities for promptitude and energy: they came out of their strongholds at nightfall, having let the rioters alone each day; and having issued forth on the second night, they looked on; on the third evening, martial law was proclaimed or threatened at one post, while at another the soldiers charged the mob; and then, at both places, "the mob dispersed:" the tumult was quashed. People will be ready enough, as they always are, to charge this disorder on "republican institutions." They must first show how long it is since we saw disorders in monarchical France, Turkey, Portugal, Spain, Bavaria, England, Wales, Scotland, or Ireland: they must acquit Costa Cabral of weakness, the Manchester "authorities" of some suspicion of backwardness, royalty itself in Bavaria from the charge of sanctioning concession of the very thing which the rioters asked. Rioting is not peculiar to republican countries, and it has nothing to do with republican institutions. We see that as soon as the ruling power in Philadelphia effectually interposed, disorder ceased: but it is the ruling power of every country which chooses and stamps the form of government. The shortest road to tranquillity in every country is to ascertain which is the strongest power, whatever it is, and to evoke its strength and opinions, whatever they are. The ruling power in the United States is republican; and until a total change of public opinion shall have created a stronger influence, and revolution shall have transferred executive power to the new party, tranquillity must be sought for the Union from republican authority. Much that is imputed to republicanism in America is more justly chargeable upon the newness and colonial condition of the people, and even on the wild geographical character of the region.—*Spectator*, June 1.

THE IRISH STATE TRIALS.—It was hardly to be supposed that a new trial would be granted to Mr. O'Connell. If the same course was not to be repeated, how was the same verdict to be had? An *accident* could not happen again to the panel; the exclusion of all Catholics could not be ventured on a second time; and the chief justice could not twice charge the jury against "the other side."

When we remember how the verdict has been got, we cannot wonder at the resolution not to disturb it. Certain it is that if it had been abandoned, no other would have been obtained. There are certain things which can only be done once, and which being done once will be resolutely stuck to by those who, having incurred the disgrace, solace themselves for it by the possession of the object.

Lord John Russell has declared in Parliament that Mr. O'Connell has not had a fair trial; the great majority of the public, including a large portion of the Tory party, concur in this opinion; but the sort of trial that he has had is the only one that would have allowed of his conviction. This is its unique merit. A new trial might be a very good way to get

at justice, but it would be a very bad way to get at a verdict against Mr. O'Connell, which is the one thing needful to the ministry. If a fair trial at first could not be hazarded, why was it to be conceded at last? No, no; the verdict once had, however bad, was obviously to be obstinately upheld. Indeed, the judges, in granting a new trial, would have given judgment against themselves, which was a candor hardly to be expected of them.

To the views of Mr. Justice Perrin alone we looked with any hope of finding better principles propounded than the court had acted on; and, we must admit, not without disappointment.

Mr. Justice Perrin declared that some of the evidence against Mr. O'Connell had been improperly admitted, and was for giving him a new trial on that ground; though believing at the same time that there was sufficient evidence to warrant the conviction, had it been unmixured with the objectionable evidence.

We looked in vain in Mr. Justice Perrin's speech for large constitutional doctrines where the question permitted of, nay challenged, them—namely, on the important point of the limits of agitation and discussion. We found nothing but the vague legal language—we had almost written slang.

"The conspiracy imputed was a conspiracy by the collection of large numbers of people in various parts of the country, and by the exhibition and display of great physical force, and by means of the intimidation thereby to be caused to produce changes in the law, and constitution, and overawe the legislature, and thereby effect the change. Now, to conspire by physical force, and by the use of physical force to effect changes in the law and constitution, it was hardly necessary to say was not merely a crime, but one of the highest degree; and if it were criminal to conspire to use physical force for the purpose of effecting a change in the law and constitution, it seemed to be but a step short of that to conspire to exhibit and display a command of power and possession of physical force to that degree and by intimidation, and the apprehension of the use of that physical force, to cause changes to be made. To conspire actually to use physical force would be to conspire to levy war—nothing short of that; and then the charge contained in that indictment was one step short of that, and that was a conspiracy to exhibit the means and powers for using force to overawe the legislature, and produce a change in the laws and constitution."

How then are any great agitations, or demonstrations of opinion, to be conducted so as to keep clear of the charge of overawing the legislature by the display of physical force? As Sir Thomas Wilde has observed, people cannot send their opinions to public meetings without their bodies; and if their bodies appear in large assemblages to express their opinions, they are always liable to the charge of making a display of the physical force for the purpose of intimidation. How is the moral to be separated from the physical display? How, in any popular meetings for a great cause, is it to be shown that the bodies are only brought together to exhibit the force of opinion? A government that finds itself pressed and embarrassed by an agitation, can always allege that the display of numbers at meetings is not a display of the force of opinion, but a display of the physical force for intimidation. And how the people are ever to be safe against this construction, is a question which Mr. Justice Perrin's doctrine does not in any degree solve.

Where does the infraction of the law begin? Up to what point are associations and assemblages to alter or to make law, as legal as they are confessedly necessary to the liberties of a people; and how is to be marked the transition from the representation of opinions to the menace of giving effect to them by force?

A government has only to take fright, or to pre-



tend to take fright,—to cry out, “You intimidate us,”—and it may treat any organized meetings or associations as conspiracies to overawe it.

If the extreme Corn-law section of the Tory party were in power, there is not a doubt that it would deal with the Anti-Corn-Law League as a conspiracy to intimidate it, and the same jargon would be brought to bear against Mr. Cobden that is now applied to Mr. O’Connell.

There can be no security for the right of discussion till its bounds are defined, and it is clearly marked out how the line is passed from the expression of the opinion which numbers entertain, to the menacing display of the physical force possessed by the numbers entertaining such opinion.—*Examiner*, June 1.

**THE SENTENCE.**—It is quite needless to direct attention to the terms of the sentence. Its fierce, uncompromising, and revengeful severity argues the presence of that inveteracy of spirit, which has been evinced against the leader of the Irish nation from the commencement of the prosecution—and will strike everybody, British or Irish, friend or foe.

But the end is not yet. In the mean time, it is some happiness to feel that the peace in outraged Ireland will be almost religiously preserved. Thanks to the imprisoned chief, whose influence over his countrymen is as powerful to tranquillize as to stir, there will be no commotion in any part of that country, millions of whose people nevertheless will feel the blow as a bitter personal calamity.

The law cannot shut up the spirit of Mr. O’Connell in the Penitentiary: it will be abroad upon Ireland, preserving order in spite of all that the government can do to excite frenzy.—*Id.*

**OPINIONS OF THE MORNING PAPERS.**—*Times*.—When we read that “the venerable Judge (Burton) was unable to proceed for a few moments, evidently overcome by his emotions, which affected him even to tears,” we must own the most absolute want of sympathy with his transport. It is wholly out of place—totally uncalled for by the severity of the punishment, the circumstances of the crime, or the character of the person punished. Judges should be made of less melting stuff. But the whole speech illustrates, though it does not justify, this conclusion. It is that of a man who is not a little daunted at what he is about. The fate of the chief justice seemed never out of his sight; and his sentence, instead of a solemn and fearless announcement of the judicial conclusion, has too much the air of a half-hearted apology for doing his duty. We are far from advocating hard words. None can be more unwilling than ourselves to see the judicial sentence transformed into a political harangue. But neither do we like to see a judge wince under the responsibility of an act which his conscience must tell him is just and necessary.

*Chronicle*.—After having sentenced Mr. O’Connell to suffer imprisonment for twelve months, and to pay a fine of £2,000, Mr. Justice Burton proceeded to direct that he should give security to the extent of ten thousand pounds! that he would keep the peace for seven years.

It is scarcely credible that this very judge, who sentenced Mr. O’Connell to give security to the extent of ten thousand pounds! that he would keep the peace for seven years, actually declared in the same judgment, within one minute before, that numerous and multitudinous as the repeal meetings had been, they had not exhibited a single instance of a breach of the peace. That this absence of a single breach of the peace was the result of the pacific influence exercised by Mr. O’Connell, that he himself (the judge) who sentenced Mr. O’Connell to give security to the extent of ten thousand pounds, that he would keep the peace for seven years) believed. That all the expressions which he had cited, showed how very anxious was Mr. O’Connell’s desire for the preserva-

tion of the peace, “and whether,” said the learned judge, “Mr. O’Connell had expressed such desire or not, the preservation of the peace was the consequence of all that he said and of all that he did.”

*Post*.—This sentence we believe no man, who is not prejudiced by party feelings, will consider excessive. Assuredly if ever a man had all the advantages which the forms of law can give, that man is Mr. O’Connell; he was found guilty, after a trial of unusual length, by a jury remarkable for its patient attention to the evidence; he was assisted by the highest legal talent; every technical objection urged on his behalf was discussed without let or hindrance; and he now receives a sentence far more lenient than it was in the power of the court to inflict. Yet he complains of injustice. If he could still mix in society here, he would find the universal opinion to be, that he has been too indulgently treated.

*Herald*.—As to the penalties imposed upon the convicted conspirators, they are, in all the instances, light compared with the practice in similar cases, but with respect to Mr. O’Connell ridiculously light in respect to his crimes. It is very true that many considerations justify a shorter imprisonment of Mr. O’Connell than his crimes would seem to warrant. The man is old—a year more or less, which to a young man seems little, is to an old man an important section of his life. Again, he is ruined as a public man.

**DEATH FOR EMERACING THE PROTESTANT FAITH.**—Attention has been forcibly called by a movement made in the Town Council of Edinburgh, to a circumstance calculated to shock public feeling in no slight degree, not merely throughout Protestant Europe, but wherever Christianity in any form of toleration can be said to exist. A memorial to Lord Aberdeen has been adopted in the town council, over which the Lord Provost presided, in favor of a Portuguese woman named Maria Joaquina, who in the island of Madeira has been condemned to suffer death, solely for embracing the doctrines of the Protestant faith. Of that alone she is found guilty, nothing indeed being charged against her but denial of worship to images and the doctrine of transubstantiation.

The Edinburgh Witness says—“The poor victim in this case, Maria Joaquina, wife of Manuel Alves, is the mother of seven children, of which the youngest was an infant at the breast when she was cast into prison. Of the various counts in her indictment, all relating, not to conduct, but belief, two only have been established. It was sworn against her by one witness that he had heard her say the Host is bread; and it was attested by several other witnesses that she had said the Holy Scriptures forbid the worship of images. And for these heresies this poor woman was sentenced, on the second day of the present month, after her long imprisonment in a noisome dungeon, to die on the scaffold. She has been condemned to be hanged for holding that a wafer is not God, but merely a little flour and water, and that images should not be adored.”

The memorial urges upon government the propriety of using such influence as they may be able to exert, to procure a reversal of this sentence; and copies of it have been forwarded to Lord Howard de Walden, our ambassador at the court of Portugal, and to the British consul at Funchal in Madeira. If over any foreign state this country may claim to exercise a reasonable influence, it ought to be the state of Portugal; and if such influence is ever to be put in force by England, for the honor of religion and the interests of enlightened humanity, this is the occasion for exerting it.

A new page of the horrors of history was opened when, in a country which emphatically proclaims itself the land of the free, a human being was sentenced to die for assisting a woman to escape from slavery; but this, universal as was the shock that followed the startling outrage, was only just more

monstrous than reopening in this century the old page of horror, which history has so closely inscribed with religious persecution and blood-seeking intolerance. That such a sentence should be put in execution in an island like Madeira, between which and our own shores such active and constant intercourse is going on, is not readily to be assumed; but the sentence has been passed; and that stage of the proceedings would have appeared to many to be as impossible of attainment in Madeira, as if the scene of martyrdom, the dungeon and the scaffold, had been Manchester. By merciful intervention, the life of this poor female Portuguese convert may perhaps be spared; and bigotry in this instance, like slavery in the other, may be constant in its late-awakened tenderness, to substitute for the blow that destroys life, the lashes at the gallows foot which render the endurance of it a daily death—a memory of bitter and disgraceful persecution.—*Examiner*, June 1.

**KING OF SAXONY.**—We see with great pleasure that the King of Saxony has arrived in England. In these days even a crown wants the gilding of a little *charlatanism*, and this amiable and accomplished sovereign has so little of it, that we are afraid our countrymen may hardly know how large a claim he has on their respect and admiration. Love of science for its own sake, unaccompanied by the least display, beneficence going to the extent of his limited resources, yet wholly without ostentation, piety without parade and without bigotry, the simplest habits and manners, a pure and upright life, these are qualities which are not much in the world's eye, especially when accompanied by modesty. Yet we much mistake the tastes of Englishmen if, were these qualities but once known, as the attributes of their royal guest, they did not think him, the sovereign of a comparatively small and weak state, more worthy of their attention and their homage than the autocrat of an almost boundless empire. Complimenting kings is no part of our vocation; but a journal which registers the movements of men of science can hardly omit to notice the arrival among us of so distinguished a botanist and geologist as the King of Saxony. That he is still more distinguished as a virtuous, humane, and enlightened man and ruler, does not, we hope, remove him out of our *compétence*.—*Athenæum*.

**HUME.**—The late Baron Hume, the nephew of the philosopher, was generally known to be in possession of a pretty large collection of letters, forming the correspondence between his uncle and a circle of distinguished contemporaries. Many applications were made for access to this collection, but it was the opinion of the baron, at least until a comparatively late period, that the time had not yet come when a use of these MSS. sufficiently ample and free to be of service to literature, could expediently be made. On his death in 1838, as we then announced, he left the collection at the disposal of the Council of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and it has now been for some time preserved in the archives of that body, accessible only through the special permission of the Council. After some deliberation regarding the proper use to which this peculiar bequest should be applied, the Council resolved that the collection should be placed at the disposal of any editor on whom they might have reliance, who should either publish such parts of the correspondence as have reference to literature, politics, and the personal life of Hume, or employ them as illustrative of a memoir of the philosopher. We understand that with this view the MSS. have been put at the disposal of Mr. J. H. Burton, Advocate, who is at present employing them, together with original materials collected in other quarters, in the preparation of a Life of Hume, with sketches of his contemporaries. The MSS., in the possession of the Royal Society, contain, besides an

ample correspondence with those eminent fellow-countrymen, with whom it is well known that Hume enjoyed unreserved intimacy, letters from D'Alembert, Carnot, Raynal, Montesquieu, and the other leaders of contemporary foreign literature. These, with the letters of Mad. de Boufflers, Mad. Geoffrin, Mdle. de l'Espinasse, and other female ornaments of the literary circles of Paris, will serve to throw light on a curious, but little known episode in Hume's life—his enthusiastic reception by the wits and the fine women of the reign of Louis XV. We understand, too, that these papers throw considerable light on the strange quarrel between Hume and Rousseau.—*Id.*

Our neighbors are honorable competitors in the field of geographical enterprise and scientific exploration. Accounts have been received of the Comte de Castelnau's expedition into the interior of South America, dated from Sabara, one hundred and fifty leagues north of Rio Janeiro, and some of the fruits of its labors, a collection of objects of natural history, have already reached Paris. The Comte Ange de Saint Priest, who lately published a collection of drawings of Mexican antiquities (*Athen.* No. 814) has submitted to the king a project for a scientific exploration of the provinces of Yucatan, Chiapas, and Central America; and a commission, composed of eminent members of the Institute, has been formed to organize the expedition, direct its labors, and trace its route. The king has created the bishop of Iceland a chevalier of the legion of honor, in acknowledgment of the services rendered by him to the Iceland Exploring Scientific Commission; and the Geographical Society has awarded its gold medals, for the most remarkable contributions to geographical literature, to M. H. de Hell for his journey to the shores of the Caspian Sea, and to M. d'Arnaud for his travels to the sources of the White Nile.—*Id.*

THE cause of literary property and international copyright is slowly making way. A law has just been promulgated in Prussia, recognizing the right of the Prussian bookseller to an exclusive profit at home in any foreign publications, to an interest in which he can show an authentic title, and protecting him against the effects of piracy, as in the case of native publications: we submit, for the consideration of Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Howitt, (see *ante*, p. 359,) whether some such provision might not be introduced into the proposed International Copyright Act as would meet the general equity of the case, and help to protect translations made in England. It appears from a statement in the French papers, that the first book which will have the benefit of this new legislation, is M. Thiers' forthcoming "History of the Consulate and the Empire." This work is so far advanced, that M. Thiers has undertaken to put six volumes into the publisher's hands by August next, when the printing will be immediately commenced; and an arrangement has been made with the Berlin house of Voss & Co., for its simultaneous publication in Paris and Berlin, by which the German market will be secured to its co-proprietors.—*Id.*

#### A VOICE FROM THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM.

WELL I remember, dear Maria, well,  
As I my suit so earnestly was pressing,  
How we were tittered at by beau and belle:  
Truly your situation was distressing!—

Just finished Miss Belinda's fleeting song,  
Just hushed the melody of the guitar;  
Oh! how you blushed to see the listening throng  
Smile as they caught—"Dear William, ask mama."  
*Punch.*

AVIS AU PUBLIC. LE PÈRE PUNCH EST DIABLE-  
MENT EN COLÈRE CETTE SEMAINE!

# PUNCH TO JOINVILLE.

DEAR MONSIEUR,—When the bones of the hero, who left a legacy to Cantillon for trying to assassinate the Duke of Wellington, were given back to the France which he loved so well—it was you, dear Joinville, who were despatched to remove the sacred ashes from the rock where they lay. I always had a good opinion of you after your conduct on that expedition.

It must be confessed, the brutal tyrants who murdered the meek apologist of Cantillon, behaved pretty handsomely in the matter of giving up his imperial bones. You, gentlemen of the *Belle Poule*, were feasted with the best of wine and victuals: you were received with all the honors that such a brutal and uncivilized nation as ours could invent: our government acceded to the request you made; our men dug up the body you wanted; our soldiers carried it down to your ships; our guns fired salutes in its honor and yours; our officers and governors did their utmost to please and welcome you, and held you out, at parting, the hand of fellowship.

The next thing we heard of you, dear Joinville, was, that you had flung your best cabin furniture overboard: turned your ship into a fighting monster—all guns; and had made a solemn vow to die—to sink to a man—'ods marlinspikes and lee-scuppers!—rather than strike the English.

Nobody asked you to strike to them. They had just been treating you with every imaginable kindness and courtesy: in reply to which you shook your fist in the faces of the brutal islanders, and swore you would never be bullied by them.

It was a genteel and grateful way of expressing your sense of kindness—a polite method of showing gratitude worthy of the most civilized nation in Europe. It had not the least bluster or bad taste. It did not show that you had a propensity to quarrel—that rancor was lurking in your heart—that your return for hospitality was hatred and rage. Your conduct was decent and dignified, and worthy of a gallant sailor, a gentleman, and a king's son.

The gratitude of your nation is proverbial. The fondness of the Carlists of France for the men who sheltered them and fed them, when their countrymen would have had their heads off, is known by all persons who read a French newspaper. You, of the younger branch, seem also to possess the same amiable quality.

What a compliment to our country is this new pamphlet you have been publishing!—a compliment still greater than that of proposing to fight us with the *Belle Poule*!—You were kindly received in our perfidious island last year. You visited our cities, towns, and country; our towns inland and seaboard. And your benevolent patriotism instantly pointed out to you, while considering the "*Etat des Forces Navales de la France*," that it would be very easy to burn all these fair quiet towns, lying so peaceful and confiding along the water side. They were entirely defenceless, and their unprotected condition touched your great soul, and suggested to your Christian spirit the easy opportunity of plunder.

Brave prince: bold seaman: good Frenchman!—You can't see your neighbor comfortable, but you long to cut his throat. Prudent statesman—you are at peace: but you must speculate upon

war; it is the formal condition of the nation you represent; the refined and liberal, the honest and unsuspicious, the great and peaceful French nation.

You want a steam marine for your country, because with it the most audacious aggressive war is permitted. You don't want "brilliant successes" any more; your chivalrous spirit suggests more agreeable conquests. "With a steam navy," say you, "nothing will prevent us from inflicting upon the enemy's coasts losses and sufferings unknown to them hitherto." The riches accumulated upon our coasts and in our ports, would no longer be in safety. Our arsenals are crowded with ships: how they would burn! Our warehouses are full of wealth—what is it for, but for Frenchmen to plunder! Our women are the most beautiful in the world. *Sacrébleu!* how they would scream as five hundred jolly lads from the *Belle Poule* came pouncing down upon them!

Dear Joinville, I can fancy you dropping down the river Thames, and the generous thoughts filling your bosom as (the queen perhaps by your side, all smiles and kindness) you look at the millions of merchant-ships lying round about you. While the sun is shining, the people are shouting welcome, the queen smiling on his arm—the dear fellow is thinking how glorious it would be to burn all those ships and destroy that odious scene of peace, plenty, and confidence. Dear fellow! nice prince—God bless you!

I declare I never read a paragraph more creditable to the writer's head and heart than this:—"*Our present packet-boats would, from their great swiftness, form excellent corsairs in time of war. They could come up with a merchant-ship, PILLAGE IT, BURN IT, and be away before the war-steamer itself could reach them!*" It is quite noble—Christian, thoughtful, princelike, and Frenchman-like—it ought to be printed in large letters, in letters of blood for preference. The beautiful reflection of a French philosopher, suggested by a scene of plenty.

By heavens! the extravagances of mad old Gilray, the severed heads and reeking axes, the hideous mixture of grinning and murder with which he was wont to typify a Frenchman, are feeble compared to this. Here is a lad—the hope of the nation—anxious to maintain "the honor of France"—and how! by murdering, pillaging, burning, butchering in England. His argument is—You are at peace: therefore, had you not better get ready for war! "*Employ,*" the dear boy says, "*the leisure of peace to prepare and sharpen a blade which will strike effectually in time of war.*" Of course, that is the end of peace.

Suppose His Royal Highness Field Marshal Prince Albert, after his visit to Eu the other day, had taken advantage of his vast military experience, and on his return to England had addressed a report to the War-office, suggesting a "Plan for burning Cherbourg," "Hints on the practicability of bombarding Toulon," "Slight suggestions for a general massacre of the inhabitants of the French coast between Dunkirk and Bayonne;" our neighbors would have thought it a delicate compliment no doubt—a pleasing manifestation of opinion from a person closely connected with the throne; a kind proof of the good feeling between one country and the other.

But no; we don't do these things, dear prince. We are perfidious Englishers; brutal in our habits, vulgar in our notions; absorbed by gross pursuits of commerce, and coarse lust of gain. We are not civi-

lized : we do not care for glory. There is only one nation that really cherishes glory, and possesses civilization. It is yours, dear Joinville ! There is only one nation that prides itself in its rapacity, and glories in its appetite for murder. There is only one nation that boasts of its perfidiousness, and walks the world in the sunshine, proclaiming itself to be an assassin. We may be perfidious, but at least we have the decency of hypocrisy. We may be sordid, but at least we profess to worship Christian peace—not murder and Napoleon.

It is for you to do that : for you to fulfil the mission given you by Heaven, which made you as it made an animal of prey. It is only you who shout daily with fresh triumph your confession of faith, that you will rob when you can ; that when at peace you are meditating aggression ; that statesmanship for you is only the organization of robbery ; you who call rapine, progress—murder and pillage, “the propagation of French ideas,”—and massacre, “the maintenance of the rank of France in Europe.” Go pander to the vanities, Joinville, of your sage and reasonable nation ! foster their noble envy, recreate their angelic propensity to work evil—inflame their Christian appetite for war. The king's son of such a nation can surely not be better employed than in flattering the national spirit. If he love peace, they say he is a bad Frenchman. Commerce is brutal and English, unworthy of the polished intelligence of the French people. Their *culte* is glory. Continue, Joinville, to minister to that noble worship ; the more you insult your neighbors, the more “national” your countrymen will think you. Don't spare your insults, then, but suggest fresh plans of invasion with the calm assurance which renders your nation so popular all over the world. Assert your claims in the true, easy, quiet, unambitious, gentle, good-humored French-polished way, so little querulous, so calmly dignified, so honestly self-reliant ! Do this, and you can't fail to become more popular. Invent a few more plans for abasing England, and you will take your rank as a statesman. Issue a few more prospectuses of murder, and they'll have you in the Pantheon. What a dignity to be worshipped by those, who, if not the leaders at any rate are the bullies of Europe.

Agrééz, Monseigneur,  
Les sentimens de Reconnaissance respectueuse  
avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être,  
de Votre Altesse Royale le profond Admirateur,  
PONCHE.

#### A POET'S LAMENT.

ALAS ! the days of Poetry are flying ;  
They blow up mountains, and they cut down trees ;  
Through groves of lamp-posts now the zephyr's sighing,  
And steam and ashes choke the once cool breeze.  
The engine's whistle scares the lark and throstle ;  
The “rural force” puts down the blackbird's song,  
And stokers now Stoke-Pogis poets jostle,  
As sad they wend their weary way along.

Velocipedal Fancy goes by vapor ;  
Imagination soars in a balloon—  
Ah me ! I fear the only use for paper  
Will be for bills, bank-notes, and cheque-books soon.  
Snowdon, alas ! my own beloved mountain,  
They'll level thee ! thy copper into tin

They'll change, and Lake Llanberis' ev'ry fountain  
Will be cut off, and rubbish carted in.

Sleep, sleep, ye Dryads ! cut for railroad “sleepers,”  
The lofty monarchs of your woods lie low ;  
Drown, drown yourself, ye Naiads ! plunge as deep as  
Oblivion lies ;—no more your cool waves flow  
To the sweet murmuring of sedgy music :—  
The gas-works and the vitriol-works have cooked it,  
Killed all your fringing flowers ; and, getting too sick,  
Turned upside down, the finny fry have hooked it.

Cease, Nature, cease to toil ! thy warm spring-showers

No more are wanted—water carts abound.  
Our fair ones smile 'neath artificial flowers,—  
Why does the useless lily deck the ground ?  
Soon, when the starving poet cannot use it,  
The Thames will be one mighty flow of ink ;  
But should some future crack-brain try to muse it,  
A city pump's the Hippocrene he'll drink.—*Punch*.

#### SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF MEDICINE.

THIS is a small but very select society, composed of physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners. Its object is the mutual comparison, so to speak it, of notes, for general edification. It meets once a week, at the house of each member in rotation. At the last meeting—

The chair was taken by Dr. Hookie, at the head of his own tea-table. The worthy chairman, with a cup of Hyson in his hand, begged to propose as a toast, “Success to Practice.” Drunk unanimously.

The secretary (Mr. Jones) then stated that Mr. Baggs had a communication to make to the Society.

Mr. Baggs would, with permission of the Society, relate an interesting case. The patient was an elderly lady, *ætatis* 65 ; her complaint was a sinking at the stomach, accompanied by a singing in the ears ; together with a nervous affection, described by herself as “alloverishness.” He (Mr. Baggs) had called the disorder *Debilitas*, and *Tinnitus Aurium*. Ordered—Pil. Micæ Panis, box one,—three pills to be taken every night : and a sixteen-ounce mixture, composed of Tinct. Cardamom : Comp. drachms ten : Syrup : Simp. : ounces two : and the rest, Aqua : three table spoonfuls three times a day. The patient had been two months under treatment—expresses herself to have been done a world of good—but should like to go on with the medicine. He (Mr. Baggs) considered that he had been very lucky in his patient, and only hoped he might have many such.

A member here suggested the propriety of drinking her health. (*No, no ; and laughter.*)

Another member thought that Mr. Baggs had made a good thing of it.

Mr. Baggs rather flattered himself that he had. He had charged “Iter,” each visit, 5s., besides medicine, and he had seen the case daily.

The same member wished, if it was a fair question, to know what might have been the prime cost of the drugs ?

Mr. Baggs said that the tincture in each bottle, he should think, was about threepence-halfpenny, and the syrup perhaps three farthings. The aqua was an insignificant fraction of the rate on that fluid ; as was the Panis of the baker's bill.

One member considered that a few powders, now and then, might have been sent in.

Another would have applied an Emplastrum Picius to the *Epigastrium*. It would have been 3s.

Mr. Baggs thought that a little moderation was sometimes as well.

The Society, generally, agreed with him.

Dr. Dunham Brown then recounted an instructive case of gout, occurring in an alderman. He had been in attendance on him for a twelve-month, and had taken, on an average, three fees a week.

The Chairman next read a valuable paper "On Professional Appearance," in which he strongly recommended black gaiters.

A discussion ensued respecting the advantages of spectacles in procuring the confidence of patients. At its conclusion—

The Chairman inquired who was for a game at whist? Several members answering for themselves in the affirmative, cards were introduced. The Society separated at a respectable hour.—*Punch*.

#### THE WHITE SLAVE.

On! weary goes the scrubbing-brush upon the dingy floor,  
And sorely weary are the hands that scrub for evermore;  
It's scrub, scrub, scrub, from Monday morn, right on to Friday night,  
Scrub, scrub, as soon as daylight breaks—scrub, scrub, by candle-light.  
I'm sick to death of cleaning, with its everlasting rout—  
I'm sure my life's no good to me 'cept on my Sunday out.  
Ah! folks may talk of factory-girls, and what they have to do,  
And make a dreadful fuss about the women-miners too—  
And bring in bills to Parliament, and talk a lot of stuff—  
They'd better let them all alone—I'm sure they're well enough.  
If they have extra work to do, don't they get extra pay?  
But here, my mistress thinks there is no extra to the day.  
She rings me up at five o'clock, and often three or four,  
And keeps me scrubbing till I drop asleep upon the floor.  
The factory engines and their din can't be as bad, I'm clear,  
As mistress' screaming, scolding voice forever in my ear.  
Those mines must be a Paradise down underneath the ground,  
With nothing in the world but coals, or dirty stones all round!—  
There's not a bit of scrubbing there, no chests nor tables bright—  
For dirt can't be distinguished in the dingy candle-light,  
And nobody would think of cleaning, even if it were.  
Oh dear!—be what there might to do, I wish I could be there!  
If gentlemen would look at home who talk of factory work,  
They'd see their household servants slave worse than the heathen Turk.  
They'd better mend their own concerns, and lighten servants' cares,  
Than lay down laws for other men about their own affairs.  
And while they talk of needlework, and mantua-makers too,

Calling the nation's eyes to look at what these women do,

Bidding young ladies calculate the cost of each new dress,

By weary heads, and worn-out eyes, and so on—I confess

I wish when such sit down at home, in nicely furnished rooms,

They'd count the cost of cleanliness in work, instead of brooms—

And recollect that where they lounge, so pleasantly at ease,

"White Slaves" have toil'd and moil'd for hours, sometimes upon their knees.

I wish I were the scrubbing-brush itself, I do declare,  
For then I might scrub all my life, and never know nor care.

But now I am so weary, that I can't enjoy my bed;  
I go to sleep the very instant I lay down my head.

And as to lying there at morn—why, I'd defy the lark

To wake before my mistress rings; I wish that bell—hush—hark!—

I hear her voice upon the stairs, she's coming up this way,

My goodness! if she comes in here whatever will she say?

I'm sure I shan't get this room clean'd before the clock strikes two,

And she expects it done by twelve—she's here!—what shall I do?—*Punch*.

#### THE TAGUA NUT, OR VEGETABLE IVORY.—

This article, which is coming into pretty general use for ornamental purposes, is the produce of the palm found on the banks of the Magdalena, in the republic of Columbia, South America. The Columbians call it Tagua, or Cabeza de Negro (Negro's head,) in allusion, we presume, to the figure of the nut; and the term *vegetable ivory* is given to it by Europeans, from the close resemblance it bears, when polished, to the animal ivory of the elephant's tooth. Almost all we know about it is contained in the following memorandum by the Spanish botanists Ruiz and Pavon, who give it the generic name of *phytelephas*, or elephant plant, distinguishing two species, the *macrocarpa*, or large fruited, and the *microcarpa*, or small fruited. "The Indians cover their cottages with the leaves of this most beautiful palm. The fruit at first contains a clear insipid fluid, by which travellers allay their thirst; afterwards the same liquid becomes milky and sweet, and changes its taste by degrees as it acquires solidity, till at last it is almost as hard as ivory. The liquor contained in the young fruits becomes acid if they are cut from the tree and kept for some time. From the kernel the Indians fashion the knobs of walking-sticks, the reels of spindles, and little toys, which are whiter than ivory, and as hard, if they are not put under water; and if they are, they become white and hard again when dried. Bears devour the young fruit with avidity." According to the Gardeners' Chronicle, from which we derive the substance of our information, the part of the kernel which is similar to ivory is of the same nature as the meat of the cocoa-nut; this kernel becoming very hard in several palm-trees, such as the date, but not of sufficient size to be of value to the turner. The doum, or forking-palm of Thebes, the fruits of which are called ginger-bread nuts at Alexandria, has a similar albumen, which is turned into beads for rosaries; and that of the double cocoa-nut, or coco-de-mer, is also susceptible of a fine polish.—*Chambers' Journal*.

From the *Britannia*.

## FRANCE AND STEAM.

THE French journals still make the foolish pamphlet on their navy a topic, and all the native coxcombs of the Frenchman sharpened by all the vulgar jealousy of the Jacobin is displayed in the columns of every influential paper of France. Yet, why is all this bitterness! Has England exhibited the slightest wish to attack any of her neighbors? No. Has there been the most trivial collision with the French government? Have not our personal intercourses with the people been of the most confiding and conciliatory kind? Are not our merchants, our travellers, our diplomatists, our residents in France, from day to day, making further advances to that state of cordiality in which all nations ought to live with each other? Yet all this is to be broken up at an instant, because a son of the French king happens to be a blockhead, and to write a silly pamphlet about the "recovery" of "national glory." There is no use in national glory but to procure peace; and peace is procured already, and will last for the next hundred, or the next thousand years, if it is to depend on England.

But the Duc de Joinville, a *hero* who has never seen a shot fired, and whose whole service afloat has been confined to summer voyages, wants "glory;" and a succession of sneers and stimulants must be fabricated by the French press to rouse their nation to acts of hostility. This is the cry of "War on any terms," the cry of frenzy; but that does not the more prevent it from being the cry of Frenchmen. For their hostility no man in this country can care; for their threats of conquest, we need only refer to the failures of France in every attempt upon the national power for the last eight hundred years; for the tremendous retribution, we need only turn the eye of the Frenchman to the long and bloody narratives of the English wars with France, down to the double conquest of her country, and seizure of her capital, in 1814 and 1815. And, as it is remarkable that the losses and disgraces of France were regularly heavier in every successive period of war, she may be fully assured that her next British war will bring her nearer still to destruction, if not totally divide, desolate, and destroy the kingdom.

But the truly vexatious part of the whole affair remains, whether we go to war or remain at peace. The evidence is given, that no kindness can conciliate the original bitterness of the Frenchman. England has for the last quarter of a century not merely abstained from offence, but has actually exceeded the natural bounds of courtesy in the attempt to conciliate the peevishness of France. What nation was the first to acknowledge Louis Philippe! What nation has awarded to him the most constant and unhesitating praise? What nation has received the members of his family with more cordiality, and what nation was more willing to receive himself with public honors? And yet a puppy of his household no sooner scribbles a trifling pamphlet than every Frenchman starts on his toe, curls his moustaches, and pronounces the downfall of "perfid Albion." Is this the honorable recompense of the queen's visit to the French Royal Family—an act of almost romantic reliance, and unquestionably one of the rarest in the intercourse of crowned heads?

Even the nature of the suggestions renders the national offence of this pamphlet more glaring.

If it had been a manly proposition for increasing the naval strength of France for the purpose of fair battle on the seas, though we should have regarded it as folly, yet we should not have regarded it as mischief. But the proposition is, to build a crowd of steam-boats, for the express purpose of being able, in the first event of hostilities, to ravage the coast of England. What a scene of miseries, plunderings, and burnings of the most innocent and helpless portion of our population must be the consequence of even temporary success in an expedition of such a nature! Permanent conquest would be a ridiculous conception, too silly even for the brains of this man of steam-boats. But, is the age of piracy to be restored? Is war to be nothing manlier or more generous than an incursion like those of the Dutch and Norwegian sea-robbers?

But every sailor knows that, important as steam-boats are, they can never decide battles; that ships of the line alone are fit for the service which settles the disposal of kingdoms; and that a single sailing ship of war would demolish a whole fleet of steam-vessels. But any nonsense is good enough for the public of France; while no kindness, national or personal, can ever extinguish the innate arrogance and animosity of a Frenchman.

We give a specimen from the *National*, alluding to the remarks of the *Times* on the pamphlet:—

"It would be difficult, we must confess, to read anything more ignoble than this, or which more clearly betrays the fear which haunts England lest our navy should develop itself in proportion to the power of our nation. The English, who exist at the present only because they carried on the trade of pirates on a grand scale on the coast of China, and who at all periods have trampled under foot the rights of naval powers, lose their senses with rage when the idea of interfering with their commerce in case of war is suggested. We do not expect to bring them back to sentiments of equity and moderation; but would it be too much to ask them that they intersperse their insults with somewhat less of bad taste?"

LADY MARY COKE, to whom Horace Walpole dedicated in a few verses the second edition of the *Castle of Otranto*, was the youngest daughter of John the great Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, who commanded at the battle of Sheriffmuir, was celebrated by Pope, and the patron of Jeanie Deans. She married, in the spring of 1747, Lord Coke, eldest son of the Earl of Leicester, and Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann of the 12th of January, 1748, mentions his ill-treatment of her. Subsequently, on the 17th Nov. 1749, it appears she swore the peace against him. He died in 1752, without succeeding to the title of Earl. She is believed to have survived the century anniversary of her father's great victory, and to have died in the neighborhood of Chelsea about 1820; but particulars of the last half century of her career are wanting, and our correspondent has been unable to trace her death.

A letter from Vienna says:—"We are going to have a trial of an Atmospheric Railroad. A company has been formed here to construct one between Vienna and Hüttelsdorf, by Hiertzing and Miedburg, on the left bank of the Wein. The expense will be 1,200,000 florins (3,000,000 francs.) All the shares, each of which is 10,000 florins, were disposed of the very day the prospectus of the company was published."

From the Athenæum.

*Letters of Elizabeth Charlotte Duchess of Orleans, &c.*—[*Briefe, &c. an die Raugräfin Louise,*] London, Williams & Norgate.

OF this new collection of Letters, written by Elizabeth Charlotte Duchess of Orleans, the editor, Wolfgang Menzel, gives us the following history:—

These letters, hitherto entirely hid from the public, have been committed to our care by the kindness of Count Christopher Martin, of Degenfeld, in whose family archives they have been preserved. The circumstances of their origin are as follows: the Elector, Charles Louis, of the Palatinate, had separated from his ill-tempered consort, Charlotte, and married the amiable lady Louisa, of Degenfeld. By this second marriage, he had five sons and three daughters, who found themselves, after their father's decease, in an uncomfortable position, having the family title, but not the power of succession. While the young counts received their military education, their sisters lived in Frankfort, in Hanover, and in England, where Caroline, the eldest, was married to the son of the Duke-Marshal Frederick of Schomberg, and died soon afterwards. The younger sisters, Amelia and Louisa, returned to Germany. To these, while children, the Duchess of Orleans had written many letters; and, when Amelia died, in 1709, the correspondence was maintained with Louisa until the death of the duchess, which took place in 1722. The earlier letters, being addressed to mere children, contain little of historical interest, but exhibit the character of the writer in an amiable light. Forgetting that her own mother had been displaced to make room for a happy rival, she looked upon these children of that rival with kindness, regarding them as sisters. After the death of her aunt, the Princess Sophia of Hanover, (mother of George I., of England,) who had been her principal confidant, the duchess transferred her confidence and communicativeness to Louisa, who had lived with the princess. Whether the letters to the Princess Sophia, which, in historical interest, must surpass all the others which the duchess wrote, are preserved in Hanover or England, I cannot discover. If they are, it would be of great service to make them known. Though we have none of the letters of the Countess Louisa, yet considerable light is shed over her character in the letters of the duchess. Her endeavors to gain the attention of the regent, through the influence of his mother, in favor of the reformed who had been persecuted under Louis XIV., merit our respect.

The leading events in the history of the duchess are already well known. In the year 1671 she was married, against her will, to Philip Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV. She called herself "the political lamb offered up for the peace of the country." Equally against her own conviction was her conversion to Catholicism, though Massillon, in his funeral oration, tells us, "she never relapsed into the faith she had left, because she abandoned it of her own free will!" How little the court-preacher knew of her real character appears from these letters. A few days after her conversion she was married to "Monsieur," who seems to have cared little for her, though she proved a faithful wife. Her German character, honest and kindly, though coarse, found no congeniality in the dissolute court where she lived through her son's regency to see the beginning of the reign of Louis XV. Her chief solace seems to have been in letter-writing, and she was one of the most copious of correspondents, filling, often, twenty or thirty sheets with her gossip. She even

wrote to the philosopher Leibnitz, who complimented her on her German style, of which she was not a little proud. Though she hated the French court, she loved to collect its scandals, and her letters are full of anecdotes characteristic of the dissolute period of the regency: of these we can only give scanty intimations. The times she describes afforded copious materials for a Juvenal. We need not attempt to preserve any order in our brief translations. A few quotations will explain what we have said of Massillon's mistake respecting the religious tenets of the duchess:—

*Versailles, 22d January, 1697.*—It is a vexatious thing to see how the priests set Christians against one another. In my opinion, the three Christian religions should consider themselves as one, and not trouble themselves with what the people believe, if they only live according to the Gospel; but preach against evil-doers, and let Christians of different sects intermarry and go to whatever churches they like.—*4th of March, 1697.* The priests can never live without disputes, and so, when they have done quarrelling with other religions, they dispute among themselves, as I see here every day. I believe what the good Colonel Webenheim used to tell me, "there is only one good and right religion in the world, and that may be found among all sects and languages; for it includes all honest, honorable people, who are of the same opinions everywhere; but there is only a small company of them."—*7th of May, 1711.* The king here is, in truth, a Christian; but very ignorant in religious matters, for he has never read the Bible, but believes just anything which his priests choose to tell him.

The duchess stood on her own ground, for she could not agree altogether with the Lutherans, as she writes in other letters:—

Dr. Luther was like all the rest of the clergy; he wanted to be a ruler; but if he had consulted the good of Christendom, I think he would never have separated. He and Calvin would have done a thousand times more good if they had not separated. Believe me, Louisa, the distinctions of the Christian religion exist only in the disputes of the priests, of whatever sect they are, Catholic, Reformed, or Lutheran; they all are ambitious, and would fain have dominion. But true Christians trouble not themselves with the quarrels of the priests; they obey the word of God, as far as they understand it, cherish no hatred against their neighbors, of whatever religion they may be, but serve them where they can, and commit themselves entirely to the care of Divine Providence.

The duchess sometimes edified herself in her courtly solitude, with the Lutheran psalms, to which she had been accustomed in her youth, as the following anecdote, with its naïve conclusion, amusingly proves:—

*St. Cloud, 4th of August, 1720.*—Do you then suppose, dear Louisa, that I never sing any Lutheran hymns? I have many of them by heart, and often sing them, as I find them comfortable. But I must tell you what happened to me as I was singing some of them more than twenty years ago. I did not know that M. Rousseau was painting the orangery, but supposed I was quite alone in the gallery; so I sang quite aloud the sixth psalm, "In thy great wrath rebuke me not!" I had hardly sung the first verse, when M. Rousseau (who was one of the Reformed,) came down in great haste from his scaffold, and fell at my feet. I thought the man must be crazy, and said to him, "Good heavens! M. Rousseau, what is the matter with you?" "Madame,"

he replied, "is it possible that you still remember our psalms and hymns? God bless you, and keep you in these good sentiments!" He had tears in his eyes. After a few days he went away, I know not whither; but wherever he is I wish him happiness. He is a very good painter in fresco.

Against the little, as well as the great corruptions of her day, the duchess is frequent in her protestations. Coffee and tobacco were especial objects of her detestation:—

I am very sorry, dear Louisa, to hear that you have begun to take coffee; for nothing in the world can be more prejudicial to health. Every day I see people who have been compelled to discontinue its use by the serious complaints which it has brought on. The Princess of Hainault has died of it, and, after her death, they found the coffee collected in her stomach, where it had produced a hundred little ulcers. \* \* I have had one of my son's daughters with me, *Mdlle. de Valois*, the third of those living, a maiden of fourteen years old. When a child, she promised to be pretty; but my hopes are all deceived, for she has got now a great aquiline nose which spoils her face. She once had the prettiest nose in the world, but so children alter. I believe they have allowed her to take snuff, and that has done all the mischief.

We may extract a few sentences from her letters on the illness and decease of Louis XIV.

Our king, alas, is not well, and this has troubled me so, that I am unwell myself, and can neither eat nor sleep as usual. If you knew by what sort of company I am surrounded here, you would not wonder that I choose to live in such a solitary way. I neither can nor will play, and one who will not play has little to do here. Conversation is quite out of fashion. All seem so shy, and dread so to talk, that they seem afraid of each other. I am not of a proper age to dance with young gentlemen, and as for the people here of my years, I am no favorite among them. It is no trouble to me to be alone, for society is only miserable to me, where one cannot speak freely and openly of anything, save the weather, dress, and play. With intrigues I neither can nor will have anything to do, and thus you have my reasons for being solitary. \* \* You must not believe that the king's decease will leave me at liberty to live as I please. We must submit to the customs of the country; and, in my station, one must, indeed, be a victim of grandeur. You need not say anything of your obligation to me for writing to you amid all my troubles; for nothing so relieves the heart as to tell our grief to those who sympathize with us. It is true that we all supposed the king to be dead, as *Mad. de Maintenon* herself thought, for he lay in a long fainting-fit; but he came to himself again, and still lives. \* \* The king remained sensible to the last, and said to *Mad. de Maintenon* with a smile, "I thought that dying was a harder matter, but I assure you it is not such a great thing." He was twice, for twenty-four hours, so engaged with his prayers, that he said nothing to anybody.

*Paris, 27th of September, 1715.*—The whole day vexatious people are coming to talk to me, wishing me to speak for them in some affairs. My son gives himself no rest from six in the morning to midnight. I am afraid he will work himself to death. He never can stand it without being ill. If you call this a pleasant and comfortable life, then you may suppose I am enjoying myself. I do not know if my son will be made king; that must be left to God; but if it be so, he will never be able to do anything but what the keepers of his conscience command, and I am not reckoned among them. One thing is sure, that if he

follows his own inclinations no one in the world will be plagued any more about his religion.

The duchess was very affectionately disposed to throw a veil over the faults of her son, the regent, and to dwell upon his good qualities; and this kindness was returned on his part. In her old age, she relates, with great pleasure, how he would come to tell her laughable stories which did her more good than all her medicines. For his failings she generally contrives to find somebody to bear the blame; and often complains that he is "too good," "too easily persuaded," &c. Her picture of his court certainly presents to us the last stage of a dissolute period, and contributes to explain the gathering of that social tempest by which France was, at last, overwhelmed. Only a few traces may be extracted:—

There is no more shame left among us, and even the women, in their conversations, are worse than the men. It seems as if all faith had vanished from the earth. Neither the high nor the low have any religion left. I know not what will come of all this—God preserve us! Most of the people of quality here, think of nothing but dissolute pleasures, and believe in no eternal happiness, but think that after death there will be nothing more, neither good nor bad. As to the modes of dress prevailing here just now, nothing more detestable could be invented, even on purpose to ridicule them. You would think that the men and women were just escaped from the madhouse, or at least, from a masked ball. \* \* The young people seem to think only of their vices and their interest, and thus they look jaded and melancholy, thinking of nothing but how to get gold. This makes them look so serious, and, to my feelings, so disagreeable. They are far from all thoughts how to live in a happier way, for these vices have quite abused their understandings, so that they will neither learn nor follow the better way of life, that others have chosen before them; they will not see that this new mode of theirs is neither creditable with God nor with the world. One perverts another, and no wonder, when the first men of quality lead as mad a life as the lowest *canaille*. This destroys all, and none but bad dispositions are spread among the people.

Amid the dissolute heroes and heroines of the regent's court, Mr. Law comes in, with his famous monetary scheme for improving the finances. At first, the duchess seems to have entertained a favorable opinion of him:—

I believe Mr. Law is an Englishman, and not a Scotchman. Certainly, he is terribly hated. To me he seems to be a good man, and to possess a good understanding. \* \* These six days we have had nothing new except some financial movements, of which I cannot tell you, as I do not understand them; only this I know, that my son has found out means, with the help of an Englishman, *Mons. Law*, (the French people call him *Mons. Las*,) to pay off, in this year, all the late king's debts. The young king too, will be made a rich king! They who speak evil of *Mons. Law* and his bank do it out of envy. Nothing can be better than what he is doing here. He is paying off the late king's terrible debts, the taxes are lowering, and so he is taking the burthen off the people's shoulders. Wood costs only the half of what it did a short time ago. Wine, meat, and all articles used in Paris, are growing cheaper, which delights the people, as you may easily suppose. Is it not a good thing? \* \* *Mons. Law* is a good gentleman: I respect him highly, and he does me a favor when he can. He is no pilferer, like all others who have governed the finances, but what he gets is only an honest profit.



The story of his purchasing the palace of the Duchess de Berry is a pure lie; for she never had one to sell. All the houses she had fell to the king, who has made one of them his menagerie, and keeps cows, sheep, dogs, goats, and pigeons there. \* \* Good Mons. Law has been very ill for some days; with persecution and trouble, he has no rest by night or by day. I do not believe there is such an importunate people as the French in all the world beside: what with their begging, by letters and all sorts of ways, they make me so angry and impatient, that I snap about me like a boar. No one can have a better understanding than Mr. Law; but I would not be in his place for all the world: he is plagued like a lost soul. \* \* Here, (at Paris,) everything is growing terribly dear, double what it should be. They are sending diamonds, jewels, and all sorts of *bijouterie*, from England, and the lucky shareholders buy them up at any price. We have some droll stories. A few days ago a lady at the opera was surprised at the appearance of another lady who entered the house—very ugly, but clothed in the richest things, and covered with diamonds. The daughter of Mad. Begond said to her mother, "Do you see that gay lady? I believe it must be Mary, our cook." "Hush!" said her mother, "'tis not possible." "Nay, but for heaven's sake look at her," said the daughter. The mother gazed well on the gay dame, and confessed that the resemblance was striking. The murmur spread through the opera house—"Mary the cook!" At last the lady in question, arose and said, quite aloud, "*Eh bien!* suppose I am Mary the cook, Mad. Begond, I have become rich. I dress myself with my own property. I owe nothing to anybody. I like dress; I wear it:—that does no harm to any one; and what have you to say against it?"—You may guess what a laugh there was. We have a hundred such stories. \* \* Another is of Mons. Law's coachman, who (on leaving his service) led to his master two candidates for the office, and replied, on being asked if they were good coachmen, "So good, sir, that the one whom you reject I shall take for myself!" But of Mons. Law and his bank there are a hundred other stories, and indeed, we hear nothing now from day to day but new stories of the kind; for instance, a lady, the other day, ordered her carriage, with herself in it, to be upset just at his door, so that he could neither go in nor out. He rushed out, terrified, and fearing that the lady's neck must be broken, when she rose up and confessed that she had thus contrived to gain an interview with him. This is all very well, but some of the tricks played upon him, have been shameless. \* \* He himself will laugh till he is ill over them. \* \* You see how avarice prevails here, and, though I have been in France now forty-eight years, what I hear and see every day still seems quite new and strange to me.

After a few letters more of this sort, a change comes over the aspect of Mons. Law;—

Paris is not so full of people now as it was, for living becomes very dear. Every day we have new stories about the bank-notes, and I do think it most vexatious that one can see nowhere any *gold*. It is forty-eight years since I carried gold in my purse, and now we have only silver pieces, worth about a half-bat, but decreasing in value every month. It is certain that Mons. Law is bitterly hated, but that he has had no bad intentions, is evident from the large purchase he has made here, and the investment of his capital in land, so that he must stay here. \* \* I have great cause to be anxious about this fine golden scheme of Mons. Law; gold is scarcer than ever; but falsehood, envy, treason, and avarice, are never scarce here; of such things we have abundance, but nothing agreeable or merry, so that one grows weary of life. I know not what it is that makes men

so anxious-looking, but, all last week Mr. Law looked as pale and haggard as a dead man. \* \* Of Mons. Law's system I shall say nothing, neither good nor bad; for it is, to me, *perfectly incomprehensible!* only I see this, that it gives my son so much care, anxiety and toil that I do wish it had never been discovered. I am very anxious for my son, on account of the people's displeasure—would to God I were alone in the danger; then I should not care a straw about it. There is still plenty of gold in France; but they wickedly lock it up, and then pretend they cannot trust Mons. Law's system. \* \* I must confess I have never liked the system, and have always wished that my son had not followed it. \* \* The Parisians are the best people in the world when parliament does not stir them up to mischief. The conduct of the poor folk has touched me, for they only cry out upon Mons. Law, and not against my son. As I rode amongst the people in the city, they gave me loud benedictions, which moved me so that I fairly wept. It is no wonder that they do not love my son as well as myself; for his enemies have represented him as a godless character; a bad man, though, in fact, he is the best man in the world, and only too good. \* \* Mons. Law dares not move out of his house. I never before knew an Englishman or a Scotchman to be such a poltroon as Law. I believe he sometimes wishes himself in the Mississippi. \* \* Some lackeys the other day most vilely insulted Law's daughter, and pelted her with stones as she returned from the promenade. \* \* In Paris, the Mississippi is turning as many heads as the South-sea scheme did in England. Last week one of the victims in desperation threw himself from his window and broke his neck. I would not be in Mons. Law's skin for the world; he has too much to answer for before God for the misery he has caused. If ever the French take to the English fashion of murdering one another, there will be as many killed as by the plague for all goes by fashion in this country.

That is something like a prediction. We cannot help pitying the old lady, whose declining years were embittered by all the scandals of the court, and the perplexities of the regent's finances. Her gossiping correspondence was the only genial delight left to her, but it must have relieved her of many heavy hours, for she wrote about everything that was rumored in Europe, from the explosion of a *bon-mot* in Paris to the blowing-up of a powder-mill in Prussia. We may hereafter make some further translations.

THE original manuscripts of the Correspondence of Burns and Clarinda were sold on Friday, May 10th, by Messrs. Tait, at Edinburgh. The company, as a correspondent informs us, was numerous, and the competition spirited. There being no bidding at the upset price (25*l.*) the letters were sold separately, and realized 38*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Letter No. 64 of the recent publication, containing the "Lament of Queen Mary," brought 5*l.* 5*s.*; No. 65, which had the Poet's initials, 1*l.* 10*s.*; No. 66, containing the beautiful song, "A fond kiss," 1*l.* 11*s.* Mr. Watson, bookseller, Princes Street, Edinburgh, was the principal purchaser.

AMERICAN DOINGS.—The treaty of the United States for the annexation of Texas, terminates, characteristically enough, with the words, "*Done at Washington.*" It is to be presumed that the Texans are the parties who have in the present instance been "*done at Washington.*"—*Punch.*

From the Athenæum.

## ENERGIATYPE, A NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESS.

WHILE pursuing some investigations, with a view to determine the influence of the solar rays upon precipitation, I have been led to the discovery of a new photographic agent which can be employed in the preparation of paper, with a facility which no other sensitive process possesses. Being desirous of affording all the information I possibly can to those who are anxious to avail themselves of the advantages offered by Photography, I solicit a little space in your columns for the purpose of publishing the particulars of this new process. All the photographic processes with which we are at present acquainted, sufficiently sensitive for the fixation of the images of the camera obscura, require the most careful and precise manipulation; consequently, those who are not accustomed to the niceties of experimental pursuits are frequently annoyed by failures. The following statement will at once show the exceeding simplicity of the new discovery.

Good letter-paper is first washed over with the following solution.

A saturated solution of succinic acid 2 drachms.  
Mucilage of gum arabic . . . . .  
Water . . . . . 14

When the paper is dry, it is washed over once with an argentine solution, consisting of one drachm of nitrate of silver to one ounce of distilled water. The paper is allowed to dry in the dark, and it is fit for use; it can be preserved in a portfolio, and at any time employed in the camera. This paper is a pure white, and it retains its color, which is a great advantage. At present, I find it necessary to expose this prepared paper in the camera obscura for periods varying with the quantity of sunshine, from two to eight minutes, although, from some results which I have obtained, I am satisfied that, by a nice adjustment of the proportions of the materials, a much shorter exposure will suffice. When the paper is removed from the camera, no trace of a picture is visible. We have then to mix together one drachm of a saturated solution of sulphate of iron, and two or three drachms of the mucilage of gum arabic. A wide flat brush saturated with this solution is now swept over the face of the paper rapidly and evenly. In a few seconds, the dormant images are seen to develop themselves, and with great rapidity a pleasing negative photographic picture is produced. The iron solution is to be washed off as soon as the best effect appears, this being done with a soft sponge and clean water. The drawing is then soaked for a short time in water, and may be permanently fixed, by being washed over with ammonia—or perhaps better, with a solution of the hyposulphite of soda, care being taken that the salt is afterwards well washed out of the paper. From the pictures thus produced, any number of others correct in position, and in light and shadow, may be produced, by using the same succinated papers in the ordinary way; from five to ten minutes in sunshine producing the desired effect.

The advantages which this process possesses over every other, must be, I think, apparent. The papers are prepared in the most simple manner, and may be kept ready by the tourist until required for use: they require no preparation previously to their being placed in the camera, and they can be preserved until a convenient opportunity offers for bringing out the picture, which is done in the

most simple manner, with a material which can be anywhere procured.

Anxious to give the public the advantage of this process during the beautiful weather of the present season, I have not waited to perfect the manipulatory details which are necessary for the production of portraits. It is sufficient, however, to say, that experiment has satisfied me of its applicability for this purpose.

Prismatic examination has proved that the rays effecting this chemical change are those which I have elsewhere shown to be perfectly independent of solar light or heat. I therefore propose to distinguish this process by a name which has a general rather than a particular application. Regarding all photographic phenomena as due to the principal ENERGIA, I would nevertheless wish to distinguish this very interesting process as the ENERGIATYPE.

I enclose you a few specimens of the results already obtained. The exceeding sensibility of the Energiatype is best shown by an attempt to copy engravings or leaves by it. The three specimens I enclose were produced by an exposure of considerably less than one second. I am, &c.,

ROBERT HUNT.

Falmouth, May 27, 1844.

## SPRING—A NEW VERSION.

"COME, *gentle* Spring! ethereal *mildness* come!"

Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,  
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?

There's no such season.

The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!

For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter!

And suffer from her *blows* as if they came

From Spring the fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,

And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,

Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*

Poured down their shoulders!

Let others eulogize her floral shows;

From me they cannot win a single stanza;

I know her blooms are in full blow—and so's

The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,

Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,

Her tansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,

Are things I sneeze at!

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year!

And fair its early buddings and its blowings—

But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear

With other sowings!

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,

A frigid, not a genial inspiration;

Nor can, like iron-chested Chubb, defy

An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,

To me all vernal luxuries are fables;

Oh! where's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,

Stiff as a table's?

I limp in agony—I wheeze and cough;

And quake with Ague, that great Agitator;

Nor dream, before July, of leaving off

My Respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack

A peg for laudatory verse to hang on?—

Spring mild and gentle?—yes, as Spring-heeled Jack

To those he sprang on!

In short, whatever panegyrics lie

In fulsome odes too many to be cited,

The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,

And that is blighted!—*Hood.*

From the Metropolitan.

# THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

"**HERE** is a day! an English day in February!—rain, snow, wind—sleet, snow, rain—snow, rain, sleet—reciprocated *ad nauseam*, and all in the course of three little hours of sixty minutes each! Horrible climate!—Wretched beings who are heirs to it!—Lapland is a perpetual Paradise to it—Siberia an eternal summer! \* \* \* Why should I stay here and die! for die I must—Who can live in such a country? and how can people, respectable people, be guilty of such a lie as to say that they do *live* in such a country? They don't; and they know they don't. It is not life, nor is it death—it is some intermediate state which they cannot understand, and have no terms to express. But I see the horrid distinction too palpably, and sink, sink hourly under the knowledge!"

"I'll go out:—I cannot catch more than fifty entirely English complaints, which no man attached to the institutions of his country can wish to be without. Yes, I'll go out; for I shall have that simpering Simpson calling again, who pretends to cheerfulness—the impostor!—Cheerfulness in the city!—Preposterous lie!—and comes here grinning, chuckling, and crowing out his good-humor, as he thinks it—his melancholy, the unhappy man!—That Johnson, too, threatened *he* would call—Heaven avert such an infliction! I hate that fellow; and I hate his fat French poodle, waddling and wheezing about the place, like a hearth-rug with an asthma!—And that Mr. Mountmidden, the poet—poet, pah!—That's a puppy—one of the sore-throat-catching school—fellows who think a sonnet and a neck-cloth incompatible! He'll be coming here, with his collar down on his shoulders like a greyhound's ears, and his eyes turned up to the attic windows, as if he was apostrophizing the nursery-maid over the way. Thank heaven, I hate every affectation most heartily!"

"I must go out; for, only listen a moment to those Miss Thompsons, next door, beating Rossini to death with wires!—and he deserves the martyrdom;—that intolerable Italian has done more to break the peace of this country than all the radicals and riotists in the last quarter of a century. And there's that Betty, below, buzzing about like a bee, with that eternal Barcarole! I begin to be of opinion with Mrs. Rundell, (*Domestic Cookery*, p. 18,) that 'Maid's should be hung up for one day at least.' If I stay at home, I shall be bored again with that rhubarb-headed Doctor counting my pulse and the fractional parts of his fee at the same time—one, two, three, four, five pulsations—shillings, he means, in fewer seconds; and looking at my tongue—What's my tongue to him, the quack!—as Figaro sings, 'Let him look to his own.'

"Yes, I'll go out; for it is as safe out of doors as in. More wind!—There's a gust! A Trinidad tornado is a trumpet solo to it!—More sleet—now snow—and that's rain! What a country! what a climate!—Good heavens! there's a gust!—Ha! ha! ha! the chimney-pots at No. 10 are off on a visit to those at No. 11!—and the fox which surmounted the chimney at No. 9, is at his old tricks with the pigeons at No. 8!—Whew!—well-flown pigeon!—well-run fox!—Down they go over the parapet, with a running accompaniment of tiles and coping-stones! That slow gentleman with the umbrella!—the whole is about his head!—down he goes!—he is killed!—Murder!—no,

up he gets again!—away goes his umbrella!—and now his hat!—a steeple-chase is sedentary to his pursuit!—they have turned the corner, hat, umbrella, and gentleman!—two to one on the hat!—no takers!—O lachrymose laughter! melancholy mirth! \* \* \*

"Mrs. Fondleman, if anything should happen to me in my absence—Why do you smile, Madam!—my affairs are arranged—you will find my will in the writing desk; and the cash in the drawer will disburse your account for the last quarter."

"La, Sir! are you out of your senses?"

"Suppose I am, Madam, have not I, as an Englishman, the birth-right to be so, if I choose! Not a word more, but give me my paraboes, cloak, and umbrella, and let me go, for go I will. \* \* \* It is a sullen and savage satisfaction, in a day like this, when Nature plays the churl, and makes one dark and damp at the heart as herself, to look abroad at her in her own wretched woods and swampy fields, and to see that she is as melancholy and miserable as she has rendered us. \* \* \* Pish! pah! poh! rain, sleet, and snow. Merry England!—but no matter—out I will go. No, I will not have a coach—a hearse would be more german to the weather. It is of no use your dissuading me, Madam, I am determined."

"Well, here I am, I care not how many miles from town, that charnel-house of cheerfulness!—What a walk I have had! Walk! wade, I should have said. And what a frightful series of faces I have met with all along the road!—and all, I am happy to say, to all appearance as miserable and unhappy as myself—all climate-struck, winter-wretched, English-happy! \* \* \* But I am wet, weary, and hungry—where shall I dry myself!—where dine myself! Psha! what is the use of drying or dining either! *Tedet me vite!* \* \* \*

"What have we here! 'The Marlborough Head.' Another glorious cut-throat's fighting face, making five in ten miles; two land and three amphibious!—I wonder when the men of peace may hope to have their heads hung out for signs! Well, the men of war are welcome to the preference, and may divide their out-of-door honors with the Blue Boars and Red Lions of less naval and military publicans. 'Horses taken in to bait'—aye, and asses too—I'll enter. \* \* \* Curse the bell-rope!—woven of cobweb, I suppose, that it may be added as another item to the bill. Waiter! [Enter Boots.] "Zur."

"What a brute! in a smock-frock tucked up—one hand in his pocket fumbling half-pence—a head like a hedgehog—a mere mandrake in top-boots and corduroys—with a Salisbury-plain of cheek; the entire being a personification of that elegant compound word *char-bacon*. What is man, if this Cyclops is one! Have you anything to eat!"

"Zur!"

"Why do you stand there rubbing your hair down! It's flat enough, you sleek roughness! Send your master."

"Ize noa measter, Zur."

"What have you then! who is your keeper?"

"Missuz."

"Well, send in the Sycorax. What a horrible dungeon of a room they have put me into!—fit only for treasons, stratagems, and spoils!—dark, dismal, black-wainscotted, and ringing to the tread like a vaulted tomb! But what matter!—can it be more dreary than my mind! No. Then bere

will I take 'mine ease in mine ian.' \* \* Curses on that peg in the wall! It was put up to hang a hat upon; but it seems by its look to hint that it could sustain the weight of the wearer. And that imp there, perched on the point of it; how busy it is adjusting an unsubstantial rope with a supernatural Jack Ketch-like sort of solemnity! Shadows seem to flicker along the wall, and hideous faces mop and mow at me! That knot in the oaken wainscot glares at me like the eye of an Ogre! The worm-eaten floor cracks and squeaks under my tread; and the cricket shrills under the hearth-stone!—and that hideous half-length of a publican of Queen Anne's Augustan age!—how the plush-coated monster stares at me, like an owl from an ivy-bush metamorphosed into a wig!—I cannot bear this!—'Waiter! waiter!—[Enter the Landlady.]—What, in the name of all that is monumental, have we here! The Whole Duty of Man, in one volume, *tall copy—neat*. I never beheld such a woman till now!—six feet two, I should think, in her slippers!—Respected be the memory of the late landlord of the Marlborough Head! If he subdued such an Eve as this, he was a greater conqueror than him whose sign he once lived under."

"What is your pleasure, Sir?" courtesying respectfully.

(I stand up—and my eyes are on a line with the keys at her waist.) "Mrs. — Mrs. —"

"Furlong, Sir, at your command."

"Furlong!—mile, exactly—not a foot less. Be good enough, Mrs. Furlong, to let me have a couple of chops, cooked in your most capable manner; and, pray, do show me into a more cheerful room!"

"Certainly, Sir." (I follow like a minnow in the wake of a leviathan!)

"Aye, this will do better. Here I can see what is going on in the world, though it is not worth looking at. [Exit Landlady.] I have an antipathy to tall women, but really there is something sublime in this Mrs. Furlong; and as a lover of the picturesque, I shall patronize her. Now, if I was not sick of this working-day world, and all the parts and parcels of it, I should be tempted to propose for about one half of Mrs. Furlong, twenty *poles* or so. She has blue eyes—fair hair—a complexion like a May morning, and really looks handsome, and somewhat of the lady in her widow's weeds: 'Fore heaven! I've seen worse women! Then her voice is soft and low—'an excellent thing in woman.' And this is a snug inn too;—a comfortable room this—carpeted, clean, and cosy—a view of watery Venice, in oil, over the fire-place, and Before Marriage and After Marriage, in Bowles and Carver's best manner, on opposite sides, as they should be. \* \* Ha! the chops already!—and very nice they look!—a shalot too!—Really, Mrs. Furlong, the outworks of my heart—no very impregnable fortress—are taken already. Now let me have just a pint of your particular sherry. \* \* Ha! this looks well—pale and sparkling too, like a sickly wit. I insist upon your taking a glass with me, madam."

"Sir, you are very good."

"Quite the contrary. A good-sized husband to you!" (Mrs. Furlong smiles, shows a very good set of teeth, and courtesies.)

"Ah, Sir, you gentlemen will have your joke. Your better health, Sir—for you do not look very well."

"She has spoken this with such a pitying ten-

derness of tone, that it has gone through my heart, and would, had it been iron! What makes my lips quiver, my tongue falter, my voice thicken, and an unusual moisture come into my eyes? One touching word of sympathy! Am I then again accessible to those blessed influences upon the heart and affections—pity and human kindness! Yes—then I live again! Oh! honey in the mouth, music to the ear, a cordial to the heart, is the voice of woman in the melancholy hours of man! Mrs. Furlong is called away, and I am spared from making a fool of myself in her presence. Ah, Mary, I will not accuse thee with all the changes which time and disappointment have made in my heart and feelings; but for some of these thou *must* answer! Thou wert my first hope and earliest disappointment! What I am thy little faith has made me; what I should have been—but no matter—I feel how desolate a wretch I *am*, how changed from all I was and ought to be—it is thy work, it is thy deed, and I forgive thee! Behold me here, a broken-spirited man with furrowing cheeks and whitening hair, tears in my eyes, and agony at my heart! Behold me an unsocial man, suspected by the world and suspecting the world—I, who trusted in it, loved it, and would have benefited it! But I have done with it now—I loathe it and avoid it! And why? Why am I now harsh of nature—unchartable in thought, if not in speech—unforgetful of slight offences—revengeful of deep ones—jealous of looks—watchful of words! I that was gentle, tender of others, to myself severe; forgiving, incapable of anger, open-minded, suspicionless! But why should I anatomize myself! I give my heart to the vultures among men—let them glut on it; and good digestion wait upon their appetite!"

"Did you call, Sir?"

"No, Madam; but I am glad you are here, for your coming in has interrupted a melancholy thought."

"A melancholy thought!—Lud, Sir, do you surrender yourself to such a weakness as melancholy!—Life, to be sure, is a serious thing to the most cheerful of us; but to the over-anxious, and those who groan under its cares, death were happier than such life! The really heavy obligations of existence are worthy of our gravest thoughts; but the lighter evils, the cares and anxieties of the day—Sir, I never allow them to make a deeper impression on my mind than my pencil does on my slate: when I have satisfied myself as to the amount, I rub the lines off, and begin again."

"And am I to be taught philosophy by a Plato in petticoats, and the economy of life by a Dodsley in dimity!—*Nunc dimittis*, then, be my ditty! Pardon my expressions, Madam—the insolence of humbled pride. I sit rebuked. You are a sensible woman, Mrs. Furlong—have, apparently, right views of life; now tell me—what is the end of it?"

"Death, I should think, Sir."

"A pertinent answer, Madam; but you are on the wrong premises."

"I am on my own."

"Indeed—I am happy to hear it; and if I was a widow-watcher, I should make a note of that fact. I meant, Madam—what is the design, the intention, the moving motive of life?"

"Happiness here and in another and a better world."

"Yes, Madam; but our happiness here—what an uncertain good it is—a hope never in our own

hands, but always in those of others! And what do they merit, who, intrusted with so precious a trust for our benefit, deny it to us, and withhold it from us?"

"The same unhappiness at the hands of others."

"What if you would not, if you might, whiten one hair of their heads with sorrow who have silvered the whole of yours—what do they merit?"

"They do not merit so much mercy." (She leaves the room.)

"A negro has a soul, your honor!" said Corporal Trim, putting the right foot of his postulate forward, but in an undecided attitude, as if he doubted whether his position were tenable. "My uncle Toby ran through in his memory all the regimental orders from the siege of Troy to that of Namur, and remembering nothing therein to the contrary, came to the Christian conclusion—that a negro had a soul. And why not an innkeeper—especially if a woman? My prejudice is to let against that abused class of hosts and hostesses: to be sure, it was formed on an acquaintance with those only of the Bath road: *they* may not require souls, as their guests are chiefly fashionable people. Here is a woman 'with a tall man's height,' humbly stationed beside one of the high-ways of life—and stunned and distracted with the stir and bustle of the goers to and comers from the shrine of the great Baal, who has yet contrived to keep her heart from hardening, and her soul in whiter simplicity, in a common inn, than the shrinking and secluded nun shut up from the world in a convent! There is *indeed* a soul of goodness in things evil!—an inborn grace which the world cannot give, and cannot take away! Else how should this poor woman have that which so many minds, so much safer placed to preserve their freshness and native worth, have altogether lost and live without? One half the vices of the world are only acts of conformity with the prejudices of the world. Give a man an ill name, and he wears it as if it were a virtue and proper to him, and keeps up the tone of his depravity with a due sense of its decorum—its keeping, and color, and costume. When will the world learn better? Oh thou worst and vilest weed in the beautiful fields of human thought—Prejudice—grow not in any path of mine, for I will trample thee down to the earth which thou disgracest and must defile! But 'Thinking is an idle waste of thought.' Waiter."

"Zur."

"What, Cyclops again! But that 's a prejudice too. Have you an entertaining book in the house?"

"Missuz have, I daur to zav, Zur."

"Bring it then, my good fellow. A change of thought to the mind, like a change of air to the body, refreshes, invigorates, and cheers."

"Here be one, Zur."

"Aye, this will do—nothing so well. Joseph Andrews! Good! good! Blessings be on thee, inimitable Fielding!—for many a lingering hour hast thou shortened, and many a heavy heart hast thou lightened. See the book opens of itself at a page which a man must be fathoms five in the Slough of Despond if he read it with a grave face and a lack-lustre eye! World, I bid you good den!—for here will I forget you as you are, and re-peruse you as you were. \* \* Ah! I remember well my first acquaintance with Joseph Andrews. I was then a very serious yet very happy boy—any book was a treasure, but a sterner perusal of one like this was a pleasure beyond all

price and worth all risks; for works like this were among the profanities from which I was carefully debarred:—mistaken zeal! If discovered in my hands it was snatched away; and if it escaped the fiery ordeal it was well. But who shall control the strong desires of youth! I remember, too, the candle secretly purchased out of my limited penny of pocket-money; the early stealing to bed; the stealthy lighting the 'flaming minister' to my midnight vigil; the unseen and undisturbed reading of this very book deep into the hours of night; and the late waking and pallid look, the effects of my untimely watching. I remember, too, how nearly my secret was discovered; for laughing too loudly over the merry miseries of poor Parson Adams, the thin waistcoat betrayed me: I remember, ere I had breathed thrice, the sound of a stealing foot heard approaching my bed-room door—the light out in an instant—the book thrust deep down under the bed-clothes, and how I was heard snoring so somnolently, that I should have deceived Somnus himself."

"Ecod, you did'um capital!"

"Eh! what!—what, have you been eavesdropping at my elbow all this time, you Titus Oates of a traitor?"

"Yeez, Zur—you did n't tell I to go."

"Go, bring in candles and a pint of sherry—let down the blinds—heap the fire—and don't disturb me till I disturb you."

"Yeez, Zur \* \* \* ."

"Vanish, then, good bottle imp!—And now for Joseph Andrews."

"Capital! excellent! inimitable and immortal Fielding! and thy bones lie unhonored in an alien's grave, and not a stone in thy native land records the name of the instructor and delighter of mankind! Well, there is no accounting for the negligence of nations. \* \* \* Who knocks! Come in."

"Do you mean to sleep here to-night, Sir?"

"Sleep here, Mrs. Furlong! No—quite the reverse."

"I thought you did, as it is so late."

"So late! how late!"

"Eleven, Sir."

"Impossible! Have I been reading so long?"

"It is very true, Sir."

"And what kind of a night is it?"

"Starry and frosty, and the moon is rising."

"What, in England! Then let me have my bill, for I shall be glad to witness such a phenomenon."

"La, Sir, it is ten miles to town, and a gentleman was stopped on this road only last week!"

"How long did they stop him, Mrs. Furlong?"

"Long enough to rob him of his watch and ten pounds, I assure you."

"Well, as I have no watch, and only five, they need not detain me half the time. And if I should come back, bare and barbarously beaten, like poor Joseph Andrews, you are no Mrs. Tow-wouse, Madam—I could not be in better hands."

"I am glad to see you so merry, Sir."

"Merry, Madam! I never mean to be serious again, except at my own funeral, and then it will be expected of me that I should look grave. I have learnt, since that I have been here, that melancholy is to be medicined by mile-stones; that a slight attack of it is to be subdued by four of those communicative monuments taken in the morning before breakfast, and four at night following supper; a severe one, by twenty ditto, in two

portions or potions, washed down by three pints of sherry, and kept down by two mutton chops and shalots, and two volumes of Joseph Andrews—a prescription of more virtue than all which have been written from old Paracelsus's days to Dr. Paris's."

"Well, Sir, you certainly are not the gentleman you came in, and I am glad to see it. Here is your bill, and if you will run the risks of the road at this late hour, I can only wish you safe home, and a long continuance of your present good spirits."

"Thank you, Mrs. Furlong, thank you! And if I come this way again, I shall certainly, as the poet says,

'Stop at the widow's to drink!'

So good night, Madam. Once more good night.

• • • Blessings be on every foot of Mrs. Furlong, that best of physicians; for SHE HAS CURED ME OF MYSELF!"

### THE CRANBERRY.

THERE are two species of this plant, the fruit of which is now so very largely employed as a kitchen article for tarts, and as a cheap and effective antiscorbutic among seamen. The common cranberry (*Oxycoccus palustris*) grows wild in upland marshes and turf-bogs, both in England and Scotland, and generally over the northern parts of Europe. It is a trailing plant, with slender shrubby shoots, which are clothed with small linear leaves; the fruit is an austere red berry about the size of the common currant. It flourishes by the sides of little rills, and not among stagnant water, as its botanical name would imply; hence the difficulty of making it an article of culture. The Russian cranberries of the shops are produced by this species, and are so abundant in some localities, that the snow is stained crimson by the berries crushed to pieces by the passage of sledges over them. They are not gathered till after the disappearance of winter, so that those brought from the Baltic are always the crop of the preceding year. Before our own bogs and mosses were so extensively subjected to drainage and cultivation, cranberries were gathered in large quantities; and it is stated, that at Langton, on the borders of Cumberland, they were once so considerable an article of commerce, that at the season from £20 to £30's worth were sold by the poor people each market day, for five or six weeks together. Cultivation has, however, changed this order of things, and the cranberry is seldom to be met with unless in the fens of Norfolk and Lincoln, in some of the border wilds, and in the mosses of the Scotch Highlands.

The American cranberry (*Oxycoccus macrocarpus*) closely resembles the common species, but is a larger and more luxurious plant. Its fruit is also larger, and of a longish shape; hence the term *macro-carpus*, long-fruited. It is imported from the United States in considerable quantity, and used for the same purposes as the other, only it is considered to be of inferior quality. The American cranberry, though growing wild in great abundance, is a plant of easy culture; and in some parts of the United States, barren wastes, meadows, and coarse herbage, are converted into profitable cranberry fields at little expense. Any meadow, it is said, will answer for their growth. They grow well on sandy bogs; and if these are covered with brushwood, the bushes should be cleared away; but it is not necessary to remove rushes, as the strong roots of the cranberry soon overpower them. Some old cultivators plough the land previous to planting; the latter process being performed by digging holes, four feet distant each way, to receive the roots of the young plants. In three years the whole ground is covered with the vines; and an acre

in full bearing will often produce two hundred bushels, which bring about one dollar per bushel in the American market.

The cultivation of the American cranberry in our own country was first recommended by Sir Joseph Banks, and several gardeners have been so successful in the attempt, that this berry may now be regarded as one of our cultivated fruits. "Wherever there is a pond," says Neill, "the margin may, at a trifling expense, be fitted for the culture of this plant, and it will continue productive for many years. All that is necessary is to drive in a few stakes, two or three feet from the margin of the pond, and to place some old boards within these, so as to prevent the soil of the cranberry-bed from falling into the water; then to lay a parcel of small stones or rubbish into the bottom, and over it peat or bog-earth, to the depth of about three inches above, and seven inches below, the usual surface of the water. In such a situation the plants grow readily; and if a few be put in, they entirely cover the bed in a year or two, by means of their long runners, which take root at different points. From a very small space, a very large quantity of cranberries may be gathered, and they prove a remarkably regular crop, scarcely affected by the state of the weather, and not subject to the attacks of insects." Although a moist situation is best suited to the plant, yet, with a proper mixture of bog-earth or mud, it will flourish, producing abundant crops, even in a comparatively dry soil. It is seldom, however, so treated, the imported berries being so easily and cheaply procured.

What are called *Scotch* cranberries are not the fruit of an *oxycoccus*, but that of the *vacinium vitis idæa*. This plant, according to Loudon, produces fruit quite as fit for tarts and marmalade as any of the others; while it is of the easiest possible culture, in either dry or moist peat, requiring, indeed, no attention for years, and is a more certain and abundant bearer than either the common or long-fruited cranberries above-mentioned. All the varieties of cranberry have a peculiar flavor, and a sharp acid agreeable taste; but the Russian berry possesses these qualities in greatest perfection. It is said that some very fine ones have recently been brought from New South Wales; and it is more than probable that they flourish in the southern temperate and antarctic regions, as well as in the northern. The cranberry is an easily preserved fruit, and will continue in flavor for many years. Britain imports from 35,000 to 40,000 gallons annually.

FEMALE WOOD ENGRAVERS.—We are glad to see, by announcements in the newspapers, that a class for the instruction of young women in wood engraving has been lately established in the government School of Design, Somerset House, London. No doubt there will be many competitors for instruction in this elegant art; but we should recommend no lady to think of applying herself to it, who is not already a proficient in drawing, both of figures and landscapes; for before the wood can be cut, it must be drawn upon, and therefore to be able to draw the subject with taste, is a matter of first importance; while taste in cutting, so as to bring out the true meaning of the lines and touches, is at the same time indispensable. With a preliminary knowledge of drawing, we should have no fears of soon seeing ladies attain an eminence in this lucrative and respectable profession; with ordinary diligence, they could at least very speedily rival the bulk of the persons who now profess to furnish wood engravings for books. The publishers of the present sheet, who expend several hundreds of pounds per annum on wood engravings for their works, have all along experienced the greatest difficulty in procuring the species of cuts which they require. A want of a thorough knowledge of drawing they feel to be a chief source of the difficulty.—*Chambers's Jour.*

From the Monthly Magazine.

### THE LOVE-CHILD.

THE most distant recollection of my life is exceedingly vivid:—I was travelling for several days and nights in a huge vehicle, which I suspect to have been a road wagon. My mother was with me, and often wept most bitterly, without, so far as I could perceive, the least occasion, for we had plenty of straw and plenty of play-fellows. To me the circumstances in which we were placed seemed glorious: she, however thought differently. At last we quitted the wagon, and proceeded on foot across several fields, in which haymakers were at work; I began to grow tired; she took me in her arms, and I fell asleep. On awaking, I was in a small room, and my mother appeared to be quarrelling with two or three other persons, who called me "brat," and threatened to throw me out of doors. To appease them, much to my amazement, my mother said, with great earnestness, that I had taken off her ring while she was thinking of something else, and lost it among the straw in the wagon. This seemed so to increase the wrath of the others that I screamed with all my might, that I had done nothing of this sort. My mother now hastily wrapped me up in her cloak, and rushed out. I struggled to get my head at liberty, but she pressed me closer, and hurried on. Presently I heard voices of persons apparently in pursuit. Terrified to the utmost, fearful of their overtaking us, I gasped out, "Run, mother, run!" In a few moments I felt a sensation of falling—a heavy splash followed, and the roar of rushing waters was in my ears. I clung convulsively to my mother, and after a brief and painful dream and a long sound sleep, I suddenly awoke, and began to cry for water, my mouth, throat, and stomach being, as it seemed, lined with red hot iron. Somebody now got out of the bed in which I was lying; a bustle ensued, and presently the people with whom my mother had been quarrelling, one by one appeared, and ministered to my wants with the greatest tenderness and solicitude. After my thirst was a little quenched, I looked about for my mother—but she was not there.

By the foregoing facts the horizon of my memory is bounded. I recollect nothing with continuous distinctness of that part of my life which ensued, until I became eight or nine years old. Thenceforth events seem to have formed a perfect chain—and I can trace them link by link. A glance at the first will show that I had not been moving in a very enviable sphere of existence.

There was a field bounded on three sides by a copse, in which pheasants were most rigidly preserved, and nuts, crab-apples, and bitter sloes abounded: it, the copse, I can't conceive why, was called Cuckold's Harem. The Squire owned it; but the field which abutted on its boundary was the freehold of a morose farmer, who would not part with his inheritance—and immense offers had been made to him—for "love or money." He had about sixty acres of the best land in the parish, lying in the very heart of the squire's immense estate, across which he had no less than seven distinct rights of way, and one of these ran right in front of the magnificent manor house. The squire's name was Patch, the farmer's Belroy. Patch's grandfather had made an enormous fortune by robbing his employers, while acting as a slave agent on the Gold Coast: Belroy was probably a descendent of one of the Normans who had helped

to beat Harold at the battle of Hastings. The only deed which he possessed as evidence of his title to the land he held, was a bit of parchment scarcely so big as the palm of his huge hand, bearing the same date as Magna Charta, and purporting to have been sealed by "John the King" in the presence of Maud, Cicely, and Egbert Baron of Burr. In very bad Latin it recited and confirmed a grant by William the Norman to Thibaut Belroy and his heirs of all the hundred of Palsover, including Squire Patch's property: how the original donation had been so clipped, that nothing but its nucleus remained in the tenure of the first donee's descendants, did not appear. But on this nucleus no human being set so high a value as its owner. Nothing could tempt him to part with it.

All this I ascertained subsequently to my first well-remembered encounter with him in the field that abutted on Cuckold's Harem. We met on a little bridge, formed by a felled oak sawn in two, and flanked by rude posts and rails, that crossed a slow, silent brook, which crept like a snake from the squire's cover, along the side of the field, and formed a pool in the heart of Belroy's little freehold. At the first glimpse he laughed at me most heartily. I was attired in a tattered coat of the last century; it had been worn by his grandfather, the kneebands of whose respectable velvet breeches dangled at my ankles—while the broad lappels of his upper garment, bedecked with tarnished embroidery, was dragged in the mire at my rear.

"Here's an imp!" quoth he, adding, as he turned to a beautiful child of about my own age, who accompanied him, "don't come on the bridge, Agnes, for it's slippery. Why, how's this, my gentleman! What's the use of my setting up scarecrows to keep off the damned pheasants from my corn, if you—you little ooshert, make a business of robbing them! You must be punished for this." I began to blubber, and the little girl sobbed. "You must be punished for this," added he, after a short pause. "Stay here till I return—keep the pheasants off, and perhaps I may forgive you."

He then turned back, and walked away with his pretty little daughter, who several times looked over her shoulder, to see what I was about. I loitered on the bridge until they disappeared, and then, rather pleased than otherwise with my allotted punishment, I strutted about the field with official importance, and longed for some delinquent pheasant to alight within a stone's throw. Not a bird, however, ventured to appear for above two hours; when, weary with walking, I went up to the scarecrow, and leaned against the stick which supported it. In a few minutes a bird flew from the copse into the centre of the field, and, after flapping his wings, crowed as lustily as though he had been perched upon the topmost branch of an oak: two or three hen pheasants soon joined him, and perceiving that they fearlessly approached me, I refrained from throwing the capital pebble with which I had provided myself, until I could make tolerably sure of my aim. The golden opportunity soon arrived: I let fly, and hit the cock bird on the side of the head. He fell, and began to tumble about the furrows, flapping prodigiously, but not so as to alarm his companions: they were not aware of what I had done: while two of them gazed with curiosity at the phenomenon, the third bristled up and began to peck and spur at him most furiously. The moment I saw the success of my silent artillery, I went forward as speedily

as my cambrous habiliments would permit, to make sure of my spoil; but scarcely had I advanced a couple of yards when my career was arrested by a loud shout. The hen pheasants ran off into the preserve at the sound, and I, turning to that corner of the field from which it had proceeded, perceived Farmer Belroy advancing towards me with hasty strides. Suspecting, from his violent gestures, that I had committed some error, I started off in an opposite direction, but soon tumbled headlong. The next moment I felt myself in the clutch of my colossal enemy, and commenced a series of desperate manœuvres, the aim and intent of which was to writhe myself out of his grandfather's clothes. In this I should most probably have succeeded, had he not caught me up in a lump and hugged me to his breast, so that, my arms being pinioned, I was comparatively powerless. I say comparatively, for my legs being still at liberty, I drummed away upon his stomach with all my might, and fastening my teeth in his cheek, did all in my power to make them meet.

The farmer, however, almost instantly choked me off, and then holding me at arm's length, by the scruff of the neck, as the huntsman does a fox which he has rescued from his pack, he thus apostrophized me:—"Why thee'rt a stoat lad, a downright imp of Belzebub! listen to sense! I'd no thought of harming thee! Doant thee wriggle, or I'll tie thee foot to foot, and carry thee home, swung by the ankles athirt my stick, like a paunched rabbit. Listen to sense—wilt? Promise and I'll let thee down—promise, and there's an apple for thee—look, a red-streak!"

Half scared to death, I accepted the proffered token of peace, and he placed me on my legs. Observing me stare rather anxiously about, he asked gruffly what I was "glowering at?" I muttered something about the pheasant. "Drat the pheasant," he exclaimed: "luckily he's got his wits again, and crawled off; if you'd a year's mere strength you'd ha' killed un, and then the squire, if he'd heard of it—d'ye mind me? d'ye mind me, I say!—Tellee you mustn't kill 'em: only keep 'em off, that's all. I were on the bridge all the time, and as it seems pretty clear a mopstick's nothing when they've scraped acquaintance wi' un, I'll hire you for the place—d'ye hear—at twopence a week! What d'ye say?"

I pulled down my forelock in token of acquiescence, and after he had given me orders to be in the field by daybreak the next morning, and charged me, with great solemnity, not to kill "any of the d—d varmin'," he went off, leaving me to ruminate on my felicity. Twopence a week was an income far—far beyond the utmost limits of my ambition—it soared up to the importance of a revenue! Twopence a week was a boundless amount! I puzzled my small brains to think how the deuce I should contrive to expend it.

The next morning I was at my post before the night-birds had gone to roost. I sat down by the side of the ditch which fenced off the copse from the field, and having nothing better to do, I began to amuse myself by imitating the bark of a fox. Presently I saw the dim figure of a man glide noiselessly through a gap, and approach me; at the distance of about twenty yards he stopped, knelt down, and I heard the click of his trigger. To throw a somerset backwards, which lodged me safely in the mire of the ditch, was the work of a moment, and I had the good luck to escape with

only two or three shots in the lower part of my right leg.

Although but little hurt, I screamed out "Murder!" at the very top of my shrill pipe, and in a few seconds, three or four men appeared. One of them turned the glass of a dark-lantern upon me while a second, throwing himself flat on the ground, so that his head and shoulders overhung the edge of the ditch, reached down and obtained such a clutch of my capacious apparel as enabled him to lift me up. While doing this he exclaimed, "Why the twoad comes out as light as a loose cork!"

"I'll be jiggered," said another, as I was thrown upon the bank, "if Ezra han't ashot the farmer's scarecrow!"

Peals of laughter ensued, and I found that I had fallen into the hands of squire Patch's detestable posse of game-keepers, who were evidently prowling for Blue Peter the poacher.

Ezra now came nearer and in a quivering tone observed, "Scarecrow or no scarecrow, nobody can deny there was a fox barking; and as the squire don't hunt, 'twere my duty to kill un, if so be as I could. But then what d'ye make o' the cry of 'murder,'—'twere awful like,—doantee think so?"

A pause ensued, which was broken by a shriek from myself, occasioned by one of the party having poked me in the ribs with the muzzle of his gun. In spite of all the impediments I could offer, my diminutive carcass was now speedily "shelled." After having ascertained the trivial nature of my wounds, one of the keepers tied up my duds with a hazel and slung it across his fowling-piece, while Ezra tenderly wrapped me in his great goat and bore me off. In about half an hour we reached his cottage, at the door of which he took possession of my scarecrow costume, and after having stated that he should serve me up with the breakfast things at the squire's, he wished the other keepers a hurried "good by," and carried me into his kitchen.

His wife immediately hailed him from the room above. "Ezra!" said she, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing at all."

"I know there is—I can tell it by the burr o' thy voice. Is Peter shot at last—and by thy hand!—Oh! God! my poor brother!"

"No, no:—doantee, doantee howl so, missus—it's only a boy."

"Hast killed un dead, Ezra?"

The good woman now ran into the room. By the light of the wood fire, which the rush of air on opening the door had caused to burst into a pale blue flame, she saw that blood was dropping from the coat in which he carried his burden, and overwhelmed with agony, she threw herself upon his neck.

"Unhook your arms, Kitty," cried Ezra: "unhook, I say, or I shall let the boy fall squash upon the stones!—my knees do shake—unhook I say, Kit—d—n thee."

Down we fell, Ezra, Kit, and I, my dirty duds and his spruce fowling piece, in one sprawling group upon the hard flag floor. Ezra was either stunned or had fainted, and his wife, speedily becoming conscious of the calamity, roused her faculties, and, forgetting everything else, affectionately bestowed herself to recover him. I had already dropped from his grasp, and stood stark-naked



upon the hearth. Willing to make myself useful, I plucked a green twig from the fire, and placed it in such a position that the pungent smoke floated freely into his nostrils. This restored him to sensation, and in a few minutes, as the old women say, "he came round."

His wife Kitty, a very pale, care-worn looking woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age, after having brought down from the room above and tied her warm flannel petticoat about my neck,—my arms being allowed to protrude through the pocket holes,—with astonishing celerity produced "a pot of tea." While this was being discussed, Ezra, who was now "himself again," carefully picked the shots from my leg, and after his wife had washed my face and hands, and most rigidly applied the small-tooth comb to my head, to which she paid the compliment of saying that no young squire's could be cleaner, we went to bed together: they had no children, and I was delightfully cuddled between them.

When Ezra awoke me, my head was couched on his wife's bosom; her arms were wound about me; and she murmured, hugging me up to her heart as she spoke, "Not yet, Ezra! Truly, not yet!"

Ezra, however, was not to be coaxed: he got up, and I was arrayed in the filthy beired costume of the scarecrow. This, as Ezra said, was necessary, in order that the Squire might see the affair in its proper light; but he made no objection to my face being soaped, washed, and polished until it shone like a ripe pippin. After a hearty but hurried breakfast, I limped off by the side of Ezra towards Squire Patch's mansion.

He carried me part of the way, while he was secure from observation, but from the moment that we entered the house, Ezra seemed to have lost all regard for me: the jeers of the servants had their full influence, and I was treated by him as a little outlandish wild beast that he had caught in the woods. After having loitered for some time in the hall, we were ushered, by a spruce footman, who, with a mock heroic air, offered me snuff, into a magnificent library, where Squire Patch and his visitors were breakfasting. The peal of laughter with which I was greeted frightened me; I had never been in such polished society before; and turning to Ezra, I hid my face beneath the skirt of his shooting-jacket. I was, however, speedily torn from my retreat, and fully developed for the amusement of the party. Indignant at such treatment, I had already meditated a bite at the silk breeches of a plump gentleman who sat at the lower end of the table, when, without announcement, Farmer Belroy strode into the room, and calmly took me under his protection, being, as he said, an appurtenance to his property; I was his scarecrow, and who the devil had dared to fire at me on his land?

Patch was quailed, Ezra flinched, the guests looked grave, and Belroy, taking me by the hand, led me out—declaring, as we retired, that he would not only be answerable for my appearance, but would defend, to his last acre, any charge that might be brought against me. Without the slightest molestation I was allowed to be withdrawn; and Belroy led me off silently to the field; there he left me, saying, "Lad, bide here; do as I told thee, and fear nothing; for I'll be thy friend against keeper or squire, hog, dog, or devil, to my last tooth."

My first impulse was to go and look at the

place where I had plumped into the ditch; a pheasant, most probably the one I had hit, was lying breast upwards in the black fud. I then proceeded to halloo joyfully round the field: and scarcely two hours had passed, when a basin full of bacon, brocoli, and potatoes, surmounted by a huge lump of brown bread, was brought to me by little Agnes. She had already dined upon roast fowl and ham, but took a fancy to my bacon. I told her all that had occurred to me in the morning, and by the time we had emptied the basin, Agnes and I were as familiar as though we had known each other a hundred years. After a brilliant game of bo-peep, in the rough uncultivated ground at the upper part of the field, I gallantly escorted her over the bridge, and she tripped off through the adjoining meadow. My tea was brought by a clumsy milk-maid, who gave me a clush on the jaw with her cold, soft, fat palm, and dubby sausage fingers, for innocently asking if her name was Molly.

The next day Agnes did not come; no, nor the next after that, and I began to be weary of my confinement. The dowdy duds of Farmer Belroy's grandfather became disgusting; I loathed them, and determined to resign. Accordingly at nightfall, making another exchange with the mopstick, I went home, perfectly delighted, in my own scanty, coarse, buttonless and tattered suit. The prospect of twopence had ceased to be fascinating.

Determined to resume my former glorious, free, though by no means profitable avocations, on the following morning I reached the foot of Transom Torr, a long and steep hill about a mile off, in time for the stage-coach, which I and six or eight other equally ragged urchins usually attended during its slow progress up the steep, attempting by our feats of agility to amuse the passengers, from whom we were occasionally rewarded with some small donation. I could not only turn heels over head as well as the most active of my competitors, but had a knack of trotting on my hands with my legs aloft, which neither of them possessed. On this occasion my achievements attracted the favorable notice of a middle-aged passenger, who, when we had reached the *pinch* of the hill, alighted, and addressed me. "What's your name, my little man?" said he. I told him it was Tadpole. "What friends have you?" In reply, I enumerated my grandmother, Agnes, Belroy, and Blue Peter the poacher. "Ay! ay!" said he, "I thought you were going to the devil; here, here's a sixpence for you; come across to Caddiscombe Fair next Monday, inquire for Lavolta's troop, and I'll see if we can't save you. If you should forget the name, you will see me with a long whip in my hand; and look, I've a blue wart under my left ear. On Monday, mind, at Caddiscombe."

I was bewildered—the sixpence lay glittering in my open hand, and while I stood gazing at my mysterious benefactor, who had now gone on, Seth Holloway, one of my companions, made a successful grab at the coin, and started off at full speed with his twin brother Bob, and one of his cousins, whose name I forget. My first impulse was to run after Lavolta. Hearing my frantic exclamations, he turned round before I had proceeded half a dozen yards, and perceiving at a glance the posture of affairs, he shouted loud enough for the delinquents to hear him, "Very well, young gentlemen." Then dropping his voice, he said to me, "After them, Tadpole; let me see you catch them; knock it out of the rascals, and a whole

half crown shall be ready for you on Monday next at Caddiscombe. Halloo! my lad! no snivelling!"

Away I went, at my best pace, and after a chase of nearly three quarters of a mile, I began to gain so rapidly on Seth, who was a fat, square, burly little blackguard, that seeing I should soon be up with him, he adopted the mean device of sending his brother on with the sixpence, while he and his cousin faced about, and prepared by force of fists to cover Bob's retreat. This, of course, could not be done without a fight, in which, however, I was so terribly thrashed, that when they withdrew, I had neither the heart nor strength even to dog them. After lying where they had left me, coiled up like a sleeping cur, at the foot of the mile-stone, for nearly an hour, bitterly bemoaning my lost opulence, I was picked up and perched, against my will, on the summit of the stone by Blue Peter. On my making two or three impotent hits at his face for disturbing me, to my deep indignation, Blue Peter laughed. He then stepped back a couple of paces, and in a more serious tone than it was his custom to assume, even on the most important occasions, he thus addressed me, "Of all the cantankerous, resolute, wilful young badgers I ever came athirt, thee 'rt out-and-out the worst. Instead of a kind hand and a civil word, thy best friend can get nothing from thee less than a snap and a growl. But there—it's thy fury of a grandmother that's spoiled thee—so I suppose we must put up wi' thee—but I'd as soon live with a hedge-hog—mind me."

Blue Peter's serious tone touched me, and I began to whimper. "Well! come! don't be a fool," said the kind-hearted fellow, "but let's hear what it's all about, and see if we can't mend it."

As well as my sobs would permit, I told him of Lavolta's generosity, and Seth Holloway's turpitude. I even admitted that I had been licked, but added, that the first time I caught Seth or his cousin alone I'd prove pretty soon who was the best man. Blue Peter consoled with me, and after having stated that he had heard all about my hiring with Farmer Belroy, and its consequences, he most earnestly urged me to go at once to Cuck-old's Harem field, and resume my vocation. In reply, I dwelt with emphasis on the consequent restriction of my freedom to a solitary area of four acres, totally destitute as I should be of all interest or amusement—being forbidden even to do any more than merely frighten the pheasants. Peter frankly admitted that so tyrannical an inhibition was altogether insufferable—human nature could not stand it; and when I mentioned to him the stern behest I had received on the subject, he observed that it was quite prudent for Farmer Belroy openly to discourage the destruction of the privileged birds which devoured one half of his crops, but the more of them I could wing on the sly, the better he would be pleased. "Now," added Peter, "do you be off to your berth, lad—Belroy won't ha' missed you, for I saw him start for Caddiscombe market before the sun rose—bide patiently in the field all day—if the pheasants should come down, don't pelt 'em—keep quiet, and about dusk I'll look in, and show you some sport. As to the sixpence, don't fret about that; look ye, lad—here's a shilling; go to business, and at dusk it shall be thine—thou canst lick Seth and his cousin at thy leisure."

I began to feel that, notwithstanding my recent

calamity, I was rapidly rising into importance. Blue Peter had talked of giving me a shilling, and Lavolta had estimated me at no less than half a crown! that is, if I could replevy my sixpence from Seth and his assistants. I had been unsuccessful to be sure, but that a bare possibility should be held out to me of compassing the possession of such a sum, made me feel big, and tempted by Peter's promise, I hurried off to my field. There I found little Agnes weeping most bitterly. She had brought my breakfast, but could n't find me. In the innocence of her heart, she had imputed my secession from office to her non-attendance with my meals. She begged to explain, with winning simplicity, that her father, who rigidly prohibited her from holding any communication with his servants, had, on discovering the fact of her bringing me—his scarecrow—a dinner, looked her up for three days. She had, however, taken the opportunity of his first absence from home, to wheedle the servants—in short, she had succeeded in bringing me my breakfast.

I had lots to tell her, and the forenoon passed very pleasantly, for we blubbered in unison. About noon, the dairy-maid, whom I had ventured to call Molly, but whose real name it appeared was Dolly, arrived with my daily bacon and its accompaniments. She hurried little Agnes off, protesting that there would be barely time enough to get home and lock her up, before her father's return. Agnes, by accident, left her blue waist-ribbon; and having no better strong box in which to dispose of the valuable, I stuffed it into the deserted nest of a bush-magpie.

Soon after sunset, the tarred and broad-brimmed straw hat of my friend Blue Peter gleamed above the fence. In externals he was a perfect antithesis to a poacher. On the questionable authority of having performed a couple of voyages—one to and the other from New South Wales, *with an interval of seven years between them*, Blue Peter invariably wore the costume of a sailor. His trowsers were so loose, that he could with perfect impunity bestow a hare in each leg. On approaching the spot where I stood, he produced from beneath his jacket a small canvass bag: this, as I speedily found, contained a little half-bred cock, with a dull dun breast, belly, and back, a white tail and flight, copper-colored hackles, and a brilliant rosette to match on each wing. His eye, beak, and legs were all intensely black. Blue Peter kept him constantly in complete fighting trim, but not with a view to the pit, for the bird was a craven. He might perhaps have been proof against natural spurs, but one touch of the steel settled him. If he did not kill his cock at the second or third stroke, he was sure to be beaten. Still he had frequently been entered in a main, on the ground of his wonderful agility and precision: if his antagonist, however game, happened to be clumsy, it was two to one that Blue Peter's bird gave him "cold pudding." Mousey—that was the little rascal's name—had killed oftener, and been beaten oftener, than any other ten birds in the county; still he looked as fresh, clean, and scathless as though he had passed his whole life at "a walk;" in fact, he had never received any punishment—always turning tail, as he did, at the first scratch he received. Of late he had become utterly useless in the pit; for experience had taught him wisdom, and he would not even face an enemy whose heels were armed. Still he was a merry, bustling, foppish, conceited little fellow, and suited

Blue Peter's purposes much better than a bird of more sterling qualities, and less assassinating agility. He struck out like lightning, and the touch was usually as fatal.

The poacher, after having poised him, laterally, for a few moments on his palm, took him in both hands, and threw him gently on his clipped wings. The little Bobadil came to the ground brim full of pride, and assuming the most gallant attitude imaginable, instantly uttered—not that prolonged drawl, by which mere dunghills are distinguished—but three sharp, shrill, brief, and business-like notes of defiance to all within hearing. His challenge was directly answered by a cock pheasant in the copse. "Tuck, tucca-tuc; tuck, tuck, tuck!" responded Mousey, as though he were amazed at the presumption of the unseen champion, whom another crow brought boldly into the arena.

Blue Peter and I had already retired behind a tree. The pheasant, on alighting, commenced a crow, which he was not permitted to complete; for Mousey springing at him, while the gallant victim was in the act of annunciation, entered his head at one eye, and brought out the cold keen point of his steel spur at the other. Blue Peter immediately ran forward, twisted the sprawling, struggling pheasant's neck, and threw the carcass to his little assassin. Mousey, as soon as its convulsive struggles had ceased, leaped upon it, and crowed with rejoicing emphasis. At its second repetition, the appeal was answered, and presently another pheasant, as Blue Peter observed, "volunteered to do the agreeable." He was speedily murdered; but not before—to quote another observation of my friend, "he had fetched Mousey such a wipe on the couk, as made him look over his left wing, and begin to consider." The pheasant, however, fell from the force of his own blow, and while attempting to get back his leg from among his long wing feathers, through which it had passed, the little gladiator finished him.

We should have had more sport, had not something occurred in the copse, which induced Peter to pick up the pheasants, thrust them desperately with his foot into the heart of a blackberry bush, catch the cock, plunge him into the canvass bag, hurl the latter beneath the underwood which fringed the ditch, and prepare to make off. "There's a keeper in the offing," said he, "and take whatever course I may he can get me under his fore-foot: mind your eye, and don't stammer if questioned." As he was retreating, I ventured to mention my shilling; and he intimated by one gesture, not only that he had forgotten it, but that he felt perfectly conscious of its importance, and drawing the desideratum from his pocket, tossed it at my mouth: I caught it between my teeth, and in an instant, lodged it safely under my tongue.

The keeper did not think proper to intercept Blue Peter; but made directly towards me—it was Ezra. He looked with evident anxiety at my leg, and with the utmost sincerity expressed his satisfaction at perceiving that the punctures made by the shot were rapidly healing. His wife, he said, was spinning two pair of stockings for me—luxuries which latterly, during hard frosts, I had frequently invoked, but could not achieve. I was bare-footed; and it occurred to me, that the use of stockings would necessarily entail the purchase of shoes. This I mentioned to Ezra, and he promised to provide me with a pair; that is, if I would avoid bad company, and be ambitious. I did not know what he meant. "Why here," said he, "I've

just caught you hand-in-glove with that rascal Blue Peter, my brother-in-law.—a little chap of such promise to play scarecrow to a bit of a farmer too! It ain't decent, mind me, in a lad that's cute. Why, t'other night I could have sworn 'twas a fox, or else, of course, I should n't ha' shot; and they do say, there yeant a beast in the field, from a bee to a bullock, that you can't mimic—birds included. I should like to hear you crow!" Ezra's manner was so open that it imposed upon me, and I obliged him. The challenge was immediately answered by little Mousey, from his bag beneath the bank. I had fallen into the snare.

Ezra soon brought Mousey to light. "I were sure o' this," said he, wringing the poor little cock's neck; "where has he put the pheasants?" Unconsciously I looked at the blackberry-bush, and in a moment Ezra nosed the game. "Now," said he, "here's enough to transport thee, lad: but we be far from harsh; on the contrary, we'll try to save thee. Look up in the world,—cut your low acquaintance, and may be, I may be able to make you a dog-boy;—there's the livery you know—bright blue and silver lace.

At the mention of the livery my virtue dwindled to the admeasurement of a pin's point; I forgot Farmer Helroy, Blue Peter, nay, even little Agnes, and longed for my instalmint. To be a dog-boy, an attendant on Squire Patch's pointers, was to attain a preëminence beyond which there was nothing to desire. I closed with Ezra at once; and he directed me to be in waiting near the stable yard by noon the following day.

Next morning I scorned breakfast, and sallied forth to Transom Torr for the purpose of crowing over my companions on the prospect of my approaching employment. This I thought would serve to wile away the lazy hours, until the period of my appointment with Ezra; but I was above joining in the tumble, and accompanied the coach as a dignified spectator up the hill. My shilling I had already converted into halfpence; and, on reaching the summit of the steep, where the stage horses were put into a briskish pace, I gathered a ragged regiment of urchins about me, and gave them a glorious scramble. What did I want with halfpence!—I, who was about to be a dog-boy, and wear Squire Patch's livery of blue and silver! Had Seth Holloway been present, I should scarcely have condescended to pitch into him. The pride of my little heart was aggravated to a crisis by the appearance of Square Patch's equipage. It came flashing and glittering through the beech trees of one of the park drives, which emerged on the brow of the hill. At each side of the road there was a grand lodge—the Patch property spreading far away, as well to the right as to the left.

The carriage, drawn by four horses, the wheelers in reins, and the leaders driven by a postilion, dashed through the open gate on that side from which it approached, and crossing the road, by a masterly manœuvre, brought its broadside to bear full and close upon the opposite entrance. Two footmen leaped down to open the door, and Squire Patch with three or four of his visitors alighted, their object being to wind up an artificial mound which commanded a much more extensive prospect than the crest of the Torr could afford. They had scarcely disappeared, when, with a view of showing off to advantage before my companions, I had the audacity to approach the postilion. He was a lad attributed to the squire's valet, scarcely

exceeding my own height, but two or three years older. He was known by the name of "Master James;" and by that honorable appellation did I address him. The little upstart would not deign to hear me—and the boys behind beginning to titter, I ventured to pull him by the spur, for I could reach no higher on account of his being mounted on a Yorkshire bay, at least sixteen, or perhaps sixteen hands and an inch high. Indignant at this, which he construed into an affront, the pampered puppy dexterously dropped his foot out of the stirrup, clung to the mane, and bringing his heel nearly to a level with my forehead, struck out with such vindictive energy, that, receiving his rowel full in my scalp, I fell prostrate—but not insensible—far from it—

The blow had simply the effect of rendering me so far stupid, that, in my indignation at the insult thus publicly inflicted, I forgot all idea of my promised preferment. Snatching up a stone which lay within my reach, I had no sooner regained a foot and a knee, than I *let go* at him. But my position, hurry, rage, and a slight swimming in the head, rendered the well-intentioned missile so far ineffective, that instead of touching him bang on the cheekbone, it digressed so much as merely to shatter the nerves of his bridle hand. On this member, however, the infliction proved particularly keen. He screamed, dropped the reins, leaped off his horse, and before I could recover my senses and feet, to get into a defensive position, pitched into me, with an impetuosity, that, considering his superior strength, had I been perfectly prepared, I should have found it impossible to withstand. Besides he was armed with a short docker whip, nicely adapted to his powers, with which he paid away upon me most unmercifully. The lash seemed, intuitively, to discover every hole in my rags, and I writhed on the road in such perfect agony, as not merely to be utterly incapable of making any attempt at defence or escape, but to be wholly unconscious of mortification—that emotion of the mind being overwhelmed by my bodily suffering. A short docker, by the practised hand of an enraged postilion, even on the withers of a horse, is no trifle, but on spots of nakedness, revealed by the meagre apparel of a ragged child, it produces sheer torture—as I, at least, can bear witness.

The little wretch's rage and exertions soon exhausted him, and with a final inefficient slash at my face, which I had turned up to him most pitifully to entreat that he would be merciful, he tottered back to his saddle. Without what is termed a mounting-horse, he could not reach the stirrup with his toe: he therefore made an attempt to clamber up, but was foiled and fell. At that moment the full force of my disgrace rushed upon me like a torrent. All that I had endured seemed to fly to my heart—the remembrance of the last slash at my imploring face was magical—I started up, rushed upon him, twisted the whip from his tired grasp, and began to belabor him with the heavy brass-bound butt-end of it about the head with such ferocious force, that before the coachman, who had previously enjoyed the sport, could descend from the box to his relief, I had left him senseless and pale as the chalky road-dust on which he lay.

On perceiving the approach of Mr. Ongar—that was the coachman's name—I darted beneath the bellies of his leaders, and before he could get round to the off-side of them, I had reached, and

intrenched myself behind a mound of stones, gathered together for the repair of the roads. From this, as he came on to the charge whip in hand, and bursting with fury—for he disputed the valet's claim of the ownership as to Master James—I peppered away at his large legs with prodigious effect. The skill possessed by a blackguard village boy in throwing stones is scarcely credible without ocular proof. I excelled in this low-life accomplishment: and the shins of Mr. Ongar speedily dyed his pale pink silk stockings of a dull wet carmine. He approached my defence, swearing, howling, shrieking, and dancing—he did not run, but lifted up his legs like a slow-paced horse afflicted with the stringhalt—displaying very high action, but little or no speed. When almost within reach of his whip, I brought him down, by a jagged two-ounce fragment of pure granite, which took effect about an inch and a half above his ankle. At that moment, Squire Patch and his party reappeared. In the triumph of puerile conquest, I hurled an effective half-pounder at the plate glass window of the carriage, and before the consequent crash subsided, beat a retreat.

Threading the covert of the park, into which I found, at once, a practicable entrance, I hurried on with the speed of a hunted fox. My pursuers soon gained upon me however so fast, and I became so weak, that I thought fit to abandon my first intention of making for a distant badger's earth, into which I knew by experiment I could creep, and jumped helter skelter from the brow of a ridge into the little glen of briers and brambles beneath. I had very reasonable fears of my pursuers, for they were the lads among whom I had so recently scrambled my worldly possessions, hallooed on, as I clearly heard, by Squire Patch and his friends—from these I expected nothing less than some mysterious awful "terror of the law."

I switched through the raspers in my descent, with no other misfortune than a few scratches, and the loss of certain portions of my rags—alighting knee-deep in the black unctuous bottom of the broad brook, which glided noiseless and invisible beneath the briers. Fearing that I might have left a bit of my parti-colored apparel on the thorns so visible as to reveal my retreat, I paddled with as little splashing as possible down the brook; but soon felt so completely overcome by fatigue, that I could not resist laying my head on a beautiful bit of moss, which, overhanging a small rocky ledge, fell in natural drapery down the bank. I had neither the strength or inclination to draw my legs out of the mud—my repose might therefore be termed amphibious.

I seemed to have but just closed my eyes—the voices of my rascally pursuers had scarcely died away—when I was aroused by the deep well-known notes of a brace of big frightful foreign hounds which the Squire usually kept chained, among other zoological curiosities, in his courtyard:—they were evidently on the track which I had taken from the brow of Transom Torr.

In the smith's shop, where many of the villagers were accustomed to congregate on winter evenings, to gossip, gambol, and play at ALL FOURS on the anvils, I had heard horrid tales about blood-hounds in foreign parts; and my grandmother's parlor was adorned with a colored print, in which a leash of the breed were depicted in the act of tearing down a poor naked black. One of them, as I remember to this day, had leaped upon the man's shoulder, and thrusting his head forward,

had grabbed him by the throat. Blotches of blood were distributed about the dog's jaws—the victim's tongue lolled forth—it was an awful affair, and I never could look at it without suffering that strange cutaneous emotion which produces "goose's flesh." I was far from an obedient boy; and my wrathful grandmother had often threatened to take me by the scruff of the neck, hurl me over the palisades of Squire Patch's court-yard, and let the blood-hounds "worry me a trifle, or two,"—these were her very words.

The ugly monsters (they had been christened SIN and DEATH) were, as I have stated, now on my track—their business was with me.

My first impulse was to go down the bed of the brook, break cover in Cuckold's Harem field, and make off towards Farmer Belroy's house, or my grandmother's hovel. Belroy, I felt satisfied, would protect me; and my formidable grandmother was, in my estimation, single-handed, a match for anything that drew the breath of life. A hare once took shelter, literally, on her hearth—even beneath the grate; and in defiance of a whole army of red-coats belonging to a distant hunt, and a full pack of strong hounds, she preserved the wretched animal's life. The dogs and their attendant gentleman broke through her miserable window and the mud wall beneath it; but my fierce grandmother, who was the washer-woman, stood in the breach, and by dexterously plying the simple artillery of boiling water from an enormous crock, compelled the beleaguers to beat a retreat, after having suffered considerable loss. Most of the leading hounds, and many of the gentlemen and their horses, were dreadfully scalded: the dogs howled with agony, and ran to and fro, snapping at everything in their way, as though they were mad. One of them, I remember, flew at an old elder tree in front of the hut, and seemed to derive immense consolation from gnawing its rough trunk. The gentlemen roared hideously, and the horses snorted, neighed, whinnied, kicked, pranced, pawed, and tore up the hard gravel road with their desperate teeth, in so frightful a manner, that I besought my grandmother, in screams, to desist. Not she indeed! While any of those who had battered her mud castle remained within range of her liquid projectile, she continued to deal it forth by the ladle-full; exclaiming, ever and anon, "You'd worry a hare, would you? She has turned into a witch, you see! When water fails I've irons at the fire, and, God help me! I shall try to flatten your faces!" The gallant hunt retired discomfited and disgraced; but the poor hare, notwithstanding all that we could do for it, died the next day, as my grandmother said, "of a bursten heart," from her efforts in the chase. During the night she squealed like a child in agony—her dying look was dreadfully human. I shall never forget it.

Could I but get beneath or behind my grandmother's stiff, thick, patched petticoat, I should have dared to pebble the noses of Sin and Death with a consciousness of perfect impunity; could I have reached Farmer Belroy's kitchen, I felt sure that I should have nothing to fear from anything appertaining to Squire Patch; but in the open fields I should incur the risk of being viewed, and run down. I therefore determined on steering for another haven, namely, the cottage of Ezra, the gamekeeper, who had shot me in the leg. It was much nearer than Farmer Belroy's or my grandmother's, and it could be come at, entirely, with

the exception of one meadow and a garden, through thick cover. It lay, however, in quite a different direction, and to reach it I was compelled to retrace my floundering up the bed of the brook. As I passed silently and unseen the spot where I had made my plunge, the bloodhounds, Sin and her half-bred daughter Death, whose sire was a bulldog, were baying above me, and I heard Squire Patch shrieking for the Caddiscombe otter hounds. Quietly making my way up the stream, I at length reached the root of a tall and noble maiden oak, which rose from one of its banks, and after having overtopped the underwood, among which it was born, soared bravely up into broad daylight far above the ridge of the little ravine. This friendly tree I climbed with ease, and travelling to the extremity of one of its upper branches, alighted safely on the level of the wood.

Fear, as the novelists of Leadenhall-street observe, lent me wings, and I flew through the copse. In five minutes I had reached the back door of Ezra's cottage. I opened it, shut it quietly behind me, shot the lower bolt, the only one I could reach, and, being barefooted, came into the kitchen without being heard. Kitty was clasped in the arms, and weeping on the shoulder, of her brother, Blue Peter, the poacher. The interview was clandestine; I revealed myself by coughing, and they looked like guilty things. Kitty, notwithstanding my filth, clutched me up to her bosom, and kissed me. Blue Peter laughed. I frankly told them my story; and within a few moments from its conclusion, I was stripped, plunged into a large tub of soap-suds—it was Kitty's washing day—and after having been properly towelled, put to bed. I was still in a state of horrible alarm; but Blue Peter vanquished my bitter apprehensions of the bloodhounds, by assuring me that no canine nose in the world could follow me up a maiden oak. Kitty brought me a podger of hot milk enriched with lots of sugar, and a dash of smuggled brandy, and in half an hour after I had entered the cottage, I was sleeping, at mid-day, in a fine feather-bed—fast as a top.

My repose was, however, doomed to be brief as that hurried but less comfortable slumber which befel me on the bank of the brook. I had a violent and vivid dream, in which, as I subsequently found, imagination had been powerfully assisted or excited by reality. Squire Patch was Satan, cast out of the herd of swine: he vomited bloodhounds in couples—an eternal succession of twins—fascimiles of Sin and Death—and these the swine devoured. Meanwhile my grandmother danced on an upturned washing-tub, and her reverend donkey brayed. Each of the pigs—and there were millions—seemed identical with our Sir Simon—but it is necessary to explain.

My grandmother, as I have said, was a washer-woman—about half a grade above a pauper; but proud, reckless, and independent as any supreme lord of lives and property in the universe. Although earning but a scanty subsistence by the labor of her hands in her old age, after having spent the early and middle part of life in comparative opulence—she feared nothing—she cared for nobody. She had prospectively paid for her bit of burial-ground in the parish church. Her coffin had, for years, been under the bed; its cover possessed hinges and a lock and key; the solemn utensil contained her valuables—a little tea—a little sugar—the keg of cider—the small stone jar of illegitimate white brandy—her thin worn wed-

ding ring which, unlike herself, not being fitted to endure hard work, had snapped—a lock of Billy Timms' hair, the youth of her maiden love—great grandfather's battered Bible, on the yellow fly-leaf of which was scrawled a register of the birth of every babe born in the family for three generations, *except myself*—several old silver thimbles, pierced through by severe use, in her better days—a gaudy garnet brooch—three singular silk gowns—my grand-uncle's breeches with five *bona fide* gold buttons, formed of seven shilling pieces, at each of the knees—several certificates of marriage, stuffed for better security into the toes of so many high-heeled shoes—a padusoy and a stuffed parrot—the sight of which was the only thing in the world that could make her shed tears. God knows why—I never asked, and I never found out. She always produced it with the Bible on Sunday mornings, when it was her invariable practice to take out her spectacles—they had but half a glass left—and read me a chapter. On these occasions she frequently talked of teaching me my letters; but the next day a career of steam and soap-suds was commenced, which lasted throughout the week, and my education was forgotten, until the Sabbath appearance of her battered Bible and its never-failing accompaniment the green poll-parrot with blue cheeks.

To carry home her linen she always had a Ned—that is, always within my memory; and I could hardly believe Blue Peter, the poacher, when he first told me that our fine, tall, stately, stout, long-eared friend, who looked as though he had ever been just as he was, had actually pined for some time about the dead body of his dam on the common, and would have died without an owner, if granny had n't kindly taken to the ragged, miserable foal, and reared him. Poor as we were, the Ned was always fat and sleek—his neigh could be heard for miles—he pranced with pride, and to him were ascribed the finest mules on the Caddiscombe railroad. He was now gray as a badger with age, but his youthful energy had not departed. Though grisly, he galloped most gallantly beneath the weight of granny and her customers' linen. He worked only two days in the week—Monday and Saturday—during the other five he fed in perfect freedom on the common. Once upon a time, Squire Patch's people had caught and put him in harness, by way of a lark; but his emancipation was speedily achieved by a trifling exertion of his prodigious powers—the coachman said “that he could kick a town down.”

This capital creature was a very useful piece of property; but touching my grandmother's other animal nothing laudatory can be said. Nobody could recollect where she had picked him up. The bacon was all bought—there had not been a porker in the parish within the memory of man. Sir Simon had neither contemporaries, progeny, or subjects—he was himself alone—the Pig.

There were plenty of cocks and hens—cows, bulls, blacklocks, rams, ewes, lambs, and chilver hogs—but no pig barring Sir Simon. The Ned had not a name—the pig had. Everybody knew him as Sir Simon. He was the kindest, the most patient animal in the world. If the boys had nothing better to do, they sought him out, on the common, and three or four of them at once bestrode him. When fairly mounted he would ejaculate a note or two, expressive of mock-heroic indignation, raise his head, cock his tail,

and set off at full speed. In a few moments his riders were invariably thrown. Buckle himself could not sit a pig at full speed. The scapular and caudal vertebrae are so much lower than the lumbar—at least they were in Sir Simon, the only pig I ever rode—that with the animal's violent action the rider is inevitably shuffled over his head, or shelved over his tail, unless he can take and maintain hold of the latter organ and one of the ears. But this Sir Simon would on no account permit. He was good-humored to a fault; he would dig on the common for the roots he loved with a squib tied to his tail, but the moment you touched his ears you put him in a passion—he debased you to the level of a dog, and knocked you ten feet off, topsy turvy, without the least remorse. His tusks were like the canine teeth of a tiger, but he never used them, even when irritated, except against dogs. He would lift a boy by an upward action of his snout over a fern bush, and leave him unhurt upon the sward beyond; but if a strange dog tackled him, it was his sublime pleasure to adopt a demi-lateral, demi-perpendicular action of the head, by which his assailant was mortally ripped, and tossed, sprawling in the agonies of death, over the swine's head. To the boys Sir Simon was a rough, good-humored playmate on an emergency; to a dog he was dire.

The pig had but one predilection: he never testified the least particle of love towards me, my grandmother, or any other human being; but for the Ned he entertained a decided partiality. He was always with him, except when once now and then he would stroll into Cuckold's Harem wood for a feast of beechmast and acorns. Where the Ned was grazing, there the pig was ploughing. He trotted by the side of his long-eared friend, when their mutual mistress took home her clean linen; he *couched* on the common, at his back. He recognized nothing but the Ned; but the Ned never seemed to take the least notice of him.

The realities that mingled with my dream were my grandmother's screams, the howls of Sin, Squire Patch's shouts, and Sir Simon's deep guttural triumphant grunt. I awoke in a violent fright, and as soon as I became conscious of where I was, stole on tiptoe to the window for information. In the high road from the peak of Transom Torr, which the front of Ezra's cottage commanded for nearly a quarter of a mile, there was to me a most appalling piece of work. At one timid, anxious, furtive peep through the jessamine which partially shaded the window, I saw that I had occasioned a frightful commotion. The living picture before me told its story in an instant. From what I saw, the conviction flashed upon me that some good-natured friend had gone down to my grandmother, and told her about Squire Patch having uncoupled the bloodhounds on my track. The old woman, as a matter of course, had mounted her palfrey, and come off at full speed to the rescue. On reaching the scene of action, Death, the younger of the bloodhounds, having a dash of the bull-dog breed in her derived from her sire, had pinned the Ned. Sir Simon, perceiving the nose of his friend between the jaws of a dog, had torn the latter from neck to navel. Sin, a witness of the catastrophe, having no bull-dog blood in her veins, had taken to her heels—Sir Simon, who went to great lengths when he was put up, had followed, supported by my desperate grandmother, and her enraged Ned.

All this, as I subsequently ascertained, had

taken place; but, as I have said, the facts flashed upon me at a glance. First came the liver-colored bloodhound, Sin,—a single object—the very centre of the living picture,—fat, gasping, and scarcely able to maintain a gallop: drops of burning sweat rolled over her red fevered tongue (the only part in which dogs perspire;) her eyes were bloodshot, and the protruded pupils were dragged backward, and fixed in horrid alarm on her pursuers; her tail was between her legs, her back was smooth, not a hair on it was elevated. Next came Sir Simon:—his tusks were gory; he frequently licked his hirsute lips; the bristles on his back were all bolt upright; his tail, which naturally had a trifling curl, looked as though he had tied it into a knot; by setting in action some of the muscles about his jaws, his long rugged tusks were fully developed—he grunted with glee.

My granny and her Ned followed. The old lady was in a desperate plight. Her cap had blown off, and her long grizzly hair, divided into numerous ropy rat's tails, shot out in straight lines from the back of her head. Her brown sinewy arms were in violent motion, for she was urging the Ned, by thumping his neck with her white fists, soddened in soap suds, to increase his speed. But this exertion on her part was needless. The Ned seemed to be personally interested in the exploit; his lips were margined with crimson foam; the spirit of vengeance beamed forth from his dark eyes; his ears lay flat on his neck; his flexible and wounded upper lip was in constant motion; he frequently revealed his long teeth, and evidently had an intense desire to have a *scrunch* at the bones of the bloodhound.

Squire Patch and his visitors—the troop of boys who had followed me from Transom Torr—two or three gamekeepers—that infernal postilion who flogged me so—the blacksmith, hot from his forge—the tailor, in slippers—Mr. Smikes, the shoemaker, trying to tuck up his intractable new leathern apron—old hobbling Holloway—Shriek, the parish clerk—in fact, two-thirds of the village formed a busy back-ground to the picture. Patch was blaspheming as though he had been Beelzebub: he could not overtake my granny, and foresaw that his darling bloodhound must inevitably fall a prey to the tusk of the pig. Among the multitude I perceived Ezra; he had a fowling-piece in his hand, which he contrived to charge as he ran. Leaping on a dunghill, clothed with weeds in brilliant blossom, by the road side, he knelt down and levelled at Sir Simon. I stood on the tips of my great toes, and clenched my hands until I saw the result of his fire. It took effect.

The small shot, however, merely tickled the pig's thick hide; he received them as a posée of practical jokes, and uttering two or three very gruff, but, to those who knew him, intensely jocose grunts, galloped on with increased speed, although, as I perceived, when he passed, a few of the long bristles that clothed his nether haunch were strung with liquid rubies. There was a patch of flat green turf, at the other side of the road, on which, when the pig had passed, I discovered Blue Peter sprawling in a paroxysm of laughter.

But the scene, however comic it might have been to him, was truly dolorous to me. The last glimpse I obtained of Sir Simon, his enormous ears were flapping up and down like an eagle's

wings triumphantly, as it seemed, bearing him onward to his prey. Granny, mounted on her infuriate Ned, was hard by his haunch; no aid was at hand, and I foresaw that, if Sin had nine lives, they would in a few moments be nine times annihilated. Sir Simon would rip up his flanks—the Ned would scrunch his ribs, and granny would complete the massacre by tearing him limb from limb. The fatal consequences of so audacious an exploit would not be felt so much by the Ned, Sir Simon, or granny, as by me—the first cause of the calamity. Ezra, I was sure, had detected me behind the jessamine as he passed, and I determined to decamp.

After having made my wet and grimy toilet, I descended the stairs, and—Kitty having gone out to see the fun—made my escape by the back-door, sneaked along the garden, and through the ditch of the meadow, into cover. I descended the maiden oak—traversed the brook until the point where it reached Cuckold's Harem Field—emerged there and threw myself flat in a diagonal furrow. Many hours elapsed, and when the west began to grow rosy, I ventured to peep above the corn-blades. My eye fell upon the face of a human being—it was that of dear little Agnes.

Her father being from home again, she had brought me successively, my breakfast, dinner, and supper. Supposing that I was playing the truant, and would probably make my appearance before night, she had kindly concealed my absence from the servants. How I loved her! The bacon, though cold, was capital. I did not eat—I devoured! Her aspect gradually brightened up, and at length my voracity so much amused her, that she cackled like a pullet. While she was in this pleasant mood, having satisfied my appetite, and drained a shooting horn of stout old cider, which she had brought with the bacon, I recounted my recent exploits and perils, and from my mode of treating them, they seemed to strike her as being replete with fun. Once now and then, however, she turned pale, and stared at me awfully; and when I showed her the ridges raised on my urchin hide, by the short-docker of that atrocious postilion—base-born as myself—she recoiled with horror, and I had made much ado to prevent her from running away. As soon as I could prevail upon her to resume the seat she had previously occupied, I excited her interest by discoursing on my future prospects. I had made the village by far too hot to hold me, and I considered it very advisable to be off. It was Saturday evening, and I proposed, during the night, to crawl away to Caddiscombe, where, if Lavolta kept his word, I should meet with him at the fair, on Monday morning. Agnes suggested, that the intervening Sabbath would starve me. To knock this objection on the head, I proposed to pocket my untouched maternal mess of fried potatoes, and vesper ditto of brown bread and cheese: besides, I should meet with lots of hawthorn buds, and it was hard, if, after all my experience—as I meant to work my way as much as possible in covert—I couldn't find at least one squirrel's winter hoard of nuts unexhausted, in the Caddiscombe woods.

We were sitting opposite each other in the diagonal furrow, into which I had first thrown myself. Agnes, with a melancholy glance, surveyed the space between my naked head and naked ankles—she gazed on tatters. Granny never thought of buying me raiment—I clothed myself. The nether garments I wore, were my



own. I purchased them for a penny three months before, from Dick Withers, who had found them somewhere; my jacket was a loan. I had no pretension to shirt, waistcoat, hat, shoes or stockings. Had I accepted the two latter articles from Ezra and his wife, perhaps I should not have had the courage to have worn them—in me, and among my companions, it would have looked proud.

Agnes, without speaking a word, took from her bosom a little *huswife*, given to her for the purpose of dressing her dolls. Selecting a little fairy needle, and threading it with a bit of blue silk, she knelt down and commenced sowing up a large rent which revealed the whole of my right knee. We soon began to talk again, and before she had proceeded far in cobbling up the numberless breaches in my garments, I had half persuaded her to be the companion of my meditated expatriation—for such the flight to Caddiscombe to both of us appeared. Her father had often threatened to pack her off to a boarding-school; but do what she would to make him angry, he still delayed the fulfilment of his menace, which it was her intense desire to bring about, for she felt sick of home, and longed to learn dancing. Poor little dear! She had no mother—no sisters or brothers—no companions. Her intercourse with humanity was rigidly restricted: with nothing to do, she felt herself enslaved. When a good girl, she was allowed to play with her dolls in the parlor or the garden; when deemed naughty, she was shut up with them in the brown closet, behind the back bedroom.

We were just on the point of coming to a conclusion, when somebody tittered—we looked up and there was Blue Peter; over his shoulder gleamed the ruddy countenance of Dolly. They had overheard us, and in a few moments our project, so far as regarded Agnes, was utterly annihilated. Neither of them would, for an instant, entertain it. Agnes was lugged home, shrieking, by Dolly; and Blue Peter promised to hide me under a hen-coop in his own cottage, during the Sabbath, and put me far and free on the road to Caddiscombe long before the sun rose on Monday morning; for he thought that I could not do better than try my luck with Lavolta. My grandmother, he said, was ruined, out and out; for not only did Sir Simon sacrifice Sin, but the ferocious old woman had most severely thrashed Squire Patch.

On hearing this, I would on no account trust myself, for a whole day, to the protection of Blue Peter's hen-coop, but determined to get away at once—threatening the poacher that I would bite him if he attempted to prevent me. Peter took this very good-humoredly, and offering me his back, said he would carry me a clear mile on my road. Pocketing my provisions, and taking the ribbon of Agnes from the deserted bush-maggie's nest, where I had deposited it—I had not thought of it while the young darling was present—I mounted my friend's back, and away we went.

We had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile, when he pulled up under a broad oak. The sky above us was still, in patches, blue and bright; but the spray and budding foliage of the trees made our path occasionally gloomy. Beneath the oak we were in perfect shade. Casting his recondite eye upwards, he said that there were three pheasants at perch on a lofty slender branch, which would not bear him. "They're *craning* out their necks," quoth he; "steal up and twist 'em.

Mind me—they be wide awake, but bothered between the lights." I moved, as an amendment, that I should take up three pebbles, and hit them one by one off the roost. We were, however, walking on a bed of thick elastic moss, and Blue Peter, partially falling in with my views, in the absence of pebbles, furnished me with a few penny pieces. I got up the oak with ease, and when upon a level with the birds—they had not yet tucked their heads under their wings—I placed three of my monetary missiles, one upon the other, between my finger and thumb, and carefully, but with all my strength let go. There were three of them, but I only hit one: down he fell—it was a splendid cock—like lead; the others dashed up into the light and disappeared.

Blue Peter was pleased, and gave me sixpence. Soon after we parted; and being excessively tired, I crept into the hollow of a tree that had fallen, and enjoyed a sound repose. When I awoke it was past mid-day; but this fact it took me an hour's labor to ascertain. I had crept in easily enough, but I found it a matter of appalling difficulty to retrograde. At one time, I felt all but certain that my bed would prove my coffin. The worst of my position was, that although faint with hunger and exertion, I could not get at the fried potatoes, the bread, and the cheese in my pockets—both my hands being unfortunately above my head. At last, by an accidental tortuous exertion, I emancipated myself; and after breakfasting by the side of a pond, from which, as I sat silently, two or three thrushes came for mud to plaster the interior of their neets, I went on my way.

Before nightfall I reached Caddiscombe, and ventured into the market-place, where the fair was about to be held. It was a cattle as well as what is called a pleasure fair. All was bustle, and everybody seemed big with preparation for the next morning. I wandered to and fro, half stupefied by the uproar, for several hours, without seeing Lavolta. About two o'clock in the morning the hurly-burly had considerably decreased—the sheep and swine were penned—the horned cattle tethered, and it behoved me to look out for a bed. Crawling into the group of cattle, I at length found a recumbent cow tied to a post, whose large belly and bursting udder offered peculiar attractions. I scratched the poor creature's head—rubbed her painful dugs, which the calf, muzzled and tied to one of her horns, had not sucked for at least two meals, and having sufficiently ingratiated myself, ventured to lie down and take one of the teats in my mouth. When I had sucked my fill, all around me being tolerably quiet, I untethered the calf, slipped off his muzzle, and let him have a bellyfull; then, curling myself on the cow's warm paunch, I composed myself to sleep. Towards morning my slumbers were dreadfully interrupted by vehement hammering, and when I thought proper to open my eyes, right opposite me, where the night before a number of bare poles had slightly intercepted the moonbeams, I perceived a superb erection, in front of which, about ten o'clock, I experienced the felicity of seeing Lavolta.

He was clad from top to toe in velvet, and silk, and spangles—the most splendid personage I had ever beheld. Squire Patch was a cow-boy to him. But I should never have detected him but for the large blue wen, which he called a mole, under his left ear. The moment I recognized this, I dashed up the steps. My costume and boldness produced



a burst of merriment from the spectators, and Lavolta tickled me down with a tandem whip, which he wielded with extraordinary grace and emphasis. It was clear that he did not recollect me. To make myself known to him, I threw myself on my hands, and with legs aloft, proceeded to mount the steps. As soon as I came within his reach, he gave me two or three encouraging taps with the crop of his whip, and when I reached the stage on which he stood, he took me by the shoulder, and led me kindly to the entrance of a dark narrow passage, down which he desired me to grope, and consider myself a part of his establishment.

#### CHEAP BOOKS.

Of late years, the public has shown in the most unequivocal way, that, if books really to its taste were presented at moderate prices, it would buy, and that largely. Perhaps more striking evidences of this fact could not be produced than the success of various books which we have issued as *People's Editions*, in a plain style of typography, and at correspondingly moderate prices. Within the last four or five years, we have thus disposed, of a *Tour in Holland*, by W. Chambers, (1s. 6d.,) 10,000 copies; of a new translation of Lamartine's *Travels in the Holy Land*, (3s. 9d.,) 10,000 copies; of a new translation of Guizot's *History of Civilization*, (1s. 4d.,) 13,000 copies; of Jackson's *Treatise on Agriculture*, (2s. 3d.,) 7000 copies; of *Stories of Irish Peasantry*, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, (1s. 9d.,) 10,000 copies; and so on with about a dozen other works, original or newly translated, each with sales of from four to ten thousand copies. Now, one material reason for these large sales is clearly the low price of the works, for by that means they come within the reach of thousands of individuals having a taste for reading, yet who can at no time command above one or two shillings for a book, however desirable be its possession. Stinted of original works at moderate prices, the bulk of the reading community are obliged to take up with reprints furnished by a comparatively humble but far from useless class of publishers—so far, that they may be considered as doing an important service to the community, by furnishing literature in almost the only shape in which it can be procured. But all such books of a past day are necessarily more or less out of harmony with existing tastes; the public looks with indifference on the offer of *Rasselas* and the *Simple Story*, when its wishes are pointing to the last novel of Bulwer. What matters it to the people that they may have a cheap copy of Falconer's *Shipwreck*, when they want to become a little acquainted with Wordsworth! The books calculated, by the taste in which they are written, and their novelty, to meet with an extensive demand, are withheld, and twenty cheap libraries of reprints will not make up for the deficiency. The modified success of these reprints only shows how gladly the people would buy books more to their taste if they could be got. Hitherto, in America, modern British books have been republished at cheap prices, and have met with large sales, though we may suppose they were not in all instances so well adapted to the taste of that country as to our own. These reprints have also been introduced in large quantity into Canada. The law now forbids the Canadians

to have them, and Mr. Murray of London, with the best intentions, offers these colonists, instead, a cheap library of reprints mostly old, but containing a few that are new. The Canadians, however, have already shown that it is not old, but new books, that they want. Mr. Murray's reprints will only succeed in the degree in which our own *People's Editions* and other cheap libraries of the last few years have succeeded, and that will be equivalent to the measure of the suitableness of the books to modern taste. Should the American congress go a step further, and establish a copyright in British books in their own country, there too shall we see this craving of the public starved. It is not unlikely that, of many of the best productions of English intellect, more copies will then be sold in France, Russia, and other continental countries, where they are not of course generally understood, than in the whole range of countries where the English language is spoken, and this simply because they can be had on the continent at reasonable prices, but not in those regions to which, by language, taste, and every essential peculiarity, they might be presumed to be best adapted.

All this is not saying that the authors of English books are not entitled to remuneration from the productions of their brains—although we by no means sympathize in the clamors about American “pirates,” of authors, many of whom would be found unwilling to admit the American people to any one brotherly right or claim in our commerce which could be withheld from them; neither are we quite sure that the best way in which nations can remunerate their most gifted sons, is to give them a right which operates in the bad way in which all monopolies must ever operate. But it appears to us most decidedly, from all which has been stated, that the present system of prices for new books of all kinds is altogether an error; and till it is rectified, there will be a tendency in Canada to smuggle from the States, and a success in this country for cheap literature even of inferior or antiquated taste—just as high duties on brandy at the custom-house cause a considerable running of the contraband article on the Sussex coast, and a considerable manufacture of “British” in London—while, at the same time, the public intellect is only half or a fourth fed with its favorite aliment, and literary men are half or a fourth starved likewise—as they ought to be.—*Chambers' Journal*.

**FRENCH SAVINGS-BANKS.**—At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, M. C. Dupin read a statistical paper on the Savings-Banks of Paris, and of the different cities and towns of France, showing the constantly increasing amount of the deposits, and arguing against the fears entertained by some persons in regard to the difficulties which a sudden demand for repayment would present. He dwelt upon the just confidence which the people had in these institutions, and on the amount of good which they were calculated to produce among those who were sufficiently provident and self-dependent thus to preserve the surplus of their earnings. According to M. Dupin, the deposits in the Savings-Bank of Paris in January, 1843, exceeded a hundred millions of francs.

From the *Athenæum*.*Publications of the Stuttgart Literary Union.*  
London, Williams & Norgate.

A SOCIETY was, it appears, established at Stuttgart in 1842, resembling in its general principles our Camden Society, for the publication of curious and valuable old manuscripts. Already it has sent out several volumes interesting to the historian and the antiquary, some of which we think it well briefly to introduce to the notice of our readers, and all gentle dreamers over "the antique world," and all who love to spend summer afternoons in old libraries, where the light, through painted windows, falls on the illuminated manuscript, and occasionally to banquet on some old garland of the lays sung by the Troubadours ere the earth was disenchanted by the loadstone and the press—all who prefer these old sincerities in manuscript to the effusions of our laboriously light and studiously comic literature, will be pleased with the fruits of the Stuttgart Union.

The first publication of the society was the *Strassburgh Chronicle* of Closener, a work of the fourteenth century. The early productions of Alsace historiography consist, as usual in the middle ages, of very brief notices of events. Among the earliest works of this kind are the Colmar annals, comprised in short sentences, and extending their notices from 1211 to 1303. Their author was a Dominican friar of the town whose name they bear. Besides ecclesiastical affairs, he notices natural phenomena, and seems to have had a taste for geography. Closener was industrious in literature, and wrote, besides his *Chronicle*, a Latin and German dictionary, and a work on ecclesiastical ceremonies. He died in 1284. His *Chronicle* contains a list of the Popes down to Clement VI., and a catalogue of kings. Then we have accounts of conflagrations, persecutions of the Jews, pestilences, civil disturbances, and several notices of natural phenomena—all, it must be confessed, related in a very dry way. The following is a brief record of a great persecution of the Jews:—

In 1349 the Jews were burned upon a wooden stage in the church-yard at Strassburgh on St. Felin's Day. In the same year, also, they were burned in all the towns on the Rhine. The reason was, because it was said that they had poisoned the springs and waters. In some of the towns they were burned with judgment, but in others the people set fire to their houses, and so burned them inside.

That is all! Immediately following we have a curious account of the sect of Flagellators, who arose in great power in the same year, and the mania spread fast and extensively among the men, women, and children of the country. They entered the towns in solemn procession, bearing lights and crosses, and singing their peculiar hymns. The church-bells welcomed them, and, after a service in the church, they repaired to their place of exer-

cise, where they stripped their shoulders, sang penitential hymns, and, meanwhile, scourged themselves severely. After this public ceremony of flagellation, one of their number read a letter containing a pretended new revelation. The flagellators rose into such fame as workers of miracles, and so infected the people with their fanaticism, that at last the priests felt it necessary strenuously to oppose the nuisance, and an edict was issued, commanding that "whosoever was seized with a fit of flagellation should be content to whip himself privately in his own house." "This I have written," says Closener, "of what took place at Strassburgh, and as it was there so was it also in all the towns on the Rhine, in Suabia, in Franconia, and in Westrick."

In the second publication we have collected in a volume, the autobiography of a Suabian nobleman, *George von Ehingen*, who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and tells us of his duel with a very strong Saracen; the work of Æneas Sylvius, *De Viris Illustribus*, the *Account-Book of Ott Rutland*, a merchant of Ulm, and the *Codex Hirsauensis*, containing memoirs of the convent of Hirsau. The last record is of considerable importance in the history of Suabia, Alsace and South-west Germany.

Another work of interest to the lover of old world records, is a copy of the Weingarten manuscript collection of old German Minstrelsy. Besides the Parisian copy, it is the only one ornamented with the minstrels' portraits, and it has a better text; for many of the lays of the twelfth century, which suffered alterations in the former, are here found in their original forms. The figures with which it is decorated are not without expression, and seem to be productions of the close of the thirteenth century. Of course these old lays are somewhat monotonous in their complaints of cold dames and zealous services unrewarded. Here is a short specimen of the language, which, with a little attention to certain contractions and other peculiarities, may be easily read:—

Sol min sprechen sol min singen,  
Sol min läger dieneſt sol min ſteckait,  
Niht ain liebes ende bringen,  
Iſt es alles ain verlornv arebeit.  
Wie ſint danne hin verſwunden  
Mine tage.  
Sol ich niht genade vinden  
Das iſt min clage.

Our version is, we grant, not closely literal,—

Shall all that I have ſung and ſaid,  
My patient, faithful ſervice paſt,  
My days of toil forever fled,  
Be crowned with no reward at laſt?  
All fail to make her heart relent,  
And leave me only this lament?

But the most interesting of the publications of the Stuttgart Society which have reached us is, certainly, the complete copy, in three handsome octavo volumes, of the "Evagatorium," or "Jour-

nal of Peregrinations in the Holy Land, Arabia, and Egypt," written in the fifteenth century, by Felix Faber, a brother of the convent of Ulm. The work is well edited by Conrad Hassler, Professor of the Royal Gymnasium at Ulm, who discovered it in the library there a few years ago. A vernacular epitome of the work, written by Faber at the close of the fifteenth century, has been already introduced to our notice, with commendation, by Dr. Robinson, in his "Biblical Researches in Palestine." Though Brother Felix was often deceived by the stories of the monks, his descriptions of the places he visited are faithful and valuable. On Paschal Sunday, the 9th of April, 1480, he performed his farewell service at Ulm, commending himself to the prayers of his brethren and congregation, and, on the fourteenth day of the same month, set out upon his arduous pilgrimage.

We like a thorough-going book, either all faith or all science; and for this reason few of our modern books of travels in Palestine have pleased us. We have no patience with Chateaubriand or any of his followers. The imagination has its part to play, and so has the understanding; but the one has no right to act under the colors of the other. When we are attending to an argument we do not like to be interrupted by a burst of poetry; and if the traditions of Palestine are to be examined by the usual rules of historical evidence, let the trial proceed as rigorously and coolly as if they were only matters of English history; let no glow of poetry render indistinct the lines of evidence. Or if they are to be regarded in faith, let it be a whole, hearty, sweeping faith, like that of old Felix Faber. In his book all is faith. He saw almost every distinct locality mentioned in Scripture, and several not mentioned there; he placed his foot firmly upon each sacred spot, and rested his faith there, without any assistance from the latitudinarian consolation of the waverer, "well, if not just here, the spot is somewhere not many miles away." He believed in the particularities as well as the generalities of the Holy Land. His book, though its Latin is far from being classical, is written in a style of great simplicity and honesty, and is not without its beauties. It exhibits a striking picture of that curiously compounded system of religion to which he belonged. A rich veil of poetry was cast over the original substance, but alas! under that veil the primitive truth was, in a great measure, hidden and lost; and simple philanthropic Christianity was buried under a sectarian mysticism. This most complex perversion is the wonder of the Christian world: to expose its analysis, to trace its genesis, is a work requiring all the penetration of the philosopher, and the reversion to the truth is, indeed, the labor of Christendom, threatening still to be long and severe. But let us not mingle the thoughts of our day with our notice of Felix Faber's Palestine in the days of chivalry. And yet how greatly those days resemble our own, if we are to credit our

ecclesiastics and the language of the exhortation which Felix addressed, in the German tongue, to the soldiers of the Holy Sepulchre.

A sad time (he says) I may call this, in which we live, when the evening shades of faith are coming upon the world. The morning-star of righteousness loses its splendor. The law is forsaken by the priests, justice leaves our rulers, counsel departs from our old men, faith from the people, love from parents, reverence from inferiors, charity from the bishops, religion from the monks, honesty from our youths, discipline from the clergy, sound doctrine from our magistrates, good service from our military men, concord from our citizens, truth from our merchants, virtue from our nobility, chastity from our maidens, humility from our widows, love from our married people, patience from our paupers, &c. *O tempora et mores!*

Could things grow worse after this!

Felix bestows a very bad character upon the pilgrimage from Jerusalem to the Jordan, declaring it to be a most fatal journey:—

Never would I (he observes) persuade any pilgrim, however robust, if he counts his life precious, to visit the Jordan, for I have seen many noble and brave men faint and die in the journey.

On reaching the sacred river a divine service was performed; and here, as at other localities to whose visitors such grace was promised by the Pope, Felix quietly and believingly records how he and his associates, kneeling down and kissing the holy soil, received "the indulgence of plenary remission." What a contrast to "the age of unbelief," as some divines have styled our day! Yet the errors of that "age of faith" produced this unbelief; for neither faith nor skepticism, but only truth is permanent. It seems a little out of character for pious pilgrims, immediately after these sacred offices, to fall to play in the river Jordan, but so Felix honestly confesses they did:—

We stood in the water with great pleasantry, and one baptized another in sport. As I attempted to swim to the opposite side of the river a sudden terror seized me, when I thought how, in my levity, I had abandoned the habit of my order, and how, if I should sink in the water, I must also sink in the depth of hell for my dissolute trifling and irreligious exposure of myself, which almost made me liable to excommunication. "O Lord," I cried, "let not the water swallow me up, nor the pit close its mouth upon me!" With this prayer I fortified myself with the sign of the cross, and then, with a great effort of hands and feet, reached the shore. Then I immediately seized my scapular, and made a vow that never again in my lifetime would I be found so far distant from the habit of my order. To have sunk in those waters without my scapular would indeed have been an intolerable fate! if in my regular dress I should have cared less about it.

An amusing instance of the reference of all the seriousness of conscience to matters indifferent, rather than to moral realities. He proceeds to tell the perilous consequences of sporting with the Jordan, and to account for them:—

In my second journey, among those who would

swim across the river, in spite of all the prohibitions of the Saracens, (who constantly predict that some evil is sure to attend such attempts,) was a priest who had no sooner reached the other bank than all his bodily energies forsook him, and he stood trembling until his associates used means to restore his vigor. I have often asked him how it happened to him, and he replied, that suddenly he felt deprived of all strength, though he had previously been a very robust man. And I have asked many pilgrims to the Jordan, before and after me, how they fared, and have found that some trouble happened to all of them. From these facts arises the question how it is that such frequent perils and disasters attend those who bathe in this river, which is neither broad nor rapid. Some say that dangerous beasts lurk in the river, and strive to seize the swimmers. Others say that near the place is the chasm through which the river runs underground into the Dead Sea, so that there is a mixture with the waters of that sea, which are deadly to the body. Others say that infernal beasts come up out of that sea to seize their prey. Again, others will say the peril is all in the imagination of the swimmers, who have heard so many tales about it. But again, others assign as the cause, with more probability, the divine displeasure on account of those who make such a place the scene of their hardihood and displeasure, for nothing evil happens to those who dip themselves in the water, soberly and devoutly, of which we saw an instance in some female pilgrims modestly performing their immersions among the reeds above us. Indeed, I could wish that the common report may prove true in favor of some of these old women; for the common people say, that whoever bathes in the Jordan will never grow any older; but for all the time he spends in the water, will become so much younger than he was on entering it.

The refutation of this "vulgar error," on a matter open to constant experiments, would have made a rare long chapter for Sir Thomas Brown. Felix then goes on to tell how very unlucky the water of the Jordan is to carry on sea-voyages, and how the sailors would examine their pilgrim-passengers, and throw their bottles filled from the sacred river into the sea. For the dangerous property of the water he seeks to give a reason, never thinking of the reason given for the professed fact, that a live fish put into a basin of water makes it no heavier; it is *not* a fact. But such was the style of philosophy in his day on matters of higher import. Felix was not without poetry. He gives us an eloquent laudation of the roses of Jericho, and on the hill where the children mocked Elisha, breaks forth into an eulogium on the ton-sure. After a visit to the cave where Christ fasted, he tells of the difficult ascent of a neighboring mountain, and of the frantic penance performed by one of the pilgrims, who, while the others with great distress climbed up on their hands and knees, ascended it with his arms outstretched, "in modum crucis," and arrived at the summit, almost dead with fatigue. On his return to the holy sepulchre he exposes the fact, that inattention to the rule of "*ne quid nimis*," had led the sub-

lime into the ridiculous, and censures the irreverent tattle on politics, martial affairs, and soldiers' pay, which he heard there, telling a notable instance of the profanity of a German soldier at the spot, which was instantly punished with a stroke of palsy. In justification of his collection of stones and thorns as relics from the Holy Land, he tells of the great value which the Eastern people set upon all relics from the famous church of the Three Kings at Cologne. He gives us, after a history of Jerusalem and its rulers, an account of sixteen classes of people inhabiting the holy city in his day, viz., Saracens, (*facibus omnium heresum squalentes*), Greeks, (full of envy against the Romish Church,) Syrians, (lying people,) Jacobites, (a sect from the Greek Church,) Abyssinians, Nestorians, Armenians, Gregorians, Maronites, Turks, Bedouins, (equally hated by Christians and Saracens,) Assassines, a sect of Mohammedans, (who professed to hold a secret law,) Mamelukes, Jews, and, lastly, Latin Christians, "who desire, with all their hearts, that the Christian princes would come and subject all things to the dominion of the Roman Church."

No doubt some source of unity must have been desirable amid such an incongruous assemblage of people, but might not common justice, charity and moderation, have produced a more permanent peace than could be insured by any established despotism?

If we have not swept away the nuisance of sectarian animosities from the Christian world, we have certainly made some slight improvements in other matters since the days of Felix, as all will allow who read his account of the filth and discomfort attending his voyage on the Mediterranean. He may well declare that the pilgrimage required some nerve; for we should dread all the Saracen armies less than such a vessel as he describes. The details of the account may safely rest in Latin almost as bad as themselves, for we shall not venture to attempt their decoration in English. Here is a specimen of the international morality which accompanied all this ecclesiastical enterprise. Felix was tempted to pay a visit to the shrine of the prophet (*filius perditionis*) at Mecca:—

If I could have found a companion for the journey, I think I should have ventured. But here arises the question, whether he who kisses the tomb of Mohammed, or kneels before it, or performs any outward sign of veneration there, is to be accounted an infidel? Alexander of Halle replies, that if a Christian should do so, and really mean so, in his heart, he would be, of course, an apostate and a heretic. But if he should do so only in words, or urged by fear, then he would sin indeed, mortally, yet not so as to be excommunicated or reckoned a heretic, nor that he should need to go to the Pope or the bishop for absolution. So says Alexander. But he who goes to Mecca in pretended veneration, but in his heart all the while abominates the error of Mohammed, certainly sins more than a little, yet I believe he is to be lightly punished and excused.

If Felix is unfair towards the Saracens, he is

not more charitable towards the Greek Church, as his account of the monastery of St. Catherine will show ;—

This monastery had, some years ago, about a hundred monks ; but now there are scarcely thirty in it. They have some things praiseworthy among them ; but other things execrable. I commend them for their attention to the rule of St. Basil, according to whose directions, they lead a life sufficiently rigorous as to spare diet and vile clothing. They never eat flesh, and only drink wine on rare festivals. There are several serious and devout old men among them. Whoever will join them from any sect, whether he be Roman, Greek, German, or Egyptian, excepting the Jacobite and Armenian sects, they willingly receive him. They suffer no woman to enter the convent, well knowing the satire, "peace and a woman cannot dwell under one roof ; he who would live without contentment must be a bachelor." Formerly, while they continued in obedience to the pope, they received pilgrims with cheerful hospitality. On this account, St. Gregory sent large sums from Rome, for these religious men of Mt. Sinai, which they devoted to the prosperity of the Roman church in the east. But now what shall I say ? If I had seen these monks even raising the dead, celebrating masses, acting as confessors, performing all divine offices, peacefully dwelling together, keeping the rules of their order, mortifying themselves with fasts and vigils, zealous for chastity, and exercising themselves in all other eminent virtues,—still I would not believe them to possess any sanctity or genuine virtue, or that they could perform any action pleasing to God ; I would still believe there to be no religion acceptable to God among them ; *because* they are not in the Catholic church, but the obstinacy of their schism has made them heretics. Therefore they cannot be in charity. Lazarus is not raised from the dead except at Bethany, in the home of obedience, in the Roman church. Neither the active life of Martha, nor the contemplative life of Mary, is to be found, except in the same Bethany ; nor can true peace or virtue exist out of the church. Last year, as I was preaching in the church at Ulm, on the feast of St. Michael, a Greek monk came into the church with a letter bearing the seal of the Patriarch of Alexandria, and desired that he might read it to the people. It was to solicit contributions for the repairs of the church of St. Catherine on Mt. Sinai, and promised large indulgences to all contributors. After the letter had been read, I addressed the people plainly as follows :—"See, here stands a brother of the convent of Mt. Sinai, and begs your aid towards the restoration of the church of St. Catherine ; but I exhort you, in the Lord, to give nothing to that brother, who is a schismatic, a heretic, an infidel, and anathematized : so that he ought not even to be admitted into our churches. Secondly, give nothing toward the repairs of St. Catherine's church, though it should be threatened with total ruin (which is not the case ;) for that church is, alas ! no longer Catholic, but heretical, and does not afford a place in its services to us of the Roman church. So let it go to ruin ! Here stands this brother, and begs for your gold and silver ; but I know very well that when he is at home he will not so much as open the door of the church for us gratis, nor give one of us a cup of cold water ; nay, you must *buy* of his brethren your very staves to climb the sacred Mount." When I had said this,

the people dispersed, leaving him without a farthing ; and, indeed, he was advised speedily to quit the town lest he should come under a strict questioning. I do not believe that the money which he has collected elsewhere will ever find its way to Mt. Sinai.

So much for our pilgrim's charity towards the Greeks. To the Saracens he gives some praise for their skill in hydropathy ; for he confesses that in their baths he saw many cured of diseases generally reckoned incurable. He also allows them credit for the cleanliness and beauty of their mosques, and adds "a sad contrast to our churches in Jerusalem, which are like stables for filth !" Then arises a serious question, "an Christianus sine peccato possit muscæam intrare et contumeliam, derisionem et truffam aliquam facere ; libros vel fenestras vel lampades destruere, lutum aut stercore ponere !" and, from his anecdotes of most indecent outrages committed, by some of the Christian soldiery, in the mosques, we cannot wonder if the Saracens entertained low ideas of western civilization. The exclamation, "procul profani !" might certainly have been applied to many of the defenders of the sacred places with justice. The symbol of the Crescent supplies our author with a theme for pious meditation :—

The Saracens, at first, when they took away the cross from the summits of our churches, retained the cock. But, when they found that this symbol might have a Christian meaning, they changed the cock into the figure of the crescent moon, placed in a supine position like a boat ; this change was easily made, as a cock standing with head and tail erect, is not unlike the crescent moon in such a position. And even where there are cocks on the tops of the churches the Saracens persist in calling them moons. So they make some changes in all their ceremonies to differ from us. Another reason for the sign of the crescent, is that Mohammed was a man much under the influence of the moon, given to luxury, to which the moon disposes men more than all the other planets because it is of a humid nature, as we see by its effects on the sea. Another reason we may find in the doctrine of Mohammed which, indeed, is turned away from the light of the sun, but borrows some radiance from the moon, as the Koran mentions the praises of the blessed Virgin, &c.

Among the rules of conduct laid down for the pilgrims, we find some reasonable observations, which might be regarded with profit by the tourists of our enlightened age ; for instance—"let the pilgrims beware of breaking off any fragments from the holy sepulchre or other sacred buildings ; for this is prohibited under sentence of excommunication. Again, pilgrims are not to deface the walls by drawing pictures of their arms, or writing their names thereon, or cutting out any forms to serve as tokens of their presence ; for this conduct scandalizes the Saracens who reckon all who do such things for fools. Again, if a pilgrim have a flask of wine, and wishes to drink, if Saracens are present, let him drink secretly, requesting one of his comrades to stand before him and hide him

with his cloak. Again, pilgrims must not ridicule the Saracens in their prayers and religious gestures; for they cannot bear it."

Seven distinct sects of Christians frequented the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in the time of our pilgrim; and he draws a strange picture of the confusion that often arose from the zealous contention of various priests for the use of the altar. On the whole, Faber's account of the Holy Land does not elevate our view of the motives and conduct of his fellow-pilgrims. This notice may suffice to introduce the book to such of our readers as take an interest in these curiosities of literature.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### AN ADVENTURE AT LEGHORN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

In the beginning of 1799 I was intrusted by M. Barras, of the French Directory, with a mission to Leghorn, there to lay out a large sum of money in the purchase of provisions and ammunition for the army under General Bonaparte in Egypt. As at that time the ports of the Mediterranean, and especially those of Egypt, were almost blockaded by the ships of the English and their allies, my business was one of no ordinary difficulty. I was instructed either to employ, for the transport of whatever I could forward to the national army, neutral merchant ships and privateers; or, by offering large premiums, to excite the interest of covetous speculators to undertake the providing of the army at their own risk.

Leghorn is the only city of Italy where a certain degree of religious and civil toleration exists, and, in consequence of its being a free port, and the mart of the Levant commerce, the traveller may there meet with merchants, captains, and sailors of almost all the maritime cities of Europe, Africa, and Asia Minor. At the time I am speaking of, most of the commercial business, and also that of the money market, was in the hands of Jews and Armenians. It was therefore chiefly with these crafty speculators that I had to negotiate; a task, it may well be supposed, of considerable difficulty, but which I had, nevertheless, the good fortune to fulfil to the satisfaction of not only Barras, who was my friend, but also that of Sayes, then at the head of the Directory.

On the morning of the 16th June, I went by appointment to meet at his residence Jacob Solomon, who was then the Rothschild of Italy, and lived in a splendid villa about three miles from town. On my return towards home, observing at the side of a deep ditch a great mob of the lowest class, some fighting, some haranguing, and others throwing all sorts of missiles at an object whose lineaments I could not clearly discern at that distance, I ordered my coachman to drive thither, when, to my surprise and disgust, I found that this base populace were in the act of stoning to death a poor Turk or Arab, whom they had previously thrown into a pit of deep and tenacious mud. Grasping my pistols, I alighted and made up to the spot, where, partly by remonstrances and partly by threats, I succeeded in dispersing the assemblage; after which, with the aid of my servants and a couple of stray sailors, who procured a ladder, I extricated the poor victim from his miserable situation. The wretched man was still breathing; but

he was covered with bruises and wounds, and so sadly disfigured with gore and mud, as scarcely to bear the aspect of anything human. Placing him in my carriage, I drove home as fast as possible, and had him put under proper medical treatment at my hotel. When Dr. Speroni had examined him, I asked what likelihood there was of his recovery, and learnt there was but little, for, besides having in his fall into the ditch dislocated his collar-bone, and broke three of his ribs, he had received a severe wound on his frontal bone, besides two of less consequence on the back of the head. I could only instruct the doctor to spare no pains in endeavoring to effect the poor man's recovery, and assure him that I should willingly recompense him for his trouble.

That very evening I received a letter from Colonel Menard, who had arrived in Florence from Naples, with General Championnet's despatches for Barras, and who requested me either to come to see him, or, if I had any official communications for the Directory, to forward them to him, that he might carry them along with those of Championnet. I deemed it necessary to go in person to Florence; but, before starting, I strictly recommended the suffering Arab to my housekeeper, and renewed my injunctions to the surgeon.

Returning about a week after, I found that the patient had recovered his senses, but was still so weak, that he could hardly speak loud enough to be heard, and he was extremely dejected in spirits. However, next morning I entered into conversation with him, and learned that his name was Abd-al-Ali, that he was the mate of an Algerine brig, and that on the day when I first saw him, he had been sent by his captain with some papers to the country house of Jacob Solomon. He was returning to his ship, which was to sail next day, when he was beset by a senseless mob, whose first dispositions seemed to be those of petty mischief, but who, when he resolutely defended himself, were provoked, and from less to more, came to throw him headlong into the ditch, where they fell a-pelting him with stones. His senses had then left him; but he had no doubt that, but for my interference, he would have lost his life upon the spot. He then bewailed his hard fate; for even if he recovered, what was he but an outcast in a strange land, without money or friends, and with but faint reason to hope that he would ever again see his native country. I here interrupted him with words of comfort, bidding him entertain no fears on that account, as I should certainly provide him with the means of returning to his country whenever he should be fit for the voyage. The depression of the poor wretch was wonderfully relieved by these words; indeed, they acted upon him like a medicine; and from this time he evidently improved more rapidly in health. In about six weeks I had the pleasure of learning from Dr. Speroni that the Arab was no longer in any need of his services.

According to the poor man's wishes, I procured for him a passage in a Sardinian merchant vessel bound for Algiers, and early in August he sailed for his destination, amply furnished with provisions and money. I shall never forget the scene that took place when the grateful Arab was to take leave of me. He threw himself on his knees, and, clasping my legs, with tears streaming from his eyes, expressed eloquent thanks for my kindness, which he felt to be the greater as being shown to one differing from myself in country, in nation, and in faith—concluding thus solemnly—"May Allah

grant me, noble sir, the opportunity of showing that, though an Arab, I have a grateful heart, inasmuch as to be ready to sacrifice my life for your welfare!" I could not help being considerably affected by the looks, words, and gestures of my humble protégé, who now left me to go on board the vessel in which he was to sail. The impression of these events was, of course, vivid at the time, but in a few months the affair of the poor Arab and his gratitude had waxed faint in my memory, taking its place there beside the thousands of other casual things with which I had been connected in the progress of my life.

Years passed on: the Directory gave way to the Consulate, that again to the Empire, and at length came the restoration of the old state of affairs in Europe, in consequence of the events of 1814. I now returned to my native city Naples, thinking to spend the remainder of my days in peace. The stormy and dangerous part of my life is now, thought I, past. I have outridden the tempests of the Reign of Terror, and glided smoothly through all the subsequent revolutions. Surely I am now safe for life. Alas! I had completely miscalculated; and it soon appeared that a man of my ardent temperament was most in danger under a quiescent government. The rule of the restored Ferdinand, in the kingdom of the two Sicilies, was so atrocious, that it was sure to be conspired against. In 1816, I joined a sect of politicians who combined with a view to freeing our country from a thralldom so execrable. I was arrested, tried, and condemned to death, but without revealing the name of any one of my associates. My mother, supported by her numerous and influential relations, appealed to the mercy of the king, but was unsuccessful. She then contrived, by great sacrifices, the means of my escape, and on the day previous to that intended for my execution, dressed in deep mourning, called upon me, professedly to take her last farewell of a son whom she had so much loved and cherished. When we were alone together, she informed me of her plans, and told me that she had obtained from Prince Canosa, then minister of police, permission for the renowned Franciscan, Father Antonio di Dio, to visit me under the pretext of affording the spiritual consolation desirable in my situation; and I was to do all that the father should direct me to do, trusting that, when escaped from the Castel Nuovo, in which I lay, I should find all proper arrangements made for my further proceedings.

About nine o'clock in the evening my anxiously wakeful ears caught the sound of "Chi vive?" to which the names of the father and a companion were answered. In a few minutes the guard in attendance unlocked the door, and introduced two Franciscan monks of the most venerable aspect, having long beards, sandalled feet, and other appropriate parts of costume. When the door was again closed, he who seemed to be Father Antonio desired me in a loud voice to kneel and make confession of all my crimes; which I immediately proceeded to do, not for a moment doubting that I saw a real monk. Presently, however, the man before whom I knelt told me with a changed voice that he was no more a monk than myself, but an actor who could personate almost any character, and who had undertaken to procure my release at the solicitation of my mother. I now found, to my inexpressible delight, that the other figure was that of my faithful valet Joseph, who told me that I was to change dresses with him, and leave him to

occupy my place, while I should make the best of my way out of my troubles. At first I positively refused to place the worthy fellow in such jeopardy; but when assured that counsel had been consulted, who gave it as their opinion that only a short imprisonment could be bestowed upon him as a punishment, I at length consented. Joseph immediately went to bed; I put on his dress and beard; and Father Antonio having in an elevated voice bidden me farewell, with a promise to see me again in the morning, we immediately left the prison, passing through the whole of the guards without challenge.

A few minutes after, I found myself in the presence of my mother, who, transported with joy, could only call on me to thank Providence, and enter the chariot which she had provided for me. My mind was too bewildered to admit of my saying what I ought to have said to either her or the clever personator who had done me so important a piece of service. There was, however, no time to be lost; so they pushed me into the carriage, which instantly drove to a place at some distance along the shore, where a large fishing-boat lay ready to receive me. Here I recognized the pretended Father Antonio, who informed me that I was to be conveyed towards the Isle of Capri, in order to be taken up by an Algerine merchant vessel, which had that day sailed from Naples, and which was appointed to await me there. In fact, at five in the morning I was received into the ship, which immediately hoisted sails, and proceeded on her destined way, the boat with my friend Antonio returning to land in the direction of Sorrento. We at first encountered rough weather, but in due time approached the end of our voyage, and on the 18th of August I stepped upon the quay of Algiers.

My provident and generous mother had not only, through the English house of Bell and Company, rewarded the captain for his future services to me, but sent into the ship two large and heavy boxes containing things intended for my use, but which, to prevent suspicion at Naples, had been directed to his Excellency C. S. Blankley, Esquire, British Consul-General at Algiers. The reader will presently see what important consequences flowed from this innocent and well-meant little stratagem.

I took up my abode in the house of Ben Isaac, a Jew, who was the agent of Bell and Company. For the first six days I seldom left my room, and when I did go out, it was always in the evening, and in company with some member of the family of my landlord, who seemed anxious to pay me all proper attention, and even to sympathize in my misfortunes. But on the afternoon of the sixth day I was unexpectedly arrested by orders of the mufti, having been denounced as an English spy. The fleet under Lord Exmouth was now coming within sight of this den of pirates, and the greatest apprehensions were entertained by the government on that account. I was immediately carried before the atrocious Dey Omar Pacha, who, in the most savage manner, told me I had been plotting in favor of the English, that Ben Isaac had himself seen two boxes in my possession which belonged to the English consul-general, and in consequence of this treason I had forfeited my life. To exculpate myself I related the story of my captivity in, and escape from, my native land, and accounted for the inscription on my boxes as a stratagem of the negotiators of my release, an English commercial house at Naples. The accusation, I said, had

arisen only from the cupidity of Jacob, who had observed me to possess some money. All, however, was in vain. The dey gave orders that I should be kept in chains in a state dungeon, and if the English fired a single shot against his fleet or city, I was to be immediately impaled. When I attempted once more to address him, the mufti prevented me by giving me in charge to four janissaries.

In passing through a gate on my way to the dungeon, I observed a chief of the Mamelukes staring at me with great attention, as if he earnestly wished to recognize in me some one whom he had seen long before. He addressed some words to a bystander, evidently referring to me, but I did not know their import. After having descended some flights of steps, and passed along several subterraneous corridors, I was ushered into a small dark cell, chained to the ground, and left to meditate on my deplorable situation.

Amidst the mental vicissitudes of a life spent amongst all kinds of men, I had never once, before this fatal moment, been shaken in my dependence upon a supreme eternal Providence guiding the affairs of men, and operating for the good of the innocent and the virtuous. But now this faith began to give way; and as I hopelessly tugged at the fetters upon my limbs, and surveyed the dense walls which intervened between me and freedom, I felt more inclined to believe that there is an evil destiny presiding over the lot of man. My feelings in Castel Nuovo had been quite of a different kind, for there I was sustained by the reflection, that my late design and my contemplated death tended to promote the good of my country; but here to perish miserably and obscurely, at the bidding of a reckless savage chief, for an imaginary offence—this was a thought at which my nature recoiled with horror.

Some time passed in this desperate state of feeling, and when I heard my door unlocked and opened, I fully expected to see some barbarous emissary enter to put an end to my misery. Something at the very first assured me that my visitor was of a different character. It was the same tall Mameluke whom I had passed under the gate as I came to my dungeon. As he approached me, and brought his lantern near my face, he said, "Fear nothing from me, stranger; but tell me if you have ever been at Leghorn?" "Yes," I answered, "several times;" and now a flash of hope, though arising from no defined source, entered my mind. "Were you in that city in the month of June, 1799?" "Yes," I replied, "I was there at that time." "Allah be praised," he said. "Do you remember doing a kind action to a countryman of mine at that time?" At these words I felt an inexpressible consolation overspreading me. "I remember," said I, "doing the duty of a man to a poor Arab named Abd-al-Ali." The eyes of my visitor filled with tears, as he said, "And have you ever thought of him since that time?" "No," I replied; "when I do a good action, I make no endeavor to remember it, because doing so can be of no use; it is different when I commit a bad one, for then one may hope to atone for and repair it." "Oh, my generous savior!" exclaimed the Mameluke, kneeling before me, and clasping my legs; "behold before you Abd-al-Ali, who owes you his life and his present elevation, and who most sincerely thanks Allah, the God of all mankind, for having afforded him an opportunity of showing you his gratitude, and of fulfilling the promise he made

to you, that he would gladly sacrifice his own life for your welfare."

Having then unlocked my chains, he raised me, bade me lean upon his arm, and led me from my dungeon, and out of the Casouba, when, having confided me to one of his servants, he embraced me affectionately, and with tears in his eyes, said, "Allah be praised, you are saved, and I have fulfilled my duty." At the same instant seizing his right hand, I said, "And will you not escape with me? Are you not afraid of the dreadful consequences, were it discovered that you have saved me?" "Yes," answered he calmly—"yes, I am almost certain of my fate; but, Allah be praised, I must perform my duties even at the risk of my life. To-morrow my lord and master may require my services in assisting him to defend our faith and our national independence; I therefore return to my post." So saying, he returned towards the Casouba, and I followed my guide, by whom I was conducted to the house of an Arabian marabout, where I was to remain concealed until means were found of effecting my escape from Algiers with safety and comfort.

The next day, however, Lord Exmouth having entirely annihilated the barbarous arrogance and despotism of Omar Pacha by bombarding his city, and destroying almost the whole of his fleet, I had no longer any need to conceal myself; and on the 29th of August, I called on the English consul-general, who, now restored to liberty, had resumed his diplomatical functions, and acquainted him with my situation; through his protection and interest I soon obtained the effects that were at the residence of that specimen of Iscariotic perfidy, Ben Isaac.

Would that I could end this interesting incident of my life with a joyous recollection! But no; my mind is even now distressed in informing the reader that, on making inquiries about my grateful friend Abd-al-Ali, I found that, early in the morning of the 27th, having been denounced by a Mameluke for saving me, he had been immediately beheaded at the place where, three hours after him, the high admiral and minister of the Algerine navy had met with the same fate.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

#### THE WEDDING—A BACKWOOD SKETCH.

DURING a residence in America, no observing person can fail to have remarked, whether he travel in Canada, the United States, or Texas, the vast number of Irish families everywhere to be met with. They bear such distinctly-marked peculiarities, that no mistake can occur in attributing to them their native soil. It has been my lot to visit many of the settlements of these wanderers from the green isle; but nowhere did I meet any family which so singularly interested me, as one which a few months back was residing within the limits of the young republic of Texas, consisting of the father, mother, a son, and two daughters. Old Rock, or as he is generally called, Captain Rock—a name doubtless assumed—emigrated to America seventeen years ago—his family then consisting of two daughters; for the son was born afterwards in the land of his adoption. For seven years, the sturdy Irishman, (originally well informed and well educated, though his early history was never known,) contended with the difficulties incident to new settlers, with various success in different parts of the Union, when he was induced to join the first band



of adventurers who, under General Austin, obtained leave from the Mexican government to locate themselves in Texas. The family obtained a grant of land as a matter of course; but old Rock did not fancy settled agricultural pursuits. To have round him a well-stocked farm, cleared and productive fields, and herds of cattle, would have required a degree of perseverance and patient personal labor of which he was incapable. He preferred the life of a wandering squatter, upon which he at once entered, and which he has never since deserted. Building a boat, old Rock embarked in it on one of the Texian rivers, with his family, an old gun, and a small stock of ammunition, and, following the windings of the stream, did not stop until he came to an abandoned log hut, or frame-house, where he thought he might find temporary accommodation.

Of these deserted houses Texas has many, their abundance arising from various causes—death from fever, the terrible civil war, or, oftener still, from men having hastily chosen a location, and built thereon, before it was found out that the spot was undesirable and unproductive. Rock was not nice. If the neighborhood supplied game, he was satisfied. Sometimes an acre of sweet potatoes, Indian corn, and pumpkins, might be put under cultivation; otherwise, the family lived entirely upon venison, wild fowl, fish and oysters, and it was whispered, pork upon occasion. A reported fondness for this latter article was one of the causes of old Rock's frequent migrations. No sooner did he pitch himself in any neighborhood, than it was said, pork was at a premium. Pigs certainly disappeared most mysteriously; but though all threw the blame upon Rock, he ever averred the panthers, wolves, and stray hunters, to have been the real culprits. However this might be, after some months' residence in any particular spot, the family usually received a polite notice to quit, and find another dwelling-place. Eighteen several times had the Hibernian patriarch removed his tent at the bidding of his fellows; any neglect of such orders being usually followed by the infliction of that summary justice called Lynch law.

When I became acquainted with the family, early in the autumn of 1842, they were residing on one of the tributaries which pour into Galveston bay—known as Dick's Creek. The son was sixteen, a small-made lad, who entirely supported the family by means of his gun, being one of the most expert hunters I ever met with in the backwoods. Every article not produced by themselves—their clothing being entirely of deer skin—was obtained by bartering venison hams, which they always carefully preserved for this purpose. Rock and his wife were now old; the former, though yet sturdy, moving about only in his boat, and smoking over his fire; the latter doing all the cooking. Mary and Betsy Rock, the daughters, it would be vain to attempt faithfully to delineate. Fat, brown, and healthy, dressed in petticoats and spencers of deerskin, they were the most original pair it was ever my lot to encounter. They could neither read nor write, but could hunt and fish most excellently well; and two adventurous days they were that I spent in their company. They had never seen an Englishman before since they were grown up, and my pictures of life at home enraptured them. With the younger daughter, Mary—the other was engaged to be married to a Yankee—I became a prodigious favorite, and many a hunt in canoe and in the prairie had we together. But

to my story. After leaving them with a faithful promise of paying another visit, I found myself, six weeks after, again at the door of the once elegant frame-house where I had left them. To my surprise it was half-burnt and desolate. This disappointed me much; for I had brought up several appropriate presents for both my young friends. Pursuing my way, however, up the river, I halted at a farm-house, where I found several persons collected, who quickly informed me that the family had been "mobbed" off the creek, with threats of being shot if they settled within ten miles of the spot. Where they had gone to no one knew, nor seemed to care; and these parties being the very extempore administrators of justice who had warned them off, I soon departed, and gained the house of my friend Captain Tod, where I purposed ruralizing during some weeks. From Tod I learned that two fat pigs had lately disappeared; and suspicion most unjustly, as it afterwards turned out, having fallen on the Rocks, the squatter and his family had to seek a new resting-place. On bearing this, I gave up all idea of ever again seeing my fair friends.

Three days passed in the usual occupations of a hunting party, when, on the afternoon of the fourth day, I was left alone in the log-hut to amuse myself over certain lately arrived English papers, while my companions were employed in searching the country round for some cattle which my friend the captain was desirous of selling. About an hour before sunset, footsteps, which I supposed to be those of one of the returning party of cow-boys, were heard behind the hut, then at its side, and in a minute more the latch was raised, and in walked—Tim Rock. The young hunter, having satisfied himself that I was really there, advanced close to me, and answered my greetings. My first inquiries were after his sisters. "Why," said he, "sister Bet is to be married to-morrow, and sister Mary has sent me to invite you to the wedding." "How," said I, in some surprise, "did your sister know I was here?" Tim laughed, and replied that, when I stopped with my boat's crew at the farm-house, he was on the opposite bank in the big timber hunting, but dared not communicate with me in consequence of what had occurred. After a few more words of explanation, I shouldered my gun, my packet of presents for the young ladies, and, leaving a line in pencil for my friends, followed Tim through the forest, until we reached the water's edge, where, carefully concealed by overhanging trees and bushes, I found a moderate-sized canoe. It was almost dark when I stepped into the boat, but still I saw that it already contained a human being; so my hand mechanically sought the butt of my pistol. "You won't shoot me, sir," said the rich, full, merry voice of Mary Rock to my infinite surprise. Tim laughed heartily at my mistaking her for an Indian, and then, cautioning me to speak low, until all the houses on the river were passed, we placed ourselves in the craft, and commenced our voyage. I, knowing the bayou to a nicety, acted as steersman. Mary sat next with a paddle, and Tim in the bows with another. It seemed that, determined to have me at the wedding, the brother and sister, with the consent of their friends, had started to fetch me, feeling certain that I would come, after the promises I had made to that effect. It seemed that they had judged rightly; for here was I, in company with two of the rudest settlers in the wilderness, embarked in a frail canoe to go I knew not

whither—nor did I much care. This roving spirit it was, indeed, which initiated me into many secrets and mysteries of the woods and prairies which escape the more sober and methodical.

The record of that night's journey would in itself be a curious chapter in western economy; but more important matters forbid. Suffice it to remark, that, after sixteen miles' journey down a river by moonlight, and as many more across the rough and sea-like bay of Galveston, enlivened by merry jocund talk all the way, we arrived about dawn at the new settlement of the Rock family. It was a large deserted barn or warehouse near Clare Creek. The family were already up and stirring, and engaged in active preparation for the important ceremony; and, to my surprise, the supply of eatables and drinkables was both varied and great—all, however, being presents from the bridegroom, one Luke, a wealthy land-owner for Texas, in possession of much cleared ground, and many hundred head of cattle. It may be matter of surprise that a man well to do in the world should have chosen a bride so every way rude and uneducated; but in Texas women are scarce, and then the lover might have looked far before he could have found a more cheerful and good-natured companion, more willing to learn, more likely to be loving, faithful, and true, than Betsy Rock. The blushing bride received me in a cotton gown, shoes and stockings, and other articles of civilized clothing previously unknown to her, and in which she felt sufficiently awkward. But Luke had sent them, and Betsy wished to appear somebody on her wedding day. My presents were all, therefore, except a bead-necklace, employed in decorating Mary, who, secreting herself behind a screen with her sister, almost convulsed me with laughter by appearing a few minutes after in a man's red hunting-shirt, a cotton petticoat, white stockings and mocassins, the body of a silk dress sent to her by a Galveston lady, and a cap and bonnet. Never was London or Parisian belle prouder than was this little rosy-checked light-hearted Texian beauty.

About eight o'clock the visitors began to arrive. First came a boatful of men and women from Galveston, bringing with them a negro fiddler, without whom little could have been done. Then came Dr. Worcester and his lady from St. Leon in a canoe; after them Colonel Brown from Anahuac in his *dug-out*; and, about nine, the bridegroom and four male and an equal number of female companions on horseback, the ladies riding either before or behind the gentlemen on pillions. Ere ten, there were thirty odd persons assembled, when a most substantial breakfast was set down to, chiefly consisting of game, though pork, beef, coffee, and, rarer still, bread, proved that Luke had had a hand in it. This meal being over, the boat in which the party from Galveston had come up, and which was an open craft for sailing or pulling, was put in requisition to convey the bride and bridegroom to the nearest magistrate, there to plight their troth. The distance to be run was six miles with a fair wind going, but dead against us on our return. The party consisted of Luke, who was a young man of powerful frame, but rather unpleasant features; the bride and bride's maid, (Mary Rock officiating in this capacity,) papa of course, myself as captain, and eight men to pull us back. The breeze was fresh, the craft a smart sailer, the canvass was rap full, and all therefore being in our favor, we reached West Point, the residence of Mr. Parr, the magistrate,

in less than an hour. We found our Texian Solon about to start in chase of a herd of deer, just reported by his son as visible, and being therefore in a hurry, the necessary formalities were gone through, the fee paid, and the usual document in the possession of the husband in ten minutes. The eye of the old squatter was moistened as he gave his child away; some natural tears *she* shed, but dried them soon; and presently everybody was as merry as ever.

No sooner were the formalities concluded, than we returned to the boat, and to our great delight found that, close-hauled, we could almost make the desired spot. The wind had shifted a point, and ere ten minutes, we were again clean full, the tide with us, and the boat walking the waters at a noble rate. All looked upon this as a good omen, and were proportionally merrier; none more so than my own particular friend Mary, who, in her finery, was an object of much good-humored joking from the men who surrounded her. About one o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Charles Luke were presented by old Rock to the assembled company at the barn; and, after an embrace from her mother, the bride led the way, accompanied by her lord and master, to the dinner table. The woods, prairies, and waters, as well as the Galveston market, had all liberally contributed their share of provender. Wild turkeys, ducks, geese, haunches of venison, were displayed, beside roast beef, pork, red-fish, Irish and sweet potatoes, pumpkin and apple pie, and an abundant supply of whisky, brandy, and Hollands, without which a *fête* in Texas is nothing thought of. An hour was consumed in eating and drinking, when Sambo was summoned to take his share in the day's proceedings. Tables, such as they were, were cleared away, the floor swept, partners chosen, and, despite the remonstrance of one of the faculty present, Dr. Worcester, against dancing so shortly after a heavy meal, all present, the dissident included, began to foot it most nimbly. Never was there seen such dancing since the world began, never such laughing, such screaming, such fiddling. Every one took off shoes and stockings. I was compelled to do so, to save the toes of my especial partner, Mary; and to the rapid music of the old negro, reels and country dances were rattled off at a most surprising rate. All talked, and joked, and laughed, such couples as were tired retreating to seek refreshment; but the dancing never ceasing, except at rare intervals, when Sambo gave in from sheer fatigue and thirst. Such was the state of things until about nine o'clock, when a sudden diminution in our number was noticed by all present. Mary had before let me into the secret; and the bride and bridegroom were missed, as well as the four couples who had accompanied Luke. Rushing into the open air, we descried the husband and wife on their fine black horse galloping beneath the pale moon across the prairie, escorted by their friends. A loud shout was given them, and those who remained, returned to the house to renew the dancing, which was kept up until a late hour. It was four days after my departure ere I regained my companions at Todville.

Such was the wedding of one of those hardy pioneers of civilization, whose descendants may yet be members of a great and powerful nation. I saw Luke and his wife, as well as Mary, on many subsequent occasions; but I never learned that the American backwoodsman repented his union with the wild Irish Diana, who had hunted deer on

Murtany island with the English stranger, could paddle a canoe with more ease than she could use a needle, and shoot a duck with more facility than write her name. Luke, however, is teaching her more useful accomplishments; and Betsy, ere her children—one of whom I have already seen—are of an age to require instruction, will doubtless be able to render it. I hope, however, my picture will send over no one to wed Mary; for, though I have for the meantime returned to civilization, I cannot yet resign a certain faint notion, that there might be worse lives than that of a Texian settler with such an associate.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### JOHN PARISH ROBERTSON.

PARTICULAR circumstances enable us to give a sketch of the life of a man extraordinary in many respects—John Parish Robertson—who died on 1st of November last at Calais, whither he had gone for the benefit of a mild climate. This individual, it will be recollected, returned to England a few years ago as ambassador for some of the South American republics, a function to which he was chosen on account of the remarkable talents and energy which he had shown in that part of the world in his capacity as a merchant; singular to tell, he had left his native country, only a few years before, as a boy, without either money or friends. A career, distinguished by so extraordinary a circumstance, cannot, we may well suppose, be without some interest.

The father of the subject of our memoir was at one time assistant-secretary to the Bank of Scotland in Edinburgh: we remember him in the decline of his days, a clever, lively, quaint old man, with a strong spice of the good breeding of the old school, which gave at once limitation and point to his many humorous sallies, and made him the delight of listening youth. The mother of Mr. Robertson was Juliet Parish, daughter of an eminent Hamburg merchant of Scottish extraction. John Parish Robertson was born either in Kelso or Edinburgh, and educated at the grammar school of Dalkeith. While he was still a boy, his father was obliged, on account of bad health, to resign his situation in the bank, and enter a mercantile house at Glasgow. Commissioned to visit the river Plate for business objects, he took his clever boy along with him, partly for the sake of his company, and partly with a view to introduce him to a mercantile career. They were together in Monte Video when it was occupied by the British under General Whitelock in 1806; and Mr. Robertson used to say that his first appearance in public life was as a powder-monkey, having been put to the business of handing out cartridges during some of the military operations of the place. On the cession of this city, Mr. Robertson senior sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, but sent his son home by the shortest road. The boy had now, however, imbibed a taste for foreign mercantile adventure; and before he had been long at home, and while still in his fourteenth year, he resolved to start anew on his own account, by a vessel bound from Greenock for Rio Janeiro. When he had paid his passage in this bark, he found himself in possession of two guineas, and one of these he thought it as well to send back to his mother, who he thought might need it more than he, as his father was still absent.

The humble duties of a clerk at Rio and on the river Plate brought Robertson on to near his twenty-first year, by which time his abilities and good conduct had gained him the confidence of several influential persons. He was now enabled to proceed in the capacity of a mercantile agent to Assumption, the chief city of Paraguay, a country of great resources, but at that time, and for many years after, prostrated under the eccentric tyrant Francia. Of his residence there, and all that fell under his notice, including an interview with the tyrant himself, he afterwards presented a faithful account to the world, in two works entitled *Letters on Paraguay*, and *Francia's Reign of Terror*. Being compelled by Francia to leave the country in 1815, along with a younger brother who had joined him, he sailed with the remainder of his property for Buenos Ayres, but was stopped by accident at Corrientes, and induced to remain there for some time. This part of South America was now under the control of a mere master of brigands, by name Artigas, who plundered the poor estancieros, or farmers, at his pleasure, and was indeed rapidly reducing the province to a desert. The circumstances which detained Mr. Robertson were as follow.

He was one evening sitting under the corridor of his house, revolving what slight accidents among these marauders might give his body to the dogs, and his property to the winds, when he was accosted by a tall, raw-boned, ferocious-looking man in gaucho attire, (that is, the attire of the shepherd chiefs of these plains,) with two cavalry pistols stuck in his girdle, a sabre in a rusty steel scabbard, &c.; unkempt, unwashed, and blistered to the eyes; and who, with a page or follower entirely worthy of himself, rode up to his very chair. Mr. Robertson expected that these would speedily be followed by others, and, in short, that the period he had expected was come. This, however, proved a friend; an *Irishman* of the name of Campbell, originally bred as a tanner, afterwards a soldier, who, having remained in the country when it was evacuated by the British, was at this time in possession of a command under Artigas, and for his desperate courage much esteemed by him. To Mr. Robertson's astonishment, this man, who had previously, seen him in a very critical period of his history, a prisoner in the camp of Artigas, but who was now his friend, the moment he had heard of his arrival from Paraguay, under circumstances of misfortune which were perfectly known to him, had conceived a plan of operations for their mutual interest. "There is not an estanciero," he said, "that has the courage to go to his own estate, or to peep out of his own window, unless he knows I am out to protect him; nor is there a gaucho among them dares to interfere with them, knowing I am out. I know you have the control of large property here, and that you are endeavoring to convert it into produce to take to Buenos Ayres; but you will never get all you want, till you command my humble abilities. Therefore let me go out and scour the country with your money, carried by Eduardo (his follower;) and I promise you, that in a year the hides of 50,000 bullocks, and 100,000 horses, shall be sent here or to Goya" [a port about 150 miles nearer Buenos Ayres.] "I don't want much salary," he continued; "I like the occupation. Give me 1200 dollars a-year [about £250] for myself and Eduardo, and I am your man. I want nothing for my expenditure either in food or horses; my friends are ever too

happy to see me, to admit of remuneration for either."

In conclusion, this bargain was struck; money to a large amount was from time to time intrusted to his man, and he always faithfully accounted for it. He made many large purchases, and as honestly paid for them. The Messrs. Robertson found the business so profitable, that they at last invested £5000 even in the wagons and bullocks necessary to transport their merchandize. As the people came to their abandoned and miserable-looking establishments, Campbell and his men would set about helping them to put their farm-houses into repair, to get their corrales, or pens for cattle, made good, to collect some milch-cows and horses, and to gather together a flock of sheep from the peon's huts scattered about. He would here procure from some village a carpenter to mend doors and set up wagons; and there he would engage to send carts of our own to take away produce. He aroused the small towns and villages, as well as the estancieros, from their dormant state into an active pursuit of business; and, in short, under the protection, as it may be said, of this admirable fellow, and the enterprise of these liberal and adventurous men, the country, as if by magic, started into new life and prosperity. Messrs. Robertson, however, were induced by prudent considerations to wind up the business after a year, and retire to Buenos Ayres. Campbell soon after sunk into some obscure situation.

In 1817, Mr. Robertson returned to Scotland, at once to revisit home and establish more extensive and intimate relations with it, having left his brother and a friend in charge of matters in Buenos Ayres. He was now received by his grandfather (by this time in splendid retirement at Bath) as a worthy scion of the house. He in due time settled at Liverpool, for the purpose of establishing connections there and at Manchester; and he added Glasgow, Paisley, and London. In the end of 1820 he sailed again for Buenos Ayres, but destined for Chili and Peru. He effected settlements in those quarters also; and thus, as he states in the last of his "Letters on South America," their connection extended "from Paraguay to Corrientes, from Corrientes to Santa Fe, from Santa Fe to Buenos Ayres, and round Cape Horn, and across the Andes, to Chili and Peru." In fine, in the autumn of 1821 or 1825, this still young man landed at the port of Greenock, which he had left about eighteen years before with a single guinea in his pocket, with claims and assets to the value of £100,000; in a ship chartered for his sole use, and with the character of political agent and representative in this country of several of the South American republics.

It is truly painful to think that this well-gained wealth and distinction was to be of brief duration. He had established himself in London in connection with some of the first merchants there, and was prepared to carry on South American business with new spirit and new means, when the widespread ruin of 1825 involved him, and he was compelled to return to that country to attempt the recovery of some part of his fortune. Baffled in this object, he returned in 1830 comparatively an impoverished man, and finding that he must wait in the hope of better days, he quietly entered himself a student in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, in order to effect an object he had long contemplated, that of making himself a scholar. It was an odd resolution in one approaching forty, but not un-

worthy of an enthusiasm which had already in another walk led him to such brilliant results. He did acquire, in three years, much scholarship, but it was at a cost somewhat too great, as afterwards appeared. Mr. Robertson, it may be remarked, though under the middle size, was originally of a robust frame of body; but he had undergone, in the course of his adventurous career in South America, much fatigue and hardship, and some flesh and spirit-shaking trials of no ordinary kind. While still a youth, he had had many long journeys on horseback across the Pampas and the Cordilleras, and in various other directions, in pursuit of business objects. On one occasion, in ascending the Parana by navigation, he had had his ship and cargo seized, and himself carried before the brutal Artigas, who was about to shoot him, when his brother arrived, and successfully interceded for him. The writer of this has seen a small prayer-book belonging to him, in the fly-leaf of which he had written a prayer in contemplation of immediate death on this occasion. Then he had seen the fruits of all his toils rest from him in one moment, and himself reduced from something like greatness to penury: few pass altogether unaffected in health through such calamities. The addition of severe study was little needed to endanger the constitutional health of this remarkable man. So it was, however, that he found it necessary to retire from college sooner than he intended, and seek for new vigor in a beautifully placed cottage in the Isle of Wight.

Here, for about a year, he was chiefly occupied with his endeavors to obtain an arrangement of his business affairs. The necessity of seeking for bread then (1834) brought him to London, where for some years more his pursuits were almost solely of a literary kind. Besides publishing the two works, on South America, which have been named, he contributed many papers on similar subjects to the magazines, and thus contrived to realize some moderate gains. More recently, he gave the world a work entitled *Letters on South America*. Another comparatively recent event of his life was his marriage to a young lady who loved him solely for his own sake and "for the dangers he had passed." He contemplated, we believe, a third series of South American Letters, but death has stepped in to baulk the intention.

Such is, we fear, a very imperfect outline of the life of one of those men—the guiltless Napoleons of common life—who occasionally start from obscurity under impulses given to them by Providence for no mean purposes. Robertson was, we think, altogether a remarkable man—a merchant while yet a boy—a political figure of considerable importance while little above thirty—afterwards an accomplished scholar and litterateur, and all this without anything like the basis of patrimony or education—all the product of his own innate energy and genius. His first independent act in life stamps, we think, the moral nature of the man as pure and genuine. It never was belied by any subsequent act. His courage and coolness in the most trying situations could not be exceeded; and as his means increased, so did his liberality to his family, and to all having claims upon him.

His enterprise, and the soundness of his judgment in that enterprise, were equally conspicuous, though ultimately baffled by misconduct, not so much in individuals, as in states. He was the first to open up and to establish a considerable intercourse with Paraguay; and though himself ex-

truded from that country, the intercourse he had established he still kept up. The extent of his transactions at Corrientes, and the consequences to himself and the country, have been in some degree indicated. Upwards of one thousand bullocks were at last daily occupied on land, and several ships on water, in carrying on the business of which he was the head. He and his brother not only repeatedly rode along great part of the distance from Corrientes to Buenos Ayres in the course of that business, with the rapidity of couriers, but they established a regular courier, perhaps the first and only one ever established on the banks of the Parana. As the voyage up the Plate and Parana, by the usual mode of tracking the vessels, was in the last degree tedious and expensive, Mr. Robertson, at his own expense and risk, introduced steam, having sent a steam-vessel from this country under the command of a friend. Agriculture on a proper principle being almost unknown in those countries, Mr. Robertson purchased an estate of many thousand acres within twenty miles of Buenos Ayres, and introduced on it a colony of Scottish agriculturists, with all their implements and habits, including the schoolmaster and clergyman. The moment he could calculate that the republics of Chili and Peru, or even their principal cities, would be open to British commerce, he followed in the wake of the conquerors, who were his particular friends, and established a trade on the most respectable scale; and finally, though he left a trade established and warehouses stocked with every requisite for its continuance, he was himself so prudent in his selection of customers that on leaving those establishments to come and serve the republics in which they had been set up in this country, he did not leave three thousand dollars due to them in any direction. Wherever he saw an opening for industry, thither he went; and wherever he went, he organized a trade; and not merely with a view to the present, but also to future times. All his plans will yet pay, though not to him; and they would have paid him, but for a perversity in the states which he sought to benefit, that astonished and disappointed every one taking an interest in their affairs, as well as himself. Even his estate of Monte-Grande, which, as a model introduced for the benefit of the republic, much more than of the individual, should have been held sacred, was profaned and almost devastated by the barbarous followers of the wretches contending for political power; the trees on it being broken down for fire-wood in some of their senseless contests, and the walls of the gardens and houses used as fortifications. Yet notwithstanding all these injuries, personal, and, it may be said, public, and although he has related traits in the persons who have successively risen to power in those states, which seem to stigmatize the people, yet he has never written of them in any other than a spirit of the greatest impartiality and even tenderness.

Mr. Robertson's features were not fine, but they were manly and pleasing. In business he was grave and decided, but business over, he was all cheerfulness. Being imprisoned with his brother at Corrientes by some worthies who had mistaken their power, he turned their prison into a ball-room, as is related by his brother, not in the way of bravado, but to make his more unfortunate companions temporarily happy. Being stripped of everything, even his linen, by the soldiers of Artigas, and an old soldier's coat thrown to him in lieu

of all, he was still cheerful; and whenever, on his visits to this country, he could strike up a dance instead of indulging at table, he was ever ready to do it. His wish to diffuse more lasting happiness was not less. A friend in Liverpool having lost his all, Mr. Robertson, without being solicited, but asking what would assist him, gave him £2000. A friend of his father in Edinburgh (when he required a friend) having expressed a wish to carry out some improvements on his estate, which required a similar amount, Mr. Robertson gave it. His liberality in encouraging useful enterprise has been already mentioned; and, in short, what he acquired by skill as a merchant, he used with munificence as a man. Of all the sums so bestowed, it is believed he lost little: his losses proceeded from the faults of states, and not of individuals.

As a writer, we think Mr. Robertson's style is singularly clear and strong; and as he wrote mostly of what he had seen, his descriptions are in the last degree graphic, as well as entertaining and useful. He sometimes fails in humor—in serious matters never. His conversational style was good; and having travelled far, and read and thought much, and mingled in almost every variety of life, his opinions were always ready and sound. Had he lived to write more variously, he would have attained a higher place, because in that variety would have been displayed the extent of his information and his sagacity; and even in the peculiar path he had chosen, no one who knew him doubts that the concluding portion of his labors would have been the most valuable.

From the *Athenæum*.

RELIGIO MEDICI. *Its sequel, Christian Morals.* By Sir THOMAS BROWNE, Kt. M. D. With Resemblant Passages from Cowper's Task, and a Verbal Index. Longman & Co.

THE present, we are told by the editor, is the first correct edition that has been printed of this quaintly attractive book. A table of errata to the edition of 1643 shows, he observes, that it underwent a nice examination by the author; yet all subsequent editions have overlooked this important table.

It is pleasant after many years, to renew one's acquaintance with an old literary favorite and friend. To enjoy such a work, the reader must be willing to enter dramatically into its scope and design—to see the author in it rather than his subject—to take pleasure in his egotism, and sympathize with his idiosyncrasy. Here, then, is a benevolent genial nature, revelling unembarrassed in its own riches, believing and loving for the mere sake of believing and loving, and affecting occasional doubt only by way of relief from the monotony of one prevailing sentiment; uttering its opinions as heresies, and defending its heresies as orthodox dogmas. Nothing is more amusing than such a display of mono-dramatic character; nothing more delightful than the individuality of it. Every class and section of readers can find something to like and agree with in the *Religio Medici*; and no reader will find anything to quarrel with, when rightly understood, and in relation to the author's personality, unless he be a bigot or a partizan. Those who are disposed to what Sir T. Browne calls "wingy mysteries in divinity," will here receive sufficient encouragement to the exercise of

an active faith ; and those whose minds are troubled with suspicions and misapprehensions, will here meet with a friend and brother who will freely confess to the same difficulties, and yet demonstrate their consistency and compatibility with the constant possession of a willing belief, so powerful and energetic in its nature and quality, that, like Aaron's rod, it swallows them up, and makes nothing of them.

Much grave matter, too, may here be gleaned—thoughts deep as the centre ; clear, and pure, and lofty, as the Empyrean—wisdom made visible in the mirror of the universe—cryptic meanings in all apparent chances, that substitute Providence where others would read Fortune, and ascribe “the swing of her wheel,” not to the motion of “intelligences,” but to “the hand of God,” wide-reaching charities, willing to believe all things and so thorough a perception of the soul's immortality, as to predicate no miracle, but the privilege of her own proper nature, for her outliving death. Fancies also of the finest and subtlest vein abound in the mine of this old book ; some of them best contemplated in the obscurity of their origin, and others that will bear bringing to the broader light of the present day. How exquisite the author's notion, that he was not so much *afraid* as *ashamed* of death !—that we are happier with death, than we should have been without it !—and that to be immortal, we must die daily !—Nor let us idly esteem such sportive phrases as mere verbal clenchings ; but appreciate them for thoughtful concatenations such as, in the more favored hours of meditation, come together in the world of mind, after long wandering about its borders, and are recognized by their parent as brethren, by reason of their unexpected similitude. In the harmony of their welcome, you shall hear the loftiest utterances of truth, and of that philosophy, which, by the necessity of its being, is anticipative of all possible science.

Such as this :—

“I believe the world grows near its end, yet is neither old nor decayed, nor will ever perish upon the ruins of its own principles. As the work of creation was above nature, so its adversary, annihilation : without which the world hath not its end but its mutation. Now what force should be able to consume it thus far, without the breath of God which is the truest consuming flame, my philosophy cannot inform me. Some believe there went not a minute to the world's creation, nor shall there go to its destruction ; those six days so punctually described, make not to them one moment, but rather seem to manifest the method and idea of the great work in the intellect of God, than the manner how he proceeded in its operation. I cannot dream that there should be at the last day any such judicial proceeding, or calling to the bar, as indeed the Scripture seems to imply, and the literal commentators do conceive ; for unspeakable mysteries in the Scriptures are often delivered in a vulgar and illustrative way ; and being written unto man, are delivered not as they truly are, but as they may be understood ; wherein, notwithstanding, the different interpretations according to different capacities may stand firm with our devotion, nor be any way prejudicial to each single edification.”

This, however, is not a book to be quoted, but read. We therefore commend the present edition to the studious reader, protesting only against the list of so-called “resembling passages,” with which it concludes. With one or two exceptions, never perhaps was contrast rather than comparison so prerogative and cardinal.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

# I'D BE A PARODY.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I'd be a Parody, made by a ninny,  
On some little song with a popular tune,  
Not worth a halfpenny, sold for a guinea,  
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon ;  
I'd never sigh for the sense of a Pliny,  
(Who cares for sense at St. James' in June ?)  
I'd be a Parody, made by a ninny,  
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon.

Oh, could I pick up a thought or a stanza,  
I'd take a flight on another bard's wings,  
Turning his rhymes into extravaganzas,  
Laugh at his harp—and then pilfer its strings !  
When a poll-parrot can croak the cadenza  
A nightingale loves, he supposes he sings !  
Oh, never mind, I will pick up a stanza,  
Laugh at his harp—and then pilfer its strings !

What though you tell me each metrical puppy  
Might make of such parodies *two pair a day* ;  
Mocking birds think they obtain for each copy  
Paradise plumes for the parodied lay :—  
Ladder of fame ! if man *can't* reach thy top, he  
Is right to sing just as high up as he may ;  
I'd be a Parody, made by a puppy,  
Who makes of such parodies *two pair a day* !

GLORY.—Mr. Allen, in his work descriptive of the march through Scinde, presents the following scene, a fine comment on military glory :—“The entrance to the pass would have formed a fine subject for Salvator Rosa. The sun had not risen, and the gorge looked dark, gloomy, and threatening. I was between the quarter-master-general's party and the column ; consequently, there were but few people, and one or two officers scattered about. The craggy and fantastic rocks towered almost perpendicularly on both sides, many of them quite so, to an enormous height. The foreground was occupied by the skeletons of the ill-fated troops, with the larger forms of camels and horses. The gray light of morning scarcely allowed the eye to penetrate the pass, which appeared entirely shut in. Large carrion-crows and vultures, with flagging wings, were soaring heavily overhead. As we entered, the ghastly memorials of past calamity became more and more frequent. It is impossible to estimate their numbers, but the ground through the whole length of the pass, about five miles, was cumbered with them. Some were gathered in crowds under rocks, as if to obtain shelter from the biting wind ; we could conceive what it must have been in January, for such was the intensity of the cold, that we were almost all compelled to dismount and walk to keep life in our limbs, and the water froze in icicles on the legs of the horses. I counted in one place twelve skeletons huddled together in a little nook. Some, from their attitudes, appeared to be those of persons who had expired in great agony, probably from wounds. Most of them retained their hair, and the skin was dried on the bones, so that the hands and feet were little altered in form. Some were still covered with fragments of clothing, and here and there the uniform was discoverable. The horse and rider lay side by side, or men were seen clasped in each other's arms, as they had crowded together for warmth. One spot, where the pass was almost closed by rocks projecting from either side, was literally choked with the corpses of men, horses, and camels. It appeared as if a tremendous volley had been poured among them, or that the delay unavoidable in passing so narrow a gorge had caused them to drop from cold. A small ruined building, on the left of the road, was quite filled with dead bodies.”

From the Gallery of Portraits.

SCHWARTZ.

It is refreshing to turn from the scenes of war and bloodshed, and frequently of perfidy and oppression, by which our European empire in India was established and consolidated, to watch the progress of a benevolent and peaceful enterprise, the substitution of the Christian faith for the impure, and bloody, and oppressive superstitions of the Hindoos. We augur well of its success, though it is still far from its accomplishment; for, since the first hand was put to it, it has advanced with slow, yet certain and unfaltering steps. Many able and good men have devoted themselves to the cause, and none with more distinguished success than he who has been called the Apostle of the East, CHRISTIAN SCHWARTZ. The saying of an eminent missionary, who preached to a far different people, the stern and high-minded Indians of North America, is exemplified in his life,—"Prayer and pains, through faith, will do anything." For years Schwartz labored in obscurity, with few scattered and broken rays of encouragement to cheer his way. But his patience, his integrity, his unwearied benevolence, his sincerity and unblemished purity of life, won a hearing for his words of doctrine; and he was rewarded at last by a more extended empire in the hearts of the Hindoos, both heathen and convert, than perhaps any other European has obtained.

Christian Frederic Schwartz was born at Sonnenburg, in the New Mark, Germany, October 26, 1726. His mother died while he was very young, and, in dying, devoted the child, in the presence of her husband and her spiritual guide, to the service of God, exacting from both of them a promise that they would use every means for the accomplishment of this, her last and earnest wish. Schwartz received his education at the schools of Sonnenburg and Custring. He grew up a serious and well-disposed boy, much under the influence of religious impressions; and a train of fortunate circumstances deepened those impressions, at a time when the vivacity of youth, and the excitement of secular pursuits, had nearly withdrawn him from the career to which he was dedicated. When about twenty years of age he entered the University of Halle, where he obtained the friendship of one of the professors, Herman Francke, a warm and generous supporter of the missionary cause. While resident at Halle, Schwartz, together with another student, was appointed to learn the Tamil or Malabar language, in order to superintend the printing of a Bible in that tongue. His labor was not thrown away, though the proposed edition never was completed; for it led Francke to propose to him that he should go out to India as a missionary. The suggestion suited his ardent and laborious character, and was at once accepted. The appointed scene of his labors was Tranquebar, on the Coromandel coast, the seat of a Danish mission; and, after repairing to Copenhagen for ordination, he embarked from London for India, January 21, 1750, and reached Tranquebar in July.

It is seldom that the life of one employed in advocating the faith of Christ presents much of adventure, except from the fiery trials of persecution; or much of interest, except to those who will enter into the missionary's chief joy or sorrow, the success or inefficiency of his preaching. From persecution Schwartz's whole life was free; his difficulties did not proceed from bigoted or inter-

ested zeal, but from the apathetic subtlety of his Hindoo hearers, ready to listen, slow to be convinced, enjoying the mental sword-play of hearing, and answering, and being confuted, and renewing the same or similar objections at the next meeting, as if the preacher's former labors had not been. The latter part of his life was possessed of active interest; for he was no stranger to the court or the camp; and his known probity and truthfulness won for him the confidence of three most dissimilar parties, a suspicious tyrant, an oppressed people, and the martial and diplomatic directors of the British empire in India. But the early years of his abode in India possess interest neither from the marked success of his preaching, nor from his commerce with the busy scenes of conquest and negotiation. For sixteen years he resided chiefly at Tranquebar, a member of the mission to which he was first attached; but at the end of that time, in 1766, he transferred his services to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, with which he acted until death, and to which the care of the Danish mission at Tranquebar was soon after transferred. He had already, in 1765, established a church and school at Trichinopoly, and in that town he now took up his abode, holding the office of chaplain to the garrison, for which he received a salary of £100 yearly. This entire sum he devoted to the service of the mission.

For several years Schwartz resided principally at Trichinopoly, visiting other places, from time to time, especially Tanjore, where his labors ultimately had no small effect. He was heard with attention, he was everywhere received with respect, for the Hindoos could not but admire the beauty of his life, though it failed to win souls to his preaching. "The fruit," he said, "will perhaps appear when I am at rest." He had, however, the pleasure of seeing some portion of it ripen, for in more than one place a small congregation grew gradually up under his care. His toil was lightened and cheered in 1777, when another missionary was sent to his assistance from Tranquebar. Already he had derived help from some of his more advanced converts, who acted as catechists, for the instruction of others. He was sedulous in preparing these men for their important duty. "The catechists," he says, "require to be daily admonished and stirred up, otherwise they fall into indolence and impurity." Accordingly he daily assembled all those whose nearness permitted this frequency of intercourse; he taught them to explain the doctrines of their religion; he directed their labors for the day, and he received a report of those labors in the evening.

His visits to Tanjore became more frequent, and he obtained the confidence of the Rajah, or native prince, Tulia Maha, who ruled that city under the protection of the British. In 1779, Schwartz procured permission from him to erect a church in his capital, and, with the sanction of the Madras Government, set immediately to work on this task. His funds failing, he applied at Madras for further aid; but, in reply, he was summoned to the seat of government with all speed, and requested to act as an ambassador, to treat with Hyder Ally for the continuance of peace. It has been said, that Schwartz engaged more deeply than became his calling in the secular affairs of India. The best apology for his interference, if apology be needful, is contained in his own account:—"The novelty of the proposal surprised me at first; I begged some time to consider of it. At last I accepted of the offer, because by so doing I hoped to prevent evil, and to



promote the welfare of the country." The reason for sending him is at least too honorable to him to be omitted; it was the requisition of Hyder himself. "Do not send to me," he said, "any of your agents; for I do not trust their words or treaties; but if you wish me to listen to your proposals, send to me the missionary of whose character I hear so much from every one; him I will receive and trust."

In his character of an envoy, Schwartz succeeded admirably. He conciliated the crafty, suspicious, and unfeeling despot, without compromising the dignity of those whom he represented, or forgetting the meekness of his calling. He would gladly have rendered his visit to Seringapatam available to higher than temporal interest; but here he met with little encouragement. Indifferent to all religion, Hyder suffered the preacher to speak to him of mercy and of judgment; but in these things his heart had no part. Some few converts Schwartz made during his abode of three months; but on the whole he met with little success. He parted with Hyder upon good terms, and returned with joy to Tanjore. The peace, however, was of no long continuance; and Schwartz complained that the British government were guilty of the infraction. Hyder invaded the Carnatic, wasting it with fire and sword; and the frightened inhabitants flocked for relief and protection to the towns. Tanjore and Trichinopoly were filled with famishing multitudes. During the years 1781, 2, and 3, this misery continued. At Tanjore, especially, the scene was dreadful. Numbers perished in the streets of want and disease; corpses lay unburied, because the survivors had not energy or strength to inter them; the bonds of affection were so broken that parents offered their children for sale; and the garrison, though less afflicted than the native population, were enfeebled and depressed by want, and threatened by a powerful army without the walls. There were provisions in the country; but the cultivators frightened and alienated by the customary exactions and ill-usage, refused to bring it to the fort. They would trust neither the British authorities nor the Rajah; all confidence was destroyed. "At last the Rajah said to one of our principal gentlemen, 'We all, you and I, have lost our credit; let us try whether the inhabitants will trust Mr. Schwartz.' Accordingly, he sent me a blank paper, empowering me to make a proper agreement with the people. Here was no time for hesitation. The Sepoys fell down as dead people, being emaciated with hunger; our streets were lined with dead corpses every morning—our condition was deplorable. I sent therefore letters everywhere round about, promising to pay any one with my own hands, and to pay them for any bullock which might be taken by the enemy. In one or two days I got above a thousand bullocks; and sent one of our catechists, and other Christians, into the country. They went at the risk of their lives, made all possible haste, and brought into the fort, in a very short time, 80,000 kalams of grain. By this means the fort was saved. When all was over, I paid the people, even with some money which belonged to others, made them a small present, and sent them home."

The letter from which this passage is extracted was written to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, in consequence of an attack made by a member of parliament upon the character of the Hindoo converts, and depreciation of the labors of the missionaries. To boast was not in Schwartz's

nature; but he was not deterred by a false modesty from vindicating his own reputation, when it was expedient for his Master's service; and there has seldom been a more striking tribute paid to virtue, unassisted by power, than in the conduct of the Hindoos, as told in this simple statement. His labors did not cease with this crisis, nor with his personal exertions. He bought a quantity of rice at his own expense, and prevailed on some European merchants to furnish him with a monthly supply; by means of which he preserved many persons from perishing. In 1784, he was again employed by the Company on a mission to Tjipoo Saib; but the son of Hyder refused to receive him. About this period his health, hitherto robust, began to fail; and in a letter, dated July, 1784, he speaks of the approach of death, of his comfort in the prospect, and firm belief in the doctrines which he preached. In the same year the increase of his congregation rendered it necessary to build a Malabar church in the suburbs of Tanjore, which was done chiefly at his own expense. In February, 1785, he engaged in a scheme for raising English schools throughout the country, to facilitate the intercourse of the natives with Europeans. Schools were accordingly established at Tanjore and three other places. The pupils were chiefly children of the upper classes—of Bramins and merchants; and the good faith with which Schwartz conducted these establishments deserves to be praised as well as his religious zeal. "Their intention, doubtless, is to learn the English language, with a view to their temporal welfare; but they thereby become better acquainted with good principles. No deceitful methods are used to bring them over to the doctrines of Christ, though the most earnest wishes are felt that they may attain that knowledge which is life eternal." In a temporal view, these establishments proved very serviceable to many of the pupils; but, contrary to Schwartz's hopes and wishes, not one of the young men became missionaries.

In January, 1787, Schwartz's friend, the Rajah of Tanjore, lay at the point of death. Being childless, he had adopted a boy, yet in his minority, as his successor; a practice recognized by the Hindoo law. His brother, Ameer Sing, however, was supported by a strong British party, and it was not likely that he would submit quietly to his exclusion from the throne. In this strait Tulia Maha sent for Schwartz, as the only person to whom he could intrust his adopted son. "This," he said, "is not my, but your son; into your hands I deliver the child." Schwartz accepted the charge with reluctance; he represented his inability to protect the orphan, and suggested that Ameer Sing should be named regent and guardian. The advice probably was the best that could be given; but the regent proved false, or at least doubtful in his trust; and the charge proved a source of trouble and anxiety. But by Schwartz's care, and influence with the Company, the young prince was reared to manhood, and established in possession of his inheritance. Nor were Schwartz's pains unsuccessful in cultivation of his young pupil's mind, who is characterized by Heber as an "extraordinary man." He repaid these fatherly cares with a filial affection, and long after the death of Schwartz testified, both by word and deed, his regard for his memory.

We find little to relate during the latter part of Schwartz's life, though much might be written, but that the nature of this work forbids us to dilate upon religious subjects. His efforts were unceas-



ing to promote the good, temporal as well as spiritual, of the Indian population. On one occasion he was requested to inspect the water-courses by which the arid lands of the Carnatic are irrigated; and his labors were rewarded by a great increase in the annual produce. Once the inhabitants of the Tanjore country had been so grievously oppressed, that they abandoned their farms, and fled the country. The cultivation which should have begun in June was not commenced even at the beginning of September, and all began to apprehend a famine. Schwartz says in the letter, which we have already quoted, "I entreated the Rajah to remove that shameful oppression, and to recall the inhabitants. He sent them word that justice should be done to them, but they disbelieved his promises. He then desired me to write to them, and to assure them that he, at my intercession, would show kindness to them. I did so. All immediately returned; and first of all the Collaries believed my word, so that seven thousand men came back in one day. The rest of the inhabitants followed their example. When I exhorted them to exert themselves to the utmost, because the time for cultivation was almost lost, they replied in the following manner:—'As you have showed kindness to us, you shall not have reason to repent of it: we intend to work night and day to show our regard for you.'"

His preaching was rewarded by a slow, but a progressive effect; and the number of missionaries being increased by the Society in England, the growth of the good seed, which he had sown during a residence of forty years, became more rapid and perceptible. In the country villages numerous congregations were formed, and preachers were established at Cuddalore, Vepery, Negapatam, and Palameotta, as well as at the earlier stations of Tranquebar, Trichinopoly, and Tanjore, whose chief recreation was the occasional intercourse with each other which their duty afforded them, and who lived in true harmony and union of mind and purpose. The last illness of Schwartz was cheered by the presence of almost all the missionaries in the south of India, who regarded him as a father, and called him by that endearing name. His labors did not diminish as his years increased. From the beginning of January to the middle of October, 1797, we are told by his pupil and assistant, Caspar Kolhoff, he preached every Sunday in the English and Tamil languages by turns; for several successive Wednesdays he gave lectures in their own languages to the Portuguese and German soldiers incorporated in the 51st regiment; during the week he explained the New Testament in his usual order at morning and evening prayer; and he dedicated an hour every day to the instruction of the Malabar school children. In October, he who hitherto had scarce known disease, received the warning of his mortality. He rallied for a while, and his friends hoped that he might yet be spared to them. But a relapse took place, and he expired February 13, 1798, having displayed throughout a long and painful illness a beautiful example of resignation and happiness, and an interest undimmed by pain in the welfare of all for and with whom he had labored. His funeral, on the day after his death, presented a most affecting scene. It was delayed by the arrival of the Rajah, who wished to behold once more his kind, and faithful, and watchful friend and guardian. The coffin lid was removed; the prince gazed for the last time on the pale and composed features, and burst into tears. The funeral service was inter-

rupted by the cries of a multitude who loved the reliever of their distresses, and honored the pure life of the preacher who for near fifty years had dwelt among them, careless alike of pleasure, interest, and ambition, pursuing a difficult and thankless task with unchanging ardor, the friend of princes, yet unsullied even by the suspicion of a bribe, devoting his whole income, beyond a scanty maintenance, to the service of the cause which his life was spent in advocating.

The Rajah continued to cherish Schwartz's memory. He commissioned Flaxman for a monument erected to him at Tanjore; he placed his picture among those of his own ancestors; he erected more than one costly establishment for charitable purposes in honor of his name; and, though not professing Christianity, he secured to the Christians in his service not only liberty, but full convenience for the performance of their religious duties. Nor were the Directors backward in testifying their gratitude for his services. They sent out a monument by Bacon to be erected in St. Mary's Church at Madras, with orders to pay every becoming honor to his memory, and especially to permit to the natives, by whom he was so revered, free access to view this memorial of his virtues.

It is to be regretted that no full memoir of the life and labors of this admirable man has been published. It is understood that his correspondence, preserved by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, would furnish ample materials for such a work. The facts of this account are taken from the only two memoirs of Schwartz which we know to be in print,—a short one for cheap circulation published by the Religious Tract Society; and a more finished tribute to his memory in Mr. Carne's "Lives of Eminent Missionaries," recently published. We conclude in the words of one whose praise carries with it authority, Bishop Heber: "Of Schwartz, and his fifty years' labor among the heathen, the extraordinary influence and popularity which he acquired, both with Mussulmans, Hindoos, and contending European governments, I need give you no account, except that my idea of him has been raised since I came into the south of India. I used to suspect that, with many admirable qualities, there was too great a mixture of intrigue in his character—that he was too much of a political prophet, and that the veneration which the heathen paid, and still pay him, (and which indeed almost regards him as a superior being, putting crowns, and burning lights before his statue,) was purchased by some unwarrantable compromise with their prejudices. I find I was quite mistaken. He was really one of the most active and fearless, as he was one of the most successful missionaries, who have appeared since the apostles. To say that he was disinterested in regard of money, is nothing; he was perfectly careless of power, and renown never seemed to affect him, even so far as to induce an outward show of humility. His temper was perfectly simple, open, and cheerful; and in his political negotiations, (employments which he never sought, but which fell in his way,) he never pretended to impartiality, but acted as the avowed, though certainly the successful and judicious, agent of the orphan prince committed to his care, and from attempting whose conversion to Christianity he seems to have abstained from a feeling of honor.\* His other converts were between six and seven thousand, being those which his companions and predecessors in the cause had brought over."

\* He probably acted on the same principle as in conducting the English schools above-mentioned, using "no deceitful methods." That he was earnest in recommending the *means* of conversion, appears from a dying conversation with his pupil, Serfiojee Rajah.

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

WE give up the page which we had reserved for our weekly letter to the readers of the *Living Age*, that we may copy part of a letter from the Paris correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*. The American people do not yet realize the portentous difference which steam has made in our politics, by bringing Europe so near to us. It will soon become a question how far we are to stand by President Monroe's warning to Europe, to let this continent alone.

Before we give up the floor to Mr. Walsh, we beg leave earnestly to recommend the notice of Miss Sarah Martin, to all who admire the Man of Ross, or love the widow who gave two mites.

No event of this month here has produced a stronger sensation and bitterer discussion in the political world, on both sides of the channel, than the Prince of Joinville's effusion on the condition of the French navy, and the maritime exigencies and capabilities of France, in reference to war-steamers and in the hypothesis of a contest with Great Britain. He signalizes the present French inferiority in steam-power; the naval equality with her neighbor that power may procure for France, whose supremacy at sea she had so often and vainly disputed: he expounds the comparative practicability of assailing the British shores, and, by means of steam-privateers, of preying on her navigation and commerce. All divisions of his subject are treated with uncommon frankness or hardihood, and with an ability admitted everywhere: instances of apparent truckling to Great Britain are explained and vindicated by the vast disparity of French with British naval force, the latter being sure to prevail in the end, most destructively, whatever advantage France might snatch at the outset in single efforts. For the laudable purpose of the publication—that of rousing the Chambers and country to a sense of their perilous situation, and to immediate heed of the new means of a glorious security—the hypothesis of a rupture with the nearest and most formidable of naval empires was indispensable; but, any spirit or aim of hostility, any wish for a struggle, any degree of insensibility to the benefits and obligations of peace, is disclaimed in the most natural, rational, and conciliatory terms. You have seen the railing of the London press at your President and Secretary of State for the Texas treaty; and that even Mr. Wheaton's commercial convention with the Zollverein has given extreme umbrage and provoked complaint and contumely. The treatment, however, of the Prince de Joinville and his production, in the same quarter, exemplifies still more broadly the intolerance, arrogance, and virulence of that watch and ward of national immunity and ascendancy. All the organs of the several parties in London lavish indignation and opprobrium on the audacious prince: the *Chronicle* calls him a "harum scareum youth," and bestows the epithet *Bucanier* on the pamphlet, which "does not bespeak the feelings or the imagination of a prince, but the beggarly avarice and vulgar spirit of the bucanier." The same Whig oracle tramples on the memory of the Duke of Orleans for having betrayed a warlike spirit on some occasions towards England, and then adds:

"As a manœuvre of the house of Orleans, the fact of the pamphlet appearing is even more unwarrantable and disgraceful, than as the expression of a young seaman's spite. There cannot be a fuller proof how heartless and hollow were those professions and those salutations which welcomed to the palace of Eu the queen of these realms. It was this very strippling, the Prince de Joinville, who stood on the beach, a cigar in his mouth, to receive her, at the very moment when his piratic imagination was, perhaps, picturing, in the words of his pamphlet, how he could 'overtake an English merchant vessel, plunder, and burn her, and then escape from the steamers of war too heavy to follow.'"

The Tory Standard reproaches him with the ambition to acquire mob-popularity; the *Spectator* observes that Louis Philippe is "troubled with a naughty boy out of bounds among Opposition agitators;" the *Times* asserts that Louis Philippe pulled his son's ears, and argues earnestly to prove the pamphlet to be one of "hostility to England," qualifying it, indeed, as "well written and of much truth;" the semi-official *Herald* talks of "the imprudence of the young sailor"—of his "inconsiderate temerity," and represents him as "bidding, in a false position, for popularity at the price of a war with England." The *Times*, in the outset, was at once candid, fearful, and braggart. Note this text:

"Steam navy is the subject of the prince's observations. He fixes the attention of his readers at once on that great revolution in naval war which is unquestionably coming—rather, which has silently taken place from the introduction of steam; of which, however, the full results, never yet experienced, are to burst upon us in their full force for good or for evil when next we find ourselves engaged in war with any great naval power. It is a serious consideration that our small island is encircled by what is now a great high road, on which large armies may be moved, at the will of their general, with a speed and facility wholly unparalleled in previous warfare—that a body of twenty or thirty thousand men may be conveyed during the darkness of any winter's night from the nearer French harbors to any point of our south-eastern coast—may threaten, during a summer's day, the whole line of country from Dover to Plymouth. Add to this the annoyance which may be inflicted on our homeward-bound merchantmen beating up the Channel by the steaming privateers of Brest or Havre; and, finally, the simplicity of steam manœuvres, which may supersede, we know not to what extent, the dearly-earned skill and experience of the English sailor; and we have a vista of possibilities in which the enemy of England might well be excused for revelling, and which the Prince de Joinville appears not at all disinclined, as far as in him lies, to develop into hard facts. He looks upon the application of steam to warlike purposes as a fresh chance for the world against England—a new state of things for which the previous one furnishes no precedent. And he is right. Naval war is now a new game, to which genius has not yet been applied; and we can scarcely guess what new combinations, what unexpected methods of attack and defence, genius will devise. All we can say is, that old traditions will be found almost certainly inapplicable. To supply their place, we must trust to that which has never in any case failed us—the boldness, energy, and resource of the English character. And happily those energies have not as yet been backward to develop themselves under their new conditions."

From the Monthly Magazine.

## THE LOST JAGER.

"I AM for the Gemsjagd this morning, Netty," said young Fritz of the Back Alp, as he swaggered over the threshold of her grandmother's cottage: that is, he did not exactly swagger, but he stepped in with an air, such as became the handsomest bursch, and the stoutest wrestler, and the best shot in Grindewald, and who knew withal that he was beloved, deeply and dearly, by the prettiest fraulein of the valley. And pretty she was—a dear little bashful drooping mountain daisy, with such hair—not black—not exactly black—but with a glossy golden brightness threading through it, like—what shall I liken it to?—like midnight braided with a sunbeam. And she looked so handsome in her Bernese bonnet with its airy Psyche-like wings, and she tripped so lightly; and I believe, to say the truth, she had the only handsome foot and ancle in the parish—and such an one!—and then she had such a neat, light, elastic, little figure. Suffice it to say, she was Fritz's liebchen, and Fritz was a passable judge of female beauty, and himself the Adonis of Grindewald. And she was the sun of the valley, or rather the mild moon—or, in short, sun, moon, and stars; and had been so denominated in sundry clumsy German rhymes in her praise, by Hans Keller, who, with a like multiplicity of attributes, was himself the Horace—and Virgil, and Anacreon, and—schoolmaster of the neighborhood:—very clever, and very crazy. Darling Netty—many an evening, as, by a sort of accident preposse, I happened to saunter by with my pipe, and lingered to gossip away half an hour of bad German, with Fritz and his intended, and her dear, drowsy, deaf, old grandmother. I have thought Fritz was a happy man; and perhaps, to say the truth—perhaps—envied him—a little.—Heaven forgive me!

"I am for the Gemsjagd this morning," said Fritz, as he flung his arm round the blushing maiden. "Old Clausen marked some half dozen of them up by the Rosenlani Gletscher yesterday; and I think we shall pull down some of the gallants, before we have done with them. He promised to meet me at the chalet at eleven; and, by the shadow of the Eiger, it must be close upon the hour: so come with me luck, and by to-morrow evening at furthest, we shall be back with a couple of noble gemsen. 'Down, foolish fellow!—down, Blitz!' he said to his dog, that was yelping around him, in anticipation of the sport. 'Why, he is as fond of chamois hunting as his master. Look at him, Netty.'"

But Netty did not look. Fritz knew well enough that she dreaded, on his account, even to terror, the perils of chamois hunting; but he was devoted to it, with an enthusiasm which is so common to those who practise that dreadful diversion. *Perhaps* this passion did not compete with his love for Netty: perhaps it did. He had never gone, it is true, without her consent; but it was as well for both, that the question had never been brought to an issue, whether he would have gone without it. Not but that he loved, really loved Netty; but he thought her fears very foolish, and laughed at them, as men are very apt to do on such occasions. Netty started when he mentioned the Gemsjagd, and bowed her head to his breast—perhaps to hide a tear, perhaps to examine the buckle of his belt, in which, at that moment, she

seemed to find something particularly interesting. Fritz talked on laughingly, as he thought the best way to dispel her fears was not to notice them at all: so he talked, as I said, until he had no apology for talking any more; and then he paused.

"Fritz! my dear Fritz!" said she, without looking up, and her fingers trembled in the buckle which she was still examining. "My dear Fritz!"—and then she paused too.

"Why, my dear Netty," said he, answering her implied expostulation, "I would n't like to disappoint old Hans—after Wednesday, you know"—and he kissed her cheek, which glowed even deeper than before. "After Wednesday, I promised never to hunt chamois again; but I *must* go, once—just once—to drink a farewell to the Monck and the Aarhom, to their own grim faces—and then—why, I'll make cheese, and cut wood, and be a very earth-cloth of the valley, like our good neighbor Jacob Biedermann, who trembles when he hears an avalanche, and cannot leap over an ice-cleft without shuddering. But once—just once—come with me luck, this time, and, for the future, the darlings may come and browse in the Wergisthal for me."

"I did not say I wished you not to go, Fritz." "No; but you looked it, love; and I would not see a tear in those bright eyes, for all the gemsen between this and the Orteles; but you know, my dear, there is really no danger; and if I could persuade you to give me your hearty consent and your good wishes."—

"I'll try, Fritz!"—

"What! with that sigh, and that doleful look?—No, no, Netty; I will send an apology to old Hans. Here Blitz," as he put a small hunting-horn in the dog's mouth, and pointed up the hills, "Off, boy! to the Adelboden. And now, have you anything to employ my clumsy fingers, or shall we take a trip as far as Bohren's Chalet, to see if the cream and cheese of my little old rival are as good as their wont. I shall go and saddle old Kaiser, shall I!—he has not been out these two days."

Fritz, peasant as he was, knew something of the practical philosophy of a woman's heart, and had a good idea of the possibility of pursuing his own plan, by an opportune concession to hers. On the present occasion he succeeded completely.

"Nay, nay," said the maiden, with unaffected good-will, "you really must not disappoint Hans; he would never forgive me. So come," said she, as she unbuckled the wallet which hung over his right shoulder—"let me see what you have here. But"—and she looked tearfully and earnestly in his face—"you *will* be back to-morrow evening, will you, indeed?"

"By to-morrow evening, love, Hans—gemsen—and all. My wallet is pretty well stocked, you see; but I am going to beg a little of that delicious Oberhasli Kirchwasser, to fill my fläschen."

I need not relate how Fritz had his flask filled with the said Kirchwasser, or how his stock of eatables was increased by some delicious cheese, made by the pretty hands of Netty herself, or how sundry other little trifles were added to his portable commissariat, or how he paid for them all in ready kisses, or how Netty sat at the window and watched him with tearful eyes, as he strode up the hill towards the Scheidegg.

At the chalet he found that Hans had started

alone, and proceeded towards the Wetterhorn. He drew his belt tighter, and began to ascend the steep and craggy path, which wound round the base of the ice-heaped mass, along the face of which, half way to the summit, the clouds were lazily creeping. It was a still, sunny day, and he gradually ascended far enough to get a view over the splendid glacier of Rosenlani. Its clear ice, here and there streaked with a line of bright crystal blue that marked the edge of an ice-refit. Hans was not to be seen. All was still, except now and then the shrill piping of the marmot, or the reverberated roar of the summer lavanges, in the remote and snowy wilds above him. He had just reached the edge of the glacier, and was clambering over the debris, which a long succession of ages had carried down from the rocky peaks above, when the strange whistling sound emitted by the chamois caught his ear. On they dashed, a herd of nine, right across the glacier—bounding like winged things over the fathomless refits, with a foot as firm and confident as if it trod on the green sward. Fritz muttered a grim *donnerwetter* between his teeth, when the unerring measurement of his practised eye, told him they were out of shot; and dropping down between the huge blocks of stone among which he stood, so as to be out of sight of the game, he watched their course, and calculated his chance of reaching them. They crossed the glacier—sprung up the rocky barrier, on the opposite side, leaping from crag to crag, and finding footing where an eagle scarce could perch, until they disappeared at the summit. A moment's calculation, with regard to their probable course, and Fritz was in pursuit. He crossed the glacier further down, and chose a route by which he knew, from experience, he would be most likely, without being perceived by the chamois, to reach the spot where he expected to meet with them. At some parts it consisted but of a narrow ledge, slippery with frozen snow, on which even his spiked mountain-shoes could scarcely procure him footing. Sometimes the path was interrupted, and the only means of reaching its continuation, was by trusting himself to the support of some little projection in the smooth rock, where the flakes, which last winter's frost had carried away, broke off abruptly. Sometimes the twisted and gnarled roots of a stunted pine, which had wrought into the clefts, and seemed to draw their nourishment from the rock itself, offered him their support. He did not look back; he thought not of danger—perhaps not even of Netty—but merely casting an occasional glance to the sky, to calculate the chances of a clear evening, resumed his perilous journey.

Many hours had elapsed in the ascent, for he was obliged to make a long circuit, and the sun was getting low in the west when he arrived at the summit. His heart throbbed audibly as he approached the spot where he expected to get a view. All was in his favor. He was to leeward—the almost unceasing thunder of the avalanches drowned any slight noise which the chamois might otherwise have heard—and a little ridge of drifted snow on the edge of the rock behind which he stood, gave him an opportunity of reconnoitring. Cautiously he made an aperture through the drift—there they were, and he could distinguish the bend of their horns—they were within reach of his rifle. They were, however, evidently alarmed, and huddled together on the edge of the opposite precipice, snuffed the air, and gazed about anx-

iously, to see from what quarter they were menaced. There was no time to lose—he fired, and the victim he had selected, giving a convulsive spring, fell over the cliff, while its terrified companions, dashing past, fled to greater heights and retreats still more inaccessible.

The triumph of a conqueror for a battle won, cannot be superior to that of an Alpine huntsman for a chamois shot. The perils run, the exertions undergone, the many anxious hours which must elapse before he can have an opportunity even of trying his skill as a marksman—all contribute to enhance the intense delight of that moment when these perils and exertions are repaid. Fritz leaped from his lurking-place, and ran to the edge over which the animal had fallen. There it was, sure enough, but how it was to be recovered presented a question of no little difficulty. In the front of the precipice, which was almost as steep and regular as a wall, a ledge projected at a considerable distance from the summit, and on this lay the chamois, crushed by the fall. To descend without assistance was impossible, but there was a chalet within a couple of hours walk, at the foot of the Gauli Gletscher. The evening was fine, there was every promise of a brilliant moonlight night, and Fritz was too good a huntsman to fear being benighted, even with the snow for his bed, and the falling avalanche for his lullaby.

Gaily, therefore, he slung his carabine, paid his respects to the contents of his wallet, not forgetting the Oberhasli Kirchwasser, and as he made the solitude around him ring with the whooping chorus of the kuhlied, commenced his descent towards the chalet.

On his arrival he found it empty. The inmates had probably descended to the lower valley, laden with the products of their dairy, and had not yet returned. He seized, however, as a treasure, on a piece of rope which he found thrown over a stake, in the end of the house appropriated to the cattle, and praying his stars that it might be long enough to reach the resting-place of the chamois, he once more turned his face towards the mountains.

It was deep night when he reached the spot. The moon, from the reflection of the snow, seemed to be shining from out a sky of ebony, so dark and so beautiful, and the little stars were peering through, with their light so clear and pure; they shine not so in the valleys. Fritz admired it, for the hearts of nature's sons are ever open to nature's beauties, and though he had not been taught to feel, and his admiration had no words, yet accustomed as he was to scenes like this, he often stopped to gaze. The kuhlied was silent, and almost without being aware of it; the crisping of the frozen snow beneath his footsteps was painful to his ear, as something not in accordance with the scene around him—it was a peasant's unconscious worship at the shrine of the sublime. But, to say the truth, he had no thought but one, as he approached the spot where the chamois lay. The ledge on which it had fallen ran a considerable way along the face of the cliff, and by descending at a point at some distance from that perpendicularly above it, where a piece of crag, projecting upwards, seemed to afford him the means of fastening securely his frail ladder, he hoped to be able to find his way along to the desired spot. Hastily casting a few knots on the rope, to assist him in his ascent, he committed himself to its support. He had arrived within a foot of the rocky plat-

form, when the piece of crag to which the rope had been attached, slipped from the base in which it seemed so firmly rooted, struck in its fall the edge of his resting-place, sprung out into vacancy, and went booming downwards to the abyss below.

Fritz was almost thrown over the edge of the precipice by the fall, but fortunately let go the rope, and almost without at all changing the position in which he fell, could trace the progress of the mass as it went whirling from rock to rock, striking fire wherever it touched in its passage, until it crashed amidst the pine-trees. With lips apart and eyes starting from their sockets, while his fingers clutched the sharp edges of the rock until they were wet with blood, he listened in the intense agony of terror to the sounds which, after a long interval, rose like the voice of death, from the darkness and solitude below. Again all was silent—still he listened—he stirred not, moved not, he scarcely breathed—he felt that kind of trance which falls on the spirit under the stroke of some unexpected calamity, of a magnitude which the imagination cannot grasp. The evil stalked before his glassy eyes, dim, and misty, and shapeless, yet terrible—terrible! He had just escaped one danger, but that escape, in the alternative before him, scarcely seemed a blessing. Death! and to die thus! and to die now! by the slow, graduated torture of thirst and starvation, almost within sight of the cottage of his destined bride. Thoughts like these passed hurriedly and convulsively through his mind, and he lay in the sick apathy of despair, when we feel as if the movement of a limb would be recalling the numbed sense of pain, and adding acuteness to its pangs. At length, with a violent effort, he sprung upon his feet. He ran along the ledge, leaping many an intervening chasm, from which even he would at another moment have shrunk. His hurried and oppressed breathing approached almost to a scream, as he sought in vain for a projection in the smooth rock, by which, at whatever risk, he might reach the summit. Alas! there was none. He stood where but the vulture and the eagle had ever been, and from which none but they could escape. He was now at the very extremity of his narrow resting-place, and there was nothing before him but the empty air. How incredulous we are when utter hopelessness is the alternative.

Once more he returned—once more he examined every spot which presented the slightest trace of a practicable passage, once more in vain. He threw himself on the rock, his heart seemed ready to burst, but the crisis of his agony was come, and he wept like a child.

How often, when madness is burning in the brain, have tears left the soul placid and resigned, like the calm twilight melancholy of a summer's eve, when the impending thunder-cloud had dissolved into a shower. Fritz wept aloud, and long and deep were the sobs which shook every fibre of his strong frame; but they ceased, and he looked up in the face of the placid moon, *hopeless*, and yet not *in despair*, and his breathing was as even and gentle as when he gazed up towards her on yestereve, from the rustic balcony of Netty's cottage. Aye, though he thought of that eve when, her cheek reclined on his bosom, they both sat in the still consciousness of happiness, gazing on the blue glaciers, and the everlasting and unchanging snow-peaks. He had no hope—but he

felt not despair—the burning fangs of the fiend no longer clutched his heart-strings. He sat and gazed over fine forest and gray crag, and the frozen and broken billows of the glaciers, and the snows of the Wetterhom, with their unbroken wilderness of pure white, glistening in the moonlight, and far, far beneath him, the little dusky cloudlets dreaming across the valley, and he could trace in the misty horizon the dim outline of the Faulhorn, and he knew that at its base was one heart that beat for him as woman's heart alone can beat, and yet he was resigned.

The moon neared to her setting, but just before she went down a black scroll of cloud stretched across her disk. It rose higher and higher, and became darker and darker, until one half of the little stars which were coming forth in their brightness, rejoicing in the absence of her, by whose splendor they were eclipsed, were wrapped as in a pall; and there came through the stillness and darkness a dim and mingled sound, the whisper of the coming hurricane. On it came, nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, and the pines swayed, and creaked, and crashed, as it took them by the tops, and now and then there passed a flash over the whole sky, until the very air seemed on flame, and laid open for one twinkling the rugged scene, so fitting for the theatre of the tempest's dissolution; and then the darkness was so thick and palpable, that to him who sat there, thus alone with the storm, it seemed as if there were no world, and as if the universe were given up to the whirlwind and to him. And then the snow came down, small and sharp, and it became denser and denser, and the flakes seemed larger and larger, until the wings of the tempest were heavy with them; and as the broken currents met and jostled, they whirled, and eddied, and shot up into the dark heavens, in thick and stifling masses. Scarce able to breathe, numbed by the cold, exhausted with fatigue, and weak from the mental agony he had undergone, Fritz was hardly able to keep his hold of a projecting edge of a rock to which he had clung, when, waiting to gather strength, the gust came down with a violence which even the Alpine eagle could not resist, for one which had been carried from its perch swept by in the darkness blindly struggling and screaming in the storm.

Oh, Night! Night! there is something so intensely beautiful in thee! Whether in the stillness of thy starry twilight, or in the clear, and placid, and pearly effulgence of thy moon; or when thou wrapp'st thy brow in its black and midnight mantle, and goest with thy tempests forth to their work of desolation—Oh, thou art beautiful! The spirit of poetry mingles its voice with the thrillings of thy wind-harp, and even in thy deep and holy silence there is a voice to which the soul listens, though the ear hears it not. On the wide sea, and on the wide moor, by the ocean strand, and on mountain lake, and dell and dingle, and corn-field and cottage, O thou art beautiful! But amid the lavange, and the icefall, and the mighty masses of everlasting snow rising up into the heavens where the clouds scarce dare, and their solitude and their majesty, there is an awe in thy beauty, which bows down the soul to the dust in dumb adoration. The lofty choir—the dim and massy aisle—the deep roll of the organ—these, even these, often strike like a spell on the sealed spirit, and the well-springs of devotion gush forth fresh and free. Yet, O what are

these! The deep music moaning from vault to vault to the roar of the fierce thunder; or the lofty temple, to the mighty hills, atoms though they be in the universe of God; or the studied darkness of the shrine, to the blank dullness of the tempest night, seeming, with its grim indefinite, to shadow forth immensity.

What a small portion of the poetry which the heart has felt has ever been recorded. How many wordless thoughts—how many unuttered emotions, such as shine like stars over the pages of the happy few whose lips have been unsealed, rise in the soul of the peasant hind, and are known, and enjoyed, and pass away—into the nothingness of forgotten feelings! Full, deep, and strong, flows onward, silently and perpetually, the stream of sympathy; and here and there by the river side one dips in his little pitcher, and preserves a tiny portion; while all the rest, undistinguished, passes on to the sea of wide eternity. Through the mind of the Alpine peasant, in such a night, with a hopeless sentence passed upon him, what a world of feelings must have strayed, to which he could give but lisping and broken utterance. He prayed—with an artless and fervent eloquence, he committed himself and his spirit to the hands of his God, to whose presence he seemed more nearly to approach in his isolation from the world. He prayed, in words such as his tongue had never before uttered, and with feelings such as, till that period, his heart had never known.

The storm became gradually exhausted in its violence. The thunder grew faint, and the gusts came at longer intervals. As the immediate peril decreased, Fritz, whose senses, from the stimulus of danger, had hitherto borne up against the intense cold and his previous fatigue, began to feel creeping upon him, along with a disinclination to move, a wild confusion of thought, such as one feels when sleep is struggling with pain. There was a dim sense of peril—a thought of falling rocks and cracking glaciers—and sometimes there was a distant screaming of discordant voices—and sometimes they seemed to mumble uncouth and harsh sounds into his ear—and then again would he rally back his recollection, and even find in his known peril a relief from the undefined and ghastly horrors of his wandering thoughts. But his trance at every relapse became deeper and deeper, and his returns of recollection were more and more partial. He had still enough to make an attempt at shaking off the numbing drowsiness which was creeping upon him, and twining round his heart with the slow and noiseless coil of a serpent. He endeavored to struggle, but every limb was palsied. He seemed to himself to make the efforts of the wildest desperation to raise himself up; but no member moved. A gush of icy coldness passed through every vein, and he felt no more.

During that night there was no little bustle in Grindewald. Poor, poor Netty. The storm had come down with a sudden violence, which completely baffled the skill of the most sagacious storm-seers in the valley; and even Herr Krüger himself—even Herr Krüger, Old Long Shot, as they used to call him—had been taken by surprise. He was sitting opposite me, with the full red light of the wood fire in the kitchen of mine host of the Three Kings beaming on his wrinkled brow, and thin gray locks, which were twisted and staring in every imaginable direction, as if

they had got a set in a whirlwind. The huge bowl of his meerschau was glowing and reeking, and the smoke was playing all sorts of antics; sometimes popping out at one side of his mouth, sometimes at the other, in a succession of rapid and jerking puffs, whose frequency soon ran up a sum total of a cloud, which enveloped his head like a napkin. He had just given me the history of the said pipe, and of its presentation to him by the Baron von——, who, by his assistance and direction, had succeeded in bringing down a gems-bock. The motto, Wein und Liebe, was still visible on its tarnished circlet of silver, and the old man pointed out its beauties with a rapture, not inferior, perhaps, to that of the connoisseur, who falls into ecstasies over some bright sunspot on the canvas of Rembrandt. As the low moaning which preceded the storm, caught his ear, he drew in the fragrance of the bright Turkish with which I had just replenished his pipe, and, as he emitted the fumes in a slow cautious stream, turned inquisitively towards the range of easements which ran along one side of the neat wainscotted apartment. He was apparently satisfied, and turned again to the fire. But the growl of the thunder the instant after came down the valley, and disembarassing himself of his mouthful, with a haste which almost choked him, walked hastily to the window. One glance seemed enough. He closed the shutters, and returning slowly to his seat, muttered, as he habitually replaced his meerschau in his mouth, God help the jagers to-night!

"A rough evening, Herr Krüger," said Hans, who this moment entered the room, and clapped his carbine in the corner. He had evidently dipped deep in the kirchwasser.

"What, Hans! is that you? Beym kimmel! I was afraid you were going to pass the night up yonder—and young Fritz! you and he were to have been at the jagd together!"

"True, so we were; but, heaven be praised, Fritz called to bid good-by to pretty Netty—and—and so—old Hans had to go alone."

"And feeling lonely among the hills, had the good luck to come back to Grindewald, instead of sleeping till doomsday in a dainty white snow-wreath. There are no others out?"

"None, thank heaven!" and he filled the glass which stood next him from the bottle at my elbow. "So here's your health Herr Krüger, and to you, Herr B—, good health, and good luck, and a good wife, when you get one." I was just putting my German in order, for the purpose, in after-dinner phrase, of "returning thanks," when our hostess, looking in at the door, said, in a voice of the greatest earnestness, "A word, Hans."

Hans was just in the middle of his goblet, and its bottom was gradually turning upwards to the ceiling, when he was thus interrupted. He merely rolled his eyes in the direction of the speaker, with an expression which indicated, "I'll be there immediately," and continued his draught with the good-will of one who hates mincing matters.

"Come, once more, Hans," said I, as I filled his cup to the very brim. "I have a health to give, you will drink heartily I am sure. Here's to our good friend Fritz and his little liebechen—a long life and a happy one."

"Topp! mein bester man!" said Hans, and the second goblet disappeared as quickly as the first.

Once more the head of our hostess appeared at the door, and her previous summons was repeated.

"I'll be there immediately, my dear, pretty, agreeable, good-natured Wirthing—there immediately—immediately;" hiccupped Hans. "I like you, my young Englishman, I like you, and I like you the better for liking Fritz; and if you have any fancy for bringing down a gemsbock, there's my hand, junker! Hans Clausen knows every stone of the mountains as well as—"

Once more the door opened, and—not our hostess, but Netty herself, entered the room.

It seemed to be with difficulty that she crossed the floor. Her face was pale, and her long Bernese tresses were wet with the rain. She courtesied to me as she rose, and would almost have fallen, had she not rested one hand on the table, while the other passed with an irregular and quivering motion over her pale brow and throbbing temples. Hans had become perfectly quiet the instant of her entrance, and stood with an air of the most dogged and determined sobriety, though the tremulous manner in which the fingers of his left hand played among the skirts of his hunting-jacket, bespoke a slight want of confidence in his own steadiness. Poor Netty! She had just strength to whisper, "Where is Fritz, Hans!" and, unable to wait his answer, sunk feebly on the bench, and covered her eyes with her trembling fingers.

Krüger laid down his pipe; no trifling symptom of emotion. Hans was thunderstruck. Every idea but that of Fritz's danger, seemed blotted from his memory. He stared and gaped for a few seconds on me and Krüger, and then, utterly forgetful of Netty's alarm, flung himself blubbering upon his knees. "Oh! for God's sake, Mädehan, do not tell me, Fritz went to the hunting to-day. Oh, unglücklich! unglücklich! lost, lost, lost! My poor Fritz; my friend, my best beloved!" and he would have continued longer the maudlin incoherence of his lamentations; but the first words of his despair were too much for Netty, and she sunk down upon the table, helpless, and breathless.

She seemed to be gone forever, it was so long before the exertions of the hostess and her daughter could recall her to her senses. She was conveyed to bed, and left under the care of her poor old grandmother, who had followed her from the cottage. A consultation was immediately held, under the presidency of old Krüger: and, notwithstanding the whole collective wisdom of Grindewald was assembled in mine host's kitchen, nothing could be done. To wait till morning was the only course, and with no little impatience did many a young huntsman watch for the first break of day and the subsiding of the storm. Fritz was a universal favorite, so fearless, so handsome, such a shot, and so good-natured withal. And then, Netty! The little Venus of Grindewald! There were none who would not willingly have risked their lives to save him.

With the first dawn of morning, half a dozen of the stoutest huntsmen, under the guidance of Hans, started for the Rosenlain. They had made every provision for overcoming the difficulties they expected to meet with in their search. One of them had, from the cliffs of the Eiger, seen Fritz cross the glacier the day before, and commence

the ascent which was previously described; a path well known to the hunters, but so perilous, as to be only practicable to those of the steadiest nerves, quickest eye, and most unerring step. Their shoes were furnished with cramps, a light ladder formed part of their equipage, and several short coils of ropes slung over the right shoulder, and so made, that they could be easily connected together, were carried by the party. They had the blessings and the good wishes of all Grindewald at their departure: I accompanied them to the edge of the Rosenlain, and watched the progress of their journey over its frozen waves. Slowly they ascended the giddy path; sometimes gathering into a little cluster of black atoms on the face of the cliffs, sometimes scattered from ledge to ledge. Then, when obliged partially to descend, an individual of the party was slung by a rope from the upper platform, for the purpose of fixing the ladders and securing a safe passage to the rest. "Well! which way shall we turn now?" said young, round-faced, light-haired, ruddy-cheeked, rattle-pated Gottfried Basler, who had blubbered like a baby the night before, and, of course, like a baby, had exhausted his grief before morning. "Which way are we to turn now, Hans? I am afraid, after all, we have come out on a fool's errand. There have been wreaths thrown up here last night big enough to bury Grindewald steeple; and if poor Fritz be really lost in them, we may look till Mont Blanc melts before we find him. It is, to be sure, a satisfaction to do all we can, though heaven help us, I am afraid there is little use in it."

Hans, poor fellow, was nearly of the same opinion, but it was too much to have the fact thus uncompromisingly stated. He muttered a half audible curse as he turned impatiently away, and walked along the cliff, endeavoring to frame an answer, and make up his mind as to the point towards which the search ought to be directed. His companions followed without uttering a word.

Basler again broke silence.

"Gott, what a monster!" he exclaimed, and his carbine was cocked in a twinkling.

Far below them, a huge lammer-geyer was sailing along the face of the cliff. He seemed not to perceive the group, to whom, notwithstanding the mournful search in which they were engaged, his appearance was so interesting, but came slowly dreaming on, merely giving now and then a single heavy flap with his huge sail-like wings, and then floating forward as before.

"Stay Basler," whispered Hans, as he himself cocked his carbine, "There is no use in throwing away your bullet. He will probably pass just below us, and then you may have a chance. Steady yet a little. How odd he does not notice us. Nearer, and nearer; be ready, Basler. Now—fire. A hit! beym himmel!"

Crack! crack! crack! went carbine after carbine, as the wounded bird fell tumbling and screaming into the ravine, while its mate sprang out from the face of the rock on which the slayers were standing, and swept backwards and forwards, as if to brave their shot, uttering absolute yells of rage. Basler's skill, however, or his good fortune, reigned supreme, and, though several of his companions fired from a much more advantageous distance, their bullets, unlike his, whizzed



on and spent themselves in the empty air. The object of the practice still swept unhurt across their range, until his fury was somewhat exhausted, and then dropped down towards the dark pine-trees, to seek for his unfortunate companion.

"A nest, I dare say," said Hans, as he threw himself on his face and stretched his neck over the cliff. Ha! a chamois they have managed to throw down—the kerls! You spoiled their feast, Basler. But—mein Gott! is it possible! Gottfried—Heinrich—look there. Ja freilich! freilich! it is Fritz!" And he leaped up, screaming like a madman, nearly pushed Gottfried over the precipice to convince him of the reality of the discovery, and then, nearly did the same to Carl, and Franz, and Jacobeber, and Heinrich.

"I am afraid he is dead," said Basler.

Hans again threw himself on his face, and gazed gaspingly down. Fritz did not move. Hans gazed, and gazed, but his eyes filled with tears, and he could see no more.

"Here Jacob," said he, as he once more sprung up, and hastily began looping together the ropes which his companions carried. "Here Jacob, place your feet against the rock there. Now, Gottfried, behind Jacob: Heinrich—Carl—now, steady, all of you—or stay, Carl, you had better descend after me, and bring your flaschen along with you."

In a few seconds, Carl and he stood beside their friend. They raised him up. A little kirch-wasser was administered to him—they used every measure which their mountain-skill suggested to waken him from his trance, which was rapidly darkening down into the sleep of death. The sun which now began to beat strongly on the dark rocks where they stood, assisted their efforts. They succeeded—his life was saved.

That evening Fritz sat on one side of the fire in the cottage of Netty's grandmother, while the good old dame herself plied her knitting in her usual diligent silence on the other. He was pale, and leant back on the pillows by which he was supported, in the languid apathy of exhaustion. Netty sat at his knee, on a low oaken stool, with his hand pressed against her cheek, and many and many a tear, such as overflow from the heart in the fulness of its joy, trickled over his fingers.

"Now, Fritz," said she, looking earnestly up in his face, "you will never—never, go to the gemsjagd again."

"Never—never," echoed Fritz.

But he broke his word, and was chamois-hunting before the end of the honey-moon.

**INTERESTING CHEMICAL DISCOVERY.**—It is notorious that horses, more especially racers and hunters, are subject to inflammatory diseases, and it is observed that grooms are short-lived. This has been ascribed to the air of unventilated stables being strongly impregnated with ammonia, an alkali that may be classed amongst the most powerful stimulants, the constant respiration of which predisposes to affections of the lungs. Various means have been tried with a view to the absorption of this subtle poison, but hitherto without attaining the desired result. During the last session of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, a paper was presented to the council by Mr.

H. Reece, descriptive of a plan for purifying the air of stables, by a mixture of gypsum or sawdust with sulphuric acid. This mode is said to be at once safe, simple, and efficacious. Mr. Reece made some experiments in the extensive stables of Mr. Evans of Enstone, the results of which are stated to be quite satisfactory. The stables were, in the first instance, strewn with gypsum (crystallized sulphate of lime) coarsely powdered, but though the ammonia was evolved with the wetted straw, no trace of it was visible after two days' exposure, when examined with slaked lime. The stables were then strewn with the gypsum, moistened with sulphuric acid, and when examined next morning, every portion was found to have absorbed sufficient ammonia to emit its peculiar pungent odor when brought in contact with slaked lime. The stables had lost their close, unhealthy smell, and, to use the words of the grooms, appeared to be quite sweetened. As it was evident the gypsum acted merely mechanically, affording a convenient absorbent surface for the acid, some further experiments were made, substituting sawdust for gypsum, which were attended by still more favorable results. The prepared mixture should be laid upon trays, as the acid is considered likely to injure the horses' feet. One part of sawdust will readily absorb three times its weight of acid solution, which should be mixed in the proportion, by measure, of one part of sulphuric acid to fifteen of distilled water. The ammoniacal salt makes an excellent manure, but it should not be mixed with the straw until after removal from the stable.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

From the Evergreen.

#### BISHOP WHITE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"He was, as he himself expressed it, the last surviving link between the church of England and that of America."

THERE was once a chain, that bound, with mystic zone,  
A sacred mother to her distant child,  
The ancient Church, that hallows England's throne,  
To her young daughter in this western wild.  
With prayers and vows each golden link was twined,  
And well might man revere what Heaven's own  
hand had joined.

But he who bore it o'er the boisterous deep,  
Lo! from his hand the intrusted treasure falls—  
His aged head declines in dreamless sleep—  
No more to verdant fields his flock he calls;  
While from the groups that watch around his bed,  
Burst forth the thrilling wail that mourns the much-lov'd dead.

Dead!—Feel we not his living presence pressing  
Into our hearts, from memory's greenest cell?  
Hear we not still his voice the throng addressing,  
As when upon our infant ear it fell?  
Mark we not still his silver tresses play  
Around his reverend brow?—And is he cold in clay?

Oh, firm in faith, in piety serene,  
Wrapp'd as a robe in wisdom's changeless lore,  
The friend of peace 'mid every varying scene,  
And meek in power as though no sway he bore.  
Father in God! fresh tears our sorrow tell,—  
Thou faithful unto death—thou blest in heaven—  
farewell!

We love the beauty of the summer's day,  
Tending in cloudless splendor toward the west;  
We watch the glory of its parting ray,  
That decks with rubied gems old ocean's breast.  
Such was thy path, meek prelate, bathed in light,—  
Praise to Jehovah's name, that made its close so  
bright.

From the World of Fashion.

## THE POLKA.

"Que de choses dans un menuet!!!!"

MARCEL, *Maitre de danse.*

Who is there in possession of his senses, that has not by this time heard of the Polka? The old talk of it, the young and the middle-aged learn it, and all but the crippled or the blind endeavor to dance it. From Almack's to the humblest dancing booth in England, the Polka is attempted, and men forget their usual avocations to descend upon its merits; and the ladies abandon all things but the latest fashions, to praise and to admire it.

La Polka has spread like a contagion from the depths of Poland to St. Petersburg, and from Petersburg to Vienna, and from Vienna to Paris, and from Paris to London, and no doubt it is by this time tripping over the Great Atlantic, and setting in commotion the yellow-looking daisies of New York. Music composers are making fortunes of tunes for the Polka. Dancing masters and mistresses are vesting large sums in the funds, because they must teach the Polka, and be well paid for their lessons in the art. Even in the past month, when a meeting was held for the purpose of providing an asylum for the aged teachers of dancing in this metropolis, and when all belonging to the profession were laudably anxious to promote so good and so benevolent an object, it was yet found that the meeting was but thinly attended, because the most celebrated professors of the art were compelled to absent themselves; for each and all the excuse was the same—"They were giving lessons in *la Polka*!"

We have had everything in England to testify the deep interest we take in this fashionable dance, excepting one. We have had no work published on this subject. Such, however, is not the case with our tasteful neighbors on the other side of the Channel, for at this moment we have before us a very pretty *brochure* entitled "*Physiologie de la Polka d'après Cellarius*, par Auguste Vitu et Paul Farnese," in which due commendation is bestowed upon this dance, and the art of dancing, itself, is elevated to its proper degree of importance.

The author of this pamphlet depicts himself as being introduced by "the lady of his love," to a celebrated professor of the Terpsichorean art, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the mysteries of the Polka. He is doubtful how he may be received, and he is resolved to ingratiate himself with the august professor, who bears the classical name of Cellarius.

"Do you speak Polish?" said the instructor to me.

"Alas, no;" I replied, as I dolefully shook my head.

"So much the better; it relieves me from the embarrassment of using a language, one word of which I do not comprehend."

I was confounded by the simplicity and candor of the professor.

"What do you think," said he, "of the gallopade?"

"It is," I answered, "the refined expression of a sentiment purely primitive. It is the progressive and complete development of the material instincts of man. All the phases of modern civilization terminate in the gallopade. I regard the nineteenth century but as an epoch of synthesis and elaboration, since in philosophy it has the

ape's tail of Fourier—in politics, the speeches of Marshal Soult—in poetry, M. Dulignac—in literature, M. Elias Berthel—in art, the cane parasols of Farge—and in choreography, the gallopade—"

"That is very well indeed, sir; but what do you say of the waltz?"

"Whilst the gallopade presents all the characteristics of a social dance, that is symbolical of an epoch; the waltz, more modest, but more attractive, gives to the mind the analysis of a scientific constitution—that is, it is less universal, but more special, than the gallopade. Whilst, then, the former is of all times and all countries, the latter seems peculiar to the people of Germany; to those, only, who infuse into their pleasures a species of scientific and mathematical regularity—the gravity of algebra, and the moroseness of the integral calculus. The waltz is the invention of the greatest of modern geniuses—of the famous astronomer Copernicus—at least, if my assertion be not proved, it may be, which comes to the same thing. One point is perfectly manifest, and that is, that the waltz is nothing more than a magnificent lesson in astronomy."

The professor looked puzzled, and the points of his toes described in the air great notes of interrogation.

I collected myself a little, and then continued thus:—

"The constant evolution operated by a couple waltzing around a central point, which may be supposed to be in the middle of the room, reminds one instantly of the movements of the earth, which turns on its own axis as it revolves around the sun. That species of intoxication which possesses itself of our being, after some few minutes engaged in waltzing, that drags us along, that flings us full of vertiges and incapable of interrupting our career, or even of having a distinct idea; all that gives us, I say, a correct apprehension of the perpetual motion; and then I venture to affirm, as an ingenious hypothesis of my own, that the comets are wandering stars, that are condemned by nature to meander through the universe, because they are fated to continue in a waltz, too prolonged in the assembly of organized bodies."

The master raised his head, and his face was shining with smiles—his pale forehead was hallowed by the sublimity of majesty—his black beard bristled with exultation—he opened his mouth, and said—nothing.

We flung ourselves into each other's arms, and perfectly comprehended each other.

Maria, my beloved, wept at this affecting scene, for she too understood us.

Gentle reader, *can you do so?*

As soon as our tender emotions had subsided, we again entered the domain of science, and there the professor, with an affability that suited his genius, told me that he was the high priest of a new faith, which he intended to spread over the entire world, and that new faith was entitled *La Polka*.

We were about to write—thus much from our French author—but we cannot refrain from giving some of his aphorisms with respect to the Polka.

"The Polka can alone be danced by people who have two feet. The great use of the feet is to dance the Polka."

"Country dances suit those of a sanguine temperament. The waltz is for the lymphatic. The Polka for the bilious."

"No lady ought to dance the Polka if she have passed her thirtieth year. After thirty, the Polka only inspires ferocious idcas.

"Do you wish to espouse that young person, who, seated at the lower end of the ball room, scarcely dares to raise her eyes to you, to supplicate you not to forget her—then insist upon her mamma dancing with you the Polka. If you wish to please the mamma, make the daughter Polka with you.

"A fashionable ball without the Polka, is a dinner without soup, a coat without sleeves, or an eye without the eyebrow.

"Tell me how you dance the Polka, and I can tell you what you are.

"The only great men who ever existed, who, if they had the opportunity, could not dance the Polka, were Tamerlane, Lord Byron and Talleyrand, and this, because—they were lame."

It will be seen from the preceding extracts, with what liveliness and spirit the French writer descants upon his attractive theme.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## TO SWALLOWS ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE.

BY B. SIMMONS.

"The day before V——'s departure for the last time from the country—it was the 4th of August, one of the hottest days of the season—an evening fell, he strolled with an old school-fellow through the cool green avenues and leafy arcades of the neighboring park, where his friend amused him by pointing out to his attention vast multitudes of swallows that came swarming from all directions to settle on the roofs and gables of the manor-house. Thus they do for several days preparatory to their departing, in one collected body, to more genial climates."—*MS. Memoir.*

### I.

Jovous birds! preparing  
In the clear evening light  
To leave our dwindled summer day  
For latitudes more bright!  
How gay must be your greeting,  
By southern fountains meeting,  
To miss no faithful wing of all that started in your flight!

### II.

Every clime and season  
Fresh gladness brings to you.  
How'er remote your social throngs  
Their varied path pursue;  
No winds nor waves dis sever—  
No dusky veil'd forever,  
Frowneth across your fearless way in the empyrean blue.\*

### III.

Mates and merry brothers  
Were ye in Arctic hours,  
Mottling the evening beam that sloped  
Adown old Gothic towers!  
As blythe that sunlight dancing  
Will see your pinions' glancing  
Scattering afar through Tropic groves the spicy bloom in showers!

\*"They all quit together, and fly for a time east or west, possibly in wait for stragglers not yet arrived from the interior—they then take directly to the south, and are soon lost sight of altogether for the allotted period of their absence. Their rapidity of flight is well known, and the 'murder-aiming eye' of the most experienced sportsman will seldom avail against the swallow; hence they themselves seldom fall a prey to the raptorial birds."—*CUVIER, edited by Griffiths.* Swallows are long-lived; they have been known to live a number of years in cages.

### IV.

Haunters of palaced wastes! \*  
From king-forlorn Versailles  
To where, round gateless Thebes, the winds  
Like monarch voices wail,  
Your tribe capricious ranges,  
Reckless of glory's changes,  
Love makes for ye a merry home amid the ruins pale.

### V.

Another day, and ye  
From knosp and turret's brow  
Shall, with your fleet of crowding wings,  
Air's viewless billows plough,  
With no keen-fang'd regretting  
Our darken'd hill-sides quitting,  
—Away in fond companionship as cheerily as now!

### VI.

Woe for the soul-endued—  
The clay-enthralled mind—  
Leaving, unlike you, favor'd birds!  
Its all—its all behind,  
Woe for the exile mourning,  
To banishment returning—  
A mateless bird wide torn apart from country and from kind!

### VII.

This moment blest as ye,  
Beneath his own home-trees,  
With friends and fellows girt around,  
Up springs the western breeze,  
Bringing the parting weather—  
Shall all depart together?  
Ah, no!—he goes a wretch alone upon the lonely seas.

### VIII.

To him the mouldering tower—  
The pillar'd waste, to him  
A broken-hearted music make  
Until his eyelids swim.  
None heeds when he complaineth,  
Nor where that brow he leaneth  
A mother's lips shall bless no more sinking to slumber dim.

### IX.

Winter shall wake to spring,  
And 'mid the fragrant grass  
The daffodil shall watch the rill  
Like Beauty by her glass.  
But woe for him who pineth  
Where the clear water shineth,  
With no voice near to say—How sweet those April evenings pass!

### X.

Then while through Nature's heart  
Love freshly burns again,  
Hither shall ye, plumed travellers,  
Come trooping o'er the main;  
The self-same nook disclosing  
Its nest for your reposing  
That saw you revel years ago as you shall revel then.†

\*In the fanciful language of Chateaubriand, "This daughter of a king (the swallow) still seems attached to grandeur; she passes the summer amid the ruins of Versailles, and the winter among those of Thebes."

†"However difficult to be credited, it seems to be ascertained beyond doubt, that the same pair which quitted their nest and the limited circle of their residence here, return to the very same nest again, and this for several successive years; in all probability for their whole lives."—*Griffith's Cuvier.*

## XI.

—Your human brother's lot!  
 A few short years are gone—  
 Back, back like you to early scenes—  
 Lo! at the threshold-stone,  
 Where ever in the gloaming  
 Home's angels watch'd his coming,  
 A stranger stands, and stares at him who sighing  
 passes on.

## XII.

Joy to the travail-worn!  
 Omnific purpose lies  
 Even in his bale as in your bliss,  
 Careerers of the skies!  
 When sun and earth, that cherish'd  
 Your tribes, with you have perish'd,  
 A home is his where partings more shall never dim  
 the eyes.

From the Brooklyn Star.

## THE RISE AND FALL OF THE GREAT LAKES.

IN 1811 the waters of Lake Erie receded to such an extent that the Erie Canal, for several miles, was left without water, and great fears were entertained in that vicinity that this ebbing of the lake would continue so long and to such an extent that this portion of the canal would for a time be rendered useless.

During the prevalence of strong easterly winds, this end of the lake was greatly affected during this general subsidence of its waters.

I had frequently heard it remarked by persons residing in the country bordering upon the lakes, that these waters rise and fall every seven years. I have watched the account of the rise and fall of the lakes for near thirty years, and have ascertained during that period that the rise is not *periodical*, but *occasional*.

Chicago, on Lake Michigan, during the land speculations in village lots, extended its borders so far toward the lake during a period of the subsiding of the waters, that on the occasion of the great rise of the lakes, the outside village lots were five feet under water.

The rise of the river Nile, in Egypt, the inhabitants watch with much care; and they have the means of determining the stage of water each successive year by means of a measure called a Nileometer, the notings of which are recorded.

The inundations of this river are generally annual, and happen at the period of the summer solstice; but I have known two years during my recollection that there was not the usual annual inundation, and much suffering was produced in Egypt by the consequent failure of the crops.

A large pond in the town of Concord, Mass., has its rising and falling during an interval of several years, and these appear to be disconnected with years that are wet and those which are dry. The inhabitants in the vicinity have, in noticing the rise and fall of the waters, what is equal in some respects to the "Nileometer." In the beach of the pond, which is of white sand, when the pond is low, a wagon and horses can be driven on the beach the whole circuit of the pond between the water and the bushes, which border the beach; but, in years of high water, the pond extends some distance into the bushes covering the beach. The oldest inhabitants who have noticed the rising and falling of the pond for half a century or more, are unable to account for these changes. The pond has no visible inlet or outlet, and covers an area of about one hundred acres.

The great lakes are not influenced in any noticeable extent by seasons of dry or wet weather.

The area of surface drained by the great lakes, including the St. Lawrence, is computed at 510,000 square miles. The area of surface drained by the

waters of the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, &c., is about 1,100,000 miles. The length of course of the waters of the lakes and the St. Lawrence, may be estimated at 1200 miles, and the width of the basin at about 425 miles. That of the Mississippi may be estimated at 2000 miles length of course, with a mean width of 550 miles of basin.

The area of surface drained by the Nile is estimated at about 420,000 square miles, with a length of course of 1680 miles, and a mean breadth of basin of about 550 miles.

The waters of the lakes are spread out over a great surface, while the waters of the Mississippi have a narrow channel. The rise of the former is consequently slow, while that of the latter is comparatively rapid.

The waters of the great lakes and those of the tributaries of the Mississippi mingle together at very high spring floods, when the lakes are at the greatest height. The waters of the great lakes which flow into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence pass over that portion of the surface of our continent which forms the curve of the sphere.

The head waters of the Mississippi come from an altitude which, when added to its northern latitude, would give a climate of the temperature of Iceland.

The cause of the rise of the lakes may be placed among those which cause the flow of Arctic ice at greater extent some years than others.

If we should find that the rise and fall of the great lakes are periodical and at long intervals of time, then, in that case, we must look for the influence of some solar or terrestrial body belonging to our system as the cause of these changes.

Some sections of the continent have long periods of drought. Here is an atmospheric phenomenon which is beyond the reach of human science to determine.

Whatever disorders we may find in the order of things, are parts of the great system, and help to make up the harmonies of nature. The thunder and its electric fire are, in our view, the convulsions of the air; but nature has placed these among its harmonies. So of the earthquake, the tornado and the frost.

The great lakes occupy the successive terraces of the earth, in the great slope to the St. Lawrence; and could we but view them from an elevated position, with a telescopic eye, we should see beauties of high order.

The waters of the great lakes are yet of that fertilizing quality that are possessed by the waters of the Nile and the Mississippi. Yet one of these is as much the king of lakes, as one of the others is the king of rivers.

E. M.

**NEW MODE OF PLANTING APPLE-TREES.**—A horticulturist in Bohemia has a beautiful plantation of the best apple-trees, which have neither sprung from seeds nor grafting. His plan is, to take shoots from the choicest sorts, insert them in a potato, and plunge both into the ground, having put an inch or two of the shoot above the surface. The potato nourishes the shoot whilst it pushes out roots, and the shoot gradually springs up, and becomes a beautiful tree, bearing the best fruit, without requiring to be grafted.—*Canada Newspaper.*

**EFFECT OF HABIT.**—The following utterly ridiculous instance of the painful habit London waiters have acquired of invariably repeating every syllable a customer utters, before they can possibly return any answer, literally occurred to a friend, who thus triumphantly tested their imperturbable gravity of countenance:—"Waiter!" "Yes sir." "Bottled stout." "Bottled stout, sir? Yes sir." "And—here, waiter!" "Yes sir." "Meet me in the willow glen!" "Willow glen, sir? Yes sir."—*Newspaper paragraph.*

From Frazer's Magazine.

NAPOLEON's enmity to a free press was limited to the discussion of politics. He encouraged, rewarded, and honored authors whose labors were bestowed upon arts and sciences, and whatever else could contribute to the material good of society. He was a lover of poetry, but did nothing for the lovers of the muses. He disliked Voltaire; often declared that De Lille was the only French poet worth reading since the days of Racine and Boileau; and always spoke with tenderness of the author of the poem on the Immortality of the Soul. Had De Lille lived long enough, Napoleon would have given him some signal mark of distinction; but he returned from a long exile, and died before the hero of Marengo had time to pay much attention to any other than military merit.

Napoleon was right in his judgment of this admirable imitator of Virgil, whose return to France was hailed with transport by all that was elegant and refined, after the revolutionary storm had blown over. A proof of the attention paid to De Lille will be found in the following anecdote.

There is a *Traiteur* on the Boulevard du Temple, well known by the sign of the Cadran Bleu. It was in this house that De Lille, when young, had read to a set of joyous companions, over a bottle of hermitage, his poem on Imagination. It was there that, for the first time, he received that applause which the literary world has since ratified by its suffrage in favor of that fine episode in which he paints the artist lost in the catacombs of Rome.

The recollection of this early triumph always revived in the soul of the poet the most pleasing emotions, and rendered the Cadran Bleu so dear to him, that on the anniversary of his youthful triumph he ordered a dinner, and invited his select friends to join him in the great room, to which he accorded so much local affection. When he lost his sight, this annual recreation was the more dear to him, as his pleasures were more circumscribed. Although he could not see kind faces, he could listen to the various conversations, and enjoy the bustle of a large room, where there were some dozen sets at dinner.

During the dark tempest in which his country had been tossed under the reign of the cannibals of the Revolution, De Lille retired to Switzerland, and then to London, where one of his most painful privations was that of the annual feast at the Cadran Bleu. When peace was for a moment restored, he returned to Paris, and his first desire, associated with recollections of times long past, was to dine there with a small party. He did not reflect on his vast renown, and the inconvenience of appearing in public, where, instead of listening unnoticed, he must necessarily be the object of general attention. No man, perhaps, ever received from the contemplation of nature stronger or more lively inspirations; no man ever delighted more than De Lille to look upon the world, enjoy its beauties, and convert them into poetical images; the noise and bustle of the crowd, the tumult and the din of large cities, were so many agreeable pictures to his ardent and inquiring mind. He suffered in solitude, and his friends sought to fill the blank that blindness had formed around him, with everything that could amuse and solace him. "If Providence will no longer permit me," said he, "to behold the light of heaven, where I found millions of dithyrambs on the immortality of the soul; if I can no longer enjoy the aspect of Na-

ture, I can at least listen to the accents of friendship, mix in active scenes of life, and hearken to the voice of that people who love my lyre, and, for a moment, thus forget my infirmity. *Oh! my friends, let us go once more to the Cadran Bleu!*"

In vain his friends represented the inconvenience to him, at his age, blind and infirm as he was, to be surrounded by a crowd, importuned, questioned, and fatigued; but he *would* go, and solicited with such earnestness to be accompanied, that there was no resisting his entreaties. At length one of his most intimate friends conceived a mode of satisfying his wishes, without exposing him to any inconvenience. This friend inhabited a spacious house in the Faubourg St. Germain, and resolved to arrange everything in such a manner as to imitate the great room of the Cadran Bleu, and make De Lille believe that he was dining in his favorite house, and in the saloon rendered so dear to him. All was prepared in consequence of this kind and happy conception; and, to the great joy of the poet, the day was fixed. His heart beat high as he heard the carriage that was to convey him thither roll over the pavement of the court-yard. He trembled with joy as he placed himself with Madame De Lille and two friends in the carriage, which, instead of going to the Boulevard du Temple, went to the hotel of the kind friend, where every one had his part to play, even to the porter at the gate, who cried out in a loud voice, in imitation of the oyster-women who sit at the door of all the *traiteurs* in Paris, "*Will you eat oysters? they are all fresh and good! Will you have fresh oysters?*" "Yes, yes, good woman," answered the delighted poet, "up stairs with them!" Several members of the academy, men of letters and distinguished artists, were placed at small tables, and making a noise with knives and plates and discussing all the common-place topics of the day, in order to render the illusion complete, and make the old bard believe he was really in the great dining-room of the Cadran Bleu. He pressed the arm of the friend who conducted him, and whispered, "There is the movement, the noise, the clatter I love so much. That is life! time flies here on the wings of electric fluid. Let us get a table, in a good place where I may hear all they say. Ho! waiter, give me a chair!"

He had scarcely spoken, when one of the best comic actors of the French theatre was at his side.

"What can I do to be agreeable to you, sir?"

"A table, a chair, place for four, my good lad, in a snug corner; but so as I may hear everything that is said in the room."

"Here, sir, is a place vacant that will suit you perfectly."

"That is a good lad. But tell me your name."

"Paul, sir; head-waiter of the 'Cadran Bleu.'"

"Good—good! Now, Paul, let us be well served, and you shall not be forgotten. Bring us the bill of fare, and a bottle of good sauterne, old and natural; no mixed stuff, friend Paul."

"You shall have the best, sir; make yourself easy on that point."

Oysters were served while the first dishes were preparing, in conformity with the choice he had made from the list his friend had read to him. During these moments of delay, a dispute arose at a table near him: the price of the funds,—the rate of exchange,—the last sales of colonial produce,—the speculations that had been made in wine and brandy, to send abroad, in consequence of the peace of Amiens. The conversation was loud and

animated, and several persons spoke at the same time. De Lille was attentive.

"I thought as much from their first words," said he, in a low voice; "these are brokers and merchants who have come to dine, and wash down their bargains with the good wine of the Cadran Bleu. These fellows know where prime living is to be had. I am glad to find the house preserves its ancient reputation."

At another table sat three ladies, representing three dealers in furniture and second-hand drapery. They laughed immoderately at each other's language, and made such a noise, that the poet could but indistinctly catch the subject of their mirth.

"I would lay a wager," said he, "that these three gossips are the wives of wood and charcoal merchants, in the Isle Souviers, who are amusing themselves while their husbands are gone to some sale at a distant forest. Only think, if I were a young man, how I would scrape an acquaintance with them, and crack jokes during the hour of dinner. How diverting it would be!"

When the service was removed, the mimic "Paul, the waiter," came gently towards the table, and expressed his hope that everything was good.

"Excellent, Paul, my good lad! I call you lad; but perhaps you have been a long time in the house."

"A long time, sir?" said the actor, giving his voice rather a graver tone; "long enough to remember having had the honor to wait upon M. De Lille."

"Not so loud,—not so loud, Paul; if you are overheard by the company, I shall be obliged to retire."

"Retire!" said Paul, with an air of surprise; "why every one loves M. De Lille."

Scarcely had Paul pronounced his name a second time, when an academician, in a dialect that announced him to be an inhabitant of the banks of the Garonne, came forward and said, "M. De Lille, if I heard aright; the great-wine merchant of the Rue des Marmoussets, at the sign of the good woman without a head?"

"No, sir, no; I am not a wine-merchant. Am I, my dear?" addressing himself to Madame De Lille, and smiling.

"Ah! ha! you smile; you think I don't know you; me, travelling clerk to the first house in Bordeaux. I cannot forget the good old master cahor you tried to make me swallow for the aurbrillant of my employers, the Bertrand brothers. Now, as my place is taken in the diligence, and I set off in two hours, if M. De Lille would favor us with an order, I promise, on my word of honor, to see it executed myself."

"I thank you a thousand times," said the poet; "but I really have no occasion for your services."

"I am sorry for it, good master; sorry for both of us; your house would lose nothing by trying a sample of the brothers Bertrands' stock, and I should be proud to have gained them so good a customer."

"Thanks, many thanks, for your kind offer, good sir; but I have retired from business," said De Lille, squeezing the hand of his wife in sign of delight. He looked radiant, called for coffee, and the bill.

The bill was laid on the table.

"How much, how much, my dear?" said he, to Madame De Lille. "Pay it, without saying a word; the dinner was so good I would not make an observation; besides, Paul knows me."

Madame De Lille opened the paper, and read as follows:—

"The honor to receive in my house the favorite poet of France is the only recompense I can consent to accept. I entreat him to accept my dinner as a homage paid to his genius by the restaurateur."

HENNEVEN.

"What means this?" said the old man, rising. "I cannot accept a dinner where I have not the least title to the generosity of the master of the house."

"No title!" said a literary friend, who played the part of the restaurateur. "You have a title not to be treated like an ordinary customer; and any man, in whose bosom a true French heart beats, would be but too happy to have such an opportunity of testifying his admiration."

"The man," said a lady, who personified Madame Henneven, "who has been so happy as to possess, even for an hour, in his saloon, the author of such splendid poems, cannot but feel that he is the poet's debtor." So, taking the piece of paper off the table, she retired.

"My dear," said Madame De Lille, "you ought not to offend these good people by a refusal."

"Well," said the poet, "be it so, on condition that this kind man and his wife come and dine at our house."

He did not, however, forget his promise to Paul. He told his wife to slip a piece of six francs into his hand; and, as he was afraid of being further importuned by the company, he begged to be conducted to the gardens of the Café Turc, near the hotel of the Cadran Bleu.

He was conducted about the streets in the environs of his friend's house, until he had walked about the distance that separates the Turk's coffee-house from the Cadran Bleu, and then into the garden, where a new scene was prepared, representing the gardens of that celebrated point of *réunion* for the inhabitants of the Marais, who hasten thither, after dinner, to regale their wives and children with iced cream and cakes. Several of the actors his friend had assembled were ready, waiting to play their parts, and make De Lille believe that he was really in one of the bowers of the public garden. He was led to a seat near which flower-pots and boxes, with shrubs and odoriferous plants, had been placed.

The poet took off his hat, raised his sightless eyeballs towards heaven, and seemed to be returning thanks to the Creator for the pleasure he felt; then, heaving a sigh, he said,—

"It is here that one can breathe the fresh air of spring, while inhaling the fragrance of the plants and flowers around his seat."

A new waiter presented himself.

"Do these gentlemen wish for iced-cream?"

"I do not think they would be good for you," said his wife.

"Good! the most excellent and agreeable tonic imaginable!" replied the poet. "Tell me, boy, what ices have you?"

"All kinds you can desire, sir; vanilla, pistache, strawberry, citron, and *crème à la Jacques De Lille*."

"How—how!—à la Jacques De Lille?" said the poet, with emotion.

"It is, sir, a mixture of preserved fruit of the rarest and richest kind. It is what we sell most at present, although the price be greater than that of other creams. All the young poets, and your literary gentlemen, sir, like it above all things;

they pretend that it gives them more brilliant ideas, and inspires them with a more refined taste. If you would taste it, sir, you would find it delicious."

"Be it so—be it so, my good boy," said the poet; and turning to his wife, "That is true Parisian, my dear,—the *mode*, the *mode*, and the *mode*, like everything they do, with passion."

A cream was soon brought to him, highly scented with essence of pine-apple. The poet declared that in his long life he had never tasted anything so exquisite.

Then came two musicians from the Opera Comique, and began to touch their harps.

"What! Savoyards—Italians in the garden?"

"No, my dear," said Madame De Lille, "they are two brothers from Languedoc, who go about the streets and public places; they play so well, that all Paris is delighted with them."

"Well—well, let us hear them; this is a pleasant day, indeed. Oh! Paris, where else can so many delightful things be found, and for so little cost?"

While one was preluding a new air, the other cried, with a loud voice, and with the rough pronunciation of the south,—

"Gentlemen and ladies, we are going to have the honor to play before you the new air, and sing the new song, or canticle, of 'St. Jacques.' It is not, ladies and gentlemen, either Jacques the hermit, nor Jacques of Compostella, nor Jacques the major, nor Jacques the minor; but Jacques De Lille, the Homer, the Virgil of French poesy."

The harps struck up an air that had been composed by Grétry, the poetry being by one of the company, in which the condensed history of the poet's life was sketched, from his birth at Limarque, to his last arrival at Paris. With such voices, and such brilliant execution, it may readily be conceived, the poet was enchanted. But he now began to suspect that Madame De Lille had arranged this music, and employed the musicians on purpose. He pressed her arm. "Let us go, my dear," said he, with emotion; "I cannot consent to be thus exhibited in public, like a wild beast. I thought myself with a select party of friends; in a few minutes I shall have all the people in the gardens about me. Let us depart."

"So you are in the midst of a select party of friends, my dear De Lille," said the master of the house; "and none but intimate friends and admirers are in your presence,—all happy and honored in a common effort to please and amuse you?"

"Then we have not dined at the Cadran Bleu?" said the poet, astonished.

"You have dined in the house of your old friend, and those who have represented the *habitués* of the Cadran Bleu and the Jardin Turc are here present to answer for themselves."

"It is not possible—it is not possible! Another farce! but this I cannot swallow."

Here M. de B—— of the Academy, taking the poet by the hand, said, in the same provincial dialect, "What! will you not allow that I played the part of the travelling clerk who offered to the wine-merchant of the Rue des Marmousets the services of the house of Bertrand brothers?"

"And I," said I——, of the French theatre, "am your most humble servant Paul, to whom you gave six francs."

"And we," said other voices, "are the brokers and merchants who talked of the rise in stocks this morning."

"And we," said three ladies, "are the gossips who amuse themselves when their husbands are absent."

When every one had claimed his or her share in this entertainment, and the lord and lady of the mansion renewed their expressions of satisfaction in the name of M. et Madame Henneven of the Cadran Bleu, the poet took out his handkerchief, wiped his forehead, and when his emotion permitted him to express his gratitude without a faltering voice, he exclaimed, "O France! in thy gay and happy society alone could such amiable deception be so admirably employed to amuse and solace an old man. O, my kind and affectionate friends! may you feel for your recompense the half of that delight which this moment communicates itself to my heart. When my dust shall be mingled with that of my fathers, each of you may say, 'I, too, contributed to shed a moment of light on the path of the blind poet; it was with me and my friends that he passed the happiest day of his life.'"

It was thus that literature and talents were honored in France when admiration of either was no longer held to be a crime against the state.

Before De Lille emigrated he was very near being immolated by the disgust that the atrociously sentimental Saint Just felt for men of letters; but he was saved by a person he had never seen.

Two members of the section of the Pantheon were charged to make domiciliary visits and arrest those whom they might deem *suspicious* of entertaining aristocratical opinions. The College of France was denounced *en masse*. Before making his visit, the elder of the two members, a working mason, called upon an ancient secretary of the section and asked him what he thought of a citizen De Lille who made no better use of his time than writing verses.

"I know who he is," replied the secretary.

"An aristocrat, no doubt."

"No, a poet."

"Well, it is pretty much the same."

"He may be an aristocrat among poets; but nowhere else. He regrets, probably, the loss of his revenue, but he has not courage enough to complain; he is the most timid creature I have ever seen. The other day, in the narrow passage Cloître St. Benoit, a poor man asked him for a charity. De Lille felt all his pockets, and found there half-a-crown, all the money he possessed, and, trembling like a leaf, he gave it to the beggar, whom he mistook for an assassin."

"If he trembled, he is guilty."

"No; his imagination is disordered; he does nothing to trouble the government. To arrest him would be an act of injustice without utility; to destroy him, a loss for the Republic;—for who will sing the praises of our armies if we kill all the poets?"

"Right, citizen; let him be kept to sing our victories over tyrants."

De Lille was soon afterwards arrested and brought before the committee of the section. The mason took his part and saved him. He even obtained for him a passport, on his promise to join the army and sing the exploits of the soldiers. De Lille so far kept his word that, being in the neighborhood of Huningen when it was bombarded, he ventured to the borders of the Rhine, to witness the effect of the artillery, which he describes in his poem on Imagination. Timid as he was, his virtue triumphed over his weakness during the fatal year of 1793. Two days before the festival that had been voted in honor of the Sa-

*preme Being*, Robespierre, dissatisfied with the hymns that had been sent to the Committee of Public Safety, for the occasion, and anxious to add to the celebrity of the ceremony a name well known to literature, ordered De Lille to prepare his lyre. The poet refused. He was menaced with a walk to the guillotine. "*It will spare me the trouble of walking home,*" replied the poet. The committee laughed at the singularity of the remark and forgot him for the moment.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
COLUMBUS.

*A Print after a Picture by Parmeggiano.*

BY B. SIMMONS.

I.

Rise, Victor, from the festive board  
Flush'd with triumphal wine,  
And, lifting high thy beaming sword,  
Fired by the flattering harper's chord,  
Who hymns thee half divine,  
Vow at the glutt'd shrine of Fate  
That dark-red brand to consecrate!  
Long, dread, and doubtful was the fray  
That gives the stars thy name to-day.  
But all is over; round thee now  
Fame shouts, spoil pours, and captives bow,  
No stormier joy can earth impart,  
Than thrills in lightning through thy heart.

II.

Gay Lover, with the soft guitar,  
Hie to the olive-woods afar,  
And to thy friend, the listening brook,  
Alone reveal that raptur'd look;  
The maid so long in secret loved—  
A parent's angry will removed—  
This morning saw betrothed thine,  
That sire the pledge, consenting, blest,  
Life bright as motes in golden wine,  
Is dancing in thy breast.

III.

Statesman astute, the final hour  
Arrives of long-contested power;  
Each crafty wile thine ends to aid,  
Party and principle betray'd;  
The subtle speech, the plan profound,  
Pursued for years, success has crown'd;  
To-night the vote upon whose tongue,  
The nicely-poised division hung,  
Was thine—beneath that placid brow  
What feelings throb exulting now!  
Thy rival falls;—on grandeur's base  
Go shake the nations in his place!

IV.

Fame, Love, Ambition! what are ye,  
With all your wasting passions' war,  
To the great strife that, like a sea,  
O'erswept His soul tumultuously,  
Whose face gleams on me like a star—  
A star that gleams through murky clouds—  
As here begirt by struggling crowds  
A spell-bound loiterer I stand,  
Before a print-shop in the Strand?  
What are your eager hopes and fears  
Whose minutes wither men like years—  
Your schemes defeated or fulfill'd,  
To the emotions dread that thrill'd  
His frame on that October night,  
When, watching by the lonely mast,  
He saw on shore the moving light,  
And felt, though darkness veil'd the sight,  
The long-sought World was his at last? \*

\*October 11, 1492.—"As the evening darkened, Co-

V.

How Fancy's boldest glances fail  
Contemplating each hurrying mood  
Of thought that to that aspect pale  
Sent up the heart's o'erboiling flood  
Through that vast vigil, while his eyes  
Watch'd till the slow reluctant skies  
Should kindle, and the vision dread,  
Of all his livelong years be read!  
In youth, his faith-led spirit doom'd  
Still to be battled and betray'd,  
His manhood's vigorous noon consumed  
Ere power bestow'd its niggard aid;  
That morn of summer, dawning grey,\*  
When, from Huelva's humble bay,  
He full of hope, before the gale  
Turn'd on the hopeless world his sail,  
And steer'd for seas uptrack'd, unknown,  
And westward still sail'd on—sail'd on—  
Sail'd on till Ocean seem'd to be  
All shoreless as Eternity,  
Till, from its long-loved star estranged,  
At last the constant needle changed,†  
And fierce amid his murmuring crew  
Prone terror into treason grew;  
While on his tortured spirit rose,  
More dire than portents, toils, or foes,  
The awaiting world's loud jeers and scorn  
Yell'd o'er his profitless return;  
No—none through that dark watch may trace  
The feelings wild beneath whose swell,  
As heaves the bark the billows' race,  
His being rose and fell!  
Yet over doubt, and pride, and pain,  
O'er all that flash'd through breast and brain,  
As with those grand, immortal eyes  
He stood—his heart on fire to know  
When morning next illum'd the skies,  
What wonders in its light should glow—

lumbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin, on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now, when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unrelenting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the roundhouse, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited."—*Living's Columbus*, vol. i.

\* "It was on Friday, the 3d of August, 1492, early in the morning, that Columbus set sail on his first voyage of discovery. He departed from the bar of Saltes, a small island in front of the town of Huelva, steering in a south-westerly direction," &c.—*Irring*. He was about fifty-seven years old the year of the Discovery.

† "On the 13th September, in the evening, being about two hundred leagues from the island of Ferro, he, for the first time, noticed the variation of the needle, a phenomenon which had never before been remarked. Struck with the circumstance, he observed it attentively for three days, and found that the variation increased as he advanced. It soon attracted the attention of the pilots, and filled them with consternation. It seemed as if the very laws of nature were changing as they advanced, and that they were entering another world subject to unknown influences."—*Ibid*.



O'er all one thought must, in that hour,  
 Have sway'd supreme—Power, conscious Power—  
 The lofty sense that truths conceived,  
 And born of his own starry mind,  
 And foster'd into might, achieved  
 A new creation for mankind!  
 And when from off that ocean calm  
 The Tropic's dusky curtain clear'd,  
 And those green shores and banks of balm  
 And rosy-tinted hills appear'd  
 Silent and bright as Eden, ere  
 Earth's breezes shook one blossom there—  
 Against that hour's proud tumult weigh'd,  
 Love, Fame, Ambition, how ye fade!

## VI.

Thou Luther of the darken'd Deep!  
 Nor less intrepid, too, than he  
 Whose courage broke earth's bigot sleep  
 Whilst thine unbarr'd the sea—  
 Like his, 't was thy predestined fate  
 Against your grim benighted age,  
 With all its fiends of Fear and Hate,  
 War, single-handed war, to wage,  
 And live a conqueror, too, like him,  
 Till Time's expiring lights grow dim!  
 O, hero of my boyish heart!  
 Ere from thy pictured looks I part,  
 My mind's maturer reverence now  
 In thoughts of thankfulness would bow  
 To the Omniscient Will that sent  
 Thee forth, its chosen instrument,  
 To teach us hope, when sin and care,  
 And the vile soiling that degrade  
 Our dust, would bid us most despair—  
 Hope, from each varied deed display'd  
 Along thy bold and wondrous story,  
 That shows how far one steadfast mind,  
 Serene in suffering as in glory,  
 May go to deify our kind.

From the Confessions of a Footman in Blackwood's Magazine.

## HAIR CUTTING.

You may recollect, perhaps, Mr. Editor, that, about thirteen years ago, certain Orders of Council (issued during the war) shut out the Birmingham manufacturers, for a time, from the American market. The joy which pervaded my native town, when these Orders were taken off, was boundless. Some people illuminated their houses; others blew themselves up with gunpowder; balls, routs, and concerts, night after night, were given by every family of any gentility; and the six hackney coaches of Birmingham were bespoken for full dress parties sixteen deep. But, if it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, I am sure I may say, that's a good wind which blows nobody evil; it happened, on one of these evenings of general rejoicing, that a traveller, who was staying at the "Hen and Chickens" hotel, took a fancy to require the assistance of a hair-dresser.

For my sins, not a single fashionable barber was to be met with! Mr. Frizzlewig's people were all engaged for the next week. Mr. Tailcomb was sent to; but he "could not come in less than two hours." At last, the waiter (who was to bring a barber, whether he could get one or no) bethought him of us, and ran down with the gentleman's commands.

Mr. Napkin's intimation produced an immense sensation in our back parlor. My master had met with an accident the day before—he was the real barber of whom the story is told, that cut his own thumb through the cheek of his customer. Our big 'prentice was gone out for all the afternoon, to decorate the young ladies by contract, at "Hollabaloo House" boarding-school. I—the *enfant perdu* of the scissors—was the only disposable force! But great exigencies must be met with appropriate exertions of daring. An introduction at the "Hen and Chickens" was an opportunity not to be neglected. John Blow-

bellows, the blacksmith, who had been grumbling because I was going to shave him, was now informed that he could not be shaved at all; and, with instructions to "cut gently," and "to charge at least half a crown," I was hurried off to "the gentleman at the inn."

The first sight of my new patient set my nerves dancing in all directions. He was a huge, tall, brawny, red-hot Irishman, with a head of hair bright orange, and as curly as that of a negro.

"Cut my hair, boy," he said, in a voice like the grating of wagon-wheels; "and, you spalpeen, be handy, for it's these twenty-four hours that I'm waiting for you."

I had cut two descriptions of hair in my time; but Mr. M'Boot's was neither of these. In the smooth, straight lock, I succeeded pretty well; for I could cut an inch or so off all round, and tell by my eye when all was even. And in the close crop of the charity-school, I was at home to facility; for it was only running the comb along, close to the scalp, and against the grain, and cutting off everything that appeared above it. But the stranger's hair was neither in the lanky, nor the close-hogged mood. It was of a bright red color, as I have said before—stiff as wire—of an inveterate tight round curl—and bushy to frightfulness, from excess of luxuriant growth. He had started from London with it rather too long; worn it, uncombed, on a three months' journey through Wales; and waited till he reached Birmingham, that he might have it cut in the fashion.

"Cut my hair, I say, you devil's baby," repeated this knight of the appalling chevelure, imbibing a huge draught from a tumbler of brandy and water, which he was consuming while he dressed, and recommencing, in a horrible voice, to sing "The Lads of Shillelagh," a measure which my entrance had for the moment interrupted. I obeyed, but with a trembling hand; the very first sight of his head had discomposed all my faculties. I plunged into the operation of adjusting it as into a voyage over sea, without rudder or compass. I cut a bit here, and a bit there, taking very little off at a time, for fear of losing my way; but the detestable round curl, rolling itself up at the moment I let go the end, defeated every hope, every chance, of regularity.

"Thin the rest," blasphemed the sufferer, "and so leave it, for I'll not wait." This command put the finishing stroke to my perplexity. Thinning was a process entirely past my skill; but a fresh exclamation, interrupting "The Lads of Shillelagh," left me no longer any power of thought. I had seen the business of "thinning" performed, although I did not at all comprehend it; I knew that the scissors were to be run through the hair from one side to another with a sort of snip—snip—all the way, so I dashed on—snip—snip—through the close round curls, quite surprised at my own dexterity, for about a minute and a half; and then, taking up my comb to collect the proceeds of the operation, three-fourths of the man's hair came off at once in my hand!

What followed I have never exactly been clear to. Mr. M'Boot, I think, felt the sudden chill occasioned by the departure of his head-gear: at all events, he put his hand to his head, and motioned to rise. I made a rush to the door, muttering something about "heating irons;" but, as I turned round, I saw discovery in his eye. I see him even now, with a countenance more in amazement than in anger, standing, paralyzed, beside the chair upon which he had been sitting, and rubbing his head with the left hand, as doubting if the right had not misinformed him; but, at the moment when the thing occurred, I thought only of my escape. I made but one step to each flight of stairs; clung to the basket of a London coach which happened to be starting at the moment, and, in five minutes, with the "thinning scissors" still hanging to my fingers, lost sight of Birmingham—perhaps forever.

"My native land, good night!"

## MISS SARAH MARTIN.

DIED, October 14, at Yarmouth, Norfolk, Miss Sarah Martin.

In the death of this scarcely less remarkable than estimable female, society at large, and more particularly the town of Yarmouth, her residence, has sustained what it is to be feared will prove an irreparable loss. A life which was more completely devoid of all considerations of self, was more exclusively devoted to doing good, and in the pursuit of that object really accomplished a greater quantity of good, would with difficulty be found; perhaps not at all, if the effect produced be measured by the amount of talents that, humanly speaking, was allotted by the Almighty to the purpose. To give publicity to the details of such a life is not only agreeable, but may almost be considered a bounden duty.

There are few, except in the very lowest classes of society, who may not feel in reading these particulars that an example which it is altogether in their power to imitate is thus proposed to themselves. Some may even be tempted to think, when the springs and modes of action and their results are laid before them, that they hear the words of our blessed Saviour, "Go thou, and do likewise." The power of wealth, the influence of station, the grasp of genius, the expansion of the mind by study, all these are naturally calculated to enlarge the sphere of utility; but with no one of these could the subject of the present brief memoir be said to have been gifted; of most she was eminently deficient. A child of poverty, accustomed throughout life to earn her daily bread by her daily labor, she nevertheless proposed to herself a very different decided object, and this she steadily kept in view. The object was to visit the prison, and relieve and reform its wretched inmates; and thus to do what she humbly hoped might be acceptable in the eyes of her Creator by benefiting her fellow-creatures. It needs scarcely to be said that a strong religious impression would alone have been competent to have produced such an effect. But no sooner did this gain power over her mind than her determination was formed; she persevered through evil report and good report; against objections, remonstrances, and ridicule, against privations, against the harder trials of what could not but be offensive to a delicate female—nay, even against the neglect and rebuffs of those whose welfare she sought, she "held the even tenor of her way," and she succeeded no less to the comfort of herself than of the objects of her solicitude. Some account of the effects of her exertions is already before the public in five several parliamentary reports from the pen of Captain Williams, the humane and judicious inspector of gaols. In that for 1835, he states, "Sunday, November 29th, I attended divine service in the morning at Yarmouth prison. The male prisoners only were assembled; a female resident in the town officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the Liturgy of the Church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well, much better than I have frequently heard in our best appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers.

"During the performance of the service the prisoners paid the profoundest attention and the most marked respect, and, as far as it is possible to judge, they appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterwards to the female prisoners.

"This most estimable person has, for the long period of seventeen years, almost exclusively given up her time to bettering the wretched condition of the prisoners confined in this gaol. She is generally there four or five times a week, and since her first

commencing these charitable labors she has never omitted being present a single Sabbath day. On the week days she pursues, with equal zeal, a regular course of instruction with the male and female prisoners. Many of the prisoners have been taught to read and write, of which very satisfactory examples were produced; and the men are instructed and employed in binding books, and cutting out of bone, stilettoes, salt-spoons, wafer-stamps, and similar articles, which are disposed of for their benefit. The females are supplied with work according to their several abilities, and their earnings are paid to them on their discharge; in several instances they have earned sufficient to put themselves in decent apparel, and be fit for service. After their discharge they are, by the same means, frequently provided with work, until enabled to procure it for themselves."

The following particulars have been principally copied from a very interesting autobiographical sketch, which was drawn up by this lady during her last illness, and has been published since her death. The present writer can vouch for the truth of many of the leading facts.

Miss Martin was born at the village of Caister near Yarmouth, in June, 1791; of both her parents she was deprived at a very early age. The care of her consequently devolved upon her grandmother, of the name of Bonnett, who was a glover, and is remembered by many still living as a woman of a most kind disposition, exemplary conduct, and much piety. She herself was from the first no common child;

"Dainties she heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy."

Her passion was for reading at every spare moment, and tales and novels and books of that description were naturally her attraction and her delight. It was in her nineteenth year that first, by what in common parlance would be called accident, her thoughts were turned into a different channel. She walked to Yarmouth on a fine summer evening, and, tired perhaps, strolled into a place of worship, and, as she confesses, listened to the preacher from mere curiosity. But the effect was far from transitory. The text he had selected was, "We persuade men;" and its truth he exemplified in the persuasion of his new hearer. To use her own words, "It was then that the Spirit of God sent a ray of light upon my guilty soul, slave of Satan, fast bound in misery and error. Stranger as I was to my divine teacher, this first lesson was distinctly impressed, that the religion of the Bible was a grand reality. On my way back I reflected upon what I had heard, and my mind was expanded with a sense of the divine majesty. Returned home, I spoke of the sermon with astonishment and admiration. I was told that it was the novelty pleased me, and would soon wear off; but the answer of my heart was 'I hope never, be it novelty or delusion; it is so precious I cannot part with it.'"

The seed was sown, and neither by the wayside, nor on a rock, nor among thorns, but on good ground, where it would bear fruit a hundred-fold.

Doubts, difficulties, and struggles naturally followed, and no less naturally gave way. Engaged as she was in her business as a dressmaker, she still found time for her religious duties; for those who seek time will always find it. Her first attempt at usefulness was the causing of herself to be admitted as teacher in a Sunday school. A very touching case of a dying child was very shortly after presented to her notice, and she was allowed to remark with joy and thankfulness that the blessing of the Father was neither held back from herself nor the children. The parish workhouse next attracted her attention. Having been told of a young woman there afflicted with an abscess, she found admission by going to visit her, and at her death obtained what was then the desire of her heart, in the request of a number of aged and sick women in the room to continue her visits, to read

the Scriptures and pray with them. The request was soon echoed by the inmates of all the sick rooms; and it is needless to say that time and pains so employed were productive of the happiest effect. The workhouse, which had previously been in a most neglected and disgraceful state, shortly, by this single circumstance, assumed the air of order and comparative comfort. Not content, therefore, with her original design, she extended her views to the education of the children, and here, also, found her labors richly rewarded. Every Monday afternoon was devoted to this object, and continued to be so till within a short time of her death. She made the children commit to memory portions of the Holy Scriptures, and of Watts' Divine Songs. She prepared from the Bible ten sets of questions, answered by texts, on the most prominent scripture truths; she had them copied in large writing on pasteboard sheets hung along the walls, and she commenced teaching them herself; but, on discovering that two girls about nine or ten years old had taught what they had learned of her to two of their bedfellows, she transferred this work to such among them as desired to undertake it, and found the plan answer well. The interest taken by the children in their religious instruction astonished her, and she records with gratitude, that it was always to her a charming sight to observe the happy countenances of these children while teaching their little pupils for her to hear them on a Monday.

From the workhouse to the gaol is but too commonly a single and an easy step, and such it proved—but, in the present instance, happily—with Miss Martin. We quote her own words when we say that "often, in passing the latter, she had felt a strong desire to obtain admission to the prisoners and read the Scriptures to them; for she had felt much of their condition and their sin before God, how they were shut out from the society whose rights they had violated, and how destitute they were of Bible instruction, which alone could meet their unfortunate circumstances." And here also she was indebted to a casual occurrence for the accomplishment of her wishes. She had heard of a woman having been committed for having cruelly beaten her child; and she applied, and obtained leave to visit her, while the other prisoners, witnessing the comfort then administered, each after each prayed to be allowed to share it, and thus she gradually established her footing. The public attention had not then been directed to the subject of prison discipline. Howard and Neild were dead, and Mrs. Fry and Sir Fowell Buxton were but at the outset of their benevolent career. Gaols were nothing more than places of confinement and privation, and occasionally punishment; safe custody was nearly the whole that was required, and, provided the doors were locked upon the inmates, no inquiry was made how their time was spent. The most of it was given up to gaming, swearing, playing, and bad language, while visitors, and provisions, and liquor, were indiscriminately admitted from without with little restriction. At Yarmouth, too, it must unfortunately be admitted that no attention was at that time paid to the moral or religious tuition of those confined: except by name, the very existence of the Sabbath might be said to be unknown among them. Here then Miss Martin resolved to make her stand; she had gone one Sunday to see a female convict under sentence of transportation, and had found her engaged in making a bonnet. With such a fact before their eyes, but little persuasion was needed on her part to induce the prisoners to pay some respect to the day set apart by the command of the Almighty for rest. Some of their own number at first undertook to read to the others, while she herself attended and joined in the service. The duty of performing this, after a short time, fell upon her; and she for twenty years unremittingly continued it, both morning and evening. The consequences of such a line of conduct may easily be imagined; they have, indeed,

been strongly portrayed in the quotation made above from Captain Williams' Report. It were impossible in a publication like this to attempt to follow them in detail, but they will be found in her own memoir, and still more strikingly in the extracts subjoined from her prison-journals, which she kept with great care; regularly recording whatever she observed regarding the prisoners, their offences, their state of mind on coming within the walls, the effect she was able to produce upon them, their feelings on returning to the world, and in many instances their subsequent conduct, and their success or the contrary in life.

To both parties it is but justice to add that the results were in the greater number of instances satisfactory. These records have by Miss Martin's will been consigned to a lady in the neighborhood, who, it is much hoped, may be induced to deposit them in the public library of the town, where and where only they will find their proper resting place. They will be frequently seen by those acquainted with the writer, with whom they cannot but increase their reverence for her character, and they may lead others to tread in her steps. Possibly also they may fall under the eyes of some one whose case they record, and who, while he reflects on his now altered condition, may be the more encouraged to persevere in his reformed career, while he blesses the ministering hand, and thanks the power that guided and prompted it.

After all, the question will naturally occur, how it could possibly happen that any one situated like Miss Martin should have been enabled to devote her time to pursuits that could in no wise contribute towards the providing of her "daily bread." This would have been altogether impossible without extraneous aid. The fact was, that her whole dependable income was the interest of a sum of between £200 and £300; but, when it became known how she employed herself, and what good she did, a lady who had watched her progress proposed to pay her for a day, weekly, as much as she would have earned by dress-making; and the benevolent example was followed till every day was so "bought off." Various persons also contributed small pecuniary aid to assist her in finding employment for discharged prisoners; and, finally, the town-council persuaded her, though with much difficulty, to accept an annual grant of £13, meeting her remonstrances with the cogent remark, "If we permit you to visit our prisons, you must submit to our terms."

Yet another question may likewise possibly be asked, How could a young woman of low origin and condition, and without support from the authorities, insure respect, or even decency, in such a place? But those who would make the inquiry are far from conversant with human nature. They take a very incorrect estimate of the dignity of the female character, in whose train respect and esteem are no less certain attendants than regard and affection. If, according to the poet,

"Vice is a creature of so hideous mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen,"

the contrary, happily, holds good with virtue; and this was strikingly exemplified in Miss Martin, with regard to whom, Captain Williams informs us, "only a single instance is recorded of any insult having been offered her, and that was by a prisoner of notoriously bad character; upon which," he adds, "she gave up her attendance upon the ward he belonged to, but, at the earnest entreaty of the others, resumed her visits after his discharge."

**MORAL RETRIBUTION AT LAST.**—M. Galignani, the publisher at Paris, who, by a twenty years' piracy of English literature, has realized a large fortune, has just been decorated with the Legion of Honor. We really do not know which is worse—the punishment or the offence.—*Punch*.

From Chambers' Journal.

## POPULAR FRENCH SONGS.

## NO. I.—MALBROUGH.

AN enterprising Parisian publisher has, during the last year, been issuing a series of the most popular songs of France, with illustrations which surpass, in pictorial effect and in characteristic drawing, any publication we have to boast of in England, while the price is a mere bagatelle—sixpence—or about the fifth of what such a thing would be offered at for sale in this country. Each number, (of which one appears every week,) contains sometimes a single piece, though, when they are short, there are three songs to a *livraison*. An interesting essay precedes, and the music, with piano-forte accompaniment, concludes every number. The first song is one of the most popular—not only in France, but over the rest of the continent and in this country—that ever was written. It is properly entitled, “The death and burial of the invincible Malbrough,” (Mort et Convoi de l’invincible Malbrough,) the great Duke of Marlborough’s name having been first corrupted by the French into “Malbrough,” and imported back again to its native language altered into Malbrook; by which the song is universally known here.

As it relates to one of England’s most celebrated generals, we prefer translating the curious and interesting French remarks which accompany the ditty in the “*Chansons Populaires*,” to making any comments of our own. This amusing essay is by M. Lacroix, chief librarian to the king of the French, an accomplished historian, and author of several historical tales of great interest and popularity. He has invariably written under the name of the Bibliophile P. L. Jacob:—

“The celebrated song of Malbrough was certainly composed after the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709, and not after the death of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, in 1722, as many grave commentators on the facetious ballad have supposed. Not a single circumstance narrated in the popular little poem accommodates itself to the veritable demise of his Grace. When the illustrious general died at his estate of Windsor Lodge, on the 17th June, 1722, from the consequences of an attack of apoplexy, he had not appeared at the head of an army for more than six years; for more than ten he had played nothing more than an obscure and secondary part in European politics; and the French, more fickle at that epoch than they are even at present, had had quite time enough to forget him. George I., on mounting the throne, recalled the Duke of Marlborough to court, from which Queen Anne had estranged both him and his wife; but his majesty demanded nothing more than the duke’s counsels—which he never followed. Marlborough, therefore, lived very soberly upon his domain, where his money failed him in completing his magnificent Blenheim, which Queen Anne and the English parliament agreed to finish in memory of his brilliant Dutch victory. He fell into a second childhood, and finally expired in presence of Lady Marlborough, whom he charged to bury him with pomp and grandeur.

“The ditty is, then, anterior to his demise, which made but little noise even in England; yet in the ancient prose legion which originally accompanied the song, it is stated that ‘Marlborough was killed at the battle of Malplaquet, which took place between Mons and Baray on the 11th September,

1709.’ In that battle, which was, even according to English historians, glorious for the French, the Marshal de Villars was wounded in the knee when he was about to surround the Duke of Marlborough, and to hem him in between the two wings of the French army. At this decisive juncture the English general ran the most critical hazards, and was supposed to have partaken of the fate of five of his generals who were killed in the *melée*.

“The rumor of his death was rapidly spread, and, without doubt, some wanton versifier made the following funeral oration while bivouacking at Quesnoy on the evening of the fight, to console himself for having had neither food nor rest for three days; such being characteristic of a Frenchman’s temperament. The Duke of Marlborough, a great captain and subtle politician, had been the bane of Louis XIV. during thirty years—he had pursued, attacked, and crippled him on every field of battle, and in every European cabinet. He had proved himself a worthy pupil of the great Condé and of Turenne at Höchstett, Oudenarde, and Ramillies; his name was the terror and admiration of the soldier. Not being able to conquer, the enemy lampooned him, and each of his victories was followed by a new satirical song; such verses being in France then—as in the good times of Cardinal Mazarin—the people’s most ordinary means of taking their revenge.

“The song was not much known to the heroes of Malplaquet; it was preserved only by tradition in some of the provinces, where it had been probably left by the soldiers of Villars and De Boufflers; it was not even received in the immense collections of anecdotic songs which formed part of the archives of the French noblesse. But in 1781 it resounded, all of a sudden, from one end of the kingdom to the other. It happened that when Maria Antoinette gave to the throne of France an heir, he was nursed by a peasant named [probably nicknamed] Madame Poitrine, who had been chosen, among other qualifications, for her healthy appearance and good humor. The nurse, while rocking the royal cradle, sung Malbrough, and the dauphin, it is said, opened its eyes at the name of the great general. The name, the simplicity of the words, the singularity of the burthen, and the touching melodiousness of the air, interested the queen, and she frequently sang it. Everybody repeated it after her, and even the king condescended to quaver out the words, *Malbrough, s’en va-t-en guerre*. Malbrough was sung in the state apartments of Versailles; in the kitchens, in the stables—it became quite the rage; from the court it was adopted by the trades-people of Paris, and passed thence from town to town, and country to country; it was wafted across the sea to England, where it soon became as popular as in France. It is said that a French gentleman wishing, when in London, to be driven to Marlborough street, had totally forgotten its name; but on singing the air of Malbrough, the coachman understood him immediately, and drove him to the proper address with no other direction.

“Goethe, who travelled in France about the same time, was so teased with the universal concert of Malbrough, that he took a hatred to the duke, who was the innocent cause of the musical epidemic. Malbrough made itself heard, without ceasing, apropos of everything, and apropos of nothing; it gave its name to the fashions, to silks, head-dresses, carriages, and socs. The subject

of the song was painted on fire-screens, on fans, and on china; it was embroidered on tapestries, engraven on toys and keepsakes—was reproduced, in short, in all manner of ways and forms. The rage for Malbrough endured for many years, and nothing short of the Revolution, the fall of the Bastille, and the Marselloise hymn, were sufficient to smother the sounds of that hitherto never ceasing song.

"The warlike and melancholy air of the song did not, any more than its hero, originate in France, and we have sought in vain to trace its history back from the time when Napoleon—in spite of his general antipathy to music—roared it out whenever he got into his saddle to start on a fresh campaign. We are not unwilling to believe, with M. de Chateaubriand, that it was the same air which the crusaders of Godefroid de Bouillon sung under the walls of Jerusalem. The Arabs still sing it, and pretend that their ancestors learned it at the battle of Massoura, or else from the brothers-in-arms of De Joinville, who repeated it to the clashing of bucklers while pressing forward to the cry of 'Mountjoy Saint-Denis!'"

After so elaborate an essay, the reader will expect a first-rate song, but he will perhaps be disappointed to find that the mountain of preface brings forth nothing but a poetical mouse. The song of Malbrough is curious merely from its absurdity; but its very absurdity is quaintness. It is, in fact, not meant to be read in, as it were, cold blood; it is only intended to be sung, for much of the humor lies in the constant repetition of each line. Such repetitions would, however, be far from amusing to read, and we therefore only print the first and last stanzas entire. The couplets bereft of the refrain do not rhyme, for, as each line is sung over and over again before the tune is finished, the jingling of concordant syllables would render the whole tiresome.

#### THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF MALBROUGH.

Malbrough is gone to the wars,  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;\*  
Malbrough is gone to the wars,  
None know when he'll return.

At Easter perhaps 't will be,  
Or else at Trinity.

But Trinity has passed,  
And yet he comes not back.

His dame ascends her tower  
So high she can go no higher.

Her page she sees approach,  
In vestments all of black.

"O sweet and comely page,  
What is the news you bring?"

"The tidings I shall tell  
Will cause your eyes to weep—

Your pink attire to doff,  
Likewise your silk and gold.

Monsieur de Malbrough's dead—  
What's more—he's buried.

I saw him laid in the earth  
By four brave officers.

\* Mironton, mirontaine, is an old *refrain*, or burden, which was in other ditties usually articulated miron-ton, ton, mirontaine, and corresponds to the *fa, la, la* with which English song-writers eked out their limping stanzas to the tune. The last line is sung three times, and the whole stanza repeated straight through.

One carried his cuirass,  
A second his buckler stout,  
A third his terrible sword,  
A fourth carried nothing at all.

At the entrance of his tomb  
They planted rosemary.

On the highest branch of the tree,  
A nightingale was perched.

They saw it steal his soul  
With laurel it to crown.

Each man fell on his face—  
And then got up again

To sing the victories  
That Malbrough had achieved.

The ceremony over,  
They all went home to bed,

Some with their good wives,  
And others by themselves.

No single mortal failed  
In this, I'm pretty sure;

Let them be dark or fair,  
Or of the chestnut's hue.

I've nothing else to say,  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, mirontaine;  
I've nothing else to say,  
And I'm sure I've said enough" (*thrice*.)

PLAY WRITERS have now-a-days no pleasant duty. They must compose pieces not so much for the purpose of "holding the mirror up to nature," as to suit the fancies of actors—a thing about as ridiculous as would be the writing of books to suit the taste of composers. In a late article in Mr. Jerrold's *Illuminated Magazine*, an ideal author, Mr. Delawhange, who writes a play called the *Road to Riches*, submits his production to the manager of one of the metropolitan theatres, and receives it back along with the following characteristic letter:—"My dear Sir—We are all of opinion that the third act of your drama must be transposed with the first; because Mrs. Z— (if she is to play your heroine) will not consent to appear in the dress you have described, after Miss Q— has already been seen by the audience in a similar costume. This is imperative. You must, my dear sir, if you wish the piece to *escape failure*, which now-a-days means *great success*, cut down your low comedy part. I acknowledge it is cleverly written, but it interferes unpleasantly with Mr. —'s character, and he *must* be the feature, or he will not act at all. The part is too funny; you can reduce it to a mere walking gentleman. You can throw the jokes into the bit you have written for the second *bad* act, which is short enough, and he is never on in Mr. —'s scene. The supper and champagne you have described in the second act must be entirely omitted. In these times of theatrical economy, the management cannot afford any expensive extra properties; you can speak about them, which will do just as well. I agree that it will cut out some very brilliant dialogue—but what are we to do? I would advise you, in a friendly way, to alter the title of your piece, and simply call it by the name by which you have designated the character intended for Mr. —. It will be quite worth the while of your music publishers to give the twenty guineas to Mrs. Z—, if she *will* introduce the song you have pointed out. She objects to sing it for less. You must concede all these matters, or the play will be laid aside; for I understand that the reading in the room was *wholly* *so-far* *there*. Yours most sincerely, P. S.—Send it altered in the morning."

From the Athenæum.

**MEXICO as it was and as it is.** By BRANTZ MAYER, Secretary of the U. S. Legation to that country in 1841 and 1842. New York, Winchester; London and Paris, Wiley & Putnam.

WE have of late years obtained several interesting glimpses of Mexico, a country which, both from its ancient monuments and modern condition, opens to us some of the most perplexing difficulties in the history of civilization, and some of the most knotty problems in political science. Mr. Mayer does not profess an intention to satisfy either the antiquarian or the statesman; he declares that his design was simply to record what he saw, adding only such reflections as were suggested to his mind at the moment; he describes himself as a mere gatherer of materials, and declares that "Time will build the monument." His contributions "to the pile" embrace a wide variety of subjects, relating to the social condition, religion, antiquities, statistics, revolutions and politics of Mexico; and our duty will be best performed by selecting some of the most prominent and useful portions of this miscellaneous collection.

The aspect of Vera Cruz, where our Secretary of Legation landed, is briefly and sportively described:—

"Vera Cruz lies on a low, sandy shore, extending for miles along the coast. I will not trouble you with the details of the city's history, famous as the spot where thousands have come to die of the *vomito*—or, to make their fortunes, (if they survive the certain attack of that disease,) and return with shattered constitutions to colder climates, to ache in memory of the heat they endured in Mammon's service. Landing at the Moletta, the first thing that struck me was a gang of more than a hundred galley-slaves, chained, and at work in the broiling sun, cutting and carrying stone to repair the broken pier. The second was the roofs of the churches, which seemed to be covered with mourning, as I supposed for some deceased prelate. The mourning turned out, however, to be nothing more than thousands of zopilotes or turkey-buzzards, the chief of whom is usually perched on the peak of the cross of the loftiest church—a sentinel for prey! These two classes of folks, to wit, the galley-slaves and zopilotes, constitute a large part of the most useful population of Vera Cruz—the former being the city authorities' laborers, the latter the city authorities' scavengers. It is a high crime to kill a zopilote. He is under the protection of the laws, and walks the streets with as much nonchalance and as 'devil-may-care' a look as other 'gentlemen in black' who pick the sins from our souls as these creatures pick impurities from the streets. The *Mole*, or quay, is of good masonry, and furnished with stairs and cranes for the landing of goods, though from the great violence of the ocean during the *Northers*, and the great neglect of proper repairs, it is likely to be entirely ruined. In heavy weather the sea makes a clear breach over it; yet this, and the Castle of San Juan on a land spit near a mile off, are the only protections for the shipping of all nations and the commerce of more than half the Republic! Passing from the Mole you enter the city by an unfinished gateway, near which Santa Anna lost his leg during the attack of the French in 1838. Beyond this portal is a large square, which will be surrounded with custom-house buildings—though there is now scarce a symptom of them except in the granite stones, most of which have been imported from the United States. From this spot, a short walk to the left leads you to the arcade of a

street, and you soon find yourself in the public square of the city, which, though small in its dimensions, is neat and substantial. On the east, north, and west, it is bounded by noble ranges of edifices, built over light arches—the one to the eastward, with its back to the sea, being the former governor's residence, and still appropriated to the civil and military purposes of the State. On the south of the square is the parish church, with its walls blackened with sea-damps and zopilotes."

There was little temptation to detain travellers at Vera Cruz, which its own citizens describe as "the metropolis of pestilence;" Mr. Mayer therefore sought the earliest means of continuing his journey into the interior. Tales of robbery, however, were rife, and he obtained an escort from the authorities. The value of such protection may be estimated by the fact that Mr. Mayer having accidentally examined the carbine of one of his guards, found that the lock was so damaged as to render the weapon utterly unserviceable. The most interesting event of the journey was the acquaintance which our traveller made with the *arrieros*, or common carriers of the country, by whom nearly all the transportation of the most valuable merchandise and precious metals is conducted.

"They form a very large proportion of the population, yet by no similar class elsewhere are they exceeded in devoted honesty, punctuality, patient endurance, and skilful execution of duty. Nor is this the less remarkable when we recollect the country through which they travel—its disturbed state—and the opportunities consequently afforded for transgression. I have never been more struck with the folly of judging men by mere dress and physiognomy, than in looking at the *Arrieros*. A man with wild and fierce eyes, tangled hair, slashed trowsers, and well greased jerkin that has breasted many a storm—a person, in fact, to whom you would scarcely trust an old coat when sending it to your tailor for repairs—is frequently in Mexico, the guardian of the fortunes of the wealthiest men for months, on toilsome journeys among the mountains and defiles of the inner land. He has a multitude of dangers and difficulties to contend with. He overcomes them all—is never robbed and never robs—and, at the appointed day, comes to your door with a respectful salutation, and tells you that your wares or moneys have passed the city gates. Yet this person is often poor, bondless and unsecured—with nothing but his fair name and *unbroken word*. When you ask him if you may rely on his people, he will return your look with a surprised glance, and striking his breast, and nodding his head with a proud contempt that his honor should be questioned, exclaim: 'Soy José Maria, Señor, por veinte annos Arriero de Mexico—todo el mundo me conoce!' 'I am José Maria, sir, I'd have you know—an Arriero of Mexico for twenty years—all the world knows me!'"

Most travellers have dwelt with rapture on the first aspect of the Valley of Mexico from the ridge of the Sierra Nevada; to Cortez and his companions, it seemed as if a terrestrial paradise had been suddenly opened to them, for the hills were then covered with forests, the lake had not shrunk from its proportion, and in the centre of its wide expanse of waters rose the proud city of the Aztec kings, filled with palaces and temples, the Venice of a New World. Even now, there are few who could gaze on such a panorama as Mr. Mayer has described without lively emotion:—

"Conceive yourself placed on a mountain nearly two thousand feet above the valley, and nine thousand above the level of the sea. A sky above you of the most perfect azure, without a cloud, and an

atmosphere so transparently pure, that the remotest objects at the distance of many leagues are as distinctly visible as if at hand. The gigantic scale of everything first strikes you—you seem to be looking down upon a *world*. No other mountain and valley view has such an assemblage of features, because nowhere else are the mountains at the same time so high, the valley so wide, or filled with such variety of land and water. The plain beneath is exceedingly level, and for two hundred miles around it extends a barrier of stupendous mountains, most of which have been active volcanoes, and are now covered, some with snow, and some with forests. It is laced with large bodies of water looking more like seas than lakes—it is dotted with innumerable villages, and estates, and plantations; eminences rise from it which, elsewhere, would be called mountains, yet there, at your feet, they seem but ant-hills on the plain; and now, letting your eye follow the rise of the mountains to the west, (near fifty miles distant,) you look over the immediate summits that wall the valley, to another and more distant range—and to range beyond range, with valleys between each, until the whole melts into a vapory distance, blue as the cloudless sky above you. I could have gazed for hours at this little world while the sun and passing vapor chequered the fields, and sailing off again, left the whole one bright mass of verdure and water—bringing out clearly the domes of the village churches studding the plain or leaning against the first slopes of the mountains, with the huge lakes looming larger in the rarefied atmosphere. Yet one thing was wanting. Over the immense expanse there seemed scarce an evidence of life. There were no figures in the picture. It lay torpid in the sunlight, like some deserted region where Nature was again beginning to assert her empire—vast, solitary, and melancholy. There were no sails—no steamers on the lakes, no smoke over the villages, no people at labor in the fields, no horsemen, coaches, or travellers but ourselves. The silence was almost supernatural; one expects to hear the echo of the national strife that filled these plains with discord yet lingering among the hills. It was a picture of 'still life' inanimate in every feature, save where, on the distant mountain sides, the fire of some poor coal-burner, mingled its blue wreath with the bluer sky, or the tinkle of the bell of a solitary muleteer was heard from among the dark and solemn pines."

The city of Mexico does not improve on nearer acquaintance; the greater part of its population consists of the *léperos*, and though they do not suffer from the loathsome disease which gives them their name, they are quite as disgusting:—

"Blacken a man in the sun; let his hair grow long and tangled, or become filled with vermin; let him plod about the streets in all kinds of dirt for years, and never know the use of brush, or towel, or water even, except in storms; let him put on a pair of leather breeches at twenty, and wear them until forty, without change or ablution; and, over all, place a torn and blackened hat, and a tattered blanket begrimed with abominations; let him have wild eyes, and shining teeth, and features pinched by famine into sharpness; breasts bared and browned, and (if females) with two or three miniatures of the same species trotting after her, and another certainly strapped to her back; combine all these in your imagination, and you have a *recipé* for a Mexican *lépero*. There, on the canals, around the markets and *pulque* shops, the Indians and these miserable outcasts hang all day long; feeding on fragments, quarreling, drinking, stealing, and lying drunk about the pavements, with their children crying with hunger around them. At night they slink off to these suburbs and coil themselves up on the damp floors of their lairs, to sleep off the effects of liquor, and to awake to another day of misery and crime. Is it wonderful, in a city

with an immense proportion of its inhabitants of such a class, (hopeless in the present and the future,) that there are murderers and robbers?"

General Santa Anna has acted so conspicuous a part in the great drama of the Mexican Revolution and has recently been brought so prominently into discussion that we cannot pass over his portrait:—

"In person, General Santa Anna is about six feet high, well made, and of graceful bearing, though he stumps along on an old-fashioned wooden peg, rejecting, as uncomfortable, all the 'mock legs' with patent springs and self-moving inventions, which have been presented to him by his flatterers from all parts of the world. His dress, as I have said before, is on all public occasions that of a high officer of the army; and his breast is covered with richly-gemmed decorations. His brow, shaded with black hair somewhat sprinkled with gray, is by no means lofty, but narrow and smooth. Although his whole head is rather small, and perhaps rather too long for its breadth, it has, however, a marked and boldly-defined outline, indicating talent and resolution. His nose is straight and well-shaped, and his brow knit in a line over close and brilliant eyes, which are said to flash with fire when aroused to passion. His complexion is dark and sallow, and his temperament is evidently bilious. His mouth is the most remarkable feature. Its prominent expression, when at rest, is that of mingled pain and anxiety. In perfect repose, you would think him looking on a dying friend, with whose sufferings he was deeply but helplessly sympathizing. His head and face are those of an attentive, thoughtful, melancholy, but determined character. There is no ferocity, vindictiveness, or ill-temper in his expression; and when his countenance is lighted up by pleasant conversation, in which he appears to enter eagerly, though with a timid and subdued voice; and when he puts on that sweetly wooing smile, which seems too tranquil ever to ripen into a laugh; you feel that you have before you a man, who would be singled from a thousand for his quiet refinement and serious temper; one who would at once command your sympathy and your respect; a well-bred gentleman, and a resolute soldier, who can win by the solicitation of an insinuating address, or rule by the authority of an imperious spirit."

During his residence in Mexico Mr. Mayer made several excursions into the country, and everywhere found the Indians reduced to the greatest misery and degradation:—

"In the course of this afternoon we passed through several Indian villages, and saw numbers of people at work in the fields by the road side. Two things struck me: first the miserable hovels in which the Indians are lodged, in comparison with which a decent dog-kennel at home is a comfortable household; and second, the fact that this, although the Sabbath, was no day of repose to these ever-working, but poor and thriftless people. Many of the wretched creatures were stowed away under a roof of thatch, stuck on the bare ground, with a hole at one end to crawl in."

While on a visit to one of the most intelligent of the Mexican landed proprietors, Mr. Mayer received the interesting information of the existence of at least one Indian community, which has preserved a qualified independence, and probably maintained the usages of their Aztec ancestors.

"As we looked over the fields of cane, waving their long, delicate green leaves, in the mid-day sunshine to the south, he pointed out to us the site of an Indian village, at the distance of three leagues, the inhabitants of which are almost in their native state. He told us, that they do not permit the visits of white people; and that, numbering more than three thou-



sand, they come out in delegations to work at the haciendas, being governed at home by their own magistrates, administering their own laws, and employing a Catholic priest, once a-year, to shrive them of their sins. The money they receive in payment of wages, at the haciendas, is taken home and buried; and as they produce the cotton and skins for their dress, and the corn and beans for their food, they purchase nothing at the stores. They form a good and harmless community of people, rarely committing a depredation upon the neighboring farmers, and only occasionally lassoing a cow or a bull, which they say they 'do not steal, but take for food.' If they are chased on such occasions, so great is their speed of foot, they are rarely caught even by the swiftest horses: and if their settlement is ever entered by a white, the transgressor is immediately seized, put under guard in a large hut, and he and his animal are fed and carefully attended to until the following day, when he is despatched from the village under an escort of Indians, who watch him until far beyond the limits of the primitive settlement. Du Roslan and myself felt a strong desire (notwithstanding the inhibition) to visit this original community, as one of the most interesting objects of our journey: but the rest of our party objecting, we were forced to submit to the law of majorities in our wandering tribe."

The lake of Tezcuco was one of the objects which Mr. Mayer was anxious to visit, and his personal observations confirm the accounts of the old historians, respecting the supply of food which the Indians obtain not merely from the abundant supply of fish and water-fowl, but also from "flies' eggs," which, so far as we know, have nowhere else formed an article of consumption:—

"On attaining the lake itself, the view was exceedingly beautiful. The expanse was a clear and noble sheet, reflecting on its calm bosom every hill and mountain of the valley, while to the north (where it unites with San Cristoval) the lakes and horizon are blended. Yet it is singular, that, sounding in the deepest central part of the lake, we obtained *but two feet and a half of water!* The boatmen *poled* the entire distance of twelve miles, and on every side we saw fishermen wading along in the lake, pushing their boats as they loaded them with fish, or gathered the 'flies' eggs' from the tall weeds and flags, that are planted in long rows as nests for the insects. These eggs (called *agayacatl*) were a favorite food of the Indians long before the conquest, and, when baked in *pates*, are not unlike the roe of fishes, both in flavor and appearance. After *frogs* in France, and '*birds' nests*' in China, I think they may be esteemed quite a delicacy, and I find that they are not despised even at fashionable tables in the capital. Father Gage, at page 111 of his travels, says that 'at one season of the year, the Indians had nets of mail, with the which they raked off a certain *dust* that is bred on the water of the lake of Mexico, and is kneaded together like unto *oas* of the sea. They gathered much of this and kept it in heaps, and made thereof cakes like unto brick-bats. And they did not only sell this ware in the market, but also sent it abroad to other fairs and markets afar off; and they did eat this meal, with as good a stomach as we eat cheese; yea, and they hold the opinion, that this scum of fatness of the water is the cause that such great number of fowl cometh to the lake, which in the winter season is infinite.' This was written early in the seventeenth century, and '*infinite*' still continues to be the number of wild fowl with which these lakes and the neighboring marshes are covered during the winter. I have elsewhere said, that the plains and the waters seem actually *peppered* with them. There can of course be but little skill in sporting among such clouds of birds, and the consequence is that they are slain for the market, by persons who rent the best situated shooting-grounds

from the proprietors of the lake margins. The gunners erect a sort of infernal machine, with three *tiers* of barrels—one, level with the marsh or water, another slightly elevated, and the third at a still greater angle. The lower tier is discharged at the birds while they are sitting, and this of course destroys a multitude; but as some must necessarily escape the first discharge, the second and third tiers are fired in quick succession, and it is rare indeed that a duck avoids the wholesale slaughter. From 125,000 to 200,000 annually load the markets of Mexico, and form the cheapest food of the multitude; but it is rare that you can procure one delicate enough to bring to your table."

A very lamentable account is given of the state of religion in Mexico; the priests and monks are accused of the most degrading vices, and gross deceptions. We select one of the least offensive of such pious frauds, as a specimen of the artifices by which sacerdotal influence is maintained:—

"It is related that Hidalgo, the celebrated priestly leader of the revolutionary movement, was accustomed to travel from village to village preaching a crusade against the Spaniards, and exciting the *Creoles* and Indians; and one of his most effective tricks is said to have been the following. Although he had thrown off the cassock for the military cloak, he wore a figure of the Virgin Mary suspended by a chain around his neck. After haranguing the mob on such occasions, he would suddenly break off, and looking down at his breast, address himself to the holy image after the following fashion:—'*Mary! Mother of God! Holy Virgin! Patron of Mexico! behold our country,—behold our wrongs, behold our sufferings! Dost thou not wish they should be changed? that we should be delivered from our tyrants? that we should be free? that we should slay the *Gawchupines*? that we should kill the Spaniards?*' The image had a moveable head fastened to a spring, which he jerked by a cord concealed beneath his coat, and, of course, the Virgin responded with a *nod!* The effect was immense—and the air was filled with Indian shouts of obedience to the present *miracle.*"

The extent of sacerdotal influence is strongly displayed in the following anecdote:—

"During the heat of the insurrection, it was deemed necessary, upon a certain occasion, to execute a priest; and the officer in command of the party ordered a common soldier to lead the *padre* to a neighboring ditch and despatch him with a bullet. The soldier peremptorily refused, declaring that it was unlawful for him to kill a 'servant of God.' The officer threatened him with instant death if he persisted in his refusal; but the soldier continued firm. The captain then turned to the priest, ordered him to '*receive the confession of the soldier on the spot,*' and then sent both to the ditch, where they were murdered together!"

Many amusing anecdotes are told of the boldness and dexterity of the Mexican thieves, several of whom deserve to be ranked as rivals to Lazarillo de Tormes. But if we are to rely on the statements of Mr. Mayer, dishonesty and profligacy pervade the entire mass of Mexican society; there is nothing pleasing in its present condition, and very little promising in its future prospects.

Mr. Mayer's antiquarian sketches add little to the information previously communicated by Humboldt, Stephens, and others; he intimates, however, that there is yet a vast quantity of Mexican remains never yet opened to Europeans; and we agree with him that much additional research will be requisite before we shall be in a situation to come to any satisfactory conclusions on the various questions raised respecting the ancient monarchy of the Aztecs.



## BRIGANDS IN SPAIN—PLEASANT TRAVELLING.

THE following account of an incident of travel in Spain, characteristic of the state of that unhappy country, has lately appeared in various newspapers. It purports to be a letter from M. Tanskie, correspondent at Madrid of the *Journal des Débats*, Parisian newspaper, describing a journey he made a short time ago from Madrid to Bayonne.

"I have just made acquaintance, in a manner somewhat dramatic, with the ladrones of Old Castile, who are a sort of *juste miliciu* between the robbers of Andalusia, who pass for being the most *cavalieros* (gentlemanlike) men, and those of La Mancha, who are justly branded as the most savage and cruel. After the new arrangement of the post between Madrid and Bayonne, the mails had been several times attacked by brigands, particularly soon after leaving Madrid. The government thereupon had the coach escorted by detachments of cavalry as far as Buitrago, and also certain stages between Aronda and Burgos; but they are not a sufficient protection. In fact, it was at two and a half leagues from Orondo, at eight in the evening, that the mail in which I was a passenger was stopped. Two of the brigands seized the leading postilion, and pulled him off his horse. Four others, two on each side, came to the carriage, and called upon the coachman and the conductor to come down. I was in the *coupe* with M. Mayo, a young Spanish advocate. The courier and a student were in the interior. We were not suffered to alight, and as we were all unarmed, we could not have made any effective resistance. Indeed, had any one shown such a disposition, the rest would have prevented him, because in that case, all would have been murdered. Sometimes the robbers burn the coach and all the luggage, in the hopes of finding among the ashes such money and valuables as remain concealed.

After binding the hands of the postilion and driver behind their backs, they led the mules and carriage about five hundred yards off the road, on to the fields. There they made us all four get out, and then tied our hands behind our backs. The captain of the band, who was the only one on horseback, dismounted, and called upon us, in bad Castilian, to declare what money we had, and where it was, adding, that if we did not tell the truth, we should be victimized. He interrogated us with all the acuteness of the most experienced commissary of police, frequently changing his tone and accent. Who are you? whence do you come? where are you going? were questions put to us; and if we had had the misfortune to belong to any place near the haunts of the brigands, or had happened to know the person of either of them, we should have been inevitably assassinated. In fact, only three months ago, a poor postilion was killed by these brigands near the same spot, because he happened to be acquainted with one of them.

They inquired of us whether we were Englishmen or Americans, for if we had been, they would have completely stripped us; the Spanish lower orders of people imagining that the clothes of all the English and Americans are stitched with gold thread. Our interrogation finished, we were made to lie flat on the ground, with our faces downwards. This done, they plundered the coach, throwing down all the trunks and packages. Knowing that they could not get mine open without breaking it to pieces, I looked up and told them that I would open it for them, and give up to them all the

money it contained, if they would unbind my hands; for they had drawn the cord so tight that I was in great pain. They consented and brought my trunk to me. The money they found in it did not satisfy them. They left me in the hands of one of their band, a young man between twenty and twenty-two years of age, who continued to search my trunk, while an older and fiercer brigand watched my every look and gesture, with his carbine levelled at me. The young man, although he made use of the coarsest oaths and other expressions the Spanish language could furnish him with, was not so savage as the rest, and this was evidently his first expedition. He carried neither carbine nor sword, and the only weapon he had was a Catalonian knife stuck in his belt. Everything he saw in my trunk caused him surprise and wonder. He asked me to tell him the use of each. On finding some rosaries, he exclaimed, 'Ah! you are a priest?' I told him no, but had bought the rosaries at a fair in Madrid as curiosities, and that they were of no real value. He, however, with great devotion kissed the crosses suspended to them and the other emblems, but finding they were of silver, he broke the string, letting them all fall to the ground. He carefully picked them up, and again kissed each cross and emblem, but at the same time renewed his oaths at his own awkwardness. He secured these and every other thing he thought valuable between his shirt and his skin; but my clothes and linen he put into a large sack, which appeared to be the common receptacle. I had also some small knives and daggers. He asked me what I did with them. I told him they had been sold to me as having been worn by the *Manolas* of Madrid under their garters. At this he laughed, and throwing two of them on the ground for me, he put the rest into his private magazine.

I hoped to make something of my young brigand; but while I was talking to him, the captain came suddenly up and struck me with violence on the back of the neck with the butt end of his carbine, saying in a furious tone, 'You are looking in his face, that you may be able to recognize him!' He then seized me by the right arm, while another took my left, and they again bound them behind my back. In my bad Spanish I assured him that I was a foreigner, but they threw me down upon the other passengers. I fell upon the driver, who was literally sewed up in two or three sheep-skins, with the wool outwards. I took good care not to stir from this position, for the ground was saturated with the snow which the sun had melted and brought down in streams from the Semo Sierra. By this probably I escaped the fever which attacked the student from Tolosa, who lay in the water more than an hour. When the brigands had secured all they thought worth taking, the captain remounted his horse, gave the word of command, and they all retreated. My young robber, in passing by me, put into my fastened hands the padlock and key of my trunk, and threw over my head a peasant's cloak.

After remaining some time recumbent, the postilion, whom the brigands had released before leaving, unbound the conductor, and thus one after the other we were all set at liberty and upon our feet again. The wind had scattered all my papers and books; my first object was to collect them. The postilion and coachman set to work in the mean time to take up such of my linen as the robbers did not think worth carrying away, but I

begged them not to put themselves to so much trouble, and thus secured myself a change on reaching Bayonne. I also recognized in the hands of some of my fellow-travellers a sheep-skin I had been advised at Madrid to furnish myself with, a silk handkerchief, and a cap, which I claimed, and which served to keep me warm while crossing the plateau of Burgos, which was covered with snow and hoar-frost. As to the cloak bequeathed to me by my young thief, the conductor claimed it as his, saying that it was the custom of the brigands thus to cover those whom they had robbed, to prevent their seeing what direction they moved off in. This rather lowered in my estimation the gratitude I owed to my young thief.

On arriving at the small village of Orquillas, about half a league from where we had been stopped, a different scene awaited us. The courier and conductor, to account for the delay in the arrival of the mail at Irun, thought it necessary to apply to the local authorities. We were all shown into the *venta* of the village, which consisted of little more than a kitchen within four bare walls, in which a young girl endeavored to make a fire with some damp weeds and roots of trees, which sent forth a vile odor and a thick smoke, which filled the place, and set all our eyes weeping. The *alcalde* soon made his appearance in the *venta*, with the *fiel de fechos*—a species of *escribano* or registrar—accompanied by some peasants with guns in their hands, representing the national guard. The *alcalde* gravely seated himself by our sides on the wooden bench. He was about sixty years of age, clothed with an old cloak in rags, without any shirt; but *en revanche* he wore in great pride, a little tending to one side of his head, what was once a hat, but was now without any brim or top to the crown. The *escribano* was younger, but apparently more intelligent. He wore a peasant's dress, but had on also a pair of boots, a cravat of red cotton, and a hat entire in all its parts. He placed himself behind a table close to the *alcalde*, taking from his pocket pens, ink, and stamped paper.

The national guards were in jackets, and shod with *abarcas*, or square pieces of leather, fastened to their legs by long scraps crossed over them. The legs themselves were naked; and very few, if any, wore shirts. They looked upon us with a sort of contemptuous consequential smile. [Our depositions having been taken, the *escribano* gave orders in the name of the *alcalde* to the national guards.] He sent four of them in pursuit of the robbers, as he said, and four others were to accompany us. They loaded their muskets before us. The *escribano* pulled out of his pocket a handful of small pistol balls, and distributed them to the men, who put several of them into their *trabucos*.

The ceremony being finished, the *alcalde* rose up solemnly, took off his hat, the *escribano* did the same, and recommended us to follow his example, and swear that our depositions were sincere and exact. We obeyed, and repeated after him the oath usually administered in courts of justice. [We were now favored with a little brandy, by the politeness of the postilion, having no money of our own: it was very acceptable, for we had tasted nothing for fourteen hours, and were very cold.] We then set out with the four national guards, and at the first stage some cavalry soldiers were added. Thus, when we had nothing to lose, and when we were in a fit condition to brave all the brigands in Spain, we travelled along escorted

like princes, and fed at the expense of the *mayoral*, who at every inn stood our guarantee as far as Irun.—*Chambers' Journal*.

*The Despatches of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington*, during his various campaigns in India, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, the Low Countries, and France. Compiled from official and authentic documents, by Colonel Gurwood, C. B., K.C.T.S., Esquire to his Grace as Knight of the Bath, and Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower of London. Part I.

This new edition is one of the wonders of the age: twelve volumes, costing twelve pounds, and often referring, like all original documents, to the dry minutiae of business, not only exhausted, but another impression called for! Waterloo was nothing to this crowning glory. *Cedunt arma toga*, or rather to types.

Military *retenue* prevents the colonel-editor from saying, what is usually said upon such occasions, "that, stimulated by the public approbation, and so forth, he has spared neither labor nor expense to render it worthy of increased patronage;" but he appears to have done it. "Many important letters and papers particularly relating to India," are now published for the first time. "The letters and general orders copied by the Deputy-Adjutant-General from the original manuscripts of the Duke of Wellington when commanding in India, have been inserted according to their respective dates; and extracts from the instructions for the movements of the army, and from the general orders, circulated by the Quartermaster-General and Adjutant-General, in the Peninsula, France, and the Low Countries, have also been added to this edition."

But there is better news behind. Notwithstanding this increase of matter, there will be no "extra charge," but a reduction of one third: the twelve volumes, including the new matter, will be compressed into eight. The first and second volumes will contain the documents relating to India, and will be printed so as to form a separate work: it would be well perhaps to adopt a similar arrangement with the last six.

This is the age of illustration, and an accompanying set of *sufficient* maps and plans is very much needed for these *Despatches*. It may be said that persons likely to read this work are likely to have a set already: but most probably they are useless for the purpose,—either too small clearly to exhibit the district of the campaign or the field of action, or too large for purposes of easy reference when reading the volume: and plans of battles or sieges, of course, are unattainable; yet both are absolutely necessary, to follow the text.—*Spectator*.

NOTICES OF MOTION.—Colonel Sibthorpe, to move that an inquiry should be made whether the Mr. Gunn, who married the Duke of Sussex to Lady Augusta Murray, did not, as a clerical Gun(n), place himself in direct opposition to the canons of the church.

Mr. W. Williams, to move for a copy of the passage in which the Duke of Sussex declares Gunn to be the parent of all his (the Duke's) happiness; and whether the phrase, "Son of a Gun," may trace its origin to this circumstance.

Mr. Brotherton, to move that an inquiry should be instituted as to the secret entrusted to Gunn, and whether an explosion would have been the consequence of Gunn's having let out the important matter with which he was loaded.—*Punch*.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

FAIR ANNIE MACLEOD.

A TALE, BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THOSE attachments that take place in early life, contrary to the wishes of tender and *not amulous* parents, seldom, if ever, end happily. The *ignis fatuus* of passion, which leads the young and trusting maid to the arms of her lover, vanishes when the cares of her own creating press upon the heart of the wife and mother.

In my native village, before I had entered upon that world which owes, like some descriptions of beauty, half its enchantment to the veil that shades it, I was acquainted with a young maiden, whose personal and mental attractions were of that cast which romance loves to portray.

Annie Macleod was the belle of our little hamlet. She had a bright and loving eye; a cheek ever dimpling with the smiles of gladness; and a fairy foot, which was as elastic as the stem of the bonnie blue bell, her favorite flower. Annie had many lovers; but one, a stranger at Roslin, was the chosen of her heart. To him her hand was often given in the dance; and many were the inquiring glances at, and frequent the whispered surmise about him, by 'kerchiefed matron and snooded maid. Annie's was a first love: and, like everything that is rare and beautiful, when seen *for the first time*, was irresistible. Just emerging from the girl into womanhood, with all the unweakened romance of nature playing round her day-dreams, and coloring the golden visions of her sleep, the manly beauty of the stranger's countenance, and the superior refinement of his speech and manners to the youth of that sequestered hamlet, came with all the power of enchantment to ensnare and bewilder her innocent mind.

Rumors about this favored stranger at length reached the ears of Annie's mother—unfortunately, she had no father. Questioned by her parent, her answers were in character with her youth and simplicity. She knew nothing of the stranger; but "was sure he was a gentleman, for he had offered, and really meant, to marry her." Mrs. Macleod, upon this information, acted without delay. She forbade Annie, on pain of her maternal displeasure, to see the stranger again, unless he, by his own conduct, proved himself to be worthy of her. But on a fine Sabbath morning, when going to kirk, dressed out in all her pretty bravery, and blooming as the rose-colored ribands that tied her bonnet, Annie met the stranger at the place where they had so often held tryste together; and there Robin Bainbogle, as he crossed the rude bridge that leads over a wild ravine to Roslin Castle, saw, as he said, "the bonnie lassie for the last time, wi' a face like a dripping rose." Tears Annie might and probably did shed—but that day she fled from her home.

Years passed away. The mother of the lost girl sank under this blow to her parental hopes. The young maidens, Annie's compeers in age and beauty, became wives and mothers; and the name of "fair Annie Macleod" was seldom mentioned but by sage matrons, to warn their daughters, or by chaste spinsters to draw comparisons to their own advantage.

It was on a dark and stormy night in November, 1792, that the pious and venerable pastor of—— was sent for to attend a dying woman. Wrapped in his plaid, the kind man walked hurriedly along the common footway to a settlement of squalid

cottages, such as vice and poverty usually inhabit. In one of these cottages, or rather huts, he found the object of his search. Pale, emaciated, and sinking away, like the flickering light of an exhausted taper, lay the once beautiful—the once innocent and happy Annie Macleod. What had been her fate since she left her mother's roof 'twas easy to imagine, though the veil of secrecy rested upon the particulars of her history. Her senses were at times unsettled; and it was only during the short gleamings of a sounder mind, that she was able to recognize in the Rev. Dugald Anderson, the pastor of her sinless youth, and to recommend to him, with all the pathos of dying love, the pretty, unconscious child that slumbered at her side. That done, her heart, like the last string of a neglected lute, broke, and the spirit that had once so joyously revelled in its abode of loveliness, fled from the ruined tenement of beauty forever.

"And these are the fruits of love!" said Anderson, bitterly, as he eyed the cold and stiffened features of Annie. "Oh! monstrous violation of that hallowed name!"

"Of a troth, 'tis a sad sight!" said an old woman, the owner of the hut; "and I count me the judgment o' the gude God winna sleep nor slumber on sic doings, as the ruin o' this puir lassie."

"No," said Anderson, emphatically, "the justice of God may seem to slumber, but is awake. Accursed is the seducer of innocence; yea, the curse of broken hearts is upon him. It shall come home to his heart and to his spirit, till he lie down and die, in very weariness of life."

The pious pastor took home the little Alice to the Manse; and after the remains of her mother were decently interred in the village kirkyard, a simple headstone, inscribed with her name, told of the last resting-place of "fair Annie Macleod."

Some years subsequently to this melancholy event, the good pastor of—— went out, as was his wont, to "meditate at even-tide." As he stood leaning over the white wicket gate, that opened from his garden into the churchyard, thoughts of early days and early friends came trooping to his mind.

"No after friendships e'er can raise  
The endearments of our early days;  
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,  
As when it first began to love."

The last rays of the setting sun shone full upon the windows of the chapel, reflecting from them a thousand mimic glories. His eye glanced from the holy edifice to the simple tombs, partially lighted by the slanting sunbeams, as they quivered through the branches of the patriarchal trees, which here and there hung over the forgotten dead. Suddenly a man, habited in a foreign garb, advanced up the broad pathway leading from the village. Looking about him, he at last stood opposite a white headstone, over which a decayed yew threw its melancholy shadow. It was the headstone that marked the grave of the once joyous Annie. As if oppressed by some sudden emotion, he sank rather than leaned against the hollow trunk; but soon again returning to the grave, he knelt down, and burying his face with both hands, appeared to weep. The good pastor, interested in the scene, stood gazing unobserved at the stranger, who, after the lapse of a few seconds, rose up from his knees, and turned away as if to retrace his steps. Then again coming back, he stooped down, and plucking something from the

green sward, kissed it, hid it in his bosom, and with rapid step left the churchyard.

Anderson returned into the Manse, drew a chair to the hearth, sat down, took up a book, laid it down again, and walked out into the little court that fronted the village. A feeling of curiosity perhaps led him to glance his eye over the way, where stood the only alehouse in the hamlet, when he saw the same stranger come out, and, crossing the road, stop at his own gate. 'To his inquiry if the Rev. Dugald Anderson was at home, the good pastor, answering in the affirmative, courteously held back the gate for the stranger to enter; while the little bare-footed lassie who opened the door, seeing the visitor with her master, bustled onwards, and ushered them into the best parlor, carefully wiping with a corner of her blue-checked apron the tall, spinster-looking elbow chair, and then withdrew to tell the young Andersons what "a bra' gallant the master had brought hame wi' him."

The stranger's appearance justified Jennie's encomiums. Though past the summer of his life, the unextinguished fire of youth still lingered in his dark full eye; and his tall athletic person accorded well with the lofty bearing of his looks, and the refined courtesy of his manners.

"I believe," said he, addressing Anderson, "you have the care of a young girl, whose mother died some years since?"

"You mean the daughter of Annie Macleod?"

"The same; and it is to ascertain her situation in your family, that I have taken the liberty to wait upon you."

"Her situation in my family, my good sir," said the worthy man, "is that of a daughter to myself—a sister to my children. The calamity which robbed her so early of her mother was an inducement, but certainly not the only one, to my becoming her protector. I was acquainted with her mother in the happier years of her life; and the friendship which I had felt for Annie Macleod revived in full force when duty conducted me to her death-bed. I there pledged myself to be a father to the fatherless; to keep her unspotted from the world—the pitiless world, as the dying mother called it, in the lucid intervals of her wandering mind."

"What!" said the stranger, "did sorrow overcome her reason?"

"Alas! yes; for many weeks before her death they told me that her senses were completely gone; and when I saw her in the last mortal struggle, the delirium of mind was only partially broken in upon by flashes of reason."

The features of the stranger became convulsed, and he seemed to wrestle with some violent emotion.

"You were a friend—perhaps relative, of the unfortunate Annie?" rejoined Anderson.

"Yes—I was a friend;—that is, I—I—knew her," said the stranger.

"Then you will like to see my little charge:" and without waiting reply, the good pastor left the apartment: but almost immediately returned, holding by the hand a pretty fair-haired girl, with dark blue eyes, that seemed made for weeping. "This," said Anderson, leading her towards the stranger, "is Alice Macleod, or, as she calls herself, Birdalane."\*

The stranger drew her to him: and taking her

hand, gazed long and earnestly in her blushing face. "Why do you call yourself Birdalane, my pretty child?"

"Because nurse called me so, when she used to cry over me, and say I had no mother and no father to love me, and give me pretty things, like Donald and Ellen Anderson."

The stranger's eye fell, and tears hung upon the dark lashes that swept his cheeks. He rose, and walked to the window; and Anderson heard the long-drawn sigh that seemed to burst from a heart laden with old remembrances. Presently turning to the pastor, he said, "I am satisfied, good sir, fully satisfied, that this friendless one cannot be in better hands, to fulfil her mother's wish, and keep her 'unspotted from the world.'" Then presenting a sealed packet, he added, warmly grasping Anderson's hand, "Be still a father to that orphan girl, and God requite you tenfold in blessings upon your own!" He stooped down, kissed the wondering Alice, and hastily left the apartment. Anderson went to the window, and in a few moments he saw a groom lead out two horses. The stranger mounted one, and putting spurs to his steed, Anderson soon lost sight of him in the windings of the road.

The worthy pastor, dismissing the little Alice to her playmates, prepared to open the packet. In an envelope, upon which was written—"A marriage portion for the daughter of Annie Macleod," was a draft for one thousand pounds; and on a paper folded round a small miniature, the following words: "A likeness of Annie, such as she was when the writer first knew her. 'Tis now but the shadow of a shade. The beauty, gayety, and innocence it would perpetuate, are gone, like the hopes of him, who still clings to the memory of what she was, with all the tenacious regret of an undying remorse."

Some time after this event, business called Anderson to Edinburgh. One day, while perambulating the streets on his various engagements, he saw the self-same figure, which remained indelibly imprinted on his memory—the identical mysterious stranger, who had visited him at the Manse, issue from the castle gates, and descend with a slow step and melancholy air down the high street. Curiosity, or perhaps a better feeling, prompted Anderson to follow at a distance, and ascertain who he was. It was Lord —.

"'Tis even as I thought," said the poor pastor; "poor Annie fell a victim to the arts of Lord —. Alas! he was too accomplished a seducer for such artlessness as hers to cope with."

The sweet ties that bind the sons of virtue to their social fireside are too simple for the epicurean taste of the libertine: the tender interchange of wedded minds, the endearing caress of legitimate love, are simple wild flowers, that wither in that hotbed of sensuality, a corrupt heart. Never can the proud joy, the refined pleasures of a faithful husband, be his.

For high the bliss that waits on wedded love,  
Best, purest emblem of the bliss above:  
To draw new raptures from another's joy,  
To share each pang, and half its sting destroy,  
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord,  
Bless and be bless'd, adore and be ador'd,—  
To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,  
Sublimest friendship, passion most refined,—  
Passion, to life's last evening hour still warm,  
And friendship, brightest in the darkest storm.

To conclude. The little Alice never left the

\* *Birdalane*, means, in Scotch, the last, or only one of their race—one who has outlived all ties.

Manse, where she lived as her mother wished, "unspotted from the world." As she grew to womanhood, her simple beauty and artless manners won the affections of Donald Anderson, the son of her benefactor. They were married, and often when Alice looked upon the smiling cherubs that climbed her maternal knee, the silver-headed pastor, as he sat by the ingle in his elbow chair, would put on an arch expression, and ask her where was Birdalane now! while Alice, blushing, and laughing, would draw her little nestlers closer to her womanly bosom, and so answer the good man.

After a life of active charity, full of years and good deeds, the venerable pastor of ——— slept the sleep of peace, in that church where he had often roused others from a darker slumber than that of death. After his decease, and written in the neat old-fashioned hand of his father, Donald Anderson found amongst his papers a manuscript, dated many years back, containing the history of Annie Macleod; which, with some slight alterations, and the omission of particular names, (for obvious reasons,) is now submitted to those readers, whose hearts will not permit their heads to criticize a simple and unadorned tale.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### MISTRESSES, MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

THE Honorable Mrs. Whirligig wanted a footman five feet eight inches high. Fixed with this lady, only two doors out of Portman Square, with four male companions in servitude, and in the society of almost twice as many damsels,—with splendid accoutrements, good *cuisine*, liberal stipend, and small beer unknown,—I made up my mind that I was settled for life. But there are circumstances, sir—I am afraid you will begin to think that I can never be contented,—but there are circumstances which may neutralize even advantages like these!

The Honorable Mrs. Whirligig had, I believe, no other fault than that of being the most unreasonable woman in the world. She was good-natured at times; but *fact* never made any impression upon her. Setting all hours and regulations at defiance herself, she was furious from morning till night at the irregularity of her dependants. If she wanted a particular tradesman at one o'clock, it was useless to say, that he had been ordered to come at two. From the moment a new Waverley novel was advertised, what ratings did I not receive, if it happened to be detained on the road! I don't think she gave me a right direction all the while I lived with her; but, if I had failed to find any place, (even although there were no such place in the world,) dismissal, without a character, would have been my lightest punishment.

Then the walks, and the messages, in every weather, were inconceivable. After sending me through a hail-storm from Berkeley Square to the bank, she would be surprised that I was not ready to wait in the drawing-room the moment I came back. She had a quantity of gold-fish too, who seemed to have been spawned for my especial torment. There was a pump in the garden of Lady Anne Somebody, full a mile and a half off, the water of which was sovereign, she fancied, for the health of gold-fishes; and to this pump, with two great pitchers, I was compelled to walk every day. Again, as ladies' footman it was my duty to attend the ladies of our family on all occasions; and the power even of a London footman has its limits. All the ladies of our family kept different hours of business and amusement, and all expected me to be always ready. My mistress kept me up at parties the whole night; and the young

ladies, her daughters, kept me out shopping the whole day. I used to come home with my mistress at four o'clock in a summer's morning from a rout; and the young ladies, and their governess, wanted me to take their morning's walk with them at six!

"Francis!

Anon, anon, sir."

\* \* \* \* \*

I might go on to give the details of my subsequent services with the Dowager-Countess of Skin-Flint, and the West India Governor Whip-and-Strip—with the first of whom I lived in a superb family mansion, where board-wages, of the closest character, were the order of the day; while the governor, who chose to make his servants "part of his family," having found negroes thrive well on salt fish and damaged rice, saw no reason why the same diet should not prove salutary to English domestics.

I might speak of the Miss Just-enoughs, who jobbed a carriage, and dined upon eggs and bacon; but who, nevertheless, discharged me for taking my hand once from my hat, in listening to a message much longer than a bill in Chancery.

Or I might talk of the Earl of Cut-and-run, with whom luxury was even matter of command; but who turned me off, nevertheless, for refusing to hang a Newfoundland dog, when the animal would not jump a fifth time off Richmond bridge for a wager.

I might go on, too, to relate the thousand-and-one rebuffs which I received in the course of my various applications for service. My being rejected at one house, because I was too tall—at the next, because I was too short—at a third, because I was not "serious"—at a dozen, because I did not fit the last man's livery. I might comment generally upon the unfairness of masters and mistresses, who blame servants for bad weather, non-arrival of the post, intrusion of unwelcome guests, and all other current inconveniences—who measure, in their estimate of fitting employment, the greatest quantity of work which can be done in the hour, and expect just four-and-twenty times as much to be performed in the day—who devise impossibilities with infinite thought, and expect to have them performed without any thought at all—who make up their minds, whenever any article is missing, that "the servant" must have taken it, because he is obviously the person most in need of it—who allow their domestics not even those infirmities which are inseparable from our common nature—who believe them impervious to wet, insensible to cold, and unsusceptible of fatigue—who talk ever of their mercenary feeling, their ingratitude, or their infidelity—and look for devotion, disinterestedness, and affection, in a being who only exists upon the tenure of their caprice; and who is but too well aware, that, after years of faithful service, it needs but the whim of a moment, and he has to begin the world again.

But I will not, unless in passing, complain of these afflictions. On the contrary, I will confess, in earnest of repentance—I will acknowledge my own crimes, for iniquities I have committed.

I do repent me that, while starving in the service of Miss Just-enoughs, I ate the mince-meat out of certain pies, and stuck the tops on again as before—to the manifest discredit and severe jobation of the pastry-cook. I do regret that out of aversion to Mr. Twangle, the music teacher, I spilled a plate of soup into his lap one day, when he dined with the Earl of Cut-and-run. I regret that I strangled two of Mrs. Whirligig's gold fishes, to make her think that the water, a mile and a half off, was unwholesome for them. I regret that I rubbed a hole in Governor Whip-and-Strip's livery, because he contracted with his tailor, and returned the old clothes. I say, in sincerity, that I do repent these things; and that, spite of temptation or provocation, I will so offend no more.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

## GROANS OF THE INTERNAL GENII.

If it were allowable to revive a practice of the ancients, and suppose things material to be attended each by its own particular genius or spirit, I think it might be allowable in the case of the human stomach, which seems to me in itself to make such a near approach to intelligence and reason, that I scarcely can divest myself of the idea, that it really is a distinct living thing, or entity. I always feel disposed to regard this respectable viscous as a decent, steady sort of servant, that keeps constantly at home, quiet and inoffensive, disposed to go through his work to the best of his ability; nay, anxious to strain a point in his master's service as far as possible, and only unfortunate in being frequently put to tasks so far exceeding his strength, that he entirely breaks down under them, and becomes old and infirm before his time. It is surely a great pity that such a worthy sort of people should be thus hardly dealt with—sufferers, as it were, for the faults of others, not their own. I sympathize with stomachs very much. This has led me to ponder somewhat upon their situation in life, and to reflect if, at a time when oppressed slaves, oppressed aborigines, oppressed everybody, are taken by the hand, something may not be done in behalf of an equally oppressed people much nearer to us, not to speak of much dearer. Thus musing, I have at length thought of allowing an orator of the race to speak for himself and his brethren through these pages; and the following is the substance of his address:—

"Being allowed for once to speak, I would fain take the opportunity to set forth how ill, in all respects, we stomachs are used. From the beginning to the end of life, we are either afflicted with too little or too much, or not the right thing, or things which are horribly disagreeable to us, or otherwise, are thrown into a state of discomfort. I do not think it proper to take up a moment in bewailing the Too Little, for that is an evil which is never the fault of our masters, but rather the result of their misfortunes; and, indeed, we would sometimes feel as if it were a relief from other kinds of distress, if we were put upon short allowance for a few days. But we conceive ourselves to have matter for a true bill against mankind in respect of the Too Much, which is always a voluntarily-incurred evil. Strange, however, to say, none of them are willing to own that they ever give us any trouble on this score, and it is amazing what ingenious excuses they will plead for themselves when they begin to feel the sad effects of their excesses. I have known a gentleman, when suffering under a tremendous overload of dinner at a corporation feast, lay the whole blame of his woes upon a glass of water he had chanced to drink after his soup. Another, feeling himself dreadfully ill the day after a long sitting with a set of convivial friends, was quite at a loss to account for it, till he suddenly remembered that, in the course of the evening, he had been induced to eat a roasted potato. This satisfied his mind at once, and so, as he crawled that afternoon along the street, and was asked by his companions in succession what was the matter with him, 'Oh,' he would say, 'that potato I took last night! Feel dreadfully unwell to-day—all owing, sir, to the potato.' In fact, there is nothing respecting which mankind labor under a greater delusion,

than the amount of their indulgences at table. I have known some who were in the way of destroying themselves by excess, and yet their constant impression was, that they suffered from being too abstemious; and thus they would go on, endeavoring to remedy the evil by that which only tended to increase it, until all went to wreck.

"What a pity that nature, when she was about it, did not establish some means of a good understanding between mankind and their stomachs, for really the effects of their non-acquaintance are most vexatious. Human beings seem to be to this day completely in the dark as to what they ought to take at any time, and err almost as often from ignorance as from depraved appetite. Sometimes, for instance, when we of the inner house are rather weakly, they will send us down an article that we only could deal with when in a state of robust health. Sometimes, when we would require mild semi-farinaceous or vegetable diet, they will persist in all the most stimulating and irritating of viands. What sputtering we poor stomachs have when mistakes of that kind occur! What remarks we indulge in regarding our masters! 'What's this now?' will a stomach-genius say; 'ah, detestable stuff! What an everlasting fool that man is! Will he never learn! Just the very thing I did not want. If he would only send down a bowl of fresh leek soup, or barley broth, there would be some sense in it;' and so on. If we had only been allowed to give the slightest hint now and then, like faithful servants as we are, from how many miseries might we have saved both our masters and ourselves!

"I have been a stomach for about forty years, during all of which time I have endeavored to do my duty faithfully and punctually. My master, however, is so reckless, that I would defy any stomach of ordinary ability and capacity to get along pleasantly with him. The fact is, like almost all other men, he, in his eating and drinking, considers his own pleasure only, and never once reflects on the poor wretch who has to be responsible for the disposal of everything down stairs. Scarcely on any day does he fail to exceed the strict rule of temperance; nay, there is scarcely a single meal which is altogether what it ought to be, either in its constituents or its general amount. My life is therefore one of continual worry and fret; I am never off the drudge from morning till night, and have not a moment in the four-and-twenty hours that I can safely call my own.

"My greatest trial takes place in the evening, when my master has dined. If you only saw what a mess this said dinner is—soup, fish, flesh, fowl, ham, curry, rice, potatoes, table-beer, sherry, tart, pudding, cheese, bread, all mixed up higglety-pigglety together. I am accustomed to the thing, so don't feel much shocked; but my master himself would faint at the sight. The slave of duty in all circumstances, I call in my friend Gastric Juice, and to it we set, with as much good will as if we had the most agreeable task in the world before us. But, unluckily, my master has an impression very firmly fixed upon him, that our business is apt to be vastly promoted by an hour or two's drinking; so he continues at table amongst his friends, and pours me down some bottle and a half of wine, perhaps of various sorts, that bother Gastric Juice and me to a degree which no one can have any conception of. In fact, this said

wine undoes our work almost as fast as we do it, besides blinding and poisoning us poor genii into the bargain. On many occasions I am obliged to give up my task for the time altogether; for while this vinous shower is going on, I would defy the most vigorous stomach in the world to make any advance in its business worth speaking of. Sometimes things go to a much greater length than at others; and my master will paralyze us in this manner for hours, not always indeed with wine, but occasionally with punch, one ingredient of which, the lemon, is particularly odious to us ministers of the interior. All this time I can hear him jollifying away at a great rate, drinking healths to his neighbors, and ruining his own. My only relief from such visitations is usually derived from Coffee or Tea, two old steady allies, for whom I have a great regard. A cup of either of these beverages generally helps wonderfully to dispose of the crude wine-drenched mass which I have in hands, and enables me to get the field cleared in time for next action.

"I am a lover of early hours—as are my brethren generally. To this we are very much disposed by the extremely hard work which we usually undergo during the day. About ten o'clock, having perhaps at that time got all our labors past, and feeling fatigued and exhausted, we like to sink into repose, not to be again disturbed till next morning at breakfast-time. Well, how it may be with others I can't tell; but so it is, that my master never scruples to rouse me up from my first sleep, and give me charge of an entirely new meal, after I thought I was to be my own master for the night. This is a hardship of the most grievous kind. Only imagine an innocent stomach-genius, who has gathered his coal, drawn on his nightcap, and gone to bed, rung up and made to stand attention to receive a succession of things, all of them superfluous and in excess, which he knows he will not be able to get off his hands all night. Such, oh mankind, are the woes which befall our tribe in consequence of your occasionally yielding to the temptation of 'a little supper!' I see turkey and tongue in grief and terror. Macaroni fills me with frantic alarm. I behold jelly and trifle follow in mute despair. Oh that I had the power of standing beside my master, and holding his unreflecting hand, as he thus prepares for my torment and his own! Here, too, the old mistaken notion about the necessity for something stimulating besets him, and down comes a deluge of hot spirits and water loaded with sugar, that causes every villicle in my coat to writhe in agony, and almost sends Gastric Juice off in the sulks to bed. Nor does he always rest here. If the company be agreeable, rummer will follow upon rummer in long succession, during all which time I am kept standing, as it were, with my sleeves tucked up, ready to begin, but unable to perform a single stroke of work. While such is my real predicament, my infatuated master is fully persuaded that he is doing something vastly in favor of my business, and calculated to promote his own comfort. He feels the reverse when he at length tumbles into bed, to fester and toss till morning, when, my labors being still unaccomplished, he will awake with a burning headache, a parched tongue, and uneasy sensations all over—call for a glass of soda-water *electrified* (this is his wretched slang for the infusion of a glass of brandy in it;) and thus vainly think to get rid of his pains by that which is only calculated to prolong them.

"These may be said to be a sample of my present distresses; but there has never been a time when I was better used, nor do I hope ever to be treated more considerably till the end of the chapter. I have but an obscure recollection of my infancy; yet I remember sufficiently well that at that time they were perpetually giving me things in the highest degree unsuitable, and generally far too much at a time, or else a proper quantity too often, which I have generally found to come to much the same thing. It was particularly hard, in those days, that, if my young master's nurse took anything that disagreed with her, I immediately became a sufferer by it, who was not only innocent of all imprudence myself, but whose very master was equally innocent—the purest case of paying the penalty of another's offences that could well be imagined. Then came the sad stuffings with cake and pudding, to which my boy-master subjected me whenever he could obtain the means—which I remarked to be particularly likely to happen when he visited aunts and grandmamas; a class of relations who, unfortunately for me, feel themselves under none of those salutary restraints, as to the young, which Solomon has wisely imposed on parents—wisely in all respects, I may say, but that of his not extending his injunctions to a wider circle of relationship. Well do I remember the dreadful poses I used to get into when the foolish young rogue chanced to gorge about thrice the quantity of an indigestible pabulum which he ought to have taken even of a digestible one. Laden so much beyond my strength, I became rigid in every muscle, and could only grasp my burden in mute and nervish despair. His anguish on those occasions was truly dreadful; but the truth is, it was all my anguish in the first place, and he only felt it reflectively. Then came the doctor with his doses of things black and dismal as Erebus, but all vouched for as necessary in the case; and of these nauseating processes the whole misery fell, of course, upon me. It was like cutting a man to pieces while relieving him of a burden which had been tied upon him. Many a time have I prayed my neighbor Pylorus—a jealous door-keeping fellow he is—to allow a little of the mess to pass out of my charge unchymified, that I might get elbow-room to proceed with the remainder; but never one particle would he take off my hands in this way, having a trust, he said, to that effect, which he could not neglect or betray without ruining the whole concern. I used to execrate him in my heart for a stingy ultra-virtuous dog; but I have since come to acknowledge that he was in the right of it, and, indeed, my petition was only an effort of despair, like that of drowning men catching at straws. These bouts, after all, were only severe at the time, and I used to rebound from them wonderfully fast. Alas! my experiences since have sometimes inclined me to look back upon them with a sigh. I was young and stout then. The statutory four meals a-day were scarcely a trouble to me. There was hardly any stuff I could not get the better of, if it only were not given in a quantity absolutely overwhelming. I participated in that bounding vitality which makes difficulties rather pleasant than otherwise to youth, provided they only do not go very much too far. I cannot now pretend to undertake the jobs that then were light to me, and which I would have laughed at as trifles. The saddest consideration of all is, that, so far from those days ever returning, I must now look forward to much worse

than even the present. I feel that the strength which I ought to have had at my present time of life has passed from me. I am getting weak, and peevish, and evil-disposed. A comparatively small trouble sits long and sore upon me. Bile, from being my servant, is becoming my master, and a bad one he makes, as all good servants ever do. I see nothing before me but a premature old age of pains and groans, and gripes and grumbings, which will, of course, not last over long, and thus I shall be cut short in my career, when I should have been enjoying life's tranquil evening, without a single vexation of any kind to trouble me.

"Were I of a rancorous temper, it might be a consolation to think that my master, the cause of all my woes, must suffer and sink with me; but I don't see how this can mend my own case; and, from old acquaintance, I am rather disposed to feel sorry for him, as one who has been more ignorant and imprudent than ill-meaning. In the same spirit let me hope that this true and unaffected account of my case may prove a warning to other persons how they use their stomachs—for they may depend upon it, that whatever injustice they do to us in their days of health and pride, will be repaid to *themselves* in the long-run; our friend Madam Nature being an inveterately accurate accountant, who makes no allowance for revokes or mistakes, but acts towards all, like Sarah Battle, according to the rigor of the game."

#### JAMES WADSWORTH.

THE Rochester Daily Advertiser announces the death of the Hon. James Wadsworth, who has been languishing several months at his residence in Geneseo. This intelligence, though not unexpected, is deeply afflicting to all who knew and appreciated him, as wisdom and worth are appreciated, when known. It was our privilege to have enjoyed this great and good man's friendship and confidence for many years. We say great and good, for such was truly and eminently his character. He was emphatically the architect of his own fortune and fame. His *fortune* was acquired by agricultural enterprise and industry; and, by devoting all that was needful of that fortune to the diffusion of *Knowledge* and the encouragement of *Science*, he established for himself a reputation as enduring as time.

Mr. Wadsworth gave his thoughts as well as his money to the cause of *Education*, of *Political Economy*, and of the *Practical Sciences*. The Commonwealth is equally indebted to his wisdom for suggesting and maturing, and to his munificence for carrying out measures of physical, mental and moral improvement. He established and endowed the first *Normal School* in this State. He originated and assisted in perfecting the system of *Common School Libraries*, by means of which every School District in the State is in possession of the most precious literary treasures. He has published large editions of valuable works, and caused them to be gratuitously distributed. And he has done much else, of which we hope to have a faithful memoir; and for which his memory will be gratefully cherished by the citizens of the State of New York.

James Wadsworth, in company with his brother William, who died several years since, were natives of Hartford, Ct. They purchased a large tract of land upon the Genesee river towards the close of

the last century. The Indians were for many years their only neighbors. Their industry, enterprise and intelligence soon rendered their possessions immensely valuable. Their vast fortunes show what enlightened men can accomplish, even in the too much neglected pursuit of agriculture. General Wm. Wadsworth lived and died a bachelor, bequeathing his share of the estate to his brother's children. James Wadsworth, next to John Jacob Astor, was the wealthiest man in our State. His immense fortune descends to two sons, who are heirs also to many of their father's virtues; and to a daughter, who, though in person and mind formed to grace and charm society, has with all a daughter's devoted affection, been the inseparable companion of her father during his years of sickness and suffering. Martin Brimmer, Esq., Mayor of Boston, married the eldest daughter of Mr. Wadsworth.

We hope to see, from the hands of some person having access to papers, an extended memoir of Mr. Wadsworth's life and character.—*Albany Evening Journal*.

Fifty-seven years ago, when only twenty years of age, Mr. W. left his native State of Connecticut; determined to carve for himself a name and a fortune in what was then the Western wilderness. After considerable "looking about," he finally, with a companion, as enterprising as himself, "located" in the richest section of the Genesee Valley. The two friends spent their days chopping in the heavy timbered forest, and at night they returned to their cabin, where their black woman had provided for them such a supper as the forest afforded. Amidst such toils, privations, and hardships they prosecuted their labors, until they had effected a "clearing," when the luxurious soil was made to "bring forth abundantly" a supply for their wants. Here most pioneers would have considered their ends as accomplished, and would quietly have settled down in the enjoyment of the fruits of their previous industry and enterprise. But not so with Mr. W., for he had chalked out for himself a higher destiny.

He returned to Connecticut, and connected himself with a company for the purchase of lands in the "Genesee country." As the agent of this company, or on his own account, he became the purchaser of all the first parcels of land in the market. His good fortune still continuing, or rather his good judgment, industry and frugality, producing their legitimate results, he was enabled to buy out his associates, as well as to make a large purchase of the Poulney estate, so that in addition to one-tenth of the Indian reservations, Mr. W. finally became the possessor of an estate, so extensive that he remarked to a friend, "he could, by crossing the river twice, go from Genesee to this city," (a distance of thirty miles,) "upon his own lands, and through a portion of the city itself."

But though Mr. W. did seize of an estate so extensive and valuable, that Stephens, the traveler, said of it, that he would not exchange it for the whole kingdom of David; yet its possession was far from being a source of real happiness to its possessor, for the supervision of so extensive a landed property, and the continued drain for money upon his comparatively small income, surrounded him with such embarrassments and perplexities for a great portion of his life, that, in his later years, when the cause had ceased to exist, he suffered more from a confirmed hypochondria, than usually



falls to the lot of the most unfortunate man; and at such times his conversation would turn upon the events of his early life, and it was easy to perceive, that the days of his poverty were the favorite periods of his life, and he abounded in anecdotes bearing upon it. "Forty years ago to-night," he once remarked to a friend, "I first met John Jacob Astor. It was in Detroit. He had an axe upon his shoulder and was looking for employment in the American Fur Company, and I was looking for a school to teach."

It is not only as a man of wealth, and one of the last of that race of men of iron nerves—the first settlers of western New York, that Mr. W. will be remembered; though engrossed in business to an extent, that would have absorbed the energies of common men, he still found time to read extensively, and to read profoundly, particularly, upon his favorite topics, political economy, agriculture, and the improvement of the system of primary instruction; and no one could be many moments in his company, without feeling that he was in the presence of a person possessed of a superior intellect, and one that would have distinguished himself in almost every sphere of life, to which he might have been called, and a work he has left in manuscript (unless it has been recently published) exhibits more of the marks of a man, devoted to literary pursuits, than of one, who commenced life with an axe on his shoulder.

I never met him but in business connected with the book-trade, and I was particularly struck, with the anxiety with which he inquired after the popularity and probable success of the law for the establishment of Common School Libraries. I told him it appeared to be highly popular among the farmers, but the good intentions of the law were frequently defeated by the committees to make selections. "Never mind that," said the old man, "It is an evil that time will correct. The children will know more than their parents." *New York Express.*

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From the *Britannia*.

#### POPERY IN AMERICA.

A POPISH riot in Philadelphia has already issued in the destruction of property, the burning of houses, and the death of American citizens. Whether the hot blood of the Yankees will tolerate this is a matter for themselves. But the moral of the event is matter for the people of England. Through fifty years Popery has been declaring its pacific spirit, its compliance with the laws of every state where it existed, and its compatibility with all the forms of the British constitution. It was at length unhappily suffered to enter the Legislature, and thus possess power. We need only glance at the history of the last dozen years to know the malignity with which it has warred against the interests of England, the violence which it has fomented in Ireland, the overthrow of independent cabinets, and the support of dependent ones, finished by the desperate attempts at revenge for the return of the conservative government, a revenge which had nearly kindled a civil war in Ireland.

When it was charged with those principles of subversion, the answer uniformly was, "Whatever mischiefs may have been effected have been the natural consequence of circumstances. The Papists have lain under hereditary persecution;

centuries of suffering have embittered them; they are merely protecting themselves against a government which has emancipated them through fear, and (as they assert) would fetter them again but for that fear." In so many words, that their Irish meetings and their English votes are simply the result of their position in a Protestant empire, in the face of an established church, and surrounded by a Protestant population.

Philadelphia now raises her voice against this whole fallacy. In an excellent article on the subject in the *Standard*, the question is put in the following clear point of view:—

"We, however, must not allow one important lesson, taught by the Philadelphia outrage, to pass unnoticed. How often have we had it dinned into our ears that the Irish Romanists never would be disorderly or turbulent but for the remembrance of seven centuries of oppression, &c., and the insults of Orangemen? In the United States, however, they have no 'seven centuries,' &c., to complain of, and at Philadelphia their adversaries were not Orangemen, but 'native Americans.' The 'Orangeman,' the Irish Protestant, wherever found, is distinguished by his Saxon qualities of all the patience, industry, and moderation that can consist with a proper ambition—all the forbearance that can ally itself with a high and brave spirit. Neither at home nor abroad was the Irish Orangeman ever the aggressor, but Philadelphia tells what kind of cattle he has had to deal with at home. The truth is, that the Philadelphia affair is but another illustration of Romanism militant."

This case furnishes an example of Popery, and under a mixed form of religion; and the character is written in embers and bloodshed. We next have Popery under a government essentially Popish, and the character is still more gloomy and frightful. A Portuguese female, in the town of Funchal, having dared to think that the images ought not to be worshiped—that the Holy Sacrament is bread and wine—and that the Virgin Mary, though blest as the mother of the Messiah, was born after the manner and with the nature of all other women—has been sentenced by the tribunal of the island to be put to death for this alleged heresy.

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THE GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION TO THE TOILET, or a Treatise on Shaving, by a London Hair-Dresser.—If, as the song runs, "the wisdom's in the wig"—the grace, we presume, lies in the beard. How all this—as well as "the unloveliness of love-locks"—was cut short by Puritanism, were a moving tale to write. Enough for the present, that now—when Revolution and Non-conformity are fading into the horizon, and Young Europe is dreaming its dreams of middle-age restorations and other pleasant impracticabilities besides—cheeks, chins, and upper lips are beginning to bud with a thousand pretty fancies, as may be seen any day on a Parisian Boulevard, or our own Quadrant; and we must pronounce our "London Hair-dresser" a man behind his time—a Pym, rather than a Pusey, of the razor and the basin. He is learned in cropping: but silent as to forms of plantation: knows the plain art of destructiveness well—but seems sternly indifferent to all the poetical inventions of Conservatism. A pamphlet entitled "The Hair-grower's Hand-book" is wanting by way of companion.—*Athenæum*.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Lettres Parisiennes*, par Madame EMILE DE GIRARDIN (Vicomte de Launay.) Parisian Letters by EMILY DE GIRARDIN, under the pseudonym of the Vicomte de Launay. Paris. 1843.
2. *Paris im Frühjahre*. 1843. Von L. RELLSTAB. Leipzig. 1844.
3. *Paris and its People*. By the Author of "Random Recollections of the House of Commons." London. 1843.

OF the myriads of books now yearly appearing which time shall swallow up, so that they or their memory be no more seen, we hope this little work of Madame de Girardin's will not be one. Not that it is more innocent or intrinsically worthy of life than many others of its companions which will be handed over to the inevitable destroyer; but it deserves to have a corner in a historical library, where even much more natural and meritorious publications might be excluded; just as a two-headed child will get a place in a museum-bottle, when an ordinary creature, with the usual complement of skull, will only go the way the sexton shows it. The "*Lettres Parisiennes*" give a strange picture of a society, of an age, and of an individual. One or the other Madame Girardin exposes with admirable unconscious satire; and this is satire of the best and wholesomest sort. One is apt to suspect the moralist whose indignation makes his verse or points his wit; one cannot tell how much of personal pique mars the truth of his descriptions, or how many vices or passions are painted after the happy ever-present model himself; and while we read Swift's satires of a sordid, brutal, and wicked age, or Churchill's truculent descriptions of the daring profligates of his time, we know the first to be black-hearted, wicked, and envious, as any monster he represents, and have good reason to suspect the latter to be the dissolute ruffian whom he describes as a characteristic of his times.

But the world *could* never be what the dean painted as he looked at it with his furious, mad, glaring eyes; nor was it the wild drunken place which Churchill, reeling from a tavern, fancied he saw reeling round about him. We might as well take the word of a sot, who sees four candles on the table where the sober man can only perceive two; or of a madman who peoples a room with devils that are quite invisible to the doctor. Our Parisian chronicler, whose letters appear under the pseudonym of the Vicomte de Launay, is not more irrational than his neighbors. The vicomte does not pretend to satirize his times more than a gentleman would who shares in the events which he depicts, and has a perfectly good opinion of himself and them; if he writes about trifles it is because his society occupies itself with such, and his society is, as we know, the most refined and civilized of all the societies in this world; for is not Paris the European capital, and does he not speak of the best company there!—Indeed, and for

the benefit of the vulgar and unrefined, the vicomte's work ought to be translated, and would surely be read with profit. Here might the discontented artisan see how his betters are occupied; here might the country gentleman's daughter who, weary of her humdrum village-retirement, pines for the delights of Paris, find those pleasures chronicled of which she longs to take a share; and if we may suppose she possesses (as she does always in novels and often in real life) a sage father or guardian, or a reflective conscience of her own, either monitor will tell her a fine moral out of the Vicomte de Launay's letters, and leave her to ask is this the fashionable life that I have been sighing after—this heartless, false, and, above all, intolerably wearisome existence, which the most witty and brilliant people in the world consent to lead! As for the man of the humbler class, if after musing over this account of the great and famous people he does not learn to be contented with his own condition, all instruction is lost upon him, and his mind is diseased by a confirmed enviousness which no reason or reality will cure.

Nor is the Vicomte de Launay's sermon, like many others, which have undeniable morals to them, at all dull in the reading; every page, on the contrary, is lively and amusing—it sparkles with such wit as only a Frenchman can invent—it abounds with pleasing anecdote, bright pictures of human life, and happy turns of thought. It is entirely selfish and heartless, but the accomplished author does not perceive this: its malice is gentlemanlike and not too ill-natured: and its statements, if exaggerated, are not more so than good company warrants. In a society where a new carriage, or new bonnet, is a matter of the greatest importance, how can one live but by exaggerating? Lies, as it were, form a part of the truth of the system. But there is a compensation for this, as for most other things in life—and while one set of duties or delights are exaggerated beyond measure, another sort are depreciated correspondingly. In that happy and genteel state of society where a new carriage, or opera, or bonnet, become objects of the highest importance, morals become a trifling matter; politics futile amusement; and religion an exploded ceremony. All this is set down in the vicomte's letters, and proved beyond the possibility of doubt.

And hence the great use of having real people of fashion to write their own lives, in place of the humble male and female authors, who, under the denomination of the Silver Fork School, have been employed by silly booksellers in our own day. They cannot give us any representation of the real authentic genteel fashionable life; they will relapse into morality in spite of themselves; do what they will they are often vulgar, sometimes hearty and natural; they have not the unconscious wickedness, the delightful want of principle, which the great fashionable man possesses, none of the grace and ease of vice. What pretender can, for instance,

equal the dissoluteness of George Selwyn's Letters, lately published?—What mere literary head could have invented Monsieur Suisse and his noble master? We question whether Mr. Beckford's witty and brilliant works could have been written by any but a man in the very best company; and so it is with the Vicomte de Launay,—his is the work of a true person of fashion, the real thing, (the real sham, some misanthropist may call it, but these are of a snarling and discontented turn,) and no mere pretender could have equalled them. As in the cases of George Selwyn and Monsieur Suisse, mentioned before, the De Launay Letters do not tell all, but you may judge by a part of the whole, of Hercules by his foot,—by his mere bow, it is said, any one (in high life) might judge his late Majesty George IV., to be the most accomplished man in Europe. And so with De Launay, though he speak but about the last new turban which the Countess wore at the opera, or of her liaison with the Chevalier —, you may see by the gravity with which he speaks of that turban, and the graceful lightness with which he recounts the little breakage of the seventh commandment in question, what is the relative importance of each event in his mind, and how (we may therefore pretty fairly infer) the *beau monde* is in the habit of judging them. Some French critics who have spoken of Vicomte de Launay's work, do, it is true, deny his claim to rank as a man of fashion, but there are delicate shades in fashion and politeness, which a foreigner cannot understand, and many a person will pass among us for well-bred, who is not what Mrs. Trollope calls *la crème de la crème*. The vicomte does not, as it would seem, frequent those great and solemn houses of the Faubourg St. Germain, where the ancient nobility dwell, (and which are shut to all the *roture*\*)—but he is welcomed at the court of Louis Philippe, and the balls of the ambassadors (so much coveted by our nation in France)—he dances in all the saloons of the Faubourg, and he has a box at all the operas; if Monsieur de Castellane gives a private play, the Vicomte is sure to be in the front seats; if the *gentlemen-sportsmen* of the Jockey-club on the Boulevard have a racing or gambling match in hand, he is never far off: he is related to the chamber of deputies, and an influential party there, he has published poems, and plays, and commands a newspaper; and hence his opportunities of knowing poets, authors, and artists, are such as must make him a chronicler of no ordinary authenticity.

It is of matters relating to all these people that the gay and voluble vicomte discourses; and if we may judge of the success of his letters by the number of imitations which have followed them, their popularity must have been very great indeed.

\* Except as in the case of a rich American, who, though once a purser of a ship, has been adopted by the nobles of the Faubourg St. Germain, and is said to have cut the family at the Tuileries, and all his old acquaintances of the *Chaussée d'Antin*.

Half-a-dozen journals at least have their weekly chronicle now upon the De Launay model, and the reader of the French and English newspapers may not seldom remark in the "own correspondence" with which some of the latter prints are favored, extracts and translations from the above exclusive sources, compiled by the ambassadors of the English press in Paris, for the benefit of their public here.

It would be impossible perhaps for a journal here to produce any series of London letters similar in kind to those of which we are speaking. The journalist has not the position in London which is enjoyed by his Parisian brother. Here the journal is everything, and the writer a personage studiously obscure;—if a gentleman, he is somehow most careful to disguise his connexion with literature, and will avow any other profession but his own: if not of the upper class, the gentry are strangely shy and suspicious of him, have vague ideas of the danger of "being shown up" by him, and will flock to clubs to manifest their mistrust by a black-ball. Society has very different attentions for the Parisian journalists, and we find them admitted into the saloons of ambassadors, the cabinets of ministers, and the boudoirs of ladies of fashion. When shall we ever hear of Mr. This, theatrical critic for the "Morning Post," at Lady Londonderry's ball, or Mr. That, editor of the "Times," closeted with Sir Robert Peel, and "assisting" the prime minister to prepare a great parliamentary paper or a queen's speech? And, indeed, with all possible respect for the literary profession, we are inclined to think the English mode the most wholesome in this case, and that it is better that the duchesses, the ministers, and the literary men, should concert with their kind, nor be too intimate with each other.

For the truth is, the parties have exceedingly few interests in common. The only place in England we know of where the great and the small frankly consort, is the betting-ring at Epsom and Newmarket, where his grace will take the horse-dealer's odds and *vice versa*,—that is the place of almost national interest and equality, but what other is there? At Exeter Hall (another and opposite national institution) my lord takes the chair and is allowed the lead. Go to Guildhall on a feast day, my lords have a high table for themselves, with gold and plate, where the commoners have crockery, and no doubt with a prodigious deal more green fat in the turtle soup than falls to the share of the poor sufferers at the plebeian table. The theatre was a place where our rich and poor met in common, but the great have deserted that amusement, and are thinking of sitting down to dinner, or are preparing for the opera when three acts of the comedy are over. The honest citizen who takes his simple walk on a Sunday in the park comes near his betters, it is true, but they are passing him in their carriages or on horseback,—nay, it must have struck any plain person who may

chance to have travelled abroad in steamboat or railroad, how the great Englishman, or the would-be great (and the faults of a great master, as Sir Joshua Reynolds says, are always to be seen in the exaggerations of his imitators) will sit alone perched in his solitary carriage on the fore-deck, rather than come among the vulgar crowd who are enjoying themselves in the more commodious part of the vessel. If we have a fault to find with the fashionable aristocracy of this free country, it is not that they shut themselves up and do as they like, but that they ruin honest folks who will insist upon imitating them; and this is not their fault—it is ours. A philosopher has but to walk into the Bedford and Russell-square district, and wonder over this sad characteristic of his countrymen; it is written up in the large bills in the windows which show that the best houses in London are to let. There is a noble mansion in Russell-square, for instance, of which the proprietors propose to make a club—but the inhabitants of Bloomsbury who want a club must have it at the west end of the town, as far as possible from their own unfashionable quarter; those who *do* inhabit it want to move away from it; and you hear attorneys' wives and honest stock-brokers' ladies talk of quitting the vulgar district, and moving towards "*the court end*," as if they were to get any good by living near her Majesty the queen, at Piccadilly! Indeed, a man who after living much abroad, returns to his own country, will find there is no meanness in Europe like that of the freeborn Briton. A woman in middle life is afraid of her lady's-maid if the latter has lived in a lord's family previously. In the days of the existence of the C—— club, young men used to hesitate and make apologies before they avowed they belonged to it; and the reason was—not that the members were not as good as themselves, but because they were not better. The club was ruined because there were not lords enough in it. The young barristers, the young artists, the young merchants from the city, would not, to be sure, speak to their lordships if they were present, but they pined in their absence—they sought for places where their august patrons might occasionally be seen and worshipped in silence; and the corner of Waterloo Place is now dark, and the friendly steam of dinners no longer greets the passers-by there at six o'clock. How those deserters would have rallied round a couple of dukes were they ever so foolish, and a few marquises no wiser than the author of a certain Voyage to Constantinople.

Thus, as it seems to us, the great people in England have killed our society. It is not their fault: but it is our meanness. We might be very social and happy without them if we would: but follow them we must, and as in the good old vicar's time, the appearance of Lady Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs amongst us, (whom we *will* ask,) instantly puts a stop to the joviality and free flow of spirits which reigned before her ladyship's arrival; and

we give up nature and blind-man's buff for stiff conversations about "Shakspeare and the musical glasses." This digression concerning English society has to be sure no actual reference to the subject in hand, save that moral one which the Reviewer sometimes thinks fit to point out to his reader, who travelling with him in the spirit to foreign countries, may thus their manners noting, and their realms surveying, be induced to think about his own.

With this let us cease further moralizing, and as we have shown in the above sentences that the English reader delights in none but the highest society, and as we have humbly alluded in a former paragraph to young countrywomen, who, possibly weary of the sameness of their hall or village, yearn after the delight of Paris, and the splendors of the entertainments there; perhaps some such will have no objection to accompanying Madame or Monsieur Girardin de Launay through the amusement of a Paris season, in that harmless fashion in which Shacabac partook of the first feast offered by the Barmecide, and which entails no evil consequences upon the feaster. It is the winter of 1837. Charles X. is just dead at Goritz, and we (the vicomte and his reader) are for a while too genteel to dance in public in consequence of the poor old monarch's demise. We pass some pathetic remarks on the fate of exiled kings; we wonder how it happens that the Tuileries do not go into mourning. We do so ourselves, just to be in fashion and to show our loyalty, but only for a few days—but people should fancy we could not afford to purchase spring fashions, and so having decently buried the sovereign, we give a loose to our pleasures, and go of course to Madame d'Appeny's ball.

"You have no idea how diamonds and your own hair have come into fashion again—we remark this at the ball of the ambassador of Austria, where really and truly the whole room glistened with diamonds. Diamonds and hair! every one puts on everybody's own diamonds, and everybody else's—everybody wears their own hair, and somebody else's besides. Look at the Duchess of Sutherland. Have you seen her grace and her diamonds—all the world is crowding to look at them; and as he goes to look at her magnificent diadem, worth two millions it is said, many a young man has *bien des distractions* in gazing at her grace's beautiful eyes and charming face.

"This is in the Faubourg St. Honoré—as for the people in the Faubourg St. Germain, the poor creatures, on account of the poor dear king's death dare not dance—they *only* waltz—it's more *triste* to waltz, more becoming—it seems by chance as it were. Some one sits down to the piano and plays a little waltz—just a little pretty one—and some one else begins to turn round in time. It is not a dance—no invitations were given, only a few young people have amused themselves by keeping time to M. de X. or Léon de B——. They were in white, but

their parents were in black all the time—for the good old king, the first gentleman in Europe, (the French too had a first gentleman in Europe,) lies dead yonder at Goritz.

“As Lent comes on, we are of course too well-bred not to go to church. And to speak about the preachers, *fi donc!* but we positively must hear M. de Ravignan, for all the world goes to Nôtre Dame, and M. Dupanloup at Saint Roch, and the Abbé Combalot at Saint Eustache. We only mention their names as a fact, and to point out that there is a return towards religion, at which we are very happy; but as for commenting upon, or criticising the works of these ‘austere inspired ones,’ we must not venture to do it; they speak for our salvation and not for their own glory, and we are sure, must be quite above all worldly praise. And so no more about religion in Lent. And oh, it is quite frightful to think how the people do dance in Lent as it is!”

#### ENGLISHWOMEN AT A FRENCH BALL.

“The masked ball given in benefit of the English has been so successful, that imitations may be looked for; the ball of the civil list is to be in the same fashion it is said. We dearly love masked-balls—handsome women appear there under quite novel aspects, and as for ugly women whom a brilliant imagination carries thither, why they become delightful too, in their way, the Englishwomen above all, there is such an engaging frankness. It must be confessed that if we look at the handsome English, and admire them, with something like envy and bitterness of heart, there are natives of a certain other sort whom the ‘perfidious Albion’ sends over to us, and who charm us beyond expression; let us say it to the island’s double renown, that if the modern Venus, that is beauty, has come to us from the waves of the channel, the very contrary goddess (whom we need not name) has risen in full dress out of the frightened waves of the Thames. In a word, we admit that our neighbors provide our fêtes with the most beautiful women, and with those who are most of the other sort. They do nothing by halves the Englishwomen, they bring beauty to perfection or they carry ugliness to distraction; in this state they cease to be women altogether, and become beings of which the classification is impossible. One looks like an old bird, another like an old horse, a third, like a young donkey—some have a bison look, some a dromedary appearance, and all a poodle cast. Now all this seated quietly in a drawing-room, and reputably dressed looks simply ugly, and there’s an end of it; but set it off in a masked-ball—all these poor things dressed and bedizened, all these strange faces, and graces, and grimaces, twisting and hurling, and ogling and leering their best, you can’t conceive what a wonderful effect they have! If you could but have seen them the other day in the Salle Ventadour with seven or eight feathers in their heads: red feathers, blue feathers, black feathers, peacocks’ feathers, cocks’ feathers, all the feathers of all the birds in the air—if you could have seen their satisfied looks as they glanced at the looking-glasses, and the grace with which their fair fingers repaired some enchanting disorder of the dress, and the perseverance with which they placed in its right position over the forehead that charming ringlet which would come upon the nose,

and the yellow slipper, or the brown one, with-drawn or protruded with alike winning grace, and all the shells, and beads, and bracelets, and all the ornaments from all the jewel-boxes of the family conglomerated on one strange person, and looking as if astonished to find themselves so assembled; you would say as we do, it is a charming thing a *bal costumé*, and if anybody offers to show you such a sight for a louis, give it, my dear friend, you never laid out money so well.”

Indeed any person who has been in a Paris ball-room will allow that the description is a very true and very amusing one; and as we are still addressing the ladies, we would beg them to take warning, by the above remarks, on their visits to Paris: to remember what pitiless observers are round about them in the meagre persons of their French acquaintance; to reflect that their costume, in its every remotest part, is subject to eyes so critical, that not an error can escape; and hence, seeing the almost impossibility, from insular ignorance, to be entirely in the mode, to cultivate a noble, a becoming simplicity, and be, as it were, above it. The handsomest women in Europe can best afford to go unadorned—it is difficult for a Parisian beauty, lean, yellow, and angular; her charms require all the aids of address, while her rival’s are only heightened by simplicity. And but that comparisons are odious in all instances, and in this not certainly flattering, we would venture to point out an unromantic analogy between Beauty and Cookery in the two countries. Why do the French have recourse to sauces, stews, and other culinary disguisements?—because their meat is not good. Why do the English content themselves with roast and boiled?—because they need no preparations. And so Beauty like Beef. \* \* \* But let us adopt a more becoming and genteel tone. Scotland is the country where agriculture is best understood—France is most famous for the culture of the toilet—and for the same reason; the niggardliness of nature to both countries, with which let us console ourselves for any little national wants among ourselves.

We are sure the fair reader will have no objection to accompany Madame de Girardin to a ball at so genteel a place as the English Embassy, where Lady Granville is celebrating the birthday of our sovereign.

“On Friday was the beautiful *fête* to celebrate the birthday of the Queen of England; and as it is a woman who is king in England, the men did not wear uniform at Lord Granville’s ball, but the women. Nothing could look more agreeable than all these white robes, strewed over with roses, which made the most respectable matrons of the company look young. It was the *fête* of the rose: and never did the royal flower shine with more splendor. At the corner of each door was a mountain of rose-trees in flower, ranged upon invisible steps: indeed a beautiful sight; and here and there you might perceive some of the fair young dancers picking roses in order to replace the graceful bouquets of their robes, which the whirl of the waltz had carried away. Nor was the little theft

likely of detection; there were enough roses there to crown all the hundred-and-sixty English families with their eighteen daughters—Isabella, Arabella, Rosina, Susanna, Eliza, Mary, Lucy, Betsey, Naucy, &c. &c.

"Besides the flowers of the magnificent gardens and hot-houses of the embassy, ten or twelve hundred rose-trees had been sent for, of which only eight hundred, it is said, could find a place in the reception-rooms. Judge from this of the mythological splendor of the scene. The garden was covered with a tent, and arranged as a conversation-room. But what a room! The large beds, filled with flowers, were enormous *jardinières* that all the world came to see—the gravel-walks were covered over with fresh cloths, full of respect for the white satin slippers of the dancers; great sofas of damask and velvet replaced the garden seats. On a round table there were books, and it was a pleasure to come and muse and breathe the air in this vast boudoir, from which one could hear the noise of the music, like fairy songs in the distance, and see passing away like happy shades, in the three long galleries of flowers round about, the lovely and sprightly young girls who were hastening to the dance, and the lovely, but more sedate young married women, who were hying to the supper.

"There never is a *fête* without a *lion*, and the lion on this occasion was a charming Anglo-Italian princess, whose appearance made the most lively impression. Lady Mary Talbot, married two months since to the Prince of Doria, had arrived from Genoa only a few hours before the ball, and only thought of going to rest after so long a journey, and with regret of the splendid festival she must miss seeing. How could a person, arrived only at four, think of being present at a *fête* at ten o'clock? Had it been four o'clock in the morning, there might have been a chance yet to prepare a dress, and to recruit oneself from the fatigues of travel. But now the case seemed hopeless, when of a sudden the following wonderful words were uttered at the princess's door: 'A ball dress is just brought for Madame la Princesse.' And as one sees the courser stretched idly in the meadow start up and bound across the plain at the first signal of the warlike trumpet, so did the fair young traveler, stretched idly upon her couch, rouse herself on a sudden, and bound to the dressing-table at the first signal of coquetry. Whence came this robe so beautiful? what beneficent fairy had commanded it? That question is easily answered—only a real friend could have thought of such an attention. And shall I tell you, young beauties, how to know a true friend? She who admires you, deceives you; she who makes others admire you, really loves you."

In this passage the viscount-disguise is surely thrown off altogether and the woman appears, as natural and as coquettish as Heaven made her. If we have occasionally cause to complain of the viscount's want of sincerity, here, at least, we have no right to suspect Madame de Girardin. The incident of the dress overcomes her nature; and in the enthusiasm of the moment, she let the great secret regarding her sex escape her. But for the moralities that have already been uttered, how long and how profitable a sermon might be composed with that last sentence for a text? "She

who admires you, deceives you; she who causes you to be admired, loves you." What a picture it is of the woman of the world, and her motives, and her simplicity, and her sincerity, and her generosity. That was a fatal confession, Madame de Girardin. It may be true, but it was a fault to say it; and one can't but think of the woman who uttered it with an involuntary terror. Thus we have seen a man boast that he would play any tricks upon the cards, and cut any given one any number of times running, which he did, and the world admired—but nobody afterwards was anxious to play at *écarté* with that man; no, not for a penny a game.

And now having introduced the English reader to two such fashionable assemblies as the foregoing, we must carry them into company still more genteelly august, and see the queen and the Princess Helen. It is in this easy, lively way that the gay Parisian describes the arrival of the amiable widow of the Duke of Orleans.

#### A FETE-DAY AT PARIS.

"The garden of the Tuileries was splendidly beautiful yesterday—it was beautified by the king's orders and by the people's—by the sky's and by the spring's. What a noble and cheerful sight it was! Go hang yourselves, ye inhabitants of the provinces, you who could not see this magnificent picture, for the canvass is torn and the piece will never be exhibited again. Fancy now sights such as were never before seen at Paris at the same time: fancy a sky bright blue—fancy the trees real green—the people neat and well-dressed—and the crowd joyous and in its best attire, revelling in the perfumes of the flowering lilies. Confess now you never saw anything like that—at Paris when the sky is blue, the trees are always gray, for the dust eats them up—at Paris when the trees are green then you may be sure it has just rained, and all the people are muddy and dirty. \* \* \* Oh, how brilliant nature was that day, youthful and yet strong—young and yet powerful, fresh and ripe, budding and full: it was like the passion of a pure girl who should have waited till five-and-twenty before she began to love—it had all the purity of a first love—but a first-love experienced when the heart had attained its utmost power and perfection.

"How noble those lofty chestnuts are—how finely do their royal flowers contrast with the sombre verdure of their leaves!

"Look from here and see what a fine sight it is. The great alley of the garden is before us—on the right, three ranks of national guards; on the left, three of troops of the line. Behind them the crowd—elegant and brilliant with a thousand colors. Before us is a basin with its fountain, which mounts upwards in a sunbeam; behind the jet d'eau, look, you see the obelisk, and behind that the arch of triumph. By way of frame to the picture are two terraces covered with people, and great trees everywhere. Look down for a moment at yonder flower-beds and tufts of lilac—every one of them blossomed on the same day. What perfume! what sunshine! Hush! here's a courier, the procession must be drawing near—now comes a postilion all covered with dust, and gallops away: and now comes a poodle dog and gallops

away too, quite frightened—immense laughter and applause from the crowd. After the poodle comes a greyhound, still more alarmed—still more laughter and applause from the crowd—and the first part of the procession serves to keep the public in good humor. A stout workwoman in a cap elbows a genteel old beauty, and says, 'Let me see the princess, ma'am; you, you can go and see her at court.' The genteel old beauty looks at her with a sneer, and says to her daughter, 'The court, indeed! The good woman does not seem to know that there is much more likelihood for her to go to that court than for us.' 'No doubt,' says the young lady. 'Only let her marry a grocer, and they'll make her a great lady.' By which dialogue we learn that the legitimists also have condescended to come and see the procession. At last it comes. See! here are the cuirassiers, they divide, and you see the reflection of their breast-plates flashing in the fountain. Now comes the cavalry of the national guards. What a fine corps, and what a fine horse Mr. G—— has! The king! M. Montalivet—the ministers—they go too fast, I can't see anything. The queen! how noble she looks; how charmingly dressed—what a ravishing blue hat! The Princess Helen looks round this way; how young her face seems! Ah, now you can only see her hat, it is a sweet pretty one, in white *paille de riz*, with a drooping marabout. Her robe is very elegant, white muslin, double with rose. The Duke of Orleans is on horseback by the queen's side; but mercy on us, who are those people in the carriages of the suite? Did you ever see such old bonnets and gowns!—for a triumphal entry into Paris, surely they might have made a little toilet! The *cortège* has a shabby air. The carriages are extremely ugly, and too full—indeed, it was more worth waiting for it than seeing it."

If an English Baker-street lady had been called upon to describe a similar scene in her own country, we fancy her letter would have been conceived in a very different spirit from that of the saucy Parisian. The latter does not possess the Baker-street respect for the powers that be, and looks at kings and queens without feeling the least oppression or awe. A queen in a "ravissante capote bleue"—a princess of whom the description is that she is a "jolie Parisienne."—Is not this a sad and disrespectful manner of depicting an august reigning family? Nor, if we guess right, would Baker-street have condescended to listen to the vulgar conversation of the poor woman in the crowd who was so anxious to see the procession. The sneer of the great lady from the Faubourg St. Germain is very characteristic, and the deductions by the lookers-on not a little malicious and keen. That tasty description of the spring, too, at the commencement of the passage, where its warmth is likened to the love of an "*honnête jeune fille de 25 ans*," could only have been written by a French woman deeply versed in matters of the heart. Elsewhere she utters still more queer and dangerous opinions of the female sex, as this.

"Just look at the '*femmes passionnées*' of our day, about whom the world talk. They all began by a marriage of ambition; they have all desired

to be rich, countesses, marchionesses, duchesses, before they desired to be loved. It is not until they recognized the vanities of vanity, that they have resolved upon love. There are some among them who have simply gone back to the past, and at eight-and-twenty or thirty passionately devote themselves to the obscure youth whose love they refused at seventeen. M. de Balzac is right, then, in painting love as he finds it in the world, superannuated that is; and M. Janin is right too in saying that this sort of love is very dull. But if it is dull for novel-readers, how much more dismal is it for young men, who dream of love, and who are obliged to cry out in the midst of their transports about the beloved object, 'I love her,' and 'Oh heavens, how handsome *she must have been!*'"

The "*femme passionnée*" we see then to be a recognized fact in French fashionable life, and here, perhaps, our young Englishwoman, who has read the genteel descriptions eagerly will begin to be rather scandalized at the society into which she is introduced, and acknowledge that the English modes are the best. Well, well; passion is a delicate subject—there is a great deal more about it in this book, (or of what is called passion in Paris) than, perhaps, English mothers of families would like to hear of; let us rather be faithful to *fashion*, and as we have read of ambassadors and kings, now have an account of pretenders.

"This makes me think of a young prince, prisoner at Strasburg, whose audacious attempts we were far from foreseeing. Louis Bonaparte is full of honor and good sense; it could only be the *ennui* of exile which inspired him with the foolish idea to war and be emperor in France. Poor young man! it was more pleasure to him to be a captive in his own country than free in a foreign land. When one has blood and a name like his, inaction is hard to bear. Had they but given him right of citizenship in France, he had perhaps been contented. We have often heard him say that all his ambition was to be a French soldier, and gain his grade in our army—that a regiment would suit him better than a throne. *Et mon Dieu!* it was not a kingdom he came to look for here, it was only a country."

"We have often known him to laugh at the royal education which had been given him. One day he gaily told us, that in his childhood his great pleasure was to water flowers, and that his governess, Madame de B——, fearing lest he should catch cold, had the watering-pots filled with warm water. 'My poor flowers,' said the prince, 'they never knew the freshness of the waters.' I was but an infant then, and still the precaution appeared ridiculous to me.' He never could speak of France without a tender feeling, and in this he resembles the Duke of Bordeaux. We were at Rome when we heard of the news of Talma's death; every one began at once to deplore his loss, and to tell all they knew about the great actor, and speak of all the characters in which they had seen him. Whilst he was listening to us, who was then scarcely sixteen, he stamped his foot with impatience, and said, with tears in his eyes, 'To think that I am a Frenchman and have never seen Talma!'

"They say that on the day of his appearance at Strasburg, Prince Louis, intoxicated by his first moment of success, despatched a courier to his

mother to say he was master of Strasburg and about to march on Paris. Three days after he received in prison the answer of the Duchess of St. Leu, who, believing him to be entirely victorious, entreated him to preserve the royal family from the fury of his partisans, and to treat the king with the utmost possible respect. This shows us how far illusions can be carried among those who live far away from us, and that exiled princes are deceived as much as others."

To think he is a Frenchman and has not seen Talma! What a touch of pathos that is, of true French pathos. He has lost a kingdom, an empire, but, above all, he has not seen Talma. Fancy the pretender, our pretender, dying at Rome, and saying on his death-bed that he dies unhappy at not having seen Garrick in "Abel Druggier!" There would have been a universal grin through history at such a speech from such a man—but ours is not a country of equality; acting is an amusement with us, and does not come within the domain of glory—but one can see these French people with that strange fantastic mixture of nature and affectation, exaggeration and simplicity, weeping not altogether sham tears over the actor's death—and a prince thinking it necessary to "*placer son petit mot*" on the occasion.

We have a "*petit mot*," too, for the Duke of Bordeaux, no doubt as authentic as that here attributed to the unlucky prisoner of Ham.

"A traveller just returned from Goritz recounts an anecdote regarding M. le Duc de Bordeaux, which is not without interest. The prince had invited several young men to ride, and every one admired his boldness and agility. Hedges and ditches—nothing stopped him. At last he came to a ravine, a sort of torrent, whereof the stream was large enough to make the prince pause for a moment. But he turned round smiling to his companions, and said, 'Now, gentlemen, this is the Rhine, let us pass into France;' and so saying he plunged his horse into the torrent, and gained, not without difficulty, the opposite bank. When he was landed, he was aware of his own imprudence, for many of his companions were by no means so good horsemen as he. 'Ah!' said he, looking towards them, and speaking with his usual charming kindness, 'how thoughtless I am! there is a bridge hard by;' and he pointed out the bridge to his suite, and beckoned them to pass over by it. All returned, admiring the young prince's courage still more perhaps than his presence of mind. To cross torrents on horseback is more glorious for oneself, but it is better to find a bridge for one's friends."

Alas! stern reason will not confirm this chivalrous opinion of the Vicomte de Launay. Why is it more glorious to cross torrents on horseback than to go over bridges? To dance on a tight-rope—to lock oneself into a hot oven—to swallow half a score of scimitars, or to stand one's head on a church-weathercock, would not even in France now-a-days be considered glorious, and so we deny this statement of the viscount's altogether, as probably the Duke of Bordeaux would, should it ever come to his royal highness's ears. But must

we say it! this story, like many others in the book, that for instance, of the English knights at the Eglinton tournament breaking their lances in the first place, and *pasting them afterwards together with paper*—are, as we fancy, due to the invention of the writer rather than to the talk of the day, which he professes to chronicle. One of these queer tales we cannot refrain from giving.

This, says Madame de Girardin, puts me in mind of the courier who had a wife at Paris, and another at Strasburg. "*Was it a crime? No.*" (O delicious moralist!)

"And this puts me in mind of the bigamist courier who had a wife at Paris and another at Strasburg. Was it a crime! No; a faithful but alternate inhabitant of these two cities, has he not a right to possess a ménage in each? One establishment was not sufficient for him; his life was so regularly divided, that he passed two days in each alternate week at Paris and Strasburg. With a single wife he would have been a widower for the half of his time. In the first instance he had lived many years *uniquely married* at Paris, but he came soon bitterly to feel the inconvenience of the system. The care which his wife took of him at Paris made him find his solitude when at Strasburg too frightful. In the one place ennui and solitude, a bad supper and a bad inn. In the other, a warm welcome, a warm room, and a supper most tenderly served. At Paris all was pleasure; all blank gloominess at Strasburg.

"The courier of the mail interrogated his heart, and acknowledged that solitude was impossible to him, and reasoned within himself, that if marriage was a good thing, therefore there could not be too much of a good thing, therefore it became him to do a good thing at Strasburg as well as at Paris.

"Accordingly the courier married, and the secret of his second union was kept profoundly, and his heart was in a perpetual and happy vibration between the two objects of his affections. When on the road to Strasburg he thought of his fair Alsatian with her blue eyes and blushing cheeks; passed two days gaily by her side, the happy father of a family of little Alsacians, who smiled around him in his northern home. However one day he committed a rash act of imprudence. One of his Strasburg friends was one day at Paris, when the courier asked him to dine. The guest mistaking Caroline for the courier's sister, began talking with rapture of the blue-eyed Alsatian and the children at Strasburg; he said he had been at the wedding, and recounted the gaieties there. And so the fatal secret was disclosed to poor Caroline.

"She was very angry at first, but she was a mother, and the elder of her sons was thirteen years old. She knew the disgrace and ruin which would come upon the family in the event of a long and scandalous process at law, and thought with terror of the galleys—the necessary punishment of her husband, should his crime be made known. She had very soon arranged her plan. She pretended she had a sick relative in the country, and straightway set off for Strasburg, where she found Toinette, and told her all the truth. Toinette, too, was at first all for vengeance, but Caroline calmed her, showed her that the welfare of their children depended on the crime not being discovered, and that the galleys for life must be



the fate of the criminal. And so these two women signed a sublime compact to forget their jealousies, and it was only a few hours before his death that their husband knew of their interview. A wheel of the carriage breaking, the mail was upset over a precipice; and the courier, dreadfully wounded, was carried back to Strasburg, where he died after several days of suffering. As he was dying he made his confession; 'My poor Toinette,' 'pardon me. I have deceived thee. I was already married when I took you for a wife.' 'I know it,' said Toinette sobbing, 'don't plague yourself now, its pardoned long ago.' 'And who told you?' 'The other one.' 'Caroline!' 'Yes, she came here seven years ago, and said you would be hanged were I to peach; and so I said nothing.' 'You are a good creature,' said the two-wived courier, stretching out his poor mutilated hand to Toinette; 'and so is the other one,' added he with a sigh; 'it's hard to quit two such darlings as those. But the time's up now—my coach can't wait—go and bring the little ones that I may kiss them—I wish I had the others too. Heigh ho!'

"But here they are!" cried the courier at this moment, and his two elder boys entered with poor Caroline, time enough to see him die. The children cried about him. The two wives knelt on each side, and he took a hand of each, and hoped that Heaven would pardon him as those loving creatures had; and so the courier died.

"Caroline told François, her son, who had grown up, that Toinette was her sister-in-law, and the two women loved each other, and never quitte each other afterwards."

Here, however, our extracts must stop. But for the young lady, for whose profit they have been solely culled, we might have introduced half a score of others, giving the most wonderful glimpses into the character if not of all the Parisian population, at least of more than one-half of it—of the Parisian women. There is the story of the padded lady. If a duke or a prince came to her château, she sailed out to receive them as full-blown as a Circassian: if it was a dandy from Paris, she appeared of an agreeable plumpness: if only her husband and her old friends were present, she came to breakfast as meagre as a skeleton. There is the story of the lady at her tambour or tapestry-frame, very much puzzled, counting the stitches necessary to work the Turk or the poodle-dog, on which she is engaged. You enter, says the Viscount de Launay, you press your suit; she is troubled, anxious; as you pour out your passion, what will she say!—"O heavens! I love him—Alphonse, in pity leave me!" No such thing; she says, "Seven, eight, nine stitches of blue for the eye; three, four, six stitches of red for the lip, and so on." You are supposed to be the public, she the general Parisian woman. You seem to fall in love with *she*, as a matter of course—(see the former extract regarding the *femme passionnée*,) it can't be otherwise; it is as common as sleep or taking coffee for breakfast; it is the natural condition of men and wives—other men's wives. Well, every country has its customs; and married ladies who wish to be made love to, are married where they can have their will.

Then there is a delicious story about two old coquettes travelling together, and each acting youth to the other. Each writes home of the other, Madame de X. is charming, she has *been quite a mother to me*. Only women can find out these wonderful histories—women of the world, women of good company.

And is it so! Is it true that the women of Madame de Girardin's country, and of fashionable life, are the heartless, odious, foolish, swindling, smiling, silly, selfish creatures she paints them! Have they no sense of religious duty, no feeling of maternal affection, no principle of conjugal attachment, no motive except variety, for which they will simulate passion, (it stands to reason that a woman who does not love husband and children, can love nobody,) and break all law! Is this true—as every French romance that has been written time out of mind, would have us believe! Is it so common that Madame de Girardin can afford to laugh at it as a joke, and talk of it as a daily occurrence? If so, and we must take the Frenchman's own word for it—in spite of all the faults, and all the respectability, and all the lord-worship, and all the prejudice, and all the intolerable dulness of Baker-street—Miss (the young and amiable English lady, before apostrophized,) had much better marry in the Portman Square, than in the Place Vendôme quarter.

The titles of the two other works mentioned at the head of our article have been placed there as they have a reference to Parisian life, as well as the lively, witty, and unwise letters of M. la Vicomte de Launay. Unwise are the other named works too, that of the German and the Englishman, but it cannot be said that either of them, lays the least claim to the wit and liveliness of the gay pseudo-vicomte.

Those who will take the trouble to compare the two authors, Grant and Rellstab, will find in them a great similarity of sentiment, and a prodigious talent at commonplace; but it is not likely that many of the public will have the opportunity, or take the pains to make this important comparison. Rellstab is a Berlin cockney, with one of the largest bumps of wonder that ever fell to man. His facility at admiration may be imagined, when we state that at the very first page of his book he begins wondering at the velocity of the German Schnell post. He goes five miles an hour, and finds the breathless rapidity of the conveyance like "the uncertain bewilderment of a dream." He enters the Malleposte at Frankfort, and describes THE NEW CONSTRUCTION of those vehicles in the most emphatic manner; says that AT THE VERY MOST they take five minutes to change horses on the road, and that the horses go at A GALLOP. One can see his honest pale round face, peering out of the chaise window, and the wondering eyes glaring through the spectacles, at the dangers of the prodigious journey.

On arriving, he begins straightway to describe his bedroom on the third floor, and the prices of other bedrooms. "My room," says he, "has an elegant alcove with an extraordinarily clean bed—it is true, it is floored with tiles instead of planks, but these are covered with carpets. A marble mantelpiece, a chest of drawers, a *sécretaire*, a marble table by the bed, three cushioned arm-chairs and three others form the furniture; and the room altogether has a *homish* and comfortable look."

As for the aspect of the streets, he finds that out at once. "The entrance into Paris through the Faubourg St. Martin is like the Köpnick street in Berlin, *although the way from the barrier to the post is not so long as in Paris*;" and then Mr. Rellstab details with vast exactness, his adventures in the yard of the *messagerie*, and the dexterity of an individual, who with little assistance hoisted his luggage and that of his friend on to his brawny shoulders, and conveyed them from the carriage to the ground, without making the slightest claim upon their respective purses. The hotel, and the extraordinary furniture of his apartment, described as above, he is ready to sally with us into the streets.

"We proceeded first," he says, "through the Passage du Panorama. 'Passage,' being the name given to such thoroughfares, is made for the convenience of circulation in the different quarters of the towns, are roofed over with glass, paved with granite or asphalt, and are lined on either side by splendidly furnished shops, (we translate literally, being unwilling to add to or take from the fact, that all passages are thus appointed.) Here I had the first opportunity of observing narrowly the taste displayed in the arrangement of these latter. Nothing, not even the plainest article for sale, is arrayed otherwise than with the most particular neatness. Many shops surprised me by their system of combination. In one, for instance, devoted to the sale of such articles as tea, coffee, and the like, we do not only see tea, coffee, and chocolate, all neatly laid out, each with its price attached to it, but also the various apparatus for the consumption of such articles; teacups and saucers, teapots and tea strainers, as also utensils of a similar nature for the preparation of coffee and chocolate. \* \* I consider it a most excellent arrangement, that to every article its price is attached. The stranger who cannot judge of the price of an article, will often decline making inquiry, lest the demand exceed his opinion of the value—but if he sees what is the price, he is much more likely to buy, as he will know whether his purse will enable him to indulge his desire." Mr. Rellstab then goes into a short disquisition on the price of hats, which he finds are cheaper than in his own country.

Our author has not yet got into the streets of Paris, and we begin to question whether our love of his company will allow us to attend him there.

However we can make a short cut, and come upon him again as he is passing very slowly along the Boulevard des Italiens, for he has not got farther. He has just remarked, we find, that a very vast proportion of the people are in mourning, and accounted for it by informing us that ceremony obliges mourning to be worn a long time.

"The boulevards draw a half circle round the heart of Paris, just as the walks round Frankfort and Leipzig surround the whole of the more ancient parts of these towns. But the half circle here is nearly five miles in length; their appearance is more town-like than garden-like; they rather resemble our Lime Tree walk, (in Berlin,) only that the passage for carriages is in the centre, whilst two rows of wide-spreading trees line a promenade on either side."

Here comes a minute description of the paving, in which we cannot suppose all our readers interested.

"The general impression given by the buildings on the boulevards resembles that given by the Ditch (Graben) of Vienna, though to be sure, the construction of the houses differs considerably from that in Vienna, and still more from that in Berlin. None of the lower floors appear to be occupied by private individuals. They seem all to be made of avail as shops or coffee-houses; even the first and second stories are often similarly employed, and at enormous rents."

M. Rellstab soon after beholds "the Vendôme pillar with its colossal statue of Napoleon, in the perspective of a broad noble street, the Rue de la Paix, a shadowy form," he says, "which, as by magic, darkened the present and brought forward, in its murky light, the mighty past."

This and the next sentence, in which he makes history speak to him and his friend, are of the finest order of fine writing. He does not retail what history says to him, but assures us that the few moments which he passed beneath the pillar produced "emotions which are indescribable." On a carnival day he comes upon the spot whence Fiéschi fired his hell-machine on the 28th of July, 1835. The poor fellow's terror breaks out in the most frantic poetry. "Paris," shrieks he, "is like *Ætna*. In the too-strong air of its with-plants-and-flowers-luxuriously-decked ground, (his epithets are always tremendous,) the keenest nosed dogs lose the scent, and in its wondrous environs, the eye finds itself wandering and lost in such an immeasurable labyrinth of beauty, that one forgets how the glowing lava heaves below, and how every moment the thundering hell, in the very midst of the Paradise, may tear open its mouth."

"On, on!"

And "on" he rushes; but this perhaps is the richest passage of eloquence in the book.

What can one say more about him? Good introductions and the name of a writer suffice to introduce M. Rellstab to one or two characters of note. He calls upon them, and finds them, in some instances, not at home, and going or return-

ing in a hired cabriolet, he makes use of the opportunity to print the tariff and propensities of these conveyances. He goes to the opera and is squeezed; he attends the carnival balls and is shocked; he lives in Paris and wishes himself back at Berlin. There is a particularizing throughout the book which is amazing, and to an English reader most comic. But we live amongst commonplace, and we like to read of what we daily see. M. Rellstab's book will tell the reader what he already knows, and if he learns nothing new from it, he will be able to flatter himself on its perusal with the idea—"I too could have been an author."

And, finally, with respect to the work of the celebrated Mr. Grant. The "Morning Herald" says, "it will find its way into every library, and be read by every family;" the "Metropolitan" remarks that "they are able and comprehensive in plan, and nothing could be better executed;" the "Jersey Times" declares (and this we admit) "that no living author could have presented us with such a picture of Paris and its people;" and "Ainsworth's Magazine" is of opinion "that Mr. Grant's volume will supersede the trashy Guide-book of Galignani." Let us trust that these commendations have had their effect, and that Mr. Grant has sold a reasonable number of his volumes.

But for the honor of England, and as this review is read in France, we are bound to put in a short protest against the above dicta of the press, and humbly to entreat French readers *not* to consider Mr. Grant as the representative of English literature, nor to order the book which the "Morning Herald" declares no English family will be without. If we are all to have it, let us, at any rate, keep the precious benefit to ourselves, nor permit a single copy of "Paris and its People" to get out of the kingdom. *Il faut laver* (the words are those of his majesty the Emperor Napoleon) *son linge sale en famille*. Let us keep Mr. Grant's works in the same privacy, or the English man-of-letters will get such a reputation on the Continent as he will hardly be anxious to keep.

English families may, if they please, purchase Mr. Grant's book in place of Galignani's "trashy guide-book," which is the very best guide-book that we know of in any language, which is the work of scholars and gentlemen, the compilation of which must have necessitated a foundation of multifarious historical, architectural, and antiquarian reading, (such as Mr. Grant never *could* have mastered, for he knows no language, living or dead, not even the English language, which he pretends to write,) and which, finally, contains for half the price, four or five times the amount of matter to be found in these volumes, which every English family is to read. Let us be allowed in a Foreign Review to make a protest against the above sentiments, for the sake of the literary profession.

Mr. Grant spent some time in the months of July and August in Paris; he may have been there six, or possibly three weeks. With this experience his qualifications for writing a book on Paris were as follows: he did not know a syllable of the language; he is not acquainted with the civilized habits of any other country; his stupidity passes all bounds of belief; his ignorance is without a parallel that we know of, in professional literature; he has a knack of blundering so extraordinary that he cannot be trusted to describe a house-wall; and with these qualities he is said to write a book which is to be read by all English families, and to ruin Galignani's trashy publication. It is too bad: for the critic, however good-natured, has, after all, a public to serve as well as an author; and has no right, while screening the dulness and the blunders of a favorite wit or blockhead, to undervalue the honest labors and cultivated abilities of meritorious scholars and gentlemen.

Mr. Grant begins to blunder at the first line of his book, and so continues to the end. He diserts upon the gutters in the streets, the windows to the houses, the cabs and their fares, the construction of the omnibuses; and by a curious felicity of dulness, is even in these matters entirely untrustworthy. He says that *Chautebriand* is a republican and a member of the Chamber of Deputies, he visits the Madeline and the Citié, he calls Julius Cesar "that distinguished writer," and a nose "an organ which it is needless to name." He discovers that the Palais Royale is the place to which all the aristocracy of France resorts; he sees "the most elegant ladies of the land sitting alongside of dirty drivers in hack-cabriolets;" and dining at an eating-house for thirty sous, pronounces his meal to be the height of luxury, and declares that the gentry of Paris are in the habit of so dining. Does the "Morning Herald" seriously recommend every "English family" to do likewise? We put this as a home question.

ELIHU BURRITT, the learned blacksmith, has a better fancy of the steam horse, than we remember to have met elsewhere before. This is his way of describing him:

"I love to see one of these huge creatures, with sinews of brass and muscles of iron, strut forth from his smoky stable, and saluting the long train of cars with a dozen sonorous puffs from his iron nostrils, fall gently back into his harness. There he stands, champing and foaming upon the iron track, his great heart a furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his sinews—he pants to be gone. He would 'snake' St. Peter's across the desert of Sahara, if he could be fairly hitched to it; but there is a little sober-eyed, tobacco-chewing man in the saddle, who holds him in with one finger, and can take away his breath in a moment, should he grow restive and vicious. I am always deeply interested in this man, for, begrimed as he may be with coal diluted in oil and steam, I regard him as the genius of the whole machinery, as the physical mind of that huge steam horse."

## JENNY'S FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

[This piece, full of nature and truth, is a contribution by Mr. Alexander MacLagan, author of "Fables and Poems," to a provincial annual, entitled the *Ayrshire Wreath*, of which a second volume has just appeared. This work is a very meritorious one, especially considered as the production of a modest village bookseller, Mr. McKie of Saltcoats, trusting for and entirely to "the ingenious" of his own country, and a very few other friends. Some of the local legends are given with much spirit and effect.]  
—*Chambers' Journal*.

Come here, sweet cousin Alice,  
Come, sit ye down by me;  
For I hae a simple story  
O' love to tell to thee.  
Ye smile; I ken ye'll think it a'  
A foolish, moonshine matter;  
But, hech, sirs! how I started when  
I got my first love-letter!

'T was on a lovely morn  
A morn in rosy June,  
The flowers were in their richest dress,  
The birds in sweetest tune;  
The after-grace had just been said  
O'er our sweet morning meal;  
Sae down I sat, and blithely sang  
Beside my birring wheel.

When to our garden window, lo!  
There cam a gentle tap;  
And syne a roar o' laughter loud,  
And then a louder rap!  
And then, as wi' a blast o' wind,  
The lattice open flew,  
And there the witty wild post-boy  
Stood laughing in our view.

"Gude morrow," quo' our auld gudeman,  
"Gude morrow to your glee;  
How are ye? hae ye ony news  
Within your belt for me?"  
"No! nane for you the day, my friend;  
But may I daur to speer  
Gif a bonny strappin' lassie,  
Ca'd Jenny, lodges here?"

For I hae a wee bit billet for  
The bonny feathered doo;  
And as she seems sae sweet to rise,  
I e'en maun gie 't to you."  
Then, wi' a mocking solemn face,  
He hoped that I was weel;  
That for a maid, the safest place  
Was at her spinning-wheel.

"For Jenny!" quo' my father  
Wi' kindlin' wrath; and then  
His awfu' voice, and collie's bark,  
Soon brought my mither ben.  
She pu'd her silken purse, to pay  
The post, that he might gang;  
But the mischief-loving deevil still  
Beside the window hang.

And aye he winked his wicked e'e,  
And shook his curly head,  
And, laughing, cried, "I ken right weel,  
At sight, a lover's screed.  
Their seals are a' 'Forget-me-nots,'  
Or 'Heart's ease for Love's pain,'  
Or a pair o' sheers, the motto,  
'We part to meet again.'

I think I guess the writer too;  
'T is like our young squire's hand;  
And he's no gaun to be a saunt,  
As far's I understand.  
Sae a watchfu' e'e I hope ye'll keep  
Upon your bonny pet."

Then aff he flew, and like a bound  
He lap the garden yett.

O! had ye seen us, Ailie, dear,  
'T was gloom and silence a';  
Had aye but drapt the weest prin,  
Ye micht hae heard it fa'.  
I turned a sad beg-pardon e'e  
Towards my gentle mither;  
But the twa puir folk like statues stood,  
Mute, gazing on ilk ither.

At length my father turned, and lo!  
The wrinkles o' his brow  
Were marble pale, but soon as black  
As thunder-clouds they grew;  
Whilst from his dark and stern e'e,  
The fire that flashed and flew,  
Like deadly arrows struck my heart,  
And pierced it through and through.

I felt like ane who struggles wi'  
A dream o' agony—  
A torturing dream o' drowning in  
A tempest-troubled sea.  
And then I wept and trembled,  
As doth the new caught hare,  
When it battles with a lingering death  
Within the hunter's snare!

And then I flew and flung my arms  
Around my father's neck—  
And then I clung like ane who clings  
For life frae sinking wreck.  
And when my burning temples fell  
Upon his honest breast,  
I shut my een for shame, and then  
My maiden love confest.

I tauld him that my lover tried  
Nae vile, nae wicked art,  
To wreck my bosom's peace, nor steal  
One virtue from my heart.  
That honor, truth, and constancy,  
Had fanned our mutual flame;  
That he might break the seal, and see  
He wore nae worthless name.

My mither's heart had grown sae grit,  
She scarce could stand or speak;  
But the sweet tears o' forgien love  
Fell het upon her cheek.  
At length she said, "My dear gudeman,  
Ye maun forgi'e our bairn,  
For the bonny brow o' sweet sixteen  
Has muckle wit to learn.

Ha'e ye forgot when you and I  
Forgathered, fond and young;  
When we fand the wicked world wore  
A sting beneath its tongue?  
As for the letter, ye may mind  
Ye sent me sic anither,  
And near-hand gat a crackit croon  
Frae my cross-grained gran'mither."

And when I ventured to look up,  
I saw that frae his face  
Wild anger's withering wintry gloom  
Had fled, and left nae trace;  
That frae the landscape o' his soul  
The clouds had passed away;  
And I felt like ane wha's sudden cast  
Frae night to sunny day.

He raised me up, and bade me dicht  
My sorrow-laden een; by Google

Then took my hands in his, and said,  
 "I still will be your frien'.  
 That ye should hide your love frae me  
 Made me right wroth, I trow;  
 But I find ye are virtuous, and  
 The passion's aff me noo.

Sae, if ye like, ye e'en may send  
 An answer to the chiel,  
 And tell him to come wast the night;  
 I ken his auld folks weel.  
 And gin ye be like other maids,  
 Ye'll like, nae doubt, far better  
 To see the honest lad himsel',  
 Than get anither letter."

I ope'd the guilt-edged sheet and read,  
 And though it wasna lang,  
 'T was gude the little that was o't,  
 And ended wi' a sang!  
 A sweet sweet-worded sang, a' fu'  
 O' dear heart-wyling turns;  
 'T was written by our own loved bard—  
 Our dear immortal Burns!

Noo, my sweet cousin Alice,  
 Ye've aye been dear to me,  
 My bridal day is drawing nigh,  
 And bride's-maid ye maun be.  
 'T is settled a'—neist Sunday week  
 Mess John wons up the matter.  
 But, heh, sirs! how I started when  
 I gat my first love-letter!

From Chambers' Journal.

#### SUSAN OLIPHANT.—A TRUE TALE.

AT one end of a village near the celebrated Falls of the Clyde, and close on the river's brink, was situated, some years ago, a neat cottage. It could not, from its size, be the villa of a gentleman, yet it wore a superior look to the dwellings in its neighborhood. Surrounded by a garden and orchard, the exterior of this cottage-dwelling spoke of modest plenty and humble contentment; nor did its interior disappoint the opinion formed of it. Its inmates were a man, now descending into the vale of years, yet still hale and vigorous; his wife, past middle age; and a lovely girl their only child. James Oliphant was by profession a gardener; but though his fruit trees yielded abundantly, and his flowers and vegetables were the finest in the neighborhood; though his wife's dairy was the neatest, and her cream and butter the sweetest, yet could not their apparent means of livelihood account for many of the comforts, and even luxuries, which were to be found in their cottage; and, indeed, there is no reason for concealing the fact, so much to Oliphant's credit, that, having been gardener for many years to an English nobleman, the latter, at his death, left him an annuity which, though small, being husbanded with frugality, and seconded by industry, went a great way. James' wife was an Englishwoman, and this will account for the air of order, cleanliness, and comfort in and around their little abode; for, though we would not be harsh on our countrywomen, who does not know that the things intended by these expressions are only known in perfection in the dwelling of the English peasant? Mrs. Oliphant was somewhat arbitrary, and very reserved. She liked to rule, without giving reasons for her conduct; yet she ruled so well, and was so active and attentive

to all her duties, that she merited neither unkindness nor reproof, and the voice of discord was never heard in their habitation, where each knew and performed their own part, for the benefit of the whole. It is true the girl Susan, with her fine forehead and sunny smile, and the depth of feeling in her dark blue eyes, sometimes longed for more cheerful society than that of her parents, or a more unreserved and congenial mind than her mother's, to which to pour forth all its longings, all its aspirations. It would appear they wished her to receive an education and breeding somewhat superior to what a cottage girl might require, for she was exempted by her mother from any part in the menial offices of the little household; and, from a desire to exclude her from the contamination of low companionship, her father was her only instructor; but he was a well-educated intelligent man, as many of his class are known to be in Scotland, so that he was quite competent to direct his child's early education. She was always dressed, too, with a lady-like simplicity, equally remote from coarse plainness and flaunting vulgarity, and her own little room was adorned with care, and furnished with books of elegant literature. Allowed to choose, in a great measure, her own employment, she loved to tend the rich flowers her father's care procured for her, to listen to the happy notes of the birds among the fruit trees; but, above all, to wander on the banks of the Clyde, with some improving books, from whose silent but eloquent companionship the tone of her mind and feelings was insensibly raised to high communing and graceful thoughts, which again diffused a charm over her daily deportment, hardly to be expected from her rank in life. Treated thus with lavish indulgence, without a care or sorrow to cloud her days, what could our young heroine desire more for happiness? But yet, somehow, she envied the fond caresses and unrestrained interchange of feeling and affection which she had witnessed in poorer dwellings than theirs. She wished her mother were not so distant, and that she were invited to twine her arms around her father's neck, when she had repeated to him her daily task; but such were not their winning ways. So she locked the loving emotions of her heart the closer in that pure sanctuary, and contented herself with returning her dear parents' kindness by devoted meekness, and dutiful obedience to all their wishes.

Thus passed Susan's childhood and early youth. When verging, however, on womanhood, she earnestly sought to be allowed to go to the school of the adjoining parish, not so much to seek society, as to acquire some branches of useful knowledge which her father was not competent to impart. After short demurring, and a private consultation, father and mother consented. Eager to improve, the ardent girl pursued diligently and successfully the studies pointed out to her; but ere many months had elapsed, a sudden stroke compelled the aged teacher to call to his assistance a clever young man, the son of an early friend, who was studying for the church, and who wished to fill up his leisure by instructing the young. From this new instructor Susan obtained stores of knowledge of a higher kind than she had received at the hands of the old schoolmaster; and it will readily be anticipated that these were rendered all the more delightful to her, by their coming from a being possessed of the natural qualities which were calculated to awaken a class of sympathies

appropriate to her age. With her, the mastering of a task, and the receiving for it the meed of approbation, were now matters of a deeper interest than before; in short, without being conscious of it, she had given her heart to the young teacher. It was not long after this that, a second stroke carrying off the old master, the new one sought and obtained the appointment to his situation; a humble one, but presenting a reasonable security against want. William Macdonald thought he might now, without impropriety, seek the hand of his young pupil, and it required but a few words to make him aware that he already possessed some advantages for the accomplishment of this object. After that revelation—abrupt, and almost unpremeditated on either side—Susan returned no more to school. She shrunk with instinctive maiden delicacy from throwing herself in her lover's way; but we cannot doubt her heart beat rapturously as, after a few days of her unwonted absence, she saw her teacher on a lovely spring evening come to her home to learn the reason. Again and again he came, and she suffered herself to be led by him along the flowery bank of the Clyde. She had found what long she had yearned for, a congenial heart and cultivated mind with which to commune, and she readily promised, provided that her parents' views were in harmony with her own, to be his wife. Need it be said they gave glad consent. Though of humble birth, William's education had been liberal. His bearing was that, we might almost say, of a gentleman; his situation was comfortable; his prospects encouraging. So Susan, only in her seventeenth year, was wedded to William Macdonald.

Mrs. Oliphant, exulting, gave her only child a liberal wardrobe, and substantially furnished her bed-room; her father gave her some articles, with his fervent blessing; and Susan took possession of a small but neat dwelling adjoining her husband's school.

Two or three days after the wedding, the young wife was unpacking her trunks, and arranging tidily her clothes, when Macdonald entered. "What! is school over so soon? I did not think it was so late."

"Why, you know this is Saturday," replied the husband; "leave off fatiguing yourself, and come and take a walk; but what is all this you have spread around you?"

"Dear William, my mother has been very generous and very kind," replied Susan; "she has stocked me with clothes and with good house linens; and see, here is a piece of Holland for shirts for you. I mean to begin them immediately."

It is marvellous how small a circumstance will serve to reveal a propensity hitherto prevented from showing itself. Macdonald possessed many good qualities, but he was envious and avaricious; and the sight of the few articles of value now spread out before him stimulated these hideous feelings into a state of unhappy activity.

"It is very strange how your mother should have so many fine things," he observed; "where had she the money to buy them?"

"I know not—how should I? She tells not me her secrets, if any she has; but you forget, dear William, she was for a long time ladies'-maid, and then house-keeper, to a rich and noble family. Doubtless she saved something; but it is so kind to bestow it thus on me, that I think we had better take it gratefully, and never trouble ourselves about how she got it."

This was said gaily and innocently; yet the next instant, as if stung by an after-thought, a crimson blush spread over her face and brow, and she exclaimed energetically, "Honesty, William, I'll swear it was made. Often, often I've heard my father say how her master's family valued her incorruptible fidelity and honesty."

"Oh, I doubt not that; I am quite sure of that, my dear girl," promptly replied the husband; "but"—the demon spirit of avarice was knocking at his breast—"but do you think your mother has anything considerable?"

"I have not even an idea. We have had every comfort and lived well. All she has will be mine at her death (I pray God it may be long till then.) She told me so the night before we were married: and, by the way, William, what do you think of this? I had almost forgot I was just going to show it to you. My mother gave me this at the same time," putting into his hands a very small and elegant lady's gold watch; "it was her young lady's gift on her death-bed—for my mother sat up with her many nights—mother told me to keep it safely; it was the most valuable thing she had, and I had never seen it before. But it is only to look at, William, for me; it is not fit for me to wear, you know; but is it not beautiful?"

"It is a valuable thing, Susan, dear; lay it up carefully." The demon of avarice was gnawing at his heart. He sat buried in meditation while his young wife wound up the watch, put it to her ear, and after looking at it a few moments with girlish delight, replaced it in its case, and locked it in her drawer.

A few weeks after this unhappy event, Macdonald found it necessary to permit his wife to attend the bedside of her father, who was seized with a fatal illness. Susan was most sedulous in her attentions, and sometimes fancied the invalid looked anxiously, as if wishing to speak to her alone. At length, one day, having hastened to the cottage, she found her mother absent in the village on some necessary errand. The child of a neighbor was in the kitchen, who told her her father slept. Stealing to his bedside, however, in a few moments he awoke. "Is it you, Susan?" asked he feebly; "where is your mother?"

"Gone out for a few minutes, but I shall get you anything you require."

"It is to say a few words to you I want, my child. Your mother has a will of her own; but I fear I am dying, and I will not leave the world in peace with a *lie in my right hand*. Susan, dear, though I have striven to be a father to you, you are *no child of mine*. Forgive me, Susan, for ever deceiving you thus. I say, Susan, you are not my daughter," repeated he anxiously, as she answered not at first. "Oh, do not talk so, father—father. He is raving!" hurriedly exclaimed the terrified girl.

"Nay, hear me; I *am* in my senses, and speak the truth. When I am gone, tell your mother what I have told you, and that I conjure her to confide in you, and make provision for you out of what is justly yours, not hers." But at this instant the sound of Mrs. Oliphant's return met his ear, and he stopped suddenly, apparently leaving his well-intentioned but injudicious communication incomplete. Shrinking from the idea of his wife's reproach, and trembling under her ascendancy, he left *one* exposed to the storm which he avoided, the person whom he ought rather to have sheltered if he could; so thoughtlessly selfish are many even

whom the world calls worthy characters. Darting a penetrating glance at the uncertain, troubled looks of her husband and daughter, Mrs. Oliphant bustled to his side. He had fainted, and his end approached rapidly. Susan whispered her mother that he believed himself dying, which explained, or appeared to do so, the agitation she had witnessed on her entrance, though Susan said it not with that intention; indeed she knew not what to think, nor how to act, so strangely had her father's words bewildered her. Remaining with the dying man till her husband came to fetch her, they together watched the close of the scene, then leaving a neighbor with the new-made widow, they returned to their home, thus early visited with sorrow. William tenderly soothed his weeping wife; but when she reached her dwelling, she shut herself in her room, to ask her sorely agitated heart what she ought to do. "Can it be so? Am I, indeed, not his child?" A thousand corroborative circumstances flashed on her recollection. "Whose, then, am I? The concealment tells me." Having made the communication to her husband without suppressing a word, the poor girl clung to his breast with passionate fervor, as if fearful he would drive her thence; but, pressing her affectionately closer, he said, "Well, my dear; compose yourself. What is that to us, that it should disturb our happiness for a moment? Are you not my wife—my own Susan still?"

These few words lightened the load of poor Susan's sorrow of more than half its weight; but she knew not that her William cherished in his bosom an adder which was to poison his peace and wreck her happiness. What did it signify to him *who* was her father, provided he could get possession of the ample provision Oliphant's last words pointed at?

The poor gardener laid in the grave, his widow's grief was decent, yet composed. Susan put off her bridal attire for appropriate mourning; and her husband suppressed, with effort, the impatience of the demon-disturber of his repose. After questioning and cross-questioning his poor wife, who now began to be aware of the passion which possessed him, Macdonald at length insisted that Susan should deliver James Oliphant's last instructions to the widow. It had been Mrs. Oliphant's habit, as was natural, never to pass her daughter's door without calling; and each evening, when they had not so met during the day, and now, especially, in the retirement of her new-made widowhood, Susan's walk with William was to her cottage. But again and again the sensitive daughter shrunk from her hateful task, till Macdonald threatened to undertake it himself; therefore, knowing he was irritable, and her mother resolute, for fear of an outbreak of temper between the only two beings in the world she had to love, the devoted young wife set out alone to perform her mission. Her mother's cottage was trim and snug as usual, the widow's grief had not hindered her accustomed cares. Susan trembled violently, but at last faltered out the substance of her last conversation with him she had ever called her father. The widow heard her out with marvellously little change of countenance and manner. At the conclusion she wept. "Yes, my poor girl, there is a mystery about your birth that had better be left as it is, for it has already cost much sorrow. I beg you will, at least, ask no more on the subject at present. A time may come when you will know all."

Macdonald was not at all satisfied with his wife's report of this interview. Bent on bettering his condition, the good-will of a school in the next town was to be sold, and he coveted the possession; but his wife's mother approved not of the plan, and refused the means. Several violent altercations consequently took place between him and the widow Oliphant on the subject of what he insisted was Susan's portion; and no asseverations of the widow, that she possessed only her own—and that, except by her choice, his wife was entitled to no part of it—nor yet the sorrowful pleadings of the distressed Susan, could stop the unseemly and unwonted strife. At length Macdonald, hoping to force his mother-in-law to meet his views, positively forbade any intercourse between her and his wife, and became harsh and unkind to the young and lovely being who had so lately surrendered her happiness to his keeping. The struggle between avarice and his better nature now became deadly in his breast; and one bitter autumn day he took his way to the cottage of Mrs. Oliphant. Outrageous was the war of words in the scene that ensued; and the schoolmaster returned to his young wife in a state of horrible excitement. The fiend had triumphed, and was raging uncontrolled within. He vociferated words of reproach to the unoffending Susan; yea, with coward hand drove her from him, and then fled from the house. The cold chill of despair struck to the heart of the hapless Susan; but when, after a period of time, she found that her husband returned not, she flew rather than walked to the home of her contented happy childhood. Here she immediately perceived that an angry interview had taken place between her husband and her mother.

"My dear mother, tell me all, I beseech you—"

"Mother! I am—for I must now reveal what I hoped to remain secret—I am not your mother."

"Tell me, tell me in pity," said Susan, "have I indeed no mother to fly to in this dismal hour! Oh! I will bless you forever, if you will only let me call you my mother!" More moved than she had ever been by the piteous looks and words, and yet more piteous situation of the gentle, forlorn, and so lately happy girl, the widow raised her kindly, and besought her to be calm, and hear the tale which the selfish passions of her husband had, by his frenzied provocations, wrung from the long unmoved and imperious woman. Susan fixed a glazed yet anxious eye on the speaker as she proceeded. "I shall be as brief as possible. The time, however, is come when you must know the truth; and, remember, the disclosure has not been of my seeking. I was, as you know, housekeeper in the noble family of —. My lovely youngest lady was your mother!" Susan, in an agony of distress, shuddered, but remained calm. "There had been, as I learnt from indistinct expressions of my dying mistress, a species of marriage between her and your father, a gentleman of high degree, but it had been secret and irregular. There was not at any rate a vestige of evidence of the deed, and therefore there hung over your birth all the disgrace of illegitimacy. Your father was absent with his regiment. To shield your mother and her family's proud name, I conveyed you secretly to Jaunes, my late husband, who was head gardener, and then my suitor. He succeeded in placing you in safety with a nurse, while I remained, for the few days life was granted, with

the poor mother. I never left her or her remains till I saw them laid, in unsuspected purity, in a lamented grave. The night of her death she gave me the watch you have, faintly whispering, 'Give it to my child, if she survives.'"

"Oh! dear and precious legacy of her who gave me being!" wept the desolate orphan, as if over a mother's grave.

"Hear me out, my poor girl. After a short time I joined him who then became my husband; and communicating with your father, who was abroad, was commanded by him to keep the birth of his child secret as the grave that had sheltered its mother, bestowing on me a sum of money, vested in my own name; but (such was the confidence reposed in me) trusting to me to provide for the offspring of error and sorrow. Not unworthy was I of the trust thus confided in me," proceeded she proudly. "You know, Susan, I have cared for you; I have educated and provided for you far beyond our seeming station. It was my pride and joy to surround you even with elegancies. Notwithstanding what I told you, after the unfortunate disclosure my late husband made to you, your father yet lives; and some of the books and articles you have were sent to me by him for your use."

"Which—which are they?" again interrupted the anxious Susan.

"You shall know that by and by," soothingly replied the woman. "I always intended you should have abundantly sufficient for your moderate and reasonable wants; but in such a form, and at such times, as I saw best. But the violence, pertinacity, and avarice of your husband has provoked this disclosure, and to his own complete discomfiture; since I have at length convinced him," she bitterly added, "that neither the law he threatened me with, nor any power he could appeal to, can procure him what he seeks. The name of your father I am bound to conceal, and neither coaxing nor violence shall force it from me. The only other being who knew it, sleeps now in the silence of death. Even you, poor innocent sufferer for the faults of others, must not ask me this." But she spoke to nearly insensible ears. Susan's brain had hardly comprehended the latter part of her communications. Seeing the condition of the unfortunate girl, she immediately accompanied her home. The wretched Macdonald, already half-repenting, yet writhing under resentment and disappointment, saw them pass his school window, but forbore to intrude upon them.

Hardly conscious as she was, when placed in her own bed, the heart-stricken mourner pointed to her drawer, and eagerly persisted that her now pitying and anxious attendant should bring her somewhat from thence. The widow at length comprehended her, and placed in the trembling hands of her protégé the watch, the legacy of her dying mother. Claspings and kissing it, she hung its chain around her neck, and hid the bauble in her bosom. When Mrs. Oliphant had done what she could for the comfort of the nearly unconscious invalid, she left her to seek medical aid, first calling Macdonald, who, conscience-stricken at what had been his cruel work, hung with tender grief and self-reproach over the uncomplaining sufferer. A dry and burning kiss, a few murmured words of fondness, were all her reply to his flood of tears and passionate intreaties for forgiveness. The same night Susan's senses wholly forsook her;

and, notwithstanding all that human skill could do, ere five days more her spirit had fled, the victim of parental error, and of the selfish passions of her protectress and her husband.

When the solemn scene was finally closed, what must have been the sensations of the survivors? We would not seek to veil errors every one must condemn—selfishness and avarice persisted in, and terminating in the untimely death of a youthful wife, the only being blameless in this domestic tragedy. Macdonald obtained employment in a distant town, and returned no more to the banks of the Clyde. We trust he has spent his days in penitence and humble contentment. Mrs. Oliphant remained in her cottage, and hired a person to cultivate her garden. It must have appeared, if we have faithfully sketched her character, that she was not a woman of much sentiment or sensibility; yet she mourned for the being she had brought up as her own with a quiet, yet more settled grief, than was to have been expected. Not many weeks after Susan's death, a plain travelling chariot stopped at the village inn, and a noble-looking man, its only occupant, inquired for Mrs. Oliphant. Alighting, he was shown to her dwelling, and dismissed his little guide thither, with a liberal recompense. Great was the widow's surprise—much greater than usual the trial of her habitual self-possession—when he stood before her; for, though eighteen years had passed over them, she at once recognized him. After ascertaining that no one was within hearing, "I come to see you, my good friend," the stranger said, "to thank you for your care of my child. Your last letter told me of her comfortable marriage. I may not indulge all I feel; but I would fain for once see her—see the living resemblance, as you have often told me, of my poor unhappy—." Agitation choked his utterance; but his faithful servant wept bitterly. "Ah! what is this I see?" glancing at her weeds; "you are lately become a widow; I had not at first observed it. Well, but, Mrs. Oliphant,"—and he was proceeding with some commonplace words of consolation. "'Tis not my widowhood I mourn, my lord, though that now seems more sorrowful than before. You have come to see your lovely child; and oh! how would her poor heart now have been satisfied! but she sleeps in the cold grave. Alas! do I live to tell it!"—wringing her hands in a paroxysm of distress. The shock was great; but the father listened with deep interest to the particulars Mrs. Oliphant chose to give him of the last illness and death of his hapless child, the circumstances leading to which, it may be believed, were smoothed over, perhaps in kindness. The stranger looked around him—he saw the books he had sent her—the flowers she had reared—her favorite canary, in its spacious cage, carolling the cheerful notes she had so often listened to. He asked to have something that had belonged to her, and the watch, which the widow had taken from the inanimate remains, together with its history, was given to him: finally, he shed tears in bitter anguish over the humble grave of the being who had been wronged so deeply.

Such were the emotions wrung by remorse from a heart not wholly lost to the better feelings of our nature. A humbled, childless, unhonored man, he returned to those scenes of high life, where there are many bosoms besides his concealing under a gay outside a sin and sorrow-stricken heart. Oh that the rich and great would reflect in



time on the consequences that may flow from selfishness and error, not only to themselves, but to others, and, above all, to the one party who ever is the most innocent, though the most wronged. Here, indeed, we have seen that an effort was made to provide a moderate happiness for the unfortunate victim; but, even if her married lot had been happier, was it altogether appropriate? Alas! no. Inheriting by nature the high-toned mind and delicate tastes of her parents, she was cast in a field where these never could have received their proper gratifications and where unhappiness consequently must have sooner or later befallen her; where, as it was, the shock which they received from one set of adverse circumstances proved the cause of her lamentable fate—a broken heart and an early grave.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

THE French Revolution presents an almost endless gallery of scenes calculated to move the heart to pity and wonder; but it scarcely affords one more affecting than the self-sacrifice of Charlotte Corday. The act of this young woman was, indeed, of a kind which ought never to be regarded in any other light than as a great crime; yet the generous part of mankind seem to have agreed that, all the circumstances being considered, some allowance may be made in her case, without danger to the interests of society.

It was the summer of 1793. The king had been six months dead; France had half Europe hanging on its frontiers, and several rebellious provinces within itself. The extreme danger in which the new republic stood had caused power to pass entirely into the hands of the meanest and most frantic party, led by Marat and Robespierre, while the heads of a more moderate party (Girondins) were not only dispossessed of influence, but banished to the provinces, where they were wandering in danger of their lives. The government represented only the lowest populace of Paris; but it alone possessed the energy capable of carrying the republic through such a crisis, and its supremacy was of a species of facts which, deplore them as we will, occur as resistlessly as the laws of nature.

At this time there lived at Caen, in Normandy, a young woman who, like many others of her sex, had taken a deep interest in the Revolution from its commencement. Descended from Peter Corneille, the poet, Charlotte Corday had much of the poetical temperament. She had been educated in a convent, and had constantly labored to improve the powers of her mind. Restless under the restraints of her father's house at Armands, she had gone, for the sake of freedom, to live with a female friend at Caen. There she had formed an attachment to a young officer named Belzunce, and what first gave her an antipathy to Marat, was his denouncing her lover as a counter-revolutionist. She continued to watch the progress of events with the greatest zeal till the expulsion of her favorite politicians, the Girondins, from the national convention, (June 2, 1793,) when she became dreadfully incensed at the party which remained in power, and particularly at the former enemy of her lover. Her feelings were still more highly wrought when some of the proscribed Girondins, Barbaroux, Petion, and others, came to Caen, and discoursed

of their wrongs in circles to which she was admitted. Immediately thereafter an insurrection of her party took place in the district of the Calvados, and the idea occurred to her, that nothing could be wanting to its success if the chief of the anarchists in Paris were put to death. Strained up to the height of political fanaticism, she formed the resolution to go to Paris and destroy Marat, aware that her own life must fall as a matter of course, but believing it to be a small price to pay for the salvation of her country.

Behold, then, this woman, young, lovely, intelligent, pure in character, on her way to Paris, bent on a deed from which it is the nature of her sex, age, and education, to shrink with horror. To Barbaroux she represented herself as anxious to obtain the restoration of some papers belonging to a friend of hers, from the minister of the interior, and he therefore gave her a letter of introduction to M. Duperret, a member of his party still left in the convention. He and his companions had been struck by her interesting appearance, and the fervor with which she declaimed in favor of the free and enlightened republic which they had endeavored to secure; but they had not the faintest notion of the real purpose of her journey. To deceive her own friends, she sent her father a letter announcing that the increasing troubles of France had induced her to seek refuge and quiet in England. At noon on the third day she arrived in Paris, where her first step was to see Duperret, and despatch the business she had with the minister of the interior. Then, eager to lose no time, she drove in a hackney coach to the house of Marat.

This celebrated man was of mean origin, and latterly had supported himself by conducting a paper full of inflammatory appeals to the Paris mob, while he also acted as a deputy, or representative of the nation, in the convention. Of scarecrow figure, and maniacal expression of countenance, he seemed fitted by nature to appear as a supreme demon of discord amidst the storms of such a revolution. The exigencies of the crisis had raised him to vast influence in the convention, where it was not his own voice which spoke, but that of the whole mass of the *cavaillie* of Paris, ready at any time to rush into the assembly, and compel a resolution accordant with their own. Marat had, however, been for a short time confined at home with illness, though he was not so ill as to be prevented from writing his paper, and assailing the convention with incessant advices, orders, and remonstrances, all tending to the slaughter of persons whom he suspected of a lukewarmness to the great cause. Charlotte, at her first visit, had been refused admittance; but she immediately returned to her lodging, and wrote the following letter to Marat: "Citizen, I have just arrived from Caen; your love for your country inclines me to suppose you will listen with pleasure to the secret events of that part of the republic. I will present myself at your house; have the goodness to give orders for my admission, and grant me a moment's private conversation. I can point out the means by which you may render an important service to France." In the fear that this letter might not produce the effect she desired, she wrote another, still more pressing, which she took herself at eight in the evening. Marat's housekeeper, a young woman who lived with him as his wife, demurred to admit her; but Marat, having meanwhile read the letter which she had sent, and hearing her name

pronounced, gave orders for her being instantly brought into his room, although he was sitting at the moment in his bath. Being left alone with him, she related what she had seen at Caen; then paused, looking earnestly at him. He eagerly demanded the names of the deputies whom she had conversed with, and, snatching up a pencil, began to write them down, adding, "Very well, they shall all go to the guillotine." "To the guillotine!" she exclaimed; at the same time drawing a knife from her bosom, she plunged it into his heart. The wretched man could only utter one cry to his housekeeper, "Help, my dear!" (*A moi, ma chère!*) when he fell lifeless. The housekeeper, and a messenger who was folding newspapers in an adjoining room, rushed in, and found him covered with blood, while Charlotte Corday stood serene and motionless by his side. The messenger knocked her down with a chair, and the housekeeper spurned her with her feet. The noise attracted the neighbors, and the whole quarter was speedily in commotion. Charlotte arose from the floor, and encountered with placidity the threats and abuse of those who surrounded her. Certain members of the section, drawn to the scene by the spreading tumult, struck by her beauty, her courage, and the calmness with which she avowed her action, interfered to save her from brutal immolation, and conducted her to prison, where she continued to confess all with the same tranquil assurance.

The news of the assassination of Marat spread rapidly through Paris, and excited universal consternation, as well as grief and rage, so great was the importance at this time attached to his public services. The act was instantly attributed by the popular voice to the proscribed party of the Gironde, and made the pretext for excessive severity against such members of that party as were in prison, so that what Charlotte designed for a blow at the anarchists, only did harm to her own friends. "Such," says M. Thiers, "will ever be the case in similar circumstances; a party is proscribed—all are indignant; one, of particular ardor of nature, bursts out with a signal act of revenge, which is laid to the account of the whole, though nothing could obviously be less for their interest, as it invariably is employed to justify further severities." The utmost honor was paid to the remains of the so-called martyr. The Jacobin club was inclined to demand for him a situation in the Pantheon, notwithstanding a law which decreed that great men should have stood the test of twenty years before obtaining such a distinction. They joined to buy up the presses with which he had printed his paper, *The Friend of the People*, that they might never fall into less worthy hands, but be employed, if possible, by some one who should write as zealously and as ably for the popular cause. His body lay in state for several days; it was uncovered to show his wound; at the same time, from a motive truly French, his visage was white-washed, in order to conceal the darkness produced by a rapid corruption. To pursue the account given by M. Thiers in his *History of the Revolution*—"The popular societies and the sections defiled in procession past his bier, strewing it with flowers. Each president pronounced an oration. The section of La Republique was the first to approach. 'He is dead!' exclaimed its president lugubrously—"the friend of the people is dead, and by assassination! Let us waive all eulogy over his inanimate remains. His eulogium is in

his career, his writings, his gory wound, his death! Scatter flowers over the pallid corpse of Marat, my countrywomen! Marat was our friend; he was the friend of the people: it was for the people he lived, it is for the people he died." At these words, young maidens made the circuit of the bier, and threw fragrant flowers on the body of Marat. The orator resumed: "But sufficient are the lamentations; hear the mighty soul of Marat, shaking off its bonds, and saying, Republicans, abstain from further weeping. To republicans is permitted but one tear, after which their country claims all their sympathies. It was not I who was marked for assassination, but the republic; it is not I who call for vengeance, but the republic, the people, yourselves!"

All the societies and all the sections came one after the other around the coffin in which the body of Marat lay extended; and if history record such scenes with some minuteness, it may teach men to reflect on the influence of prepossessions, and lead them to ponder seriously when they mourn the mighty of this earth, or revile the unfortunate of their era.

Meanwhile, the trial of the young murderess was expedited with that rapidity for which republican forms of process were remarkable. Two deputies were implicated in the arraignment; the one, Duperret, with whom she had had intercourse, and who had accompanied her to the minister of the interior; the other, Fauchet, late a bishop, previously suspected on account of his connexion with the right side, and whom a woman, insane or malignant, falsely asserted to have seen in the galleries of the convention with the prisoner.

Charlotte Corday, when conducted before the tribunal preserved her wonted calmness. The indictment was read over to her, after which the court proceeded to call the witnesses. The first who appeared was stopped by the prisoner, without allowing him time to commence his deposition. "It was I," she said, "who killed Marat." "Who incited you to commit this murder?" demanded the president. "His crimes." "What do you mean by his crimes?" "The calamities he has caused since the Revolution." "Who are they who have instigated you to this action?" "Myself alone," she proudly answered; "I had long revolved it in my mind; nor would I ever have taken counsel of others for such a deed. I wished to restore peace to my country." "But do you imagine you have sacrificed all the Marats?" "No," responded the prisoner, with a sigh; "alas! no."

She then permitted the witnesses to conclude, and after each testimony, repeated, "That is true; the deponent is right." She defended herself from one charge alone, namely, her pretended concert with the Girondists; and she confronted only one witness, the woman who implicated Duperret and Fauchet in the case; after which she seated herself, and listened to the remainder of the process with perfect serenity. "You perceive," said her advocate, Chaveau-Lagarde, briefly compressing her defence, "that the accused confesses all with imperturbable firmness. Such composure and self-oblivion, sublime in one respect, can only be explained by the most exalted political fanaticism. It is for you to judge what weight is due to this moral consideration in the scales of justice."

Charlotte Corday was condemned to undergo the penalty of death. Her beautiful countenance evinced no emotion as the sentence was delivered.

and she returned to prison with a smile on her lips. She wrote to Barbaroux, to whom she related her journey and achievement in a letter full of feminine grace, spirit, and dignity; she told him her friends ought not to regret her, for a lively imagination and a susceptible heart threaten stormy lives to those who may possess them. She added, that she was now fully avenged on Petion, who had, when at Caen, suspected for a moment her political sentiments. In another letter to her father, she intreated pardon for having disposed of her life without his permission. "I have," said she, "avenged many victims—prevented others. The people will one day acknowledge the service I have rendered my country. For your sake I wished to remain incognito, but it was impossible. I only trust you will not be injured by what I have done. Farewell, my beloved father! Forget me, or rather rejoice at my fate, for it has sprung from a noble cause. Embrace my sister for me, whom I love with all my heart. Never forget the words of Corneille,

*C'est le crime qui fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud.*"  
(It is the crime which makes the shame, and not the scaffold.)

On the second day after the death of Marat, (July 15,) Charlotte was conducted to the place of execution in front of the Tuilleries. As she passed along, she met the insults of the meaner class of people with the modest firmness which never left her. The better class, affected by her self-devotion and fortitude, as well as by her beauty, beheld her in silence, some of them with tears. She mounted the scaffold with a cheerful and even triumphant air, when, contrary to the custom of the time, not a voice was raised against her. The executioner having removed the kerchief which covered her bosom, she blushed deeply; and when, half a minute afterwards, he held up her head to the gaze of the multitude, this mark of offended modesty had not yet passed away. Many of the men around the scaffold, from a natural emotion of respect, had uncovered themselves; some of her own sex, who had come to revile her, stood mute and abashed; and when the crowd separated, it was observed to be with a melancholy feeling very unusual at such scenes during the Revolution.

What we know of the extravagant sentiments which reigned at that time, could alone prepare us for an anecdote of a singular nature connected with the death of Corday. A young man, named Adam Lux, a commissary from Mayence, happened to see Charlotte as she was passing to the scaffold. Her appearance produced in him that passion which is usually called love at first sight. Entirely possessed by this feeling, he became incapable of calm reflection, and lost all sense of personal fear. His feelings towards Charlotte were at the same time extended to everything in any way connected with her—even to the guillotine by which she had suffered; which he now regarded as a sacred altar, on which the blood of royalty, beauty, and virtue, were offered up. He published a pamphlet on the death of Charlotte, proposing to erect a monument to her memory, with the inscription, "GREATER THAN BRUTUS," and ending with an invocation of her shade from the Elysian fields, where he conceived it to be dwelling with the other illustrious victims of the Revolution. There can be no doubt that the reason of this young man had been overturned by the excitements of the period. But such consider-

ations were not then admissible. He was quickly imprisoned, tried, and executed.

Justice has since been done to both Marat and his murderess. He is universally regarded as an execrable wretch, who stopped at no cruelty in the way of accomplishing his objects, and whom nothing but an extraordinary crisis in public affairs could have ever invested with any public respect. To Charlotte Corday has been awarded unmixed pity and admiration, a meed the more to be prized, that it is given in despite of the natural horror felt at the crime of assassination, and the reluctance of mankind to admit anything which, by palliating it in one case, may tend to encourage it in another. Her portrait is introduced into the popular histories of the period, and in none of these works do we find one harsh word applied to her.

#### NAEBODY KENS YE.

[We extract this piece of drollery from "Whistle Binkie, Fifth Series," a collection of original songs published at Glasgow, to which it had been contributed by Mr. R. L. Malone.]

ARE ye doin' ought weel?—are ye thrivin', my man?  
Be thankfu' to Fortune for a' that she sen's ye;  
Ye'll ha'e plenty o' frien's aye to offer their han',  
When ye needna their countenance—a' body kens ye;

A' body kens ye,

A' body kens ye,

When ye needna their countenance—a' body kens ye!

But wait ye a wee, till the tide tak's a turn!

An' awa wi' the ebb drifts the favors she sen's ye,  
Cauld friendship will then leave ye lanely to mourn;  
When ye need a' their friendship, then naebody kens ye;

Naebody kens ye, &c.

The crony wha stuck like a burr to your side,

An' vowed wi' his heart's dearest bluid to befrien' ye,

A five-guinea note, man, will part ye as wide

As if oceans and deserts were lyin' between ye!

Naebody kens ye, &c.

It's the siller that does't, man! the siller! the siller!

It's the siller that breaks ye, an' mak's ye, an' men's ye!

When your pockets are toom, an' nae wab i' the loom,  
Then tak' ye my word for't, there's naebody kens ye;

Naebody kens ye, &c.

But thinkna I mean that a' mankind are sae—

It's the butterfly-frien's that misfortune should fear aye—

There are those worth the name—gude sen' there were mae!

Wha, the cauldier the blast, aye the closer draw near ye;

Naebody kens ye, &c.

The frien's wha can tell us our fau'ts to our face,

But aye fra our foes in our absence defen's us,  
Leeze me on sic hearts! o' life's pack he's the ace

Wha scorns to disown us when naebody kens us.

#### CHORTS.

Naebody kens us, naebody kens us,

Poor'tith 's a dry-nurse frae folly whilk speans us—  
She deprives us o' means, just to show us our frien's,

Wha winna disown us when naebody kens us.

*Chambers' Journal.*

From Chambers' Journal.

## "WANDERINGS OF A JOURNEYMAN TAILOR."

THE operative tradesmen of Germany—tailors, shoemakers, printers, watchmakers, and so forth—are a wandering race of mortals. As soon as a workman has finished his apprenticeship, he goes upon his travels, walks on foot from town to town, getting a job here, and a job there, and, if penniless, sometimes receiving aid from trades' guilds to help him on his way; and at other times begging, cap in hand, from passengers. When he has spent a number of years abroad, and seen the mode of working in many different towns, he returns, marries, and settles down as a quiet, home-staying citizen. We have often seen men of this vagrant order in Germany, toiling along the roads on foot, with a knapsack on their back, a stick in one hand, and a pipe in the other. We believe begging is strictly forbidden; nevertheless, many a cap has been held out to us imploringly, and even with a pertinacity which no denial could easily repel. One of these wandering journeymen, named Holthaus, a tailor, two years ago published an account of his travels, which excited considerable interest in Germany, and has been translated by William Howitt, within the last month or two, and issued for the benefit of the English public.\*

This singular production is somewhat less amusing than we had expected, for the author says comparatively little about his own adventures, or means of getting employment, confining himself chiefly to a narration of where he went, with accounts of the places he visited. Yet the book is curious, as describing the actual rambles of an operative through various countries in Europe, Asia, and Africa, everywhere depending for the gratification of his passion for travel solely on his needle. As the translator observes, it is the history of a man who "literally sews his way from continent to continent." To whatever country or capital he goes, he finds masters of his own nation and trade established. He works with them, saves money enough to carry him on to a new country, and there finds in his young countrymen fellow-pilgrims of the staff and knapsack, ready to bear him company on new excursions. Our hero commences his narrative as follows:

"It was in the year 1824, that, after the early death of my parents, I quitted my native place, Werdohl, in the circle of Altenna, being not yet sixteen years old, and betook myself to Schwelm. There I worked a year and a quarter. I then resolved on a farther journey through Germany, and set out upon it in July, 1825, in company with three other hand-workers, one of whom was out of Saxony." They proceed through the countries on the Rhine to Berlin, after which they go by Pomerania into Poland. Here they experience difficulties for want of proper passports, and their money runs so short, that one sold a shirt, the second a coat, and a third a pair of boots and pantaloons. At Cracow the author is struck with ague, which confines him to the hospital a fortnight. Quit of this affliction, he obtains work for a few days, and earns a little money, with the view of proceeding to Vienna; but the police turn him back into Prussia, and, beaten about from point to point, he is compelled to part with his knapsack to pay a debt which he had incurred for lodging. Lightened of his burden, our unfortunate tailor pushes his way homewards; "and again," says he, "I stood poor and ragged only at a few hours' distance from my native place, Werdohl." A feeling of shame now overwhelms him; he takes courage, and sets forth on

a fresh cruise. To give anything like an idea of his zigzag traversings, and also of his loiterings in different parts of Germany, for a number of years, is out of the question. It is sufficient to say that at Erfurt he got employment, saved some money, and was able to refit himself with clothes and knapsack. Having passed through Bavaria, the Tyrol, and Austria Proper, staying and working a short time in Vienna, off he set for Lower Hungary, sailed down the Danube, and halted at Pancsova, where he worked for eight months, and then went on a journey through Wallachia. At Bucharest he remained ten months. We next find him travelling to Warsaw, in Poland, and after that to the baths of Töplitz and Carlsbad. At the entrance to the latter place, the inscription struck his eye—"He who is found begging in these walks will be seized, and sent with a shove to his own town." "I read this," says he, "with great composure, for I had yet money in my pocket." After a short stay, with a glad heart he seized once more the old wander-staff, and went off towards Innspruck; journeyed a while through the Tyrol, where little work is to be had; proceeded again by Hungary and the Danube; and hearing that something might be done at Constantinople, his plan was made up to visit that distant capital.

The voyage down the Danube, and across the Black Sea, lasted several weeks, and was far from agreeable; but all discomforts came to an end when he arrived in Pera, the Frankish suburb of Constantinople. "Here," said he, "I had the good fortune to obtain employment from the ladies' tailor, M. Rolle, and I sat steadily for three quarters of a year, and worked hard. My manner of life was wholly Frankish. To breakfast and supper I had my own table; for dinner, I frequented a Frankish eating-house. At set of sun the workshop was closed, and then I returned to my quarters, which I had taken in company with others of my comrades, and there supped. In summer, supper consisted of figs, melons, and grapes; in winter, of tea, coffee, ham, and bacon, which last article the Maltese export in quantities to different countries. After supper we generally remained sitting, and smoked our tschibook, and conversed. In winter, we worked again some hours by lamp-light. Of course I did not omit on Sundays, and sometimes, too, on Mondays, to go about and observe the life and manners of this great city, with its million of men of the most various nations and characters." His account of Constantinople, and the manners of its inhabitants, is ample, extending to about forty pages of his book, but is only a thousand-times told tale. Stamboul proved a golden soil to the vagrant tailor; he saved thirty-eight ducats by his labor. Here he might have remained and become rich; but no, he had an ardent craving to visit Egypt and the Holy Land, and set off on a voyage to the East accordingly.

Arrived in Egypt, our hero remained thirteen weeks in Cairo, but was not successful in picking up employment. Most of his time was spent in visiting the pyramids and other objects of curiosity. "I often visited the slave-market in Cairo. Black and brown people lie separated into lots, and are offered for sale by the conductors. The brown are from Abyssinia, and have a tolerably handsome European cast of countenance, but with a black woolly hair. The black from Darfur, from Sennaar, and Upper Egypt, are more ugly, have thick lips, flat noses, through which they stick a bit of wood, so that the orifice may remain open for the ornament of an ivory ring. On each cheek they have three deep cuts, and on their heads black wool. The majority are wholly naked, though others have a gray woollen cloth round the loins, which they use at night as a blanket. If a Frank come into the market, they press eagerly forward, nod, call out with a soft voice, 'Tale henne!' and would fain be bought by him. In Egypt, the Franks are allowed to purchase some of them, but not in

\* *Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor, through Europe and the East, during the years 1824 to 1840.* By P. D. Holthaus, Journeyman Tailor, from Werdohl, in Westphalia. Translated from the third German Edition by William Howitt. London: Longman and Company. 1844.

Constantinople. A female slave costs from five to eight hundred piastres—from six to ten pounds English; the young are something dearer. In Alexandria they are higher, and still higher in Constantinople. No white slaves are to be seen in Cairo, but black ones in great numbers."

In June, 1838, Holthaus quitted Cairo by a vessel down the Nile, and after a stay of ten days at Damietta, contracted with the captain of a merchant vessel to carry him to Beyrout, in Syria, for the sum of twenty piastres, or three shillings and sixpence. The voyage to Beyrout was undertaken with the hope of procuring work, and a recruitment to the purse, from a German tailor who was established there. "On landing," says he, "I made inquiries after him from some Franks whom I perceived on the strand, and found him in a large haan, where only foreigners lodged. Our countryman assisted us to hire a room in the haan—and a most wretched one it was—which we got for twenty paraahs daily. It was neither drawn nor paved; window holes it had, but no windows; and it was thoroughly black, and perfectly alive with fleas, rats, and mice. There was neither seat nor table in it; and for the wooden key with which we secured our door, we had three piastres extra to pay. The slave-merchants, too, took up their quarters in our haan, and offered their blacks for sale." This turns out a bad move. The German tailor could not give any work, and Holthaus resolved on a voyage to Acre.

With a heart full of piety and thankfulness, the wandering journeyman set his foot on the Holy Land, and, what was very pleasant, the Franciscan monastery at Acre afforded him three days' rest and refreshment free of all charge. "The first night," he observes, "I passed without sleep; for, as I had not slept in a bed for a year and a half, I was uncomfortable in one." Quitting this haven of rest, along with a comrade, he set out on a journey by way of Nazareth to Jerusalem. This proved a distressing pilgrimage. Towards evening, as the wayfarers entered the plain of Zebulon, they sought for a free inn among the villages, but none was to be found. "It was dark, and we went on for another half hour. Then, arriving, at a thicket, we turned to the left, out of the way, and took up our quarters under God's free heaven, and beneath a peaceful olive-tree. Camel-drivers went past during the night, and my comrade was full of anxiety; but we continued quiet, and awoke happy the next morning. With the break of day, without any food, and with only a little supply of water, which was already warm, we arose, and advanced over hill and dale, through copses of oak, over stones and naked rocks. Roads crossed themselves in all directions. In the mountains grazed long-haired goats, and sheep with broad tails. Our necessity increased at every step, as we had no water; and the burning heat made us exceedingly faint. My companion flung himself on the earth, and resolved to die on the spot rather than to advance another step into the wilderness. After much persuasion, he was prevailed on to go a little further, collected his strength, and marched with me forward. Presently we issued from this desert track, and entered again the cheerful green fields; a well, too, after which we had so earnestly sighed, presented itself, and a kind-hearted maiden, like another Rebecca, gave us to drink. By this well it is always, and especially towards evening, a busy scene. Women are washing, girls come and draw water in their jugs or leathern bags, herdsmen approach to water their cattle, and asses are loaded with water-sacks, which they carry frequently to a distance of from six to nine miles. We asked the way to Nazareth—called in Arabic Nazara—and it was pointed out to us, with the assurance that it was very easy to find. Thereupon we laid us down under a shady fig-tree by a cattle-shed, and refreshed ourselves with the clear

water, but had nothing to eat. After this, when we had climbed other hills covered with low brushwood, had seen to the east the village of Cana in Galilee, with its little mud huts, which looked like ruins, and had again refreshed ourselves with cold water at a well near a village, in a dale planted with fig and olive trees, we espied the little town of Nazareth, standing still and lonely on another hill, with its little huts of clay and mud, with flat roofs, from amid which a convent towered aloft, surrounded by a wall. One hut, owing to the steepness of the hill, lay as it were over the other. And this, then, was the place where our Saviour passed the years of his childhood, and where he afterwards, on his perambulations, taught in the schools."

At Nazareth they receive poor treatment, and proceed through a miserable country to Tiberias, satisfied with a view of the sea of Galilee, which lay before them "like a clear pure mirror, surrounded by naked and scorched hills." Amid stones, crags, and sandy wastes, they travelled to Cana, and then back to Nazareth, suffering great bodily distress from hunger and excoriation of the feet. Finally, they got to Jerusalem on the 15th of August, 1838. Holthaus gives a pretty succinct account of the Holy city, which, having inspected to his heart's content, living the meanwhile at free quarters in the Franciscan convent of St. Salvatore, he went off on a wandering excursion to the Jordan and Dead Sea. He returned to Jerusalem, and finally quitted that city on the 2d of September for Jaffa, halting by the way at another of those Franciscan convents, without shelter from which, poor pilgrims would die in thousands in the inhospitable wilderness. At Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, he picked up his former comrade, and the wandering pair took ship to Beyrout. The vessel, which was loaded with watermelons, was a bad sailer, and one day when the anchor was dropped, our hero went ashore to a neighboring Arab village. There is a touch of nature in what follows. "An old woman speedily came running up to me, and implored me to enter her dwelling. I regarded the invitation with suspicion, for you cannot lightly trust the Arab and Turkish women. But I ventured; and she led me into a miserable hut, which I was obliged to enter by stooping, or rather creeping through its low doorway. There, on the floor, lay a black man and a boy, who were both ill. The old woman made me to understand that she wished me to cure them. I could only shrug my shoulders, and explain to her that I was no doctor, nor had any curative means with me. The poor woman sighed, probably imagining that I would not exert my skill. In the East, a Frank is continually regarded as a doctor, and this was now my case. Had I had some brandy and sugar by me, it is probable that I might have assisted the Arab, for this is the favorite remedy with these people."

The vessel again went forward on its voyage, but so slowly that at Acre the errant journeyman lost patience with the delays, and resolved to encounter a land journey, at all hazards, the rest of the way. "Throwing my knapsack on my back, I bought some bread, filled my bottles with water, and marched on by land. It was a fruitful plain through which I strode. To the left lay the Mediterranean, and before me stretched a vast level. At first my way lay through pomegranate gardens and a cedar wood; but afterwards amongst rocks and precipices, till towards evening I entered the plain of Tyre, now Sur. The night overtook me, and I took up my quarters in the bed of a dried-up brook. The next morning, as I awoke, I heard the dull ringing of the bells of a caravan. I arose hastily, quickened my steps, and soon reached it. One of the drivers, who had an unloaded ass, allowed me for eight piastres to ride it to Sidon. This was a novelty for me. We passed several kanaks, where Arab bread, goats' cheese, figs, grapes, and coffee, could be purchased. This night again I

slept in the open air, but in the company of six camels, two asses, and three Arabs. Three hours before the break of day, our caravan put itself in motion; and before the dawn, we were in Sidon, or Saide, as it is at present named, where I merely stayed a few minutes in a Turkish coffee-house, and then stretched my staff farther along the coast, now through deep sandy plains, and now over mountains. Six miles from Beyrout, however, from fatigue and thirst, I was unable to move another stride. I took up my quarters for the night in a summer-house in a mulberry garden, and arising early the next morning, proceeded to Beyrout, where, the 12th of September, I luckily again encountered my fellow-countryman and pilgrim, August, who had arrived the day before. Here then our pilgrimage ended. I had traversed the desolate mountain ranges of Palestine, stood on the shores of the Galilean lake, of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. I had trod the scenes where the foot of the Redeemer had once wandered, and kneeled and prayed on the place of his birth, his death, and resurrection; and now I yearned once more after Europe and my native land."

From Beyrout the journeyman tailor went by sea to Constantinople; there got some work from his old master, but, urged by the thirst for travel, became impatient, and broke away for Athens. 'At Athens, he was delighted to find himself—thanks to King Otho's Bavarian followers—in a town almost half German. Getting work immediately from the ladies' tailor, Marksteiner, he describes his mode of life. "Here, as in Constantinople, I hired a room with my fellow-traveller, but a room it was only, without bed, chair, or table. Beds I had no further acquaintance with. For years I had now slept on the paved ground, on boards, and frequently amongst rocks and precipices in the open air. Here, wrapped in my quilt, and with my knapsack under my head, I slept more sweetly than many a one in the softest bed. My trunk was my chair and table. Every morning I went early to the workshop, where, besides the master, four journeymen and five German girls worked. We made up only fine articles, for the most part silken stuffs; for the ladies of Athens dress as splendidly as the Grecian, Armenian, and Frank ladies in Constantinople. In the morning, at seven o'clock, we had a cup of sweetened coffee, with a white roll, handed to us in the workshop; at noon we dined in a Bavaroise—that is, a Bavarian hotel—and paid, for three dishes, with a bottle of wine, seventy lepte, about fourpence-halfpenny; in the evening we took supper at home; but I did not spend much time in my hired room. On Sunday mornings we went to church, took a walk in the afternoon, partook in a coffee-house, on a country excursion, a glass of wine, of which the bottle cost twenty lepte, or sixteen pfennigs, about a penny-farthing English, and chatted very agreeably the time away. In the evening we went to the 'Concordia,' that is, to a select society of German masters there established, their wives, and assistants, both young men and young women. The journeymen tailors and other professionals formed themselves into a theatric company, and one of my comrades was director; and sometimes an individual stepped forward and declaimed something. Occasionally a ball was given, so that, side by side with good employment here, pleasure and entertainment were not wanting."

Our space forbids us going much further with the vagrant tailor. He walked over a considerable part of Greece before leaving the country; sailed for Naples; visited Rome; arrived in France by Marseilles; and proceeded, by way of Paris and Belgium, to Germany, where the beloved waters of the Rhine again greet his sight. On the 5th of November, 1840, he entered his native Werdtol, after an absence of sixteen years and six months. Affectionately the long absent tailor was welcomed by his friends, and the

narrative of his wanderings was listened to with universal delight. Having given his travels to the world in the volume before us, he set forth on a fresh journey, taking this time a direction towards the northern countries of Europe. He is now stitching his way through Russia, and the reader may hope, if he return safe, for another and equally curious volume, to be translated, like the present, we trust, by our friend William Howitt.

## THE SUMMER MIDNIGHT.

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN.

THE breeze of night has sunk to rest,  
Upon the river's tranquil breast;  
And every bird has sought her nest,  
Where silent is her minstrelsy;  
The queen of heaven is sailing high,  
A pale bark on the azure sky,  
Where not a breath is heard to sigh—  
So deep 'the soft tranquillity.

Forgotten now the heat of day  
That on the burning waters lay,  
The noon of night her mantle gray  
Spreads, for the sun's high blazonry;  
But glittering in that gentle night  
There gleams a line of silvery light,  
As tremulous on the shores of white  
It hovers sweet and playfully.

At peace the distant shallop rides;  
Not as when dashing o'er her sides  
The roaring bay's unruly tides  
Were beating round her gloriously;  
But every sail is furled and still:  
Silent the seaman's whistle shrill  
While dreamy slumbers seem to thrill  
With parted hours of ecstasy.

Stars of the many-spangled heaven!  
Faintly this night your beams are given,  
Though proudly where your hosts are driven  
Ye rear your dazzling galaxy;  
Since far and wide a softer hue  
Is spread across the plains of blue,  
Where in bright chorus, ever true,  
Forever swells your harmony.

O for some sadly dying note  
Upon this silent hour to float,  
Where from the bustling world remote  
The lyre might wake its melody;  
One feeble strain is all can swell  
From mine almost deserted shell,  
In mournful accents yet to tell  
That slumbers not its minstrelsy.

THERE IS AN HOUR of deep repose  
That yet upon my heart shall close,  
When all that nature dreads and knows  
Shall burst upon me wondrously;  
O may I then awake forever  
My heart to rapture's high endeavor,  
And as from earth's vain scene I sever,  
Be lost in Immortality!

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

*Fêtes et Souvenirs du Congrès de Vienne; Tableaux des Salons, Scènes, Anecdotes, et Portraits; 1814, 1815.* (Festivities, &c., of the Congress of Vienna.) Par la COMTE A. DE LA GARDE. Paris: A. Appert Libraire Editeur. 2 Tomes. 1843.

THERE were previous to the present year three Histories of the Congress of Vienna. 1st, the book of De Pradt; 2d, the History of M. de Flassan; and 3d, the Journal of a Nobleman at the Congress of Vienna, published anonymously in London. The book of the Abbé, and former Bishop of Mechlin, is lively, startling, and showy. In order to prove his honesty and originality—like our own Cobbett—he makes it a point with himself to differ from all the rest of the world, and it is therefore no marvel that he discovers that there is, after all, nothing so very wrong in the partitioning of Poland; that the aggrandizement of Prussia is necessary to the general equilibrium of Europe; and that the annexation of Belgium to Holland is the very perfection of wisdom.

The book of M. de Flassan, entitled "*Historie du Congrès de Vienne*," and which first saw the light in 1829, is still more voluminous, though infinitely less readable, than the production of his apostolic and diplomatic predecessor. M. de Flassan had no doubt the most favorable opportunities of writing a correct and authentic work. He had long previously been employed at the *Ministère des Affaires Etrangères*. He had been advantageously known as the author of a larger work in six vols., commenced in 1809, and finished in 1811, the "*Histoire Générale et Raisonnée de la Diplomatie Française*," so that his previous studies and researches had eminently qualified him for the task which his government had imposed. But although he was clothed in an official capacity, enjoyed the confidence of the actors in this great drama of the Congress of Nations, and had moreover access to all the protocols and archives, there is not perhaps a more arid and colorless production in modern French literature than the "*Histoire du Congrès de Vienne*." Somewhat of this is owing, no doubt, to the dry, dogmatic, and formal style of the publication, a little perhaps to the nature of the subject, but most of all to the diplomatic drill which it was necessary the author's opinions should undergo before they were permitted to be given to the reading world of Europe and America. We have been told on good authority that M. de Flassan was forced to strike out all the really curious and interesting portions of his MS. The work as printed is but a dull and unanimated record of facts; an enforced and labored panegyric on the five powers and their plenipotentiaries, whom the author complacently and complementarily describes as "*si supérieures aux jugemens humains*!"\*

The "*Journal of a Nobleman at the Congress*

of Vienna" may or may not be apocryphal; but in any event it is a work which could have been written by any valet or gentleman's gentleman; by the lacquey of Prince Metternich, or the page of the late Emily Marchioness of Londonderry.

The Congress of Vienna, like every other congress in modern times, presents two distinct aspects. The one public and patent to all the world—the other latent and unrevealed, unless to the kings and cabinets initiated. The secret letters and confidential communications of Lord Castlereagh to the Prince Regent, and to Lord Bathurst, from the beginning of October, 1814, to the commencement of January, 1815, and of the Duke of Wellington, who supplied the place of his brother plenipotentiary and friend at the congress, from February, 1815, to the moment of its close, would, no doubt, afford some of the rarest materials for anecdote, history, and memoirs; but it is not likely that any of these familiar and confidential letters will ever be made public; certainly not in our own day. There was yet another hand from which much might have been expected. It is well known that during the congress the most unreserved communication existed between Louis XVIII. and his adroit and pliant plenipotentiary. A scholar, a man of taste and erudition, Louis XVIII. was not only possessed with the mania and weakness of corresponding on all subjects, literary, political and scientific, but his most Christian majesty was also desirous of learning, like all the branches of the elder Bourbons, the little tittle-tattle, the small gossip, and the secret scandal, of the rout of kings and rabble of ministers assembled in the capital of the soi-disant descendant of all the Cesars.

Talleyrand was too good a courtier not to gratify this royal yet paltry propensity. There was not an intriguing adventure, not a royal and imperial amour, not a masked ball, not a dinner or supper, or *Tanz Musique* at the *Redouten Saal*, which the ex-bishop did not most unctuously describe for the pleasure and instruction of his royal master. If Alexander, in a fit of half-religious mysticism, or something still more mundane, flung himself at the feet of Madame de Krudener;—if Metternich dabbled till the dawn of day in a secluded alcove with some pretty *gräfinn*;—if Castlereagh danced with imperturbable and relentless energy all night long, disclosing his thin and shapeless calves in tight pantaloons;—if Maximilian of Bavaria cracked a coarse joke;—or that Daniel Lambert of kings, the Colossus of Wurtemberg, surfeited himself with a Broddnagian allowance of sturgeon and *sauer kraut*;—if the sly and insinuating Duchess of Oldenburg flirted in the guise of a grisette, for some politic and fraudulent purpose; or the exuberant humor of his Majesty of Denmark exuded in lively quips and cranks, savoring more of the *cabaret* than the cabinet;—if the brisk and insatiable vanity of Lord Stewart, his inevitable want of tact, and unmistakable want of temper, led him

\* *Congrès de Vienne, par De Flassan, tome i., p. 219.*

into scrape after scrape—all were noted down by the imperturbable and inexorable ex-bishop with point and precision. Nor did the other sex escape unscathed. The fan of this princess, the sable pelisse of that, the diamond stomacher of this duchess, the beautiful bracelet of that other, were all described and chronicled with the special science of a Storr and Mortimer; or, better still, with the glowing eloquence of a Laure (of the house of Maradan Carson;) or, to speak synchronously, of a real Bourbonite bodice-maker and legitimate milliner, such as Victorine herself. It was after having received one of these pleasant missives, in which the dresses and costumes of emperors and empresses, archdukes and archduchesses, magnates and starosts, were graphically described, that the gouty and caustic monarch is reported to have exclaimed, "M. D. Talleyrand n'a oublié qu'une seule chose, c'est de nous faire savoir quel était son costume à lui, car il en a de recharge."

But where, it may be asked, are all these confidential letters now? This alone is certain, that they are not among the archives of the *affaires étrangères*; for one fine morning, a quarter of a century ago, the Prince of Beneventum took the slight and superfluous precaution of removing the secret and anecdotal portion of the letters to his private hotel in the Rue St. Florentin. There remain, then, in the archives of France but the political and official correspondence, which is in every sense public property. The author of this portion of these materials for future history is the worthy and excellent M. La Bernardière, previously to the first revolution a member of the congregation of the Oratoire, but who subsequently, on the suppression of his order, embraced the career of politics, and was ultimately employed as *Chef de Division* in the *affaires étrangères*. It is curious as well as instructive, at this distance of time, to reflect how many ecclesiastics were flung into the stormy career of politics by the revolution. Talleyrand, Minister for Foreign Affairs, Baron Louis, Minister of Finance, Fouché, Minister of Police, De Pradt, Ambassador to Warsaw, Sieyès, of Pigeon House Memory, immortalized by the greatest of orators and the first of philosophic statesmen, (Burke,) and La Bernardière, *Chef de Division*, *cum multis aliis*. The only instance of such a signal deviation from an original vocation that occurs to us under the government preceding the revolution, was that in every way most remarkable one, of M. Turgot.\*

To return to the matter more immediately in hand. If the publication of the private papers of Castlereagh and Wellington be dim and distant, we fear that there is still less chance of the correspondence of Talleyrand being disclosed to a wondering and expectant public, in all the permanency of pica and long primer. What then are we to

do! There is a morbid craving, a "Morning Post" anxiety for minute and petty details, and private anecdote; and if the primary evidence be wanting—if the original deed be lost or destroyed, we must have recourse to secondary evidence. In this emergency of the reading public, forth comes the Count A. de la Garde, professing to give his recollections and portraits of the dinners, dresses, and dances, of the balls and masquerades, the masks and musical festivals, the punning pic-nickery and *pallardise* of the congress and its complement; and though there be great parvity in the idea, and albeit it plainly discloses a wonderful littleness of mind, still we are bound to confess that the count has executed his self-appointed task with all the zeal of a literary *Introduceur des Ambassadeurs*, and all the gaudy pride of a provincial posture-master. What manner of man is this, however, and where does he come from, who so obligingly ushers us into the best of company? The count A. de la Garde was we believe (though he does not tell us so) born in France, somewhere about the year 1782 or 1783, and must now therefore be in the 60th or 61st year of his age. His father (if we are not misinformed, for on this point also he is silent) was employed in the *Ministère des Affaires Etrangères*. During the progress of the French revolution he had constantly refused to emigrate. Proscribed because of his attachment to his legitimate king, he saved his head from the scaffold by secreting himself in the house of a friend. When the first paroxysms of the fever of blood were over, the old count thought he might again show himself in a country which he had never abandoned. But his name was still written in ensanguined letters on the fatal list; and proscribed anew after the 18th Fructidor, (4th September, 1797,) he was obliged to emigrate to escape a more lingering death in the pestilential deserts of Sinnamary. He fled to Hamburg. His son, the author of the work at present under review, was his only companion. They experienced all the miseries of an involuntary and sudden banishment. Invited by the Count de Fersen to repair to Sweden, they left Hamburg, and travelling the arid and sandy plains of Holstein, gained Copenhagen on foot. They were received with the greatest kindness by the Count de Lowendall, whom the elder La Garde had formerly known in Paris. By this worthy man, father and son were presented to the prince royal, at whose grotesque dress the young emigrant had heartily laughed the day previously in the park of Copenhagen. The poor young man when presented would have sunk down from mingled emotions of fear and shame when he found who had really been the subject of his mirth, had he not been encouraged by the angelic countenance of a young woman by the prince's side. This was his charming sister the Princess of Augustenburg, who, with an imploring look, besought her brother to read the petition of the forlorn exile.

The prince read the document attentively, ques-

\* See "Mémoires de l'Abbé Morellet," tome i., p. 12.



tioned the unfortunate young man more at length, and having learned the history of his miserable pilgrimage, exclaimed to his sister, "Alas! another victim of the revolution."

"But surely you know German?" said the prince.

"Not a word," said the young De la Garde.

"Poor boy!" said the princess, "so young, and withal so much of suffering. How sad and wearisome, indeed, must your journey have appeared over these dreary sands of ours: an exile in a strange land." And the tears started into her beautiful eyes, and coursed each other down her cheeks.

But succor was at hand. An order on the royal treasury was soon given and paid, and the passage of the young exile was taken on board a merchant ship for Stockholm, somewhere in the month of March, 1801; but the vessel being detained by baffling winds, he was present at the passage of the Sound by Parker and Nelson on the night of the 2d of April, 1801, and did good service to the prince, by whose bounty he had profited a few days before.

At length, however, after the signature of the armistice which destroyed the armed neutrality of the Northern Powers he sets sail for Stockholm, and from thence proceeds to Amsterdam to join his father. In that city he remains till Napoleon has completely triumphed over all the opponents of a consulate for life. The First Consul, strong enough at this juncture—we suppose the 6th Floreal (26th April, 1802,) for no dates are given—to be clement, interposes no obstacle to the return of those emigrants who had fled to escape the scaffold. The old Count de la Garde, having at this moment urgent need of those pecuniary resources without which it is impossible to live in a land of exile, despatched his son to Paris under the care of a M. Clement. They take up their quarters at the Hôtel de Calais, Rue Coquillière. But M. Clement is instantly called off on a family business to Dijon, and recommending young De la Garde to M. Chaudeau, a pastry-cook and master of the hotel, the stripling is forthwith installed in a modest bedroom on the fifth story at the moderate rent of twelve francs a month. The repasts of the young emigrant are proportioned to the exiguity of his purse. Cold and famine soon stare him in the face, but he nevertheless feels all the inebriating transport of a return to his native land, and like a shipwrecked mariner, seems to clutch the soil on which he is cast. The poor serving girl at the hotel tells him of a handsome young man, the tenant of the bedroom before his occupancy, who had been turned half-naked into the streets in an inclement night by his unfeeling landlord, because he was in arrear of rent. He dreams of this remorseless tapster. He sees the horrid spectre with an unpaid bill in one hand, and a padlock in the other to seal the door forever against him. Now he no longer sleeps for dread of duns: hardly does he

eat. The canker in his mind is corroding away his feeble body. He cannot remain still an instant. Out he goes into the heart of that busy, bustling, stinking, sensual Paris. It is to him a cold yet crowded wilderness. He passes the blood-besotted Boulevards, traverses the Rue Grange Bataillère, and thinks to come right on the Hôtel Choiseul, which had anciently been the happy home of his family. Alas! the hotel exists no longer. It is transformed into an auction-room. The venerable house-porter, too, is gone, and nothing remains of the past but the old house-dog Castor, who seems to recognize the child who had so often pulled both ears and tail in the days of other years and other dynasties.

Whilst our hero was yet a child living at the Hôtel Choiseul, another family inhabited a portion of the house. There was a young daughter of this family, the playmate of De la Garde's infantine years, who subsequently became the reigning beauty of the day, and afterwards the wife of one of the richest bankers of Paris, M. Recamier. As the pockets of the unfortunate young man collapsed from more emptiness, as he could not even raise a trifle on the portrait of Louis XVI., presented by the unfortunate monarch to his father, he bethought him of this early friend of his youth. But Madame Recamier is living at Clichy. To Clichy he hies him, dressed out in a three-cornered chapeau, which his father had never permitted him to change for a round hat, the one being in the old man's estimate the type of noblesse, the other of sans-culottism. His coat was the identical upper-vestment, and a motley one it was, which he had worn on the day of his first communion. It was a black cloth, striped with silk of the same color. His trousers of nankeen, were buckled at the knees with pre-Adamite buckles, his doublet was lapelled and embroidered with flowers, while his laced buskins disclosed to the eye in all their radiant colors a pair of gaudy silk stockings which had belonged to Gustavus III. of Sweden, and of which the monarch's valet de chambre had made the young emigrant a present at Stockholm. "Will she receive me, will she recognize me?" thought he as he approached the porter's lodge at Clichy. He sent in his name, and was met with the freezing answer, "Madame regrets she cannot receive you to-day. Not having the honor of being personally acquainted with you, she begs that you will be so good as to inform her in writing of the object of your visit." Years had certainly rolled by, yet it was hard to be thus forgotten. The exile was about to wander silently and sadly away, when he bethought him of the name of "Lolo," the very sobriquet of his infancy, and by which he had often been called by the owner of the château of Clichy; when, presto! the magic of that little word opens to him the house and table of Madame Recamier, by whom he is received with hospitality and succored in the manner most grateful to his wants and his feelings.

But it will not do to sponge forever on the bounty of any one, much less of a noble-hearted woman, and the young La Garde again travels back to Sweden, from whence, at the invitation of Count Felix Potocki, so well known by his colossal fortune, his immense popularity, and the important part he took in the affairs of his country, he proceeds to Poland. At Tulczim, the château of the count, and where hospitality was practised on a scale absolutely regal, we conjecture (for nothing is positively stated) De la Garde remained some years. This must have been one of the happiest periods of his life. The house was always filled with company. Sometimes visits were made of three years' length. A gay and gorgeous hospitality was the order of the day. Horses, equipages, and servants, were at the disposal of the visitor. There were plays, and hunting-parties, and operas, and the Polish poet Trembecky, then in the zenith of his fame, was an inmate of the castle, whose fair mistress, the Countess Potocka, was one of the most fascinating and accomplished women in Europe. The history of this lady, born a Greek of the Fanal, is in itself a romance. It was for her that the garden of Sophiowka, one of the rarest in Europe, was created, on the site of that spot famed as the place where Ovid was exiled. There, in the midst of the Steppes of Yedissen, was created a garden rivaling that famed garden of Armida. From Poland young De la Garde proceeds to Russia. Many of the best years of his life are spent between Petersburg and Moscow. He visits the Crimea too, and Kioff. From his intimacy with Tettenborn, De Witt, Ouvaroff, and others of the Russian army, we incline to think he must have entered the military service of the Czar; but it is plain that if he had ever worn a Russian epaulette, he had cast it off before the autumn of 1814.

He arrived in Vienna in the last days of September, 1814. The fêtes had already commenced. There were, he says, nearly 100,000 strangers already arrived. But surely here must be some gross mistake. Even in 1839 Vienna contained only 8200 houses, and a quarter of a century previous the number could not have exceeded 7000. The population in Vienna in 1814 did not amount to 300,000, and any one who knows anything of the city, containing as it does only 127 streets, or its faubourgs, (like the P. S. to a lady's letter,) more important and considerable than the city itself, will at once presume that it was quite impossible that accommodation could have been found for an additional third, suddenly and *uno flatu* added to the ordinary population. It has been our good or ill fortune to have three times visited this celebrated capital, and we never on any occasion heard the number of strangers estimated at above 5000. Nor did they amount to anything like that number, as we happen to know, in the year 1831, the period of the marriage of the present Emperor. There is evidently, therefore,

great exaggeration in this estimate. We are as little disposed to credit that Lord Castlereagh paid for his apartment, during his sojourn in that capital, 500*l.* a month, or at the rate of 6000*l.* a year; as even now, thirty years later, when prices and population have greatly increased, one of the finest hotels in the city might be obtained at a rent of 200*l.* a month, or 2400*l.* a year. One of the first visits of De la Garde was to the renowned and witty Prince de Ligne, then in his 80th year. As fully one third of these volumes is filled with the sayings and doings of the prince, we may be pardoned for giving a slight sketch of a man but little known to the present generation, and of whom no biography is attempted in these columns.

Charles Joseph Prince de Ligne, born in 1735, was descended from one of the most illustrious families of Belgium, of which the house of d'Arenberg is but a younger branch. He was the son and grandson of field-marsbals, a dignity which he himself attained late in life. There was no man of his day who attained greater perfection in what the French call the "art de vivre" than the Prince de Ligne. The tone and polish of his manners, the charm and grace of his conversation, the readiness and piquancy of his wit, always subservient to good taste and good feeling, were not less remarkable than the manly beauty of his person. He entered the Austrian service in 1751. His advancement was rapid and deserved, for every step was the price of some glorious and daring deed of valor. During the seven years' war and the campaigns of the Austrian and Russians against the Turks, he particularly distinguished himself. But his literary, civil, and social triumphs were equally remarkable. The twenty-nine volumes of his published works are but little known in England. Fourteen volumes of these are devoted to military affairs, and though nearly half a century has elapsed since they were published, it is impossible even in our day to read them without being struck by the profoundness, originality, and singular power of minute observation disclosed in the "Fantaisies et Préjugés Militaires," a copy of which, printed at what he called his "refuge" at Leopoldberg near Vienna, we have now before us. It is, however, on his letters, memoirs, and detached thoughts, that the fame of De Ligne, as an author, must chiefly rest. We find in these depth without pretension, originality without egotism, and that indescribable *laissez aller* manner, that "beau desordre," that negligent grace often beyond the reach of the most practised art. We can well conceive, in reading the playful and agreeable letters of the old marshal, models of a "style parlé," how he must have amused the Empress Catherine in that famous journey into the Crimea in 1787, when the Semiramis of the north was accompanied by the playful historian of the journey, by Potemkin, M. de Seegur, and our own agreeable Fitzherbert, afterward Lord St. Helens. One of the remarkable things

we shall ever remember, was a description more than twenty years ago of that same journey by that old English diplomatist, who once observing his pretty mistress gazing at the silver glory of the moon, on a fine summer evening, gracefully and gallantly exclaimed, "Ne la regardez pas trop, ma chère, car je ne puis pas vous la donner." \*

Under the wings of this Nestor the favorite of Catherine, of Marie Antoinette, and Joseph II., was De la Garde introduced to the gay scenes of that gormandizing capital, whose inhabitants think that man was destined by a superior and superintending power to eat much and long.

Oben wohnt ein Geist der nicht  
Menschlich zürnt und schmähet,  
Noch mit Wolkem im Gesicht  
Küss und Flaschen zählet:  
Nein; Er lächelt mild herab,  
Wenn sich zwischen Wieg und Grab  
Seine Kinder freuen.

"You are come in the nick of time," said the old warrior, as De la Garde entered his antechamber. "All Europe is at Vienna. But the web of politics is embroidered with *fêtes*. The Congress does not march, but it dances, Heaven knows, enough. There is a rabble of kings here, and you cannot turn the corner of a street without jostling a majesty. But dine with me to-morrow at four, and we will afterwards go to the Redouten ball." And to the ball they did go. There the old marshal does the honors to his young friend, and points out all the remarkable characters. That graceful, martial-looking man is the Emperor Alexander. He gives his arm to Prince Eugene Beauharnais, for whom he has a real liking. When Eugene first arrived here with the King of Bavaria, his father-in-law, the court of Austria long hesitated as to the rank that he should have, but the Emperor of Russia gave "so decided an opinion that he is now treated with the honors due to his station."

That grave-looking person dancing with the handsome Neapolitan with the gracefully rounded arms, and the elegant figure, is the King of Prussia. The open countenanced, honest-looking fellow opposite, is the King of Bavaria, and the pale person near him, with the aquiline nose and the white hairs, the King of Denmark. The lively humor and happy repartees of the Dane have made him the delight of the royal and imperial circles. He is called here "*le loustic de la Brigade Souveraine*." That "tun of a man" is the King of Wurtemberg; near him is his son, who is in love with the Duchess of Oldenburg. And now having pointed out the principal figures, the old man allowed his *protégé* to shift for himself. There he saw, in wandering round the room, Zibin, whom he had known at Moscow in 1812, and with whom he had visited the Crimea, the Ukraine, and Tur-

key, and Achille, Rouen, and Bulgari, and Cariati, and Tettenborn, and many others *quos nunc perscribere longum est*.

The next day there was a grand military festival, at which all the sovereigns, to use a French phrase, assisted, and at which they took their places, (to avoid all quarrels about precedence,) according to age—the King of Wurtemberg, as the oldest king, being allowed the *pas*. The arrangement was found so convenient that it was not afterwards departed from. The sovereigns next exchanged orders, crosses, and decorations, and then gave each other regiments in their different armies. No sooner was this done than all the ten digits of all the thousands of tailors in Vienna were put into motion, that his majesty the Emperor of Austria might instantly appear in the uniform of the Imperial Guards of his majesty the Emperor of all the Russias. Malvolio's going cross-gartered was a faint type of this huge and heinous piece of Imperial and Royal tomfoolery. Then there was such a lavish giving of presents. The Calmuc-visaged Czar presented a fur dressing-gown to his elderly brother of Austria, while the starch and stiff King of Prussia, not to be outdone, offered to the *Kaiser Franz* a silver basin and ewer, that he might be enabled to keep a clean pair of hands if not a clear conscience. Nor were these the only civilities. One day Franz was driving in the Prater, and wishing to get out and walk, he tried to catch the eye of some of his lacqueys; but in vain. Alexander, who is on horseback quick as lightning, divines his intention, jumps from his steed, and with all the agility of a running footman, and all the cunning of a Cossack, offers his arm to his less nimble brother. At this spectacle of apt grackbusness, says simple Count La Garde, the welkin rang with acclamations.

Meanwhile the deliberations of the Great Council were enveloped in mystery, but a thousand conjectures were hazarded at the salons of the Countess de Fuchs, then one of the most fashionable of the Viennese ladies. The countess was, ten years later, as we know from experience, one of the most agreeable women in the high society of Vienna, but at the epoch of the Congress she must have been in the zenith of her fame. Her circle was, in 1815, composed of the Countess of Pleternberg, of the Duchesses of Sagan and Exerenzza, and their sister Madame Edmund de Perigord, (better known in London as Madame de Dino,) niece by marriage of Talleyrand, and born Duchess of Courland, of the Chanoinesse Kinski, the Duke of Dalberg, Marshal Walmoden, the three Counts Pahlen, the Prince Philip of Hesse Homburg, the Prince Paul Esterhazy, afterwards ambassador in England; the Prince Eugene Beauharnais, the Russian General De Witt, M. de Gentz, General Nostitz, Varnhagen, the poet Campani, and Ompteda, ex-minister of Westphalia, only ex-minister, because there was no longer a kingdom of Westphalia to serve; and last, though

\* "Memoirs de Marmontel."

not least, George Sinclair, lately M. P. for Perthshire, or Caithness, we forget which, and son of old mangel-wurzel Sir John. Madame Fuchs had retained the old Viennese habit of eating supper, and at her hotel La Garde became a regular *habitué*.

On the third day of his arrival, our young friend (for he was young thirty years ago) paid a visit to Talleyrand, whom he had not seen since 1806, and received an invitation to dinner. Few persons had been invited. There were present, of course, the different members of the French embassy, and Madame Edmund de Perigord, but beside these the only guests were Count Razomowski, Pozzo di Borgo, the Duke de Richelieu, and De la Garde, who had now seen Pozzo di Borgo for the first time. Pozzo appeared to have all the Corsican *finesse*, vivacity, and imagination. "La France," said he, "est une marmite bouillante; il faut y rejeter tout ce qui en sort." But though the conversation of the Corsican was piquant and pointed, yet it was easy to see, says De la Garde, that the scholarship of which he made a parade was neither ripe nor profound. He had a perfect mania for quotation, but his citations wanted variety. In an after-dinner argument he supported his opinion by a passage from Dante, a phrase of Tacitus, and some shreds and patches from English orators. La Bernardière, who sat next to De la Garde, told him he had heard the very same quotations two days before at a dinner at Prince Hardenberg's. But this conversational legerdemain is practised not only by the gay *tirailleurs* of the dinner-table, but by the heavy humdrum brigade of the house of commons; and demagogues resort to the trick as well as diplomatists. An evening party followed, of which the Countess Perigord did the honors with enchanting grace. Our author is delighted with his dinner and his host. Though there was something cold and indifferent in the demeanor and manners of Talleyrand, yet when he desired to please, every word, every look, every gesture told. Flexible, graceful, easy, and profound, he was equally at home in a congress as in a drawing-room, mastering the most knotty and important questions in the one, by the elevated comprehensiveness of a mind devoid of prejudice and passion, and charming the domestic circle in the other, by happy sallies, or that sly and quiet humor, that sure and exquisite tact, in which he was so wonderful a proficient. Happy the man, says our author, who is placed in the morning next the Prince de Ligne, and in the evening next Prince Talleyrand.

The next visit which La Garde made in company with the Prince de Ligne, was to Isabey, the painter. "A congress is about to be held at Vienna; go there," said Talleyrand; and straightway Isabey went. "I have come to Vienna, M. le Maréchal," said the painter, "in the hope of reproducing the features of all the remarkable

persons, and I ought undoubtedly to commence with you, my good prince."

"Assurément en ma qualité de doyen d'âge," was the old man's reply. Every one has seen either the original or engravings of Isabey's celebrated *chef-d'œuvre* of the Congress of Vienna. The picture is supposed to represent the congress at the moment when Prince Metternich introduces the Duke of Wellington. Lord Castlereagh is in the middle of the mass of ministers. Near him is Talleyrand, distinguished by his immovable imperturbability, whilst round him are grouped Nesselrode, Humboldt, Hardenberg, Stakelberg, and the other plenipotentiaries. It was not originally intended that the Duke of Wellington should figure in the picture, for he did not come to Vienna till the month of February, when the design had been already sketched, but his arrival, even thus late, necessitated the introduction of so important a personage; and Isabey, to whom but a corner of canvass remained, with the quick felicity of a man of real genius made a merit of what to an ordinary artist would have been a misadventure, and by a happy hit, brought forward the Great Duke as being introduced by Metternich when the Congress was in full sitting. Thus were the exigencies of chronology, and the exiguity of the canvass by a happy combination at once reconciled.

For a long while Humboldt refused to sit for his portrait, excusing himself on the ground that he would not on principle pay for so plain a face. At length he consented, unnecessarily stipulating, that he should not pay a doit. The portrait, when finished, was a striking likeness. "Ah! ah!" said the great naturalist, "I have, indeed, paid nothing for my portrait, but Isabey has had his revenge." The face is a perfect resemblance of the original.

The next day our author was present at the *fête* of the people, and on the following day he rode to the Prater. There was Lord Stewart driving his four-in-hand, and the Emperor Alexander in a curicle, with his sister the Duchess of Oldenburg. On one side of the vehicle rode Prince Eugene Beauharnais; on the other, the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg. Further on in the drive, our hero fell in with Alexander Ypsilanti, son of the Hospodar of Wallachia, his old acquaintance at Petersburg, that jabbering sinuous Sclavonian Koslowski, minister of Russia at the court of Turin, and spruce young Lucchesoni (*El muchacho tiene talento*), who was what the Spaniards call *Privado*, and plenipotentiary to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, better known as the profuse and profligate Eliza Bacciochi, the eldest sister of Napoleon Bonaparte. The four friends adjourned to the *Kaiserinn von Oesterreich*, where they enjoyed an excellent dinner, seasoned with some of the over coarse stories of Koslowski, who romanced with more than the usual readiness and recklessness of a Russian.

Thence they adjourned to the little theatre of

Leopoldstadt, where they saw Caroline, the pretty check-taker of the Diana baths, transformed into a great lady sitting in her private box. The fancy of the king of — had caused this metamorphosis, and when the business of the Congress was over, and this faded Covent Garden flower palled on the taste of her princely paramour, he directed the great Israelite banker of Vienna, to count out yearly 12,000 florins to his abandoned Ariadne.

Each nation had her especial queen of the drawing-room, during the season of the congress. France was represented by Madame Edmund de Perigord, Prussia by the Princess of Tour and Taxis, Denmark by the Countess Bernstorff, England by Lady Castlereagh, afterwards Emily Marchioness of Londonderry, and Russia by the Princess Bagration. The Princess Bagration was then in all the lustre of her beauty. Young, fair as alabaster, with the slightest tinge of rose, with small, delicately chiselled features, a soft and expressive countenance, full of sensibility, an uncertain and timid air, a figure petite, yet perfectly proportioned; she united the Oriental languor to the Andalusian grace. It is not, therefore, to be wondered that her *salons* were thronged. Russians, of course, were there in crowds, including the Emperor, Nesselrode, di Borgo, Razumowski, Volkonski, and Naraskin, the inevitable Koslowski, and the Count and Countess Tolstoy, but there too were all the sovereigns, and their ambassadors, the beautiful Princess of Tour and Taxis, sister to the still more beautiful and unfortunate queen of Prussia, and the chronicler of the assembly, our unerring informant, De la Garde. It was at a lottery drawn at this hotel on the evening in question, that the monster in inhuman shape, (for he had neither the look, form, nor gait of humanity,) the Grand Duke Constantine, gained a pair of beautiful porcelain vases, which had been sent for from the manufactory at Berlin, by the king of Prussia. He at once presented them to the charming hostess. Honest old Max of Bavaria won a box of mosaic, which he gave to Mary Esterhazy; and Capo d'Istria, a steel ornament, which he gallantly transferred to Katherine Volkonski. Alexander gained two bronze candlesticks, which he did not leave with the hostess, but carried off, like a crafty Cossack as he was, to a Mademoiselle L—, with whom he occupied his leisure hours. An avaricious autocrat was this same Alexander Romanzoff, pitifully parsimonious as one of those canny children of the Cannongate, who come to penny-a-line away their thrifty genius in London smoke, living on the luxury of a haphorth of wheaten bread, until in the fulness of time and of fasting they become editors and proprietors of journals, East India directors, sergeants-at-law and queen's counsel, or peradventure attorneys-general or lords chancellors of England or Ireland. All the linen which the emperor wore, says La Garde, was *confectionné*—(the word is sublimely transcendental, and untranslatable)—*confectionné* mark you, by the pretty hands of Mademoiselle Nariskin. He might have

accepted the work, saith our moralizing cicerone; nothing more simple than that; but then he should have paid like a gentleman for Coulson's best Belfast linen, or Horrocks' superior long cloth. But no; Nariskin's fingers were worked to the stumps. She was worse treated than Moses' or Myer's women. They receive 6*d.* a shirt, saith our tender-hearted "Times," and find their own thread and rushlight; but the sewing women of this cruel Czar found her own lights and linen, the stuff and stitching were all her own, too, and she had but her labor for her pains. No wonder that Nariskin told the tale of shabbiness to all the little great who would listen to it in town and suburb—on the Bastei, in the Graben, or the more crowded Kohl Markt.

Early the following morning there was a breakfast at a country-box of the Prince de Ligne, at the Kahlenberg, and after that a rendezvous at Ypsilanti's hotel. Behold, says the Greek, to the wondering, yet believing Gaul, the six *billets doux* I have received since yesterday, and in different languages too, in Italian, in French, ay, even in Greek.

A *billet-doux* written in Greek,

The thought puts me quite in passion;

Could Longinus teach Gräfinns to speak

Soft nonsense to Hospodars of fashion.

There, however, the *billets* lay in black and white, each of these amorous missives proposing an assignation at a different parish church. But instead of going to any of the churches, the hungry young Hospodar galloped off to the Princess Helene Sowaroff's to a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, where it may be that he swallowed cutlets of Archangel salmon, some slices of raw ham, a pot of anchovies, and a dish of fresh caviar, washed down with either a bottle of Beaune, or a quart of quass, or a full measure of Crimean champagne, or an honest bottle of Barclay's brown stout, all of which we have seen produced at breakfast *tempo fa* both at Moscow and Petersburg. At this breakfast Ypsilanti is insidiously encouraged by the hostess to labor in the regeneration of his country, Greece; not that any Russian under the sun, cared then, or cares now, a rush for the independence of Greece; but that in the confusion and scramble and *mêlée*, the Muscovite always cherishes the latent hope, that his kith, kin, or country may profit. Too well did the young Hospodar learn the lesson taught him by female lips; and after placing himself at the head of a fruitless and bootless insurrection, he was in the hour of his adversity abandoned and disowned by Russia. Capo d'Istria, who, for his own selfish and sinister purposes, had urged the young man to take the fatal step, was the first to counsel his dismissal from the Russian service. Arrested by the Austrian authorities, he remained seven long years a prisoner, and died at Vienna on the 31st of January, 1828, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. His death arose from disease superinduced by his long imprisonment.

We cannot follow our author to a heron shoot-

ing-party, but we must give him rendezvous after the interval of a day at the Prince de Ligne's country-box, where he met old Nowosiltzoff, in his youth a page of Catherine, then a councillor of state of the Emperor Alexander. Nowosiltzoff, whom we remember as afterwards the terror and scourge of Warsaw in 1828 and 1829, but who was nevertheless known to us as an agreeable and well-informed man in private life, was then engaged in the preparation of the constitution for Poland. There was a long discussion between the prince and the Russian councillor on the subject of Polish independence; but although De Ligne took the popular and generous view, still we are bound fairly to admit, with Nowosiltzoff, that without frontiers and without fortresses, Poland must either be an armed camp in the heart of peaceful Europe, presenting living ramparts in the shape of her own warlike popollite, or she must become the appendage of some first-rate power possessing those natural frontiers or fortresses wanting to unhappy Sarmatia. That evening there was a grand carnival, followed by romances sung by the Princess Paul Esterhazy, the Countess Zichy, and the Duchess of Sagan. But it would require another Ariosto to go over this ground. Intrigues of all kinds, however, lie hidden under these fêtes. It is an *imbroglio*, said De Ligne, where the Alnavivas and the Figaros are plentiful as blackberries. As to the Basils, they are thick enough strown everywhere: but heaven forbid that we may not at the end be tempted to exclaim with the gay barber—

"Mais enfin qui trompe t'on ici."

Now they are arrived at the *porte cochère* of the prince's hotel. On the door was engraved his motto:

Quo res cumque cadunt semper stat Linea recta.

On the other side of the mansion, facing the Danube, were these lines:

Sans remords, sans regrets, sans crainte, sans envie.

Pleasure must at length give way to sleep, and to sleep they go at last. Next day there is a comedy at court; the *Pères Nobles* fall to the lot of elderly princes; an empress may be seen doing the *grandes utilités*, and an imperial duke barbers, gardeners, and *tutti quanti*. We cannot run down such small deer as this, nor stop to witness the first tableau, even though it be Louis XIV., aux pieds de Madame de la Vallière. In one of the tableaux there was a Jupiter wanting. The part fell fortuitously, like the crown of Belgium fifteen years afterwards, to Leopold of Saxe Coburg, then a remarkably handsome man, in the prime of life. When the Apollo came to dress for his part he was found to have a fierce pair of moustaches. These were sacrificed to the inexorable scissors, and the full-grown fools of quality were in ecstasies as the stubble was shaved away. Venus was

represented by Sir Sidney Smith's daughter, the old blue-jacket having come to the congress to incense the kings against far honester and heartier fellows, the Barbary pirates. But in the end gallant Sir Sidney took nothing by his motion, either in reference to the pirates or to the legitimate descendant of inflexible old *Tête de Fer*, the Colonel Gustafson, for whose divine-right pretensions the admiral stickled with impetuous pertinacity. During the representation of the last tableau, Baron Thierry, a young Frenchman attached to the legation of Portugal, executed with great taste a solo on the harp. An imperial lady fell in love with him, but it was a *mariage manqué* after all, and Thierry has since in revenge set up for himself in the kingly or imperial line, at some unpronounceable isle in the Pacific ocean. Lord Stewart is all this while running about with noisy mobility, chattering "chough's language." He is all fine feathers and fustian, and therefore goes by the nickname of *Paon Doré*.

What a different man, however, is that pale-faced biped in the corner from this thing manufactured of gold lace and pipe clay. That quiet, modest person is De Gentz, to whom all the state secrets of Europe are open, and from whom nothing is hid. He it is that oils the springs of the state machine which Metternich moves with such seeming ease. He holds the pen of a ready writer, and his gray goose quill is really the Austrian government, Aulic Counsel and all. His are the leading articles of the "*Wiener Beobachter*," his the manifestos, his the proclamations and paper pellets, which play as much havoc with the gray-coated man of Destiny as the snows of Russia. But he is heinously avaricious. He wants not gew-gaws and orders and decorations, but solid gold, true *Conventions Munz*, and not mere *Wiener Währung*.<sup>\*</sup> And the sovereigns wisely gratify his stanchless avarice and put heaps of money into both his pockets. He is fond of solid animal pleasures, too, as honest Jack, and has sometimes but a haporth of bread, like the fat knight, to a gallon of sack. Wise, long-headed Gentz, peace to thy manes, for thou art gone to thy account, and must at length answer for thy crapulousness, and hot carousings, and almost pardonable passion for Fanny Ellsler.

Now are evoked the glories of the tournaments of the middle ages. There is another imperial carrousel at the palace of the Kaiser, with twenty-four paladins and their lofty dames. Decidedly this fête has been plagiarized without acknowledgment by Lord Eglintoun, at Eglintoun Castle, with the help of the *paon doré*, erst Stewart, now Londonderry of Wynyard. After the carrousel there is a supper diversified by the red stockings of Cardinal Gonsalvi, the turban of the Pacha of Widin, the caftan of Maurogeny and the calpack

<sup>\*</sup> *Conventions Munz* may be rendered as gold of full tale, and *Wiener Währung* as a depreciated paper currency.

of Prince Manuf bey of Mirza. "Motley's your only wear" indeed. Lady Castlereagh is at this supper, and displays round her forehead her husband's order of the Garter. The venom of the Frenchman and the hyper-venom of the French emigrant break out at this piece of awkwardness. The story may or may not be true, but true or false we dare be sworn there was not a finer looking pair at the imperial supper of that gay night, nor a more lofty and dignified in air, gait, and manner, than Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, and the fair and full-blown Emily, one of the finest specimens of an English gentlewoman.

The sovereigns feed in public on the following day. They eat right royally, but so monstrous is the King of Wurtemberg about the midriff, that cabinet-makers are previously called in to scoop and hollow out a place in the table to suit the amplitude of his vast abdomen.

Dulness and dyspepsia are now beginning to seize on these diners-out of the first magnitude, when Alexander, in order to give a fillip to the follies of the hour, determines on having a ball at his ambassador's, Count Razumowski's, to celebrate his sister's birthday. The ball is given, but the palace which had been twenty years in course of building and decorating, and which contained the rarest and most precious works of art, suddenly takes fire, and is burnt to the ground. The conflagration produced a startling sensation on all, but excited mournful remembrances in the old Prince de Ligne. There wants but one thing more to "cap the climax" of the congress, said he, "and that is the funeral of an old field-marshal—but the potentates shall not be gratified—I am not sufficient of a courtesan to die to please them."

A day or two afterwards the old man was seized with a violent erysipelas, which, after a few days of great pain and suffering, put a period to his existence.

His dying bed was surrounded with his family and friends, and the Emperor of Austria came on foot and alone to bid a last adieu to the oldest of his servants. His eyes were closed by his daughter, the Princess Palfi, on the 13th of December, 1814. His funeral was after all one of the spectacles of the congress. Alas! what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue. Here is his epitaph, by Bonnay, at which he was the first to laugh:

Ci git le Prince de Ligne:  
Il est tout de son long couché:  
Jadis il a beaucoup péché;  
Mais ce n'était pas à la ligne.

For a while De la Garde is inconsolable, but one Julius Griffiths, an Englishman—(quære Welsh) one of the most accomplished men in Europe, a scholar, a great traveller, and a philosopher,—tells him that as nature resigns herself to these calamities, so ought the heart of man to learn resigna-

tion too. Alas! my dear Julius, says the Gaul, flinging himself into the arms of the Cambrian, when one loses such a friend as this, one mourns him long—one regrets him for evermore. "Evermore" was the scriptural word used, not sempiternally, which is more sounding, though less Saxon.

The old year of 1814 had now rung out its knell too, and by the first day of 1815, De la Garde had taken of Griffiths consolation. He commenced the memorable 1815 in attending the picnic of Sir Sidney Smith in the Augarten. The price of this dinner was fixed at three Dutch ducats a-head, the produce to be applied to the release of the Christians in captivity in Barbary. Every crowned head, every minister of the congress was present. They all ate enormously. Some of them drank deep, and became, saving your presence, right royal, which means in other words, (though you do not know it,) like Davy's sow. But eating and drinking have their limits, and there must be a *carte payante* at last.

Now comes the reckoning, and the banquet o'er—  
The dreadful reckoning—and men smile no more.

The waiter handed the plate to Alexander. Romanzoff paid his way like a man. What he gave to the serving man is not stated. Then came the Dane, and he was down with his ducats too. The *Kellner* intrepidly marches on to excellent Max of Bavaria. Max fumbles in one pocket of his waistcoat—and in the other—then tries his coat—finally his fob—then the waistcoat again, and the coat and the fob in turn; but his majesty is decidedly not worth a doit. He looks wistfully down the table to his chamberlain, a man of taste and letters, and an author, too; but the chamberlain is talking of a book of his own writing, (we know with the fondness of a parent how he may be excused,) to Humboldt, and does not catch the monarch's eye. Max then looks demurely and imploringly into the face of the waiter; but there stands Yann's head man, with white waistcoat and new pumps, worn for the first time, determined not to be bilked by any beer-bibbing Bavarian king whatever. A tapster's arithmetic, as we practically know, is stronger than a stone wall, and will not be beaten down unless by a charge of what Frederick of Prussia called "Yellow Dragoons." Discouraged and abashed, the old monarch rolls his eye round the room, in a floating and furtive fashion, when the guests, aware of the circumstances, explode into loud laughter. But the imperturbable waiter stands stock still; and at length Alexander and Eugene Beauharnais rush to the rescue, and pay the scot of their Bavarian brother. It is well this scene did not occur at any mansion-house dinner, for had Sir Peter Laurie been present, he had doubtless, on the view, committed Max as a rogue and a vagabond. How well do we know that every man in London is a rogue and a vagabond who has not a ducat in his doublet. This is not merely justice's justice; it

is the inevitable inference of the money-making public, of the harsh and hard-hearted and muddy-headed aristocracy of the breeches-pocket.

Aquien falta el dinero  
Credito falta;  
Y sobre el sonrjo  
No la esperanza.

There were some droll fellows at this congress as well as diplomatists. There was *imprimis* Aidé, the Greek of Smyrna, in an oriental costume, wishing to pass himself off as the Prince of Liban. This cosmopolitan adventurer was a good deal patronized by Castlereagh. His mania was to be presented to all the notabilities of Europe. The Prince de Ligne had presented him to scores of diplomatists and attachés. He came to the charge a six-and-twentieth time, as some big-wig entered the room, with his eternal "do me the favor, prince, to present me." The quick-witted old man, a little nettled, accorded his request, exclaiming, "Je vous présente M. Aidé, un homme très présenté, et très peu présentable." The fate of Aidé was curious. He married a rich wife at Cheltenham and took her to Paris. At a ball at Mr. Hope's, the Marquis de Bourbel (of *Bogle v. Lawson* unenviable notoriety) was waltzing round the room, when he accidentally trod on Aidé's toe. "Je vous demande mille fois pardon, Monsieur," said Bourbel, who could be very plausible and gentlemanlike when he pleased.—"Monsieur," said Aidé rudely, "quand on est si maladroit, on ne doit pas valzer, du moins en public."—"Alors, Monsieur," rejoined Bourbel, "je retracte mes excuses." This was the ostensible cause of quarrel, but bad blood, mixed up with some jealousy, had previously rankled between the parties. A cartel on the part of Aidé was the consequence. De Bourbel, whose aim was unerring, came up to the mark, and shot the Greek through the heart at break of day on the following morning. Apropos of De Bourbel, we could wish he would take to his old tricks again of imitating the "Billets Circulaires." We had a pleasant trip enough and a heavy "honorarium" in that same affair, and should like a repetition of both doses in the coming spring—the one as good for our health, the other for our pocket.

Another of the English originals was Fonneron, formerly a banker at Leghorn, a humped-back man with a humped-back wife, as rich a Cæsus, and whose only ambition was the harmless one of giving good dinners. We regret to think that the breed of Fonnerons is nearly extinct. We say it with mournful consciousness of the melancholy truth, there are few men who give good dinners now, and those few are humble, honest-hearted fellows like ourselves. It is literally the poor feeding the poor—the hungry giving to the famishing. Not one of the many rich rogues we have so often asked, has ever given us a basin of Spar-

tan broth in return. As gentleman Jack Palmer said in the play, whose title we at present forget, "There is, however, another, and a better world," where it is to be hoped that we shall be looked after, and these varlets shall go "Impransi."

The only Englishman who contested the Amphytrionic palm with Fonneron, was one *Raily*. We suppose that our friend De la Garde means Reilly, or O'Reilly. "The first time I ever saw him," says Cambrian Griffiths, (scholar, traveller, and philosopher,) "was at Lord Cornwallis' table in Calcutta. I afterwards met him at Hamburg, in Sweden, in Moscow, and in Paris after the peace of Amiens, when he told me he had just arrived from Madrid." "Rarement," as has been often said to our wandering selves,

Rarement à courir le monde  
On devient plus homme de bien.

There is something mysterious and singular about this man *Raily*. He rivals Cagliostro, and the Count of St. Germain, who lived like princes, without having any revenues or honest means of making a livelihood. Here, in Vienna, he outdoes the most opulent. He lives in the magnificent hotel of the Count of Rosenberg; his dinners are of the most exquisite, his wines of the most *recherché*, his furniture and equipages of the first style of finish, his servants are in the richest liveries.—But then he is a vulgar-minded fellow at bottom, for he talks too much of all these things, and like all low people, has eternally a duke or a marquis' name oozing out at the corner of his ugly mouth. De la Garde is dying to see this fellow. They go and call on him. He pours on them the slaver of his fulsome flattery, and lets flow the sluices of his vulgarity. He prays the Cambrian and the Gaul—Griffiths—*Julius* Griffiths, and A. de la Garde, to do him the honor to dine that very day. The notice is short—wonderfully short—but there they will meet his very good friends, the hereditary princes of Bavaria—the Grand Duke of Baden, Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, K. C. B. K. H., K. T. S., &c. &c., several ambassadors and *chargés d'affaires*, and other persons of distinction of their acquaintance. Julius, the philosopher, and Adolphus, the epicurean, accept with alacrity: the repast is sumptuous, the wines exquisite, the coffee perfectly aromatic; but then immediately after the liqueurs, whist and *écarté* are introduced, and the guests crowd round a dry-looking mummy of an old man, tall and straight as a poplar, with a lively, fraudulent, beggar my neighbor sort of eye. This is *Misther* O'Bearn. (quære, O'Beirne,) the most ancient and inveterate gambler in Europe, who tells them many queer stories of play, but not a man among them all is pigeoned or plucked, though Reilly and O'Beirne are plainly confederated for plunder. Reilly is, in fact, a regular leg, a Bath born knight of the green cloth, who has shaken the dice box, and chicken-hazarded his way through every nook



and cranny of this wicked world, where there was a shilling to stake, or a sixpence to gain. We have ourselves met a fellow of the name at Paris, as ignorant, as vain, and as vulgar, and who was under the strange hallucination that he could speak and write English. We thought him a leg or a spy. It may have been the same man. His vicissitudes were indeed strange. Three years after this, in 1821, he was in the capital of France, a beggar and an outcast. His money, diamonds, carriages—horses—all are gone. He calls on De la Garde. "I have exhausted everything," said he, "but this bracelet; which contains my poor wife's hair. The bracelet would have followed everything else to the pawnbroker's shop, if I could have raised a five-franc piece on it, but I cannot."—"Good Mr. Reilly," exclaims De la Garde, "why not address those illustrious persons you regaled so magnificently at Vienna."—"I have addressed them," rejoins the gambler, "but have received no reply." Such, alas! is human life. Three years later, Reilly died of hunger in the public streets!

What are the great ones of the earth, "who play for the higher stakes of empires and kingdoms," doing all this while!—

They eat, they drink, they sleep—what then?  
Why drink, and sleep, and eat again.

The imperial table costs 50,000 florins a day, and the ordinary expenses amount to forty millions of francs. No wonder that Austria was obliged to tamper with her currency. There are 700 envoys, of all parts of the world, now at Vienna, and they consume so much daily that the price of wood and provisions is raised, and there is an extra allowance given to the employés, who, like the jolly Irishman, had been spending half-a-crown out of their sixpence a day!

Our author's last interview with Talleyrand is at a breakfast on his birth-day. De la Garde arrives before the prince is up. At length the man of many changes emerges through the thick and closely-drawn bed-curtains. Enveloped in a muslin *peignoir* he submits his long head of hair to two *coiffeurs*, who succeed in giving it that flowing curl which we all remember, and which his well-known English imitator emulated in vain. Next comes the barber, who gallantly shaves away like smooth-chinned France of the olden time, and unlike hirsute stubble-bearded France of the present day, then comes the powder puff, then the washing of the hands and nails. Finally, there is the ablution of the feet, infinitely less agreeable to the olfactory nerves, as the lame leg of the prince requires to be dashed over with Bareges water, and that specific stinks in the nostrils of all human kind, being a distinctly compounded recognizable stench of burnt sulphur and rotten eggs. Perfumed and washed, the prince's cravat must now be tied; the first valet de chambre advances and arranges a most graceful knot. The remain-

ing adjustment of habiliment is soon finished, and behold the halting diplomatist at his ease, with the modish air of a grand seigneur, and that perfect *à plomb* and *usage*, the result partly of early education, and chiefly of that long commerce with the celebrated men of all countries which he enjoyed alike from his birth, his social position, his talents, and the high offices which he filled in all the varying mutations of dynasties and governments.

Meanwhile, the man of destiny with the gray frock-coat had been showing some signs of life. The congress were about to remove him from Elba to St. Helena, when all of a sudden he appeared at Cannes. From Cannes he hastens to Paris. His progress is an ovation. But Talleyrand is unabashed as undismayed. On the 13th of March he caused the adoption of the declaration, in virtue of which the great disturber of the peace of nations was put under the ban of Europe. On the 25th of March the alliance against France was renewed. The sittings of the congress lasted till the 10th of June, but the idle, the frivolous, and fashionable crowd hastened quickly away. The balls and concerts are now over—the *bona robas* are taking French leave—the fiddles are packed in their cases—the clogged dice are stowed carefully away—the casseroles and stewpans are laid up in ordinary—the *maîtres d'hôtel* are in movement, and the cooks secure their places in the Eilwagen, lest the broth at home should be spoiled. At such a season De la Garde's occupation is gone. He is the historian of dinners and dances and plays, not of treaties and protocols, but there is a time for all things and Horace tells him—

Edisti satis, lusisti, atque bibisti;  
Tempus tibi abire est.

We have said the subject is a trifling, perhaps an ignoble, one; it is after all but whipped cream; but if there needs must be a chronicler of the trivialities of the congress, commend us to M. De la Garde, in whose volumes there may be found some amusement if not much instruction.

It may be asked, do we rise from the perusal of these volumes impressed with the wisdom, gravity, and ability of the statesmen and ministers. Not a bit of it. With the exception of Talleyrand, Metternich, Castlereagh, Wellington, Humboldt, Hardenberg, and Gentz, there was not one among the crowd congregated at Vienna who could have made 1000*l.* a year at the bar (a sum we have never earned ourselves, though duller fellows triple the money,) or 300*l.* a year in scribbling for newspapers or reviews. But then it may be asked if their social position and manner of life was not abundantly enviable and enjoyable! To this inquiry we briefly reply, in the words of an old French author, when speaking of the life of courts and congresses—

"Manger toujours fort tard, changer la nuit en jour,  
N'avoir pas un ami bien que chacun on baise,  
Etre toujours debout et jamais à son aise,  
Fait voir en abrégé comme on vit à la cour."

There is a compensating truth in the couplets which atones for their ruggedness, and as the grapes are sour to us—as we are neither ambassador, (not even ambassador at Madrid, though we at once possess and lack the *Spanish*.) nor envoy, nor chargé d'affaires, nor simple attaché, we will hold to the comfortable and independent doctrine, that it is better to be our own master than any man's slave.

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 10.—20 JULY, 1844.

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## A FORTNIGHT OF EUROPE.

MOROCCO.—France is determined to belie the military dogma of our first captain, who declared that a great country could not make a little war. France is a great country that cannot live without a little war, a war against Queen Pomaré, or Dictator Santa Anna, or President Rosas, or the Emir Abd-El-Kader. Louis Philippe dislikes war for a principal meal; but a whet of it now and then is agreeable to him, and more especially to his young princes. Two of these are therefore about to set upon the Emperor of Morocco.

Poor Muley Abderrahman is the most pacific of Saracens. He has allowed his Corsair fleet, once the terror of the Mediterranean, to rot; and doing what it was expected a citizen king might do, he cashiered his standing army, and trusts to his national guards or militia. Muley Abderrahman has even a dislike to capital punishments—the degenerate Moor—and as a penalty for these unworthy ideas the king of the most civilized country in Europe has determined to devour him.

Accordingly the heir of all the Condés, the Duc d'Aumale, has got on the back of the great Atlas to march to Morocco. Gen. Lamoriciere is making *razzias* on the Moorish territory near the coast, writing bulletins all the time descriptive of his own forbearance. Admiral the Prince of Joinville is wisely appointed to complete his education, as Corsair, by studying at the head quarters of Corsair science, the ports and waters of Morocco. Moreover, the King of the French is about to send his most quarrelsome diplomatist, M. Salvandy, to Morocco, who is ordered to take offence at Muley Aderrahman's umbrella either being or not being tricolor. If a pretty quarrel be not made of these materials, the title of *Napoleon of Peace* is undeserved.

We must notice, however, on the part of his Moorish Majesty, an imprudence, too much in French style. His son was permitted to send one of his relatives in command of a troop of horse to look at the French. As usual, the royal blood boiled with impatience in the veins of this youth, and he galloped up without loss of time to exchange sabre-cuts, just as Aumale or Joinville, or any young *sabreur*, might. The consequence was an engagement, which the expresses of the Morning papers magnify into a battle, and which Lord Aberdeen poo-poo's into a skirmish.

One is glad, on reading over Gen. Lamoriciere's despatches, to see no proof, or even assertion, of the emperor having proclaimed a *Holy War*. The absurdity of such a fanatical crusade has been left to the French, whose journals at least preach violently a war of the kind against Islamism in Africa. Such an announcement must be very flattering to the Zouaves and Coulougis and friendly Arabs, which compose no inconsiderable part of the French force in Africa; and it must greatly facilitate that march to Timbuctoo and domination over Central Africa, which Marshal Soult held forth to the Committee on Algiers, "in the fulness and overflowing of his heart." So did the old veteran express himself.

To add religious venom to this war would indeed complete its ferocity. The conduct of the French prince, the Duc d'Aumale, had already given a personal ferocity to it, which might have been avoided. The first feat of this young gentleman, on his arrival in Algiers and assumption of a

command, was to plan an ambuscade for the wives and children of Abd-el-Kader—for his *smala*, as it is called, or harem. This is the very prey that a military man would have avoided and, lion-like, passed by; but it suited Monseigneur d'Aumale admirably, and he achieved the capture of the women. Since this the Arabs have taken a personal grudge to his princeliness, and seek vengeance at the risk of their lives, and without any profit to their cause. The other day they defeated him by a desperate effort, and now they have surprised one of his detachments, and murdered its officers in Biskara. A few more princes in the armies on both sides, and a most sanguinary war would spring up.

Meantime the French accuse the English of inciting the *Marocains* against them, although Morocco is a country where no European has influence, where no consul is allowed to reside in the Imperial city, and where we have a thousand times more means of protecting the country in peace than in war. If the French, however, are determined to quarrel, they will find pretexts, and a difficult matter it will be to preserve Morocco on one side, and Tunis on the other, from their fidgity ambition. If Marshal Soult, indeed, could be got to march on Timbuctoo, the tribes of Nigritia and the Desert might keep him and his countrymen in the desirable supply of hot water, leaving us to our present drought and drowsiness in the north. But we fear the Marshal will not be able to wheedle the Budget Committee out of the funds necessary for the expedition.—*Examiner*.

HOSTILITIES have broken out between Morocco and France; besides the indomitable barbarian chief Abd-el Kader, the French are beset by the fanatical and furious subjects of the Emperor Abderrahman. Whether, a "holy war" has been proclaimed, and whether there is any regular war at all, are doubtful points; Lord Aberdeen thinks not, he tells us in parliament: but it is certain that the French have roused up a great border-foe, that might be able to pour countless and unceasing thousands upon their territory—to be repulsed, no doubt, but at what endless toil and cost. This gives a new turn to the occupation of Algeria. Should Morocco persevere in its hostility, France will probably be compelled, by the difficulty and annoyance of finding men and funds for this new contest, to procure for her position in Africa some definitive settlement, in order to bring other influences to bear upon the Moorish Emperor.—*Spectator*.

FRANCE AND MOROCCO.—Whether there will be war between those powers is still a question; but some skirmishing has already taken place, in which the Moors were defeated, and of which their dextrous enemy, as dextrous in intrigue as in the field, will take every advantage. Still we can discover no ground for the French invasion. There has been no alleged breach of treaty with France, no seizure of French subjects, no confiscation of French goods, no insult to French authority. It has been even a complaint among the European residents that the French consuls, and France in general, were treated with a degree of deference refused to other European officers and powers. The Emperor of Morocco is, personally, a pacific sovereign. He has not made war upon even his own rebels since his being placed on the throne. He is not a man of any kind of ambition, and he knows the power of the

immense army of France. He has neither the will nor the means of war. Why, then, are we to suppose that he has provoked it? The only shadow of charge is that his subjects have assisted Abd-el-Kader with men and money. But how is this to be prevented by the sovereign of deserts, with his power scarcely extending beyond the walls of his cities, and even alarmed at the popularity of the Emir, whose astonishing perseverance, gallantry, and sagacity in resisting the merciless invaders of his country, have naturally earned for him the highest admiration of the wild but brave tribes from the borders of Egypt to the shores of the ocean! The whole is evidently an Algerine war. The same avidity for seizure which poured out the 30,000 Frenchmen under Bourmont without any reason but that of seizure, which took possession of the country without any other object than that of possession, and which retained it in defiance of every pledge of France, has actuated the invasion of Morocco. The French army in Algiers has been suddenly augmented to the immense force of 111,000 men. A fleet under the Duc de Joinville has been ordered to rendezvous at Toulon, for the purpose of coöperating with the troops, and all is ready to pounce upon the Moor.

The result of such a contest can scarcely be doubtful, at least in the beginning. On the one side are discipline, system, and the advantage of all the European improvements in war; on the other, barbarism, insubordination, want of knowledge, and want of money; the only substitute for them all being a daring and stern fanaticism. The country is totally open; no fortresses, no garrisons, no great rivers to protect the frontier; while the capital is within a week's march of the spot where the French camp is now pitched; and it could be saved only by a pitched battle, which, if it be fought at all, must be fought against the French musketry and cannon, by wild troops who have only matchlocks, and, perhaps, a few ship guns. The probability is, that the utmost resistance on the road will be a skirmish.

Still it must be considered that the fate of all war is doubtful, and that no war is more difficult than a contest with climate, with a desolate country, and with barbarians, whose bravery, however it may desert them in the field, is quick at discovering an opportunity of retaliation, and equally quick in taking an unsparing revenge. It has already cost France twelve years to conquer Algeria, if it can be said to have conquered a country where the population still fight; and every act of government requires the march of a battalion to enforce it. How lately is it that the Duc d'Aumale was surprised and narrowly escaped massacre with his column! There is a still higher remembrance, and that is, the offended justice of that mighty Disposer in whose hands are the fates of nations, to which the "innocent blood," alike of the Moor or the European, cries out of the ground, and who, in his own appointed time, will avenge, in the sight of nations, the violation of his most sacred law of peace and brotherhood among mankind.

Since our remarks on the Moorish hostilities were written, the Foreign Secretary has been questioned in the House of Lords by Lord Clarendon on the subject, and the answer at least suggests the hope that hostilities may be finally avoided. He seems to think that the Emperor of Morocco, as he had accepted the mediation of

England with Spain, might also accept it in the instance of France. Still he admits that he had not expected the collision which has occurred; that it is impossible to say how far the fanaticism of the Moslems may not plunge into a war; or even how far their attachment to Abd-el-Kader may not influence them to join that gallant chieftain. On the whole, we cannot help casting a glance at the dextrous old gentleman who sits surrounded by the seventeen fortresses.

*Britannia, June 15.*

THE column commanded by General Lamoriciere has been attacked by the troops of Morocco. They came upon the French with an impetuosity not to be described, filling the air with savage cries of "Death to the Christians," and rushing upon the French soldiers like wild beasts. Amongst the Moors there was a certain degree of discipline, but the Negroes were like demons. The French had the advantage, but the general could not venture to follow up his success, for he was unprepared for a contest, and has fallen back for provisions and ammunition. The accounts as to the number of killed and wounded are various, but there is reason to believe that the Moors and their Negro corps lost more than 100 in killed and wounded, and the loss on the French side was not much less. General de Bar, who commands at Algiers in the absence of Marshal Bugeaud, has sent to France for more troops. Abd-el-Kader is supposed to be waiting only for an opportunity to attack. He has with him about 2,000 well-disciplined troops and hosts of Arab auxiliaries.—*Globe.*

THE imprisonment of Mr. O'Connell has had the anticipated effect—more than the anticipated effect, in improving his position as Repealer-in-chief. He is provided, in his own person, with a new and imposing addition to "the wrongs of Ireland." Commonly, incarceration is a very disagreeable thing: Lovett and Collins even had their heads shaved, and they passed a very secluded and dull time in Warwick gaol. Mr. O'Connell is courteously spared all the unpleasantness of Bridewell: he has his retinue with him—his staff to carry on Repeal business within the walls; he has "spacious and airy apartments;" two large gardens are at his service. As he can by no possibility have any desire to run away, he is much in the position of a man who is prisoner on parole in his own house. He is not even consigned to the seclusion of a penitentiary: there is no man in Ireland less secluded; and whereas the Lord-Lieutenant's levees are few and far between, Mr. O'Connell has his almost daily, Sundays not excepted, according to regulations promulgated—in the prison or by the government!—no, by himself, and at the meeting of the Repeal Association. As to anything like discipline, it is out of the question: he is not *discipulus* but *magister*. The chief use of his confinement appears to be to give a tragic grace to his own effusions, and to enable his people to date their public documents, not as Christians from "the year of Grace," nor as Mahometans from "the Flight," but from "the Captivity." Who shall say that a prophet is not honored in his own country? The result of these theatrical arrangements between Government and Mr. O'Connell is, that the "Repeal rent" has made a sudden leap up: once more the Irish are strong in the faith that Daniel is really a great man, that he has the official lions under his finger and thumb, and that he is a tutelary worth propitiating

—their votive offerings on Monday amounted to 2,600*l*. And all the while, we are told, a government-reporter continues to take notes at the Repeal meetings: Government has politely assumed the office of recording the acts of O'Connell, his biography, his archives, and his decrees; while it has provided him with a residence and accommodation for levees suitable to his high estate.—*Spectator*, June 8.

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ., CIRCULAR ROAD,  
DUBLIN.

Dear Sirry O'Pellico.

One of my young chaps had got ready a caricature of you, with about three hundred-weight of chains on your old legs and shoulders, and you in a prison-dress.

But when he heard that you were *really* locked up, he said he would not for the money's sake (though I pay him well for it) publish his paltry picture, or do anything just now that would give you pain.

Neither shall I crow over you because it has come to this, and because having played at bowls, you have at last got the rubbers. If you did not organize a conspiracy, and meditate a separation of this fair empire—if you did not create rage and hatred in the bosoms of your countrymen against us English—if you did not do, in a word, all that the Jury found you guilty of doing—I am a Dutchman!

But if ever a man had an excuse for saying hard things, you had it: if ever a people had a cause to be angry, it is yours: if ever the winning party could afford to be generous, I think we might now: for we have won the rubber, and of what consequence is the stake to us!

Though we may lock you up; yet it goes against our feelings somehow to think that the GREATEST MAN IN THE EMPIRE (for, after all, have you not done more for your nation than any man since WASHINGTON ever did!) should be put in a Penitentiary ever so comfortable, in a road ever so circular.

Though we may lock you up; yet for the life of me I don't see what good we can get out of you. As I said to *Mrs. Punch* yesterday, "If any friend from Ceylon were to make me a present of an elephant—what should I do with it? If a fine Bengal tiger were locked up in my back-parlor—what would be my wish! Out of sheer benevolence I should desire to see the royal animal in the Strand."

Though we may lock you up, let us remember that there are seven out of our five-and-twenty millions of fellow-citizens to whom your punishment is a shame and a bitter degradation; and it is ill to set so many hearts rankling against us.

Are they not bitter enough already—the fourth part of the men of our empire—and have they not cause? Does the world show a country so wretched as yours? If you were to send over the Lion of Judah to Lambeth, and the Dove of Galway to London House, wouldn't we turn their lordships out; and shall we be too hard upon you for trying to do likewise, and failing?

No. And though your sentence is a just one in spite of all they may say, yet, please God, let it be inflicted with a gentle heart. I like the judge who burst into tears when he passed it.

Vulgar triumph over such a man as you—checking over such a great discomfiture as that—is the work of low-minded, sordid knaves. If

ever I laugh, it shan't be because a great man falls. I wish you would come out of prison, for how can I poke fun at you through the bars!

Why did you invent stories of murder and massacres which we never committed? Why did you brag and swagger so much? Why did you tell so many untruths regarding us Saxons? The truth was bitter enough, and hard enough to be told. We are mighty angry with Nicholas about Poland; but, until lately, has somebody else treated Ireland better?

I tell you what is to be done. It was arranged in a Cabinet Council last night—where the Right Honorable Mr. Punch was called in—it was arranged that her Majesty should take a trip of pleasure in the summer, (after a certain interesting event,) and that her steps were to be directed to a kingdom called Ireland, which I have occasionally heard described as the greenest and most beautiful spot in the world.

She is to go suddenly, and without beat of drum. She will take the first car at Kingston Pier: and Lord De Grey will be disgusted, and the people of the city surprised, to see the Royal Standard of the Three Kingdoms floating on the tower of the seedy old Castle of Dublin.

After a collation, another car (or "cyar," as you call it in Dublin—and a confounded vehicle it is)—will be called; and her Majesty, stepping into it, will say, "Car-boy, drive to the Circular Road."

He will know what it means. The queen has come to Ireland to take Dan out of prison.

"Let bygones be bygones," her Majesty will say, (only more elegantly expressed,) a fib or two more or less about the Saxons won't do us any harm: but try now, jewel, and be aisy: don't talk too much about killing and eating us: don't lead the poor hungry fellows on to fancy they can do it. The Irish are strong men, and won every battle that ever was fought. That is very well. From Fontenoy upwards, we give them all to you. I have no objection to think that Cæsar's Tenth Legion came out of Tipperary; and that it was three hundred of the O'Gradys who kept the pass of Thermopylæ.

Nevertheless, have no more of that talk about bullying John Bull. Keep the boys quiet, and tell them they can't do it. It's no use trying: we won't be beaten by the likes of you.

But we have done you wrong, and we want to see you righted; and as sure as Justice lives, righted you shall be.

Such are the words that I wish to whisper to you in your captivity,—words of reproof, and yet of consolation; of hope, and wisdom, and truth!

*Punch.*

FRANCE.—In the Chamber of Deputies, M. Guizot made some important statements. He said that measures were taken for sending to France, through English bankers, the arrears of the Hayti loan; the fixing the position of French Guyana was in course of negotiation in Paris; the commercial treaty with Belgium was abandoned; France and England were exerting themselves in concert at Constantinople to put a stop to the troubles in Albania; and care was taking that the article of the Greek constitution obliging the successor to the throne to adopt the Greek religion should be either done away with or should be prevented from producing untoward effects.

The bill for the improvement of the great harbors of France was under consideration; and the

sum of seventeen millions of francs was granted to establish the auxiliary harbor of La Joliette, near Marseilles, twenty millions for the improvement of the port of Havre; a similar sum for the port of Marseilles; and smaller sums for the improvement of Bordeaux and the building of additional lighthouses on the coast.

The *Courier Français* admits that the posture of affairs in Algiers has become alarming. Morocco, at issue with Spain, suspects that France supports her European ally; the emperor has therefore joined in alliance with Abd-el-Kader, and has proclaimed a "holy war" against the Infidels. On the other hand, the French officers are said to be eager to cross the Morocco frontier in search of glory. A son of the emperor leads the united Moorish forces; but Abd-el-Kader is the real leader; and the tribes appear to be in a state of excited valor. General Lamoricière had concentrated his troops on Tlemcen, as a barrier to the threatened invasion of the French territory.

From the Spectator, 15th June.

IMPORTANT subjects have taken their turn in both houses of Parliament this week; in one case with some token of an unexpected result.

In the Commons, the grand debate was had upon Mr. Ward's yearly motion about the Irish church, somewhat differently shaped. Last year he had a plan cut and dry for the division of the church-revenues and their distribution among all sects: this year he made the more easily supported motion for a committee of the whole house merely to "consider" the state of the church establishment in Ireland. His more general terms, however, did not obtain for him a majority, but the motion was negatived by nearly two to one. Earlier in the session, the state of that church was incidentally but very fully considered; it then became clear that no plan could at present have any chance of success; and no favorable alteration has taken place since that time. On the contrary, men have been thinking of other things: instead of having been put in a frame of mind to make mutual concessions, they have been put wider apart than ever, because that is the present tactic of the popular leaders in Ireland. There is, therefore, no greater present facility for a settlement: still, the grievance also remains quite unaltered—unmitigated; and another session is passing over without any measure on that head—without any ameliorating measure for Ireland having yet been achieved. One or two, indeed, are ready to be pushed forward, or to be disposed of in the "massacre of the innocents" at the middle of July; and a measure to facilitate Catholic endowments is again promised, four months having elapsed without a word said of it! That is not the way to soothe Ireland, while it undergoes the irritating, even if wholesome, process of law. One agreeable feature of a debate that attracted few listeners till near the close, was a general concurrence in the expediency of endowing the Roman Catholic clergy somehow or other.

An ecclesiastical subject also has engaged the House of Lords. The English Church Temporalities Act united the sees of St. Asaph and Bangor, the union to take effect on the death of the then living bishops. The inducement to this junction was, that funds were required for the new bishopric of Manchester. The measure has excited general dislike among all the parties interested; and very naturally. The wounded vanity of Welshmen may

have had a share in prompting the complaints and petitions. But there is also a legitimate religious ground of opposition to the change. The keenest dissenter will admit, that if we have an established church at all, it should be efficient. Doubtless, it is desirable to have a Bishop of Manchester; but it is akin to the Irish feat of cutting off the bottom of the blanket to sew it on the top if we set up a Manchester bishop at the expense of abolishing a Welsh bishop. The present Bishop of St. David's is not a man who finches from work: Dr. Thirlwall mastered the Welsh language in mature life in order to the efficient discharge of his duties: when we see such a man objecting to the labor to be thrown upon the one bishop for the two sees, we may conclude that it would be too much—in other words, that the work will not be done. True, Dr. Howley says that the millions placed under the Manchester bishop merit more consideration than the thousands under the Welsh bishop; yet no less surely the millions of Lancashire are much more accessible to any overseer than the comparatively scattered inhabitants of North Wales, whose distance is virtually increased by the mountainous character of the country. On all the evidence it appears that the yet unconsummated union of sees ought to be rescinded. The reasons alleged against it were ludicrous in their feebleness. Quoth the Duke of Wellington, the act was passed eight years ago, and must not be repealed. This is a new idea of prescription: it suggests for the future a practice of repealing every act of Parliament within seven years, lest by lasting eight it should become inconveniently permanent. Next it is said, if two bishops remain in the House of Lords for St. Asaph and Bangor, the full number of twenty-six will be complete, and there will be no room for another; so that there is only this alternative—either the new bishop must be without a seat, or there must be one more bishop in the Lords. What then? There have been bishops without seats—as the Bishop of Sodor and Man,—and it is not alleged that either they or the church have suffered detriment by the exclusion. But suppose the bishop for the great factory-district were added to a full bench of twenty-six, what danger could accrue? If it is a matter of proportion between the spiritual and temporal peers, then that is altered by every failure of issue and by every creation. Depend upon it, the "constitution" can bear the presence of another mitred Peer without crumbling under the weight of a supernumerary bishop. The second reading of Lord Powis' bill to rescind the union was carried by a considerable majority. Ministers may succeed in stopping its progress for the session; but the two sees can hardly be thrown into one in the teeth of an opposition so strongly founded in reason.

The sugar-duties were again discussed, apropos to Mr. Ewart's amendment for equalizing the duties on all sugars whether slave-grown or free. The debate exhibited three parties,—the advocates of the ministerial plan; the advocates of the West Indies and no change; and the advocates of free trade and the "consumer." The West Indian advocates spoke under the disadvantage of being complainers; but if they did not succeed in making good any stable ground for resisting all change, they at least showed, with painful clearness, that they are not in a condition to undergo change with impunity—without enormous losses. The position of ministers was most embarrassing: their strongest opponents were the free-traders—they had to

resist the free-trade doctrines as applied to the West Indies; but, unluckily, they could not strike home, for to carry out all their arguments to the full would be to strike at their own project. Every argument against meddling—against exposing the West Indies to an unprepared competition—every argument which might have crippled the free-traders recoiled upon themselves. Thus feebly opposed, the free-traders seemed to ride roughshod over the field. When Mr. Milner Gibson asked the *grounds* for differential duties—for the specific rate of duty proposed by the government—he was not answered. Mr. Villiers' indolence betrayed him into mistakes, by using stale statistics; and Mr. Gladstone did not miss the opportunity of damaging a dangerous antagonist; but Mr. Villiers' arguments were better than his figures, and they remained intact. There is an answer to the free-traders—the oft-cited one of their great authority, Mr. Deacon Hume, who declared the West Indies to be removed, by the accidents of emancipation, from the category of free trade: but Mr. Hume's disciples, instead of showing his humane consideration for practical difficulties, or his plain English love of justice, evinced utter disregard of the real injury that they might inflict. However, they were not successful: ministers were able to push their plan, trimming between injury and forbearance, through that stage.

The more comprehensive question of import-duties generally was mooted in the House of Peers, by Lord Monteagle; who made a very tolerable exposition of the advantages of abolishing restrictive duties and the evils of retaining them. He moved for a committee of inquiry; and as, of course, he could not expect to carry his motion, the precise object of it does not appear. Perhaps Lord Monteagle wishes to keep his hand in, on the chance of being "sent for" some day actively to control these matters. As it was, the most interesting feature of the debate was the general concurrence in his free-trade principles: Lord Dalhousie, the young vice-president of the Board of Trade, opposing the motion on grounds of expediency, emphatically subscribed to the principles. Indeed, the Duke of Richmond complained that he seemed left alone in the House as the advocate of protection, finding none to agree with him except Lord Colchester; whom he quaintly designated, in accordance with the periphrastic etiquette of Parliament which substitutes description for the proper name, as "the noble Lord with his back at the wall:" he seemed to feel that the protectionists had gone to the wall.

The Bank Charter Bill reached its second reading in the House of Commons; at which stage the new currency arrangement met its first serious obstruction. Mr. Hawes moved an amendment, to nullify that part which relates to banks of issue. He said that he only sought to remove *part* of the measure; which might be said of cutting off a man's head. The debate was animated, and exhibited a good deal of mental activity: the subject-matter was really "discussed" on its merits—a rare fate for any Parliamentary bill. It is observable, however, that of its opponents no two appeared to agree, for there are on that side as many opinions as men; while the chief point of agreement in any quarter is, that upon the whole the bill is what is wanted. The inroad upon it was repulsed by a majority of six to one.

MORE attention than it seems to demand has been directed to some diplomatic correspondence be-

tween Lord Aberdeen and Baron Bulow relative to the commercial relations between Great Britain and Prussia. As respects anything like information, the two despatches published by the *Augsburg Gazette* form a fraction of a correspondence which still continues, and are unintelligible without the context. But what attracts notice is the hostile tone. Lord Aberdeen, whose despatch is dated in November last, complains of heavy duties imposed by the German Customs Union on British commodities, especially on iron and certain mixed woollen stuffs. He accuses Prussia of not acting with a desire to maintain commercial relations on an amicable and advantageous footing; and makes this direct charge of double dealing—

"At the commencement of 1842, the rumor ran, that at the next general meeting of the delegates of the Union it was proposed to augment the duty, already great, upon mixed stuffs, such as mouseline de laine, and to raise it to the level of that on cottons. On England remonstrating, the Prussian government replied, that it did not think the report would be confirmed. Nevertheless, as the time approached, assurances on this subject became less satisfactory; and at last the British government learned that the plan of augmenting the duty in question had not only been adopted, but that its adoption was chiefly owing to the instances of Prussia."

Baron Bulow, whose despatch is dated in March, indignantly repels the charge of dissimulation; and retorts upon England her heavy duties on corn, wool, and timber; freely quoting Mr. McGregor, Dr. Bowring, and the *Edinburgh Review*. Mr. Gladstone, however, stated in Parliament, the other night, that the correspondence had altered in tone, and become much more conciliatory.

CHINA.—The intelligence from China comes down to the 10th of March. The legislative council of Hong-kong had passed two important laws, to abolish slavery in that English colony, and to regulate the printing of books and papers. Importance is attached to a trifling affair connected with some infraction of recent treaties. Two English vessels, the *Amelia* and *Maingay*, went to Shanghai, secretly laden with opium. Finding no sale for it, they transhipped some into the *William*, which was about to sail for another port. An English merchant, whose motive is not known, gave information to the Chinese Intendant of the port; who refused to interfere; and punished the bearer of a second message. The English consul was then called upon to interpose; and reluctantly he did so. The vessels were seized; the *William* the Fourth was sent to Hong-kong, and fined five hundred dollars; the other two were permitted to unload on lodging the proceeds of the cargo in the hands of the consul, to await Sir Henry Pottinger's instructions. Sir Henry is said to have given a cold reception to the informer.

ITALY.—The *Cologne Gazette* assures us that the Papal Government has addressed a note to the Cabinets of London, Vienna, and Paris on the subject of the late disturbances in its territories. The note declares that there has been no real cause for political discontent, and that the dissatisfaction is chiefly to be ascribed to the machinations of anarchists in France and England.

A letter from Leghorn of the 4th inst., states that the political state of Italy is becoming daily more disturbed, and especially that of the Roman States. Several persons of rank, who were com-

promised in the late events in that country, have been obliged to emigrate.

**TURKEY.**—A circular has been addressed by the Ottoman Porte to all governors and pachas of the empire, commanding them in the most absolute manner to abolish the use of the torture in criminal proceedings.

**THE DUC D'ANGOULEME.**—This exiled prince, who, since the death of Charles X., was named King of France by the adherents of the Bourbons, has at last terminated his mortal career. He died at Goritz, on the 4th of this month, having for a long period been in a most precarious state of health, and having, we fear, suffered painfully during the continuance of his illness. The queen and the principal members of his diminished court were present. His death will produce no effect further than fixing the eyes of the Bourbonists more distinctly upon the Duc de Bordeaux, and thus adding to that competition which makes even the throne of Louis Philippe uneasy, and may punish severely the coxcombs of defying and insulting England, from whatever quarter it shall come. We have no desire to anticipate national collision; but no country can wisely bear unprovoked insult, and, if the injury is not directly repelled, it must impress the memory.

The Duc d'Angouleme seems to have been a harmless character, of no marked talent, and of no decided propensities. During the government of Charles X. he was content with doing what he was bid—at the revolution of 1830 he was content with doing nothing—and during the exile of his house he was content with being nothing. Though exiled we doubt whether we should call him unfortunate. He had the means of existence without the trouble of exertion—he had the name of a prince without the responsibilities—and had the title of a king without the labors, the duties, or the cares. On the whole view of his character, we must think that it was suited to his condition; and, regretting the shock which a fall from royalty must give to the common feelings of man, we can fully believe that he was fortunate in escaping the toils of the diadem.—*Britannia.*

A DINNER has been given to Mr. Charles Knight, professedly to celebrate the completion of the *Penny Cyclopædia*, but also, in fact, to pay a tribute of esteem to Mr. Knight for his merits as an author, and as an enterprising publisher, who has had more than mere mercantile success in view. About a hundred and fifty gentlemen joined in this festive demonstration; the party consisting of contributors to the works connected with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, several other well-known denizens of the literary world, with a few artists, and a literary lord or two. Lord Brougham was the chairman: and very well he acquitted himself in that familiar post—it is clear that his popularity has not waned in this quarter at least. In proposing the health of the guest, Lord Brougham paid a passing compliment to his critical labors on the subject of Shakspeare, but held him up chiefly as an original projector in "useful" literature, like the *Penny Magazine*, and still more as the writer of two tracts on "the Rights of Industry" and "the Results of Machinery," extensively circulated by the whig government during the riots in the agricultural and manufacturing districts eleven or twelve years ago. The other principal speakers were, of course Mr. Knight himself, Professor Long, Pro-

fessor Key, Mr. Weir, Lord Wrottesley, Mr. M. D. Hill, Mr. George Craik, and the Reverend Mr. Jones.—*Spectator.*

**THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.**—The honors which have been paid to the Czar must be gratifying to that illustrious personage from the sincerity with which they have been seconded by the people. Wherever he has appeared he has been received with acclamation; and the only regret expressed has been, that his stay in England is to be too brief to allow of those respectful attentions which the great public bodies were so willing to pay. His visit, his character, and his conduct, even during the few days of his sojourn in this country, all have tended to render him popular; and it is to be hoped that he will carry back with him a feeling of that public opinion, equal to the feeling which he leaves behind. The English are certainly no flatterers; but they have a natural sense of the qualities suited to high station; and, when they see in the monarch of one of the mightiest kingdoms of the world the qualities fit for dominion—manliness, intelligence, and good feeling—they give them the honor that is their due.

The purpose of the imperial visit has been variously accounted for. With some it has been attributed to rational curiosity, with others to the simple fondness of an active mind for travelling from country to country; with some it belongs to those political intrigues which the lovers of mystery in everything are so apt to discover in all the movements of monarchs; but we are inclined to believe that the journey originated in a generous personal determination to show how little his Majesty felt in unison with the mean and mischievous language which has been so suddenly held by the press of France. Of the Duc de Joinville's puerile pamphlet we shall say no more. The British Cabinet have treated it as it deserved, and have disdained to make the slightest allusion to it. It has not been even treated with the respect of a common inquiry in Parliament; it has been suffered to perish. But it cannot be forgotten by the people of England, or by her government, that, in the midst of the most profound peace, in the absence of all preparation for hostility on the side of England, and even in the interchange of courtesies of the most confidential kind, a proposal has been suffered to appear, from the highest quarter, for preparing a force, not to fight the navy of England, but to seize her merchant ships, to ravage her coasts, and to inflict on the peasantry of her exposed shores the heaviest sufferings of war on the first national quarrel. Of this proposal we say no more. But it greatly increases our respect for the high spirit and honorable temper of the Russian Emperor to see him take the first opportunity of practically expressing his scorn of the suggestion.

As to the suggestion itself, England laughs at it, and may well laugh. If the war is to be naval, and to turn on naval machinery, what power is it which possesses the most practised seamen, and the most perfect machinery, in the world? Such a war would be the very one which England would have cause to desire; for, when the question comes to close fighting, and to machinery together, she has a double means of superiority; a double security for triumph. If war should break out—and no power on earth is more averse to a vain glorious war—she would have only to give the word to her various private and public builders, and she would have in a month steamboats enough to sweep the French navy off the seas, to seal up



every port in France, and to reduce the commerce of the kingdom to bumboats. This she has no desire to do; but, if it is required, this she can and will do. God forbid that peace should be broken; that the common good of nations should be exchanged for the common evil; that the blood of man should saturate the ground which was given to be tilled for his enjoyment; but, if England is forced to war once more, it will be a war such as the world has never before seen—a war bringing into the field the whole might of her multitude, aided by all the resources of her skill—a war sharpened by her recollection of the uselessness of national amity—and a war directed by the consciousness that nothing but being reduced to utter impotence can extinguish the bitter jealousy and restless malice of the national enemy.

*Britannia, June 8.*

**THE CZAR.**—The monarch of all the Russias has left this country after a week of his customary rapidity of movement, a general inspection of all the prominent features of London, and the display of a great deal of intelligence in the progress of that inspection. We are happy to say that he was received with corresponding good humor by every rank of the country—by the queen with royal pomp and hospitality, by the nobles with respect and honor, and by the multitude with interest and acclamation. He left Woolwich on Sunday last. We wish that he had chosen any other day for his departure. The parade of troops, the firing of cannon, and the concourse of the curious and the idle, do not suit English habits; and that so high an example should be capable of being quoted against the most venerable custom of our country and Christianity is to be regretted. But Christianity on the Continent is less grave; the Christian Sabbath is the popular day of play-houses, races, reviews, and even of the Stock Exchange; and perhaps monarchs may regard themselves so much as public creatures, that all other considerations give way to their sense of public service. In all other points nothing but praise can be given to the conduct of the Emperor while among us (and even in this the blame probably should fall on his advisers.) His manners were affable to all; he received the popular cheers with good-natured civility; he showed himself everywhere ready to comprehend and to enjoy. He visited, with almost the attention of a private gentleman, all the families whom he had known in Russia, and at his departure he exhibited his munificence in a manner so general and so splendid as to excite almost regret at the imperial lavishness of his farewell expenditure. Diamond snuff boxes, diamond rings, and donations of money to a large amount, signalized the more than liberality of this great monarch, £500 a year to Ascot races, 1,000 guineas to the Society for Foreigners in Distress, 200 guineas to the poor of the parish in which Ashburnham-house stands, £500 each to the Nelson and Wellington testimonials, presents to the domestics of the royal household and the Russian embassy—these mark not only a generous spirit in the man, but a sense of his reception in the monarch, and add to the feeling which England already entertains of the honorable and frank spirit of the great ruler of the northern world.

*Britannia.*

*From the Examiner.*

**NICK'S DUE.**—The Emperor Nicholas has played his part extremely well. He has shown

much tact, and if not good feeling, a perfect understanding of what good feeling requires. If anything has been a little overdone, it has been magnanimity towards the Poles. He would not, forsooth, grudge the charities to those whom he had exiled and beggared. The only right of those unfortunate men that he ever recognized was the right of his own making, the right of the oppressed and ruined to compassion. It is an old maxim, that the hatred of the injurer is unrelenting, but the destroyer of Poland strained the exceptional example, and was graciously content that his victims should have the charities to which he had reduced them. Nay, if need were, he would give himself. For, because the exiles were not within the grasp of his fetters, they were within the range of his benevolence. Had they been in Siberia, would his bounties have been extended to them? and which would he have given, his coöperation, or the knout, to the benevolent strangers endeavoring to succor them?

How is it that he feels for those fugitives, comparatively fortunate, who have escaped the last cruelties of his power, a pity which he has never evinced to those who are pining and perishing in his mines and deserts? Does his clemency begin where his power ends? Or is it that he feels touched for wretches who drag out their days in an England instead of a Siberia?

The humanity, so large in London, might surely have scope in the vast Russian dominions. But it seems to commence where the jurisdiction terminates, and the emperor begins to be generous where he ceases to be able to oppress and persecute.

But inconsistent as the liberality was, it was extremely well played. How good was his answer to a lady of high rank and grovelling spirit, who wrote to tell him that she had withdrawn her patronage from the Poles because the ball was not to be postponed in consequence of his visit; the reply to which, through the ambassador, was an expression of regret that the lady should have withdrawn her aid to any charity on the emperor's account, and of willingness to make good the deficiency, if the poor of any nation were likely to be the sufferers from such a step.

How excellent was this rebuke to servility and meanness, and if not really dictated by good feeling and magnanimity, how exact an understanding of these qualities it denoted.

But do these traits change our opinion of the character of the man? Not at all. They only prove him to be one who, as the homely proverb illustrates it, "hangs up his fiddle at home." He belongs to the class who are agreeable and kind everywhere but amongst their own—the domestic tyrants who are all amiability abroad. But if as a visitor he has assumed virtues which he has not, he has also seen faults which he is clear of as a despot.

The *Morning Post* lately put up a devout prayer that England might learn something from the Russian emperor. We thought the wish very ridiculous at the time, but we have since found reason to join in it.

The despotic Czar saw with amazement and distaste the stiffness and rigid etiquette of the English court. What most struck and scandalized the prince of semi-barbarians was the want of homage to the sex, ladies being kept standing in the presence of Prince Albert, waiting on him like servants, and backing out before him. He found

that the spirit of gallantry, which has its decorum everywhere else, was not allowed to grace the highest circle. The superiority of rank to the soul of manners was what the Czar could not understand. He was so much of a barbarian as to think that chivalrous homage to the sex would not derogate from the loftiest station, and that what would be rudeness in the meanest peasant could not consist with the true dignity of a prince. He could not comprehend how observances that would be unmannerly in any other sphere could exalt a particular station. It seemed to him that a position was degraded by effeminacy which required of women the homage to a man that men ordinarily take a pride in paying to the sex.

The Court of England has long been the most stiff and formal of all the great courts of the world, some of the little courts only vying with it in the strictness of ceremonial, and within the last three or four years the rigor of its etiquette has been remarkably increased, and signalized in some revolting proscriptions. There was enough of all this surely before, and what has been superadded is by no means accordant with the spirit of the time, and the improved sense and taste of the people of this or any other country. Foreigners laugh at it, and at home it is rapidly becoming extremely unpopular.

**RUSSIA AND RUSSIA'S BEAR.**—Doubtless it is known that the Emperor of Russia visited the Zoological Gardens in the Park. It is equally well known that he has an extraordinary memory of persons whom he has once seen. Thus, the Emperor, looking down into the bear's pit, immediately recognized a brown bear that, in its cubhood, he had seen at St. Petersburg: and, strange to add, the bear as readily knew the Emperor. Hastily climbing to the top of the pole, the sagacious beast began to growl the very purest Russian, and was answered in its native sounds by Nicholas. The following may be depended upon as a faithful translation of the colloquy:—

*Bear.* Bless my heart! What, Nicholas! Is it really you?

*Emperor.* What,—you remember me?

*Bear.* Remember you! What bear, with a liking for blood, could ever forget you? Ha, sire! this, after all, is a sorry country.

*Emperor.* Why, you look sleek and fat.

*Bear.* But *what* fat! I've very little of my natural victuals. All my Russian courage is taken out of me with buns and biscuits, that short commons of flesh compels me to eat; buns and biscuits from the hands of girls and babies, and that, too, when my mouth waters for one of *them*. Ha, how could I relish even a hard old Pole!

*Emperor (with a dim smile.)* I think you have one.

*Bear (with a knowing wink.)* Pooh! you know what I mean. But now, to talk of yourself. Ar' n't you afraid to show your nose in England? Those rascally newspapers! And then that accou-drel, *Punch*! They blab everything. 'T was only yesterday that I saw a sweet little boy in a white frock and red shoes: I know I could have dined upon him—for the nursery-maid was giggling with a Life Guardsman—but then, again, I knew the rampus there'd have been. First, that Wakley, and then an inquest, and then a bullet through my body; and so these rascally English would not only have had my blood upon their heads, but my grease too. And so, thinking of all this, with tears in my eyes, I manched a dry biscuit, and let the child—ha! you should have seen its chubby

legs; amongst all the babies you stole from Warsaw, there wasn't a fatter one—and so, with a sigh, I let the child be.

*Emperor (laying his hand on his bosom.)* I can feel for you.

*Bear.* But to speak about yourself. Ar' n't you afraid to come where the newspapers have made your reputation so well known?

*Emperor (significantly touching his pockets.)* Not in the least.

*Bear.* The folks here know all about your doings at Warsaw.

*Emperor.* What of that? I shall give an order for a gold service—and buy some jewelry, too—at Starr and Mortimer's.

*Bear.* They know, too, of the Poles—whose patriotism was their guilt—whom you have sent to Siberia!

*Emperor.* Very well. I shall subscribe five hundred pounds for a yearly cup at Ascot, and the mob there will cheer me—and fling up their caps—and want to hug me in their arms for the dearest, the sweetest, of emperors—a piece of legitimate anatomy, filled with ichor; with no stain, no rank odor of blood upon me. I know John Bull; he blusters well enough; but he'd bear strokes with a lacquered, shining face, from the knout itself, if it were only made of gold.

*Bear.* Nick, you know a thing or two.

*Emperor.* And so, you see, I shall give some money for an annual piece of plate to be raced for. And after that to talk of the Poles! Pooh! John Bull at such a time dotes too much upon horse-flesh to think of the flesh of a few thousands of men, women, and children.

*Bear.* Nevertheless, your character is in such bad odor with these English—

*Emperor.* Nonsense! you are over-anxious for me. I know them. They abuse me when I am at St. Petersburg, but they love rank too well when it comes to them to question its little failings. If the Prince of Darkness himself were to come as a *Prince*, there are plenty of people here—high ones, too—to cheer him for his horns and tail.

*Bear.* Well, Nicholas, your reception will go far to test that fact.

*Emperor.* And then when John Bull would act meanly, inconsistently, he can always lay his hand upon a pet virtue to cloak himself with. Thus, he will feast me, and hurrah to me, and swear that he is only civil from his excessive hospitality. But then John knows I'm rich—immensely rich; and with all his far-seeing, telescopic philosophy, he can see no spots in a golden sun; no, but Christian as he is, worships it like any Persian. And then, because I'm an emperor, I shall be feasted by Whigs and Tories; and men who abuse me in Parliament, will, if I vouchsafe so much, kiss my hand—yes, my felon hand, branded by Lucifer with "Poland."

*Bear.* I hope you may find it so. By the way, too, it happens very unluckily that they're going to give a ball to the Poles.

*Emperor.* Not at all—it all makes for my game. I shall talk to the Lady Patronesses, and offer to give them any money for their very benevolent purpose. And then I shall be praised for my forbearance—my humanity.

*Bear.* Very likely. Just as if a man, who had set fire to his neighbor's house—killed his wife and children—stolen his goods, and left him naked in the highway,—should, touched by sudden humanity, magnanimously bestow upon the wretch a pair of pants.

*Emperor.* Exactly.

*Bear.* Nevertheless, there is this untoward matter to get over. You talk about going amongst the lady aristocracy of England—the lovely, the refined, the tender. How will you get out of that very black business—the flogging of Polish women?

*Emperor.* Nothing more easy. I shall bow and smile at the Opera.

And here ended the talk between Nicholas and the Bear.—*Punch.*

ACCOUCHMENT OF HER MAJESTY.—Early in March last it was stated in the *Britannia* that we had the best authority for announcing that the accouchment of her Majesty “was expected to take place at the latter end of June or the early part of July.” We have now to state (her Majesty having determined that this event shall take place at Windsor Castle) that the private apartments have been commanded to be prepared for the reception of the queen by Monday, the 1st of July, on which day the court (according to the arrangements now made) will leave Buckingham Palace for Windsor. Her Majesty is expected to be confined between the 7th and the 15th of July. Dr. Locock has engaged a residence at Windsor for several weeks, his tenancy to commence on the 1st proximo. Sir James Clark is also seeking for a residence in the immediate vicinity of the town.—*Britannia.*

From the Spectator.

#### SUGAR AND SLAVERY.

A SURVEY of the present state of the Sugar question exhibits the several conflicting “interests” or parties to it in a most unsatisfactory light. To begin with the largest, the British public has not gained much by the many party and sectarian manœuvres which have been achieved under a high-sounding name. The public paid for Emancipation, and a badly-fulfilled bargain; it has paid long for “slave-trade suppression,” as the fruitless and costly efforts to suppress the slave-trade are called; it pays a high price for sugar, to protect the West Indies from ruin, which is not done; it pays all round, and purchases—what? Nothing but mortification. And now the only tangible gain even promised to the public, as a consequence of the contemplated change in the duties, is an estimated fall of something more than a halfpenny per pound in the price of sugar. The public may partly blame itself; for it has been passive, if not active, in buying at any price the luxury of sentiment—in shedding tears over the name of slavery, getting up projects to quash it, and consenting to blink the fact, that, for all the outlay, there is as much slavery as ever.

The next interest most obviously concerned is that of the West India proprietors,—including in the term, mortgagees and others dependent upon West Indian property; for we cannot understand the morality, or the sense, of a distinction implied in contemptuous allusions to “mortgages,” between different kinds of property and vested capital. The position of the West Indian colonists is not enviable. The day of reckoning has come, and, like the sluggard, they are unprepared, except with entreaties for “more time.” They are

exposed to all the damaging effect of the truths mixed up with the fallacies of the free-traders: “protection” is a bad and hollow system; it does conduce to inertness and helpless reliance on artificial props; and the West Indians have been inert enough. Put out of sight what we have done to the West Indies, and they have no claim to what they ask us to do for them. But it is not so easy to put out of sight our long course of meddling. If we had not interfered in the details of their industrial arrangements, the “monopoly” with which we reproach them would have been swept away at this day among other monopolies; and without detriment to the West Indies, for it was once only nominal. With a free resort to the labor of slaves, they produced sugar in such abundance that there was a surplus for other markets than ours, and that abundance gave England the cheapest sugar in Europe. Their “protection” was inoperative, like that of the Lancashire cotton-manufacturer at this day. And when, after the war, Trinidad and part of Guiana, were added to our territory, the acquisition of those fertile fields would have more than compensated for any increase of our population for ages. Already able to grow sugar enough, the British colonies obtained an unlimited increase to their resources of soil. Possessing British skill and capital as well as fertile soil, they were more than equal to cope with any rivals in the world. We altered that state of things; first by prohibiting the slave-trade, then by enacting Negro apprenticeship, then by breaking the apprenticeship: we deprived the West Indies of their means of production. The amount of labor was just enough for their wants; but the population that had sufficed while all labor was compulsorily bent to one task, the growth of tropical produce for our market, became insufficient as soon as that compulsion ceased; the laborers falling off to other occupations, retiring to their own little plots of land, going into trade, or otherwise bringing about that “blessed change” which deluged Lord John Russell four years ago, and ruined the West Indies as a property. Trinidad is overrun with black squatters; Jamaica is peopled by a nation of half-holiday-makers, who have so much amusement to do that they have little time to work. Labor being scarce—continuous labor, at certain seasons in the process of sugar-making, being peremptorily needed—wages have risen to sums which no longer represent the intrinsic value of the labor, but the exigency of the employer; and Mr. James told the House of Commons the other night, that sugar which it cost him fourpence the pound to grow and threepence to pass through our custom-house, sells for sixpence-halfpenny—a loss of a halfpenny on every pound produced. The House laughed at the name of that low coin: but there would be little laughing if bread were sold at a loss to the landowner of one halfpenny in the pound weight. Proprietors have been sending out from this country money and implements, to keep their estates going, in hopes of better times: but that cannot go on for aye—the better times do not come, and some already stop their supplies. It is now proposed, by way of favor, to deprive them even of hope. That is the position in which the West India proprietors have suffered themselves to be put; but it is we who have put them there. To be honest, we should have equalized the sugar-duties before we meddled with the labor-market: and then there would have been either a more suc-

cessful resistance to emancipation, or a wiser preparation for it.

The Blacks of Africa, in whose favor the crusade has been carried on, are likely to fair no better than the British people who pay or the West India proprietors who are plundered. The African race are peculiarly adapted to the climate and occupations of the American archipelago: they stand toil and the climate better than the aborigines did. The proximity of the African continent, the shortness of the voyages, and the small cost of conveying passengers across the narrowest part of the Atlantic, point out Africa as the legitimate *officina gentium* for the West Indies. Free emigration, however, has been checked and trammelled as if it were something to be discouraged—an indulgence for the planters, bad in itself, and only to be allowed on sufferance and to a minimized extent. Why! Slave-owning countries continue to draw an annual supply from Africa; and inasmuch as Europe must have sugar, we, by restricting the number of free emigrants, do our best to secure that the sugar shall be made by the Negro as a slave in Brazil or Cuba, rather than by the same Negro as a free man in the British West Indies. The native condition of the Negro in Africa is, for the most part, deplorable: the savage chiefs exercise despotic will over life and limb; even the sanctity of Exeter Hall's "model farm" up the Niger could not repel the taint of slavery which pervades that whole continent, and which has existed East and West, North and South, from the earliest dawn of history—from the time of the Pharaohs, if not from the Deluge. Many of the tribes are in the most bestial state: when captured by our cruisers, they are found to behave like mere brutes. For them, even the slave-labor of civilized countries is an elevation. In the Brazils, the slave associates with his master's family, and is at least as well off and as well conducted as an Arab horse. We judge of slavery in the United States by our standards of right and sentiment; but turn one of these brutes into a Virginian Negro, and he would rise many degrees in the scale of humanity. In the English West Indies, the Negro attains to the same comforts, immunities, and dignity, as any British subject. Is it not clear that the mere fact of removal from Africa to the British West Indies must be for the Negro tribes the best possible change? What "protection" do they need more than British emigrants crossing the ocean? Secure their personal rights within British jurisdiction, open every portal to that magic bound, render their migration safe, and you have done the very best you can for them. Even the human brutes, that we have seen described, at their transfer from the slave-ships, in terms which, though of unimpeachable truth, may not appear in our pages, become passing good citizens. They are highly imitative, with a strong social turn. Their mere removal from native oppression, and from debasing example, acts like regeneration. All this civilizing influence is obstructed by whatever impedes—and hitherto every act of the government, from its head in Downing street to its tail in Sierra Leone, has impeded—the free passage of blacks from Africa to the British West Indies.

The Anti-Slavery party in this country is not in a more favorable position than those already passed under review. Apart from the originators of the movement—the Clarksons and Wilberforces who stand distinguished from the mere herd as much as the great men who have founded philosophical

or religious sects do from mere sectarians—this party may be held to consist of the excitable masses who follow the bell weathers of the flock, of the busy managers in Exeter Hall, and of those whose professional interest in the blockade of the African coast vulgarizes but at the same time keeps alive their hostility to slavery and slavers. With the exception of the last-mentioned not very numerous section, the anti-slavery body have been brought to a dead lock. They have abolished personal slavery within the British dominions; they have put an end to the avowed participation of British subjects in the slave-trade; they have involved the country in treaties for the suppression of that traffic, which keeps it continually hovering on the verge of wars: but they have neither diminished the amount of slavery in the world nor materially crippled the African slave-trade. They stand there at their wits-end, unable to devise any means of advancing their object, and, in ignorance or out of spleen, obstructing all means proposed by other persons.

Last comes our government; in a plight quite as unsatisfactory as that of any of the others, and on the whole more shameful. In every stage, the part which the British government has taken in the controversies relating to slavery and the tropical colonies has been undignified at the best. Government has been simply passive: it has neither originated anything nor engrafted the suggestions it received from without upon a statesmanlike system of its own. Whigs and Tories, when in office, have on these questions justified the unintentional sarcasm of Mr. Zachary Macaulay, when, writing to a noble friend about Sierra Leone, he affirmed that the people in the Colonial Office would do anything for anybody who saved them the trouble of thinking." Government has never taken one step with regard to the sugar colonies unless from the belief that the pressure brought to bear upon it was irresistible, and then in blind obedience to the impulse. Its first phasis was that of yielding; and consequently, its second was that of blundering. Instead of taking a comprehensive view of the wants and wishes of the general public, the planters, the negroes, and the anti-slavers, and originating measures which might as far as possible harmonize them, it has merely given way to the urgency of the most active, and has acted upon their narrow views without having the excuse that it believed in them. And now that necessity is making other parties clamorous, it passes from blundering to shuffling. It professes to do something for all parties, and does nothing satisfactory for any. It cajoles the sugar consumer, by promising to admit larger supplies of sugar; it hastens to soothe the apprehensions of the anti-slaver, by protesting that not an ounce of slave-grown sugar shall be allowed to enter; and it keeps neither promise, for the additional supply and the exclusion of slave-grown sugar will to all appearance prove equally illusory. It promises protection to the planter; it whispers the free-trader that the protection shall be only nominal; and it hits upon a medium which deprives the consumer of his anticipated benefit, and the producer of a remunerative price. Lastly, it flatters the planter with the hope of additional supplies of free labor, and stops the mouth of the anti-slaver by interposing such impediments as render the concession a cheat. Four years have elapsed since Lord John Russell recognized the justice of permitting the spontaneous emigration of free laborers from Western

Africa to the West Indies; it is almost three years since Lord Stanley entered office, and became a responsible actor in the matter: up to the close of last year, the total supply of laborers added to the population of the West Indies by emigration from Africa had scarcely exceeded 3,000; of which number, the proportion added under Lord Stanley's rule has been little more than one-third—about 900.\* And amid all this shuffling—his make-believe to do something while he had practically hindered anything from being done—Lord Stanley takes credit to himself for affording the colonists the means of preparing to meet competition! The chance which restores Lord Stanley, who made the transition from the yielding to the bungling period, to office in time to make the transition from the bungling to the shuffling, lends an epic unity to the whole transaction. His name is of bad omen for the sugar colonies and the African race. The task of taking the next delicate and difficult step in this perplexed and mismanaged business, devolves upon the very minister whose showy incapacity and timid rashness gave a wrong direction to the experiment of emancipation at the outset.

#### THE SUGAR DUTIES.

“‘A sound conservative government,’” said Taper, musingly. “I understand: tory men and whig measures,” so says the clever *Coningsby*.

Taper was right. Barring Ireland, we are getting the whig principles of '41 by instalments. Bit by bit Lord John Russell's budget is thrust down the throats of the tories.

Mr. Goulburn tells them that the sugar duties, which could not be altered three years ago without the most frightful and unjust consequences, must be changed now because the people are more prosperous—that is to say, that because they are better able to pay a high price for sugar, it is necessary to reduce the price.

As Lord John Russell showed, the price of sugar in '41 was higher than now, and the means of the people then more depressed, but yet the Chancellor of the Exchequer contends that the present circumstances peculiarly call for the reduction.

\* The *liberated* Africans, who have been conveyed to our colonies within the last three or four years, do not belong to the category of spontaneous *emigration*. They are, in strictness, little better than slaves stolen from others to be used in our own way; and their number is trifling. First and last, there have been about 2,000 liberated Africans conveyed from St. Helena to the West Indies; 1,500 from Rio Janeiro; and about 400 landed at Dominica—most of them very young, many mere children. The total emigration from Sierra Leone—*whence, only*, emigration has been permitted—amounts, up to the latest returns, to about 3,297. Jamaica had received 1,426; Trinidad, 1,120; and Guiana, 751. To convey these, in small detachments, scattered over a space of three years, three first-rate ships have been employed, each having on board a navy lieutenant and surgeon, with large salaries. The expense has in consequence been so disproportionately great, that the people of Guiana have paid off their transport, and those of Trinidad intend to follow the example unless the current voyage of their ship prove more successful. Before Lord Stanley's regulations of February, 1843, private vessels, properly equipped, had been engaged in conveying emigrants from Africa to the West Indies; and they managed to be more successful than the government-ships have been. But the anti-slavery people, abetted by the authorities, raised a commotion, and contrived difficulties; and the emigration as now regulated is the substitute, but not the equivalent, for that which was stopped.

While such has been the addition to the *free* negro population of the British colonies in three or four years, tens of thousands of *slaves* are annually imported into Cuba!

What will their friends, the West India proprietors, say to this? Have they since '41 been making such shoots in prosperity as to be able to bear a little pruning without inconvenience?

There is nothing now but a hypocrisy between us and the admission of slave-grown sugar, which, as Lord John Russell observed, we may exchange for hemp and tallow, though we may not put it direct into our tea and coffee. The scruple is the same as one not to eat a poached hare, but to send it to the poulturer to be exchanged for a pair of fowls. The slave at the Brazils or at Cuba must feel wonderfully grateful to us for not consuming the produce of his labor ourselves, but merely making it the means of paying for other commodities that we do use. Has humanity no perception of the nature of barter? If we buy stolen goods, is the transaction purified by not taking them into our houses, but sending them to be exchanged for something that has been honestly manufactured and honestly vended. Slave-grown sugar is a thing only to be touched with a pair of tongs, not sugar-tongs, and the sin of consumption laid at our neighbor's door.—*Examiner*.

THE anti-slavery people have persisted in disregarding that wise fable of the north-wind and the sun; they have persisted in shutting their eyes to the disastrous results of their own errors; and the consequence is, that the slave-trade continues, more cruel and profitable than ever; emancipation of slaves in the countries where they most abound is as distant as ever, and still an unsolved problem; and the only large community that they have succeeded in forcing to abolish slavery—that of the West Indies—is threatened with consequent ruin. Is that encouraging? Of all countries, it is on every account most desirable to abolish slavery in the United States: has any progress been made towards that end? The question is still an enigma, so dark that men refuse to hazard a guess at its solution, or even to look it in the face. Is that progress?

This utter failure should suggest a revision of the policy which has led to it, and would almost imply the wisdom of resorting to an inverse process. We cannot legislate for other countries: we can only force them to legislate themselves, if ever, by very offensive obtrusions of advice, backed with threats of fiscal loss; and the fiscal loss cannot be inflicted without serious loss also to ourselves, for the country imposing a prohibitive or protective duty almost always pays it, though another country may lose to an equal amount. But we can legislate for ourselves; we can in our own acts carry out our principles. We assert to foreign countries, that abolition is practicable; that free labor is more profitable; and that it may be easily procured. Let us show in practice that it is so. We have the means. Instead of obstructing, as heretofore, let us *assist* the West Indian colonists—who must perforce be our agents in the process—to obtain free labor whencesoever it may come. Let us put them in a position to show, that with free labor, countries trading in tropical produce, can prosper. Let us not tax others by self-recoiling import-duties, because they differ with us in opinion; but let us content us with ourselves abjuring the sin of slavery—with showing that they who forego it prosper best, not only in their soul's peace, but in worldly advantages; let us show that *safety and wealth*, not disorder and ruin, wait on emancipa-

tion. That great example and illustration of free labor would do more to convince slave-owning countries of the soundness of our views, than cart-loads of invective, of fleets of ships hunting for prize-money. It could offend none; it could be no pretext for hostile and embarrassing reproaches.—*Spectator, June 8th.*

## STEAMSHIPS FOR WAR.

WE see it stated in the *Morning Post* that the Admiralty having instituted an inquiry into the fitness of trading steam-packets for employment as vessels of war in the event of need, has found that a very considerable number of them are of greater power and speed than the vessels in the navy.

If this be the fact, it is disgraceful to the naval administration.

It is obvious that steamers of inferior power and speed must be worthless for the purposes of war. Indeed they would only go to sea to be captured by vessels of a superior class.

The steamship of the greatest power and speed must have every advantage. She can always place herself out of range of any enemy not so fast as herself, and can take up any position that suits her for assailing an enemy less swift. With her one immense gun she may rake the largest line-of-battle ship, running and fighting just as may suit her convenience.

In the conflict between steam-vessels, size and speed, which generally go together, will settle everything. The larger will be able to catch the smaller, and to destroy her. Indeed, she can do so without coming within the range of the inferior vessel's gun, the range of her proportionately larger gun being the greater.

In the war of "wind-ships," as the Americans call them, this was not the case. The frigate, though she could not fight the line-of-battle ship, could run away from her, and the two-decker could escape from the unwieldy three-decker.

But with steam-vessels the largest will be sure to be the conqueror, unless the inferior can run into shoal water, and that chance of escape would not be very good, as a large steamer draws comparatively very little water.

To what purpose, then, does the admiralty build war-steamers inferior even to vessels employed in the packet trade? Before steam navigation was known, what would have been thought of the confession that there were ships in the merchant service superior to those in the navy, and fitter to be men-of-war? And this is the parallel to the fact on which we are remarking.

As for the reliance that government can purchase the superior steamers in the packet trade in the event of war, it is to be borne in mind that foreign powers may do the same thing, and not only cut off the resource, but make it their own. The packet companies would take the money of the first bidder, provided that he offered largely enough, without any scrupulous examination whether the geld was foreign.

The British navy ought to have no such dependance; it should boast the most perfect class of war steamers that existing art can produce; and no expense should be grudged for a superiority which would be the best guaranty for peace.

But no board of admiralty is disposed to devote its resources to steamships, because there is not

the handsome patronage in the commissioning of them that there is in the frigates and line-of-battle ships.—*Examiner.*

## THE DREAM OF JOINVILLE.

Continental gossip says, that the Prince de Joinville having had a row with his royal father, concerning his famous pamphlet, rushed away to Saint Cloud, where he slept at an inn, and dreamed the following dream:—

\* \* \* \* \*  
STEALTHILY we speed along  
I and my black steamers,  
None can see the colors three  
Painted on our streamers.  
Not a star is in the sky,  
Black and dull and silent;  
Stealthily we creep along  
Towards the wicked island!

Ne'er an English ship is out  
Somehow to defend it;  
So we reach the Thames' mouth—  
Swiftly we ascend it.  
Then I give a lesson fit  
To Albion perfidians;  
Properly I punish it,  
For its treasons hideous.

Swiftly down the Thames we go,  
All pursuit outstripping,  
Blowing every village up,  
Burning all the shipping.  
Fancy Ramsgate in a blaze,  
Margate pier a-dropping,  
Woolwich burnt, and red-hot shot  
Plunging into Wapping!

London town's a jolly place,  
England's pride and wonder;  
Mortal eyes have never seen  
Such a place for plunder.  
Lord! it is a glorious night,  
As my steamers pretty  
Moor there, and my lads and I  
Pour into the city.

"Here's enough for each," say I,  
"Whatsoe'er his rank, lads,  
Pierre shall rifle Lombard street,  
And Jean shall gut the bank, lads;  
Every seaman in my crews  
Shall take as much as suits his  
Wish, and needs but pick and choose  
From Jones and Lloyd's to Coutts'."

When my speech the seamen hear,  
Each man does salute his  
Admiral with loyal cheer,  
And then begins his duties.  
Some burn down the Monument,  
And some the Tower invest, sir;  
Some bombard the eastern end,  
And some attack the west, sir.

Gods! it is a royal sight,  
All the town in flames is  
Burning, all the way from White-  
Chapel to Saint James!  
See the Mayor, in cotton cap,  
Asking what the blaze meant?  
When we hang his worship up,  
Fancy his amazement!

Kill me every citizen,  
But spare their pretty spouses!

Hang me the policemen up  
At the station-houses.  
Beat Saint Paul's with red-hot balls,  
Set Temple Bar a-blazing;  
Burn me Paper Buildings down,  
And Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn.

List to no man's prayers and vows,  
Grant to none their pardons;  
Blomfield hang at London House,  
Peel at Whitehall Gardens.  
Apsley House is stormed and won,  
Seize the Iron Duke, boys:  
Have him out, and hang him up  
To the lantern—hook, boys!

Gods, it is a noble flame!  
Now my fellows thunder  
At the gates of Buckingham—  
How the Prince does wonder.  
Out he comes with sword and lance;  
Boys, stand back, impartial,  
See an Admiral of France  
Pink an English Marshal!

Tell us who's the best at blows,  
The Army or the Navy?  
Carte and Tierce! and down he goes;  
Albert cries, "Peccavi."  
"Spare my precious husband's life;"  
The Queen upon her knees is,  
The little princes kneeling round  
In their night-chemises.

Just as I had raised my arm  
To finish Albion's ruin,  
Came a cock, and crowed a cursed  
Cock-a-doodle-dooing.  
It was morning,—and I lost  
That delightful vision—  
Cruel morning, to dispel  
Such a dream Elysian!

*Punch.*

#### PUNCH TO THE PHILADELPHIANS.

PHILADELPHIANS! Asses, blockheads, boobies, clowns, dolts, empty-heads, fanatics, flats, fallow-brains, gabies, geese, hypocrites, ignoramuses, jobbernowls, knottypates, loggerheads, mooncalves, numskulls, oafs, pumps, quacks, rogues, ruffians, sumphs, simpletons, tommoddies, yokels, zanies—

What do you mean, you incomprehensible Yankees, by behaving here in the nineteenth century, and in that boasted glorious, free, and enlightened Republic of yours, like a stupid, savage, bigoted populace in the dark ages, or rather like a horde of barbarians and cannibals, shooting one another through the head, and burning down houses and churches; committing, in short, arson and murder by the wholesale, right and left? Why, the wild Indians, nay, the very niggers, are angels to you! And what is it that has prompted you to this reciprocation of atrocities? Religion, forsooth—Religion! The Turks would cry out upon you, Catholics and Protestants both. Call it by its right name—sanguinary, intolerant bigotry. These ruffianly proceedings, which have disgraced you before the universal world, will go down to posterity with the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Sicilian Vespers.

And you in particular, you addle-brained Irishmen, at a time when the welfare of your native land especially requires that you should keep quiet and orderly, and show that you can live like peaceable citizens under a free government—how dare you behave in this outrageous manner? You, I say, es-

pecially, who pretend to believe in a faith which expressly denounces revenge, and prescribes as a duty patience under insult and contumely.

I will tell you what: were it not that such a set as you, all of you, are, are not worth the expense, I would recommend a subscription for the purpose of sending over to you a supply of strait-waistcoats, an army of barbers to shave your heads, and a staff of physicians and surgeons, selected from our principal asylums, to keep you, lunatics, in order. So much for you from

*Punch.*

#### JUDGES' SENTENCES.

It is an old prejudice, that the rate of punishment of an English culprit depends upon the enormity of his offence. Many recent sentences convince us to the contrary. Sure we are that it more frequently depends upon the biliary secretions of the judge who dooms. A sentence of seven years may be sufficient to the constitution of one judge, whilst another may ask fourteen; and a third be by no means satisfied with less than transportation for life. A taste for punishment varies with the bench, even as their taste for port wine: some think that a felon can have no chance of coming up good, save with fourteen years' keeping. Hence, are we frequently startled by the discrepancy of sentences! Hence, are certain judges known by their rigor beyond the law. How often—himself, we grant, unconscious of the wrong—does the judge wreak his own bad temper, his own bad health, in his sentence on the felon in the dock! How many a convict owes an extra seven years of slavery to the indigestion of the learned baron who tries him! With only the difference of a few grains of calomel, how different had been his doom! Nevertheless, the offender is sentenced—he has no appeal from the hard bowels of the man who judged him—and away he goes! Away goes the convict-boat (as Barry Cornwall sings)—

"Bearing its wicked burden o'er  
The ocean, to a distant shore;  
Man scowls upon it; but the sea  
(The same with fettered as with free)  
Danceth beneath it heedlessly!"

Mr. Fitzroy Kelly has gained the grudging leave of Sir James Graham to bring in a bill to give the criminal—in certain cases—a right of appeal to the Queen's Bench. On a trial for property, the losing party has such right; and Mr. Kelly would make human character and human freedom merely as valuable as chattels and money. Sir James Graham shakes his head at the measure: he declares his belief in the surpassing purity of criminal judgments: avows this in the teeth of truths illustrative of the contrary, delivered by Mr. Kelly, who, quoting several instances, dwells particularly upon one case in which he saved a man's life, by incessantly importuning the judge who doomed him to take the opinions of his brothers of the bench; and they reversed the sentence.

At present, the culprit harshly doomed, has this chance of justice. He petitions the Home Secretary, who knows nothing of the case, but who asks the opinion of the judge who presided at the trial! The judge will scarcely stultify himself, and the petition is dismissed. Thus, when Sir James Graham was implored to consider the case of Mary Furlley, he went to Justice Maule who had made the injured woman a long, hanging speech, and she was therefore ordered for execution! She was, however, reprieved; and Graham—we presume again consulting his Maule—inflicted upon frantic wretchedness a captivity of seven years!

Mr. Fitzroy Kelly observed "there was a fearful responsibility attached to the Home Secretary in these

matters." At this, the House cheered, but did not cry—  
—as it ought to have cried—

"With a scream that shoots  
To the heart's red roots,"—

—"Mary Furley, Mary Furley!"—*Punch*.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.—THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.—  
Professor Leadhead opened the business by reading a paper on the probable duration of the world, in which he undertook to prove that it could not last much longer, because the Russians were rapidly annihilating the Poles. He endeavored also to show that the globe, continually revolving on its own axis, must, sooner or later, be cut completely through by the axes alluded to.

The chairman then made a few observations on heat in connection with the precious metals, and illustrated his remarks by stirring a glass of hot grog with a silver tea-spoon. He observed that it had been erroneously alleged that glass was a non-conductor of caloric, but he begged leave to refute the fact by conducting a quantity of "warm with" to his lips, through the medium of a common glass tumbler. The rest of the sitting was devoted to a series of experiments in confirmation of this discovery, which appeared to give general satisfaction.—*Punch*.

#### IMMORTALITY.

THE insect bursting from its tomblike bed—

The grain that in a thousand grains revives—  
The trees that seem in wintry torpor dead—

Yet each new year renewing their green lives;  
All teach, without the added aid of faith,  
That life still triumphs o'er apparent death.

But dies the insect when the summer dies;  
The grain hath perished, though the plant remain;  
In death, at last, the oak of ages lies;

Here reason halts, nor further can attain,  
For reason argues but from what she sees,  
Nor traces to their goal these mysteries.

But faith the dark hiatus can supply—

Teaching, eternal progress still shall reign;  
Telling (as these things aid her to espy)

In higher worlds that higher laws obtain;  
Pointing, with radiant finger raised on high,  
From life that still revives, to life that cannot die!

#### THE SWAN AND THE EAGLE.\*

[From the *German of Schlegel*.]

##### THE SWAN.

MY tranquil life is passed the waves among,  
Light ripples tracing as I glide along;  
And the scarce ruffled wave, as in a glass,  
Reflects my form unaltered, as I pass.

##### THE EAGLE.

In the clefts of the rock my wild dwelling I form,  
I sail through the air on the wings of the storm;  
'Mid dangers and combats I dart on my prey,  
And trust the bold pinion that bears me away.

##### THE SWAN.

Won by the charm of Phœbus, in the wave  
Of heavenly harmony I love to lave;  
Couched at his feet I listen to the lays  
In Tempe's vale that echo to his praise.

##### THE EAGLE.

I perch at the right hand of Jove on his throne,  
And the thunderbolt launch when his signal is shown;

\* The eagle, in these lines, represents an aspiring, and the swan a contemplative genius.

And my heavy wings droop, when in slumber I lie,  
O'er the sceptre that sways the wide earth from on high.

##### THE SWAN.

Me charms the heaven's blue arch serene and bland,  
And odorous flow'rs attract me to the land;  
While, basking in the sun's departing beam,  
I stretch my white wings o'er the purple stream

##### THE EAGLE.

I exult in the tempest triumphant and bold,  
When the oaks of the forest it rends from their hold.  
I demand of the thunder—the spheres when it shakes—

If, like me, a wild joy in destruction it takes!

##### THE SWAN.

Oft in the glassy tide the stars I view,  
And that calm heav'n the waves give back anew,  
And dim regret recalls me to the home  
In happier spheres, reluctant whence I roam.

##### THE EAGLE.

With joy, from the hour that my young life begun,  
I have soared to the sky—I have gazed on the sun;  
I cannot stoop down to the dust of the earth;  
Allied to the gods, I exult in my birth.

##### THE SWAN.

When a calm death succeeds to tranquil life,  
Its links detaching without pain or strife,  
And to my voice restores its primal pow'r,  
Its dying tones shall hail the solemn hour.

##### THE EAGLE.

The soul at its parting springs forth from the pyre,  
All free and unveild to the skies to aspire,  
To hail the bright vision that bursts on its view,  
And its youth at the dark torch of death to renew!

From the Spectator.

#### THE COÖPERATIVE PRINCIPLE: THE SANATORIUM.

Few things are more calculated to leave on the mind an impression that this old world—old when measured by man's conceptions, deduced from his own ephemeral span of existence—is yet in its infancy, than the hesitating and blundering manner in which the application of the great principle of combined exertion advances. The difference between the productive powers of a number of isolated individuals and of the same persons laboring in combination—playing into each other's hands—is inadequately illustrated by the difference between arithmetical and geometrical ratios: and men are beginning to conjecture, to augur, to forebode, rather than to see, that social happiness, and even moral elevation may be increased and accelerated by a judicious development and application of the coöperative principle.

Wild work, it is true, is sometimes made by persons of enthusiastic temperament and limited acquaintance with the practical business of society, who have been impressed with a sense of the abstract truth of this principle. They insist upon applying it, without knowing how to set about the task. Men of one idea, they are ignorant that if it is only by combined exertion that many faculties of man in society can be called into useful exertion, it is at the same time only by a sacred regard to the preservation of man's pride in his own individuality that a healthy and robust state of mind can



be preserved. Mr. Owen's quadrangular institutes would defeat their own end. Combined labor presupposes men—men with robust and strongly-marked individual characters—to labor in combination. One great source of the power of coöperative labor is in the difference of men's endowments: each is better fitted for some one task than the rest. The powers and capabilities of human nature are never found developed fully in any one individual; the constitution of each individual is always partial and imperfect: it is only in society, in the aggregate of men, that all the characteristic qualities of man are to be found. An artificial system, in which men are from infancy to be trained to adopt the views and conform to the regulations of a coöperative association, would be destructive of individual character. The last and most important lesson the young man learns, is that he cannot do everything; that he must be contented with exercising the talent intrusted to him for the use of himself and others, and to be served by others in return—to merge his individuality in the mass. But he can learn this truth profitably only from experience. In the flush of youth, when the intellectual and moral powers are one after another awakening into activity, the boy believes himself capable of everything; this pleasing delusion is inspired into him by genial nature, in order that he may attempt everything, and learn from alternate failure and success what is his destined task in this world. He must bring to the great mart of society a strongly-marked individual character, formed by his own efforts, or he is comparatively of little value. It is in this preliminary isolated state that characters are formed to be useful in combination.

An instinctive consciousness of this truth has prejudiced many speculators on the importance and efficacy of combination—led them to regard as fantastic dreams the expectations of the immense benefits to be conferred by it upon society, which its advocates entertain. This prejudice, arising from partial views, has been not a little strengthened by the equally one-sided ideas and language of the apostles of the coöperative principle. The presumptuous pedantry of the Socialists, under all the various designations they have assumed here or on the continent, has repelled many. As with the Pharisees of old, a bigoted clinging to the letter of the law has blinded them to the existence of the spirit. They have been unable to recognize the active principle of combination unless it was called by the names they gave it. The founders of "coöperative bazaars" cannot see under the names of banks, capitalists, and operative laborers, all the functions of their various office-bearers discharged, with the superior efficacy of natural vigor over mere imitation. The coöperative principle is in fact developing itself more rapidly than people perceive; men act upon this principle, as M. Jourdain talked prose without being aware of it.

In whatever direction we turn our eyes, we find the coöperative principle pushing its way into practice. Joint-stock companies, colonizing societies, mutual-insurance societies, and clubs—the development of the country's economical resources, the conquest of wild lands for the use of a surcharged population, facilities for those provident habits which enable men to lay by a store for the days of enfeebled age, and even the cheaper enjoyment of elegant luxuries, are sought by the combined efforts of numbers. The simultaneous

growth of so many combinations is giving a new form to society. The courts of law are called upon to decide litigations arising out of these new compacts and relations between man and man; and the interference of the legislature is occasionally called for. They are insensibly leading us to a new body of law. They are materially affecting the distribution of property—a matter so important to the peace and stability of a state. Some disciples of the coöperative school seem unable to recognize the working of their principle in these new forms; they can only see it in the defunct guilds and superannuated corporations, the forms in which it was manifested in earlier days; and these they seek to resuscitate, which is impossible, for institutions must grow out of and be kept alive by the spontaneous opinions and feelings of the masses, and these again are prompted by the existing relations of society. Other disciples of the coöperative school can see no realization of their principle either in the past or the present; they will not believe it exists, until it presents itself in a fleshly counterpart of the dry logical formulas by means of which their teachers have set themselves to demonstrate it. So true is it that more than half the differences among men are about words. The disciples of the hundred modifications of Owenism, and the would-be restorers of mediæval institutions, are struggling to establish a principle which every joint-stock bank, every fire and life assurance, nay every factory, (perhaps the most questionable form in which the genius of coöperation has yet revealed itself,) is carrying into execution.

Perhaps the most important, certainly the most interesting, experiment in the application of the coöperative principle that has recently been made, is the Sanatorium. At present, and probably for a long time to come, the doom of not a few of the most amiable and accomplished of both sexes must be celibacy—lonely, struggling amid a huge crowd of fellow-beings, all with their attention engrossed by the difficult task of self-support. Prudential considerations forbid them to form new family-ties, and time necessarily relaxes and destroys those into which they were born. They are alone in the world—a dreary enough position in the brief intervals of toil, but terrible in the hours of sickness. This is especially the lot of a numerous portion of those who live by the exercise of the useful and ornamental arts, or by literature. The idea of enabling such persons, by a moderate annual subscription, to command when in bad health something of the comforts of a family, deserved an experimental trial; and hitherto its success has been encouraging. The positive addition which the ultimate success of the Sanatorium will make to the happiness of the class for which it is intended—the increase of comforts in sickness, and the removal of worrying apprehensions in health—is not the limit of its utility. It will form a new bond of connexion between the isolated beings for whom it is designed, in health as well as in sickness. By giving a common pursuit and a common interest to its directors and subscribers, it will form a kind of relationship among them. It will reëstate into a large family those who have survived the domestic circle of youth without being engrafted upon another. It will lend practical sagacity to the vague impulse of benevolence, and will breathe a soul of kindly feeling into those industrial pursuits most apt to render men selfish.

From the Quarterly Review.

*Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough*, with his Original Correspondence; collected from the Family Records at Blenheim, and other authentic sources: illustrated with Portraits, Maps, and Military Plans. By WILLIAM COXE, M. A., F. R. S., F. S. A. Archdeacon of Wilts. Second edition. Six volumes. 8vo.

It is related of Sir Robert Walpole, that when his son Horace one day took up an historical work to read aloud to him, he exclaimed, "Oh, do not read history, for that *I know* must be false." "He," says his biographer, Mr. Coxe, "who had fathomed the secrets of all the cabinets of Europe, must have considered history as a tissue of fables, and have smiled at the folly of those writers who affect to penetrate into state affairs, and trace all the motives of action." This is somewhat too serious a comment upon a peevish speech. Walpole himself would have acknowledged after dinner, or in a sunshiny morning, that the remark was more splenetic than just. He was too good a statesman not to perceive that it is only by the study of history statesmen can be formed, and that though the secrets of cabinets can be known to few, and are not always worth knowing—the causes of the rise and progress and decline of nations—the virtues by which they have flourished—the vices by which they have fallen—the spirit by which revolutions are brought about, and the march of human events in which what has been is perpetually recurring, are within the reach of the historian, and form the lessons by which alone the science of politics can be attained. Least of all men should Mr. Coxe have given his sanction to the remark, who, in his memoirs of the two Walpoles, of the house of Austria, of the Spanish Bourbons, and more especially in the present work, has brought before the public so large a mass of authentic and original information.

The present work is chiefly derived from the most unquestionable documents—the papers at Blenheim. They consist of Marlborough's own letters, private, official, and diplomatic—a correspondence almost unparalleled for value, interest, and extent—of Godolphin's letters, which are equal in point of number and of interest—of numerous letters from the different sovereigns of Europe, and their chief ministers—of the papers which that extraordinary woman, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, left behind her,—and of the Sunderland collection. From these, from various other manuscript collections which have been opened to Mr. Coxe, in the liberal spirit of the present age, (properly called liberal in this point,) and from the printed works, the author has produced the first full and satisfactory account of Marlborough, a name which must ever hold one of the first places in military history. And now that the character of this illustrious man is brought into open daylight, it is delightful to see, after all

the calamities which have been heaped upon him, how nearly it is without a spot.

The Churchill family, obviously as that name might seem to explain its English origin, is traced to the Courcils of Poitou, who came over with the Conqueror. John Churchill, the subject of this history, was born at Ash, in Devonshire, on the 24th of June, 1650. The father and grandfather had been conspicuous for their loyalty in the civil wars, and of course suffered in their estates: that loyalty, however, led to the subsequent elevation of the family. The father, Sir Winston Churchill, was rewarded with certain offices under government; his daughter, Arabella, was appointed maid of honor to the Duchess of York; and John was made page of honor to the duke. He had previously been placed at St. Paul's school, and it has been affirmed, that he acquired his first inclination for a military life from perusing a copy of Vegetius in the school library. At a review of the foot-guards, the Duke asked him what profession he preferred, and received the answer which he probably expected when he put the question at such a time; the boy fell on his knees, and asked for a pair of colors in one of those fine regiments. His first essay in arms was at Tangiers. His second campaign was in 1672, during the disgraceful alliance between England and France: he then served with the English auxiliaries under Monmouth in that army which Louis XIV. commanded nominally in person, but which was really directed by Turenne and Condé. In that campaign he attracted the notice of Turenne, and received the thanks of the King of France, at the head of the army. And continuing till 1677 to serve with the French in their war against the Emperor, he acquired, under Turenne and the other distinguished French generals of the age, that knowledge of the art of war which was afterwards so well and so worthily employed in protecting Germany, and preserving Europe from the yoke of France.

His person was so remarkably fine, that Turenne distinguished him by the name of the handsome Englishman, and it is said that he did not escape from the vices which at that time disgraced the English court. In the twenty-eighth year of his age, however, he married Sarah Jennings, who was ten years younger than himself: she was of a good family, had been placed in her twelfth year in the Duchess of York's household, and had there become the favorite companion and chosen friend of the Princess Anne. Her figure and countenance were commanding and animated, indicating at once the character of her mind; and licentious as were the manners of the sphere in which she moved, her own conduct was such as to obtain respect, while her person and talents were objects of admiration. The attachment which Colonel Churchill formed for this lady, redeemed him at once from all licentious courses; it was

equally permanent and strong ; and into whatever faults this celebrated woman may have been hurried by the vehemence of an ardent mind, certain it is that she possessed his full esteem and confidence, as well as his undivided love, and that she deserved to be the wife of Marlborough.

During the latter years of Charles II., Colonel Churchill was confidentially employed by the Duke of York, and he was one of the few persons who escaped with that prince from the miserable wreck of the Gloucester yacht in Yarmouth Roads. In 1683, he was created Baron Churchill of Aymouth in Scotland ; and upon the marriage of the Princess Anne, his wife was, at the Princess' earnest desire, made lady of her Royal Highness' bedchamber. Upon the accession of James, he was raised to the English peerage by the title of Baron Churchill of Sandridge, in the county of Hertford ; and during Monmouth's insurrection, he was promoted to the rank of major-general. Churchill had saved Monmouth's life at the siege of Maastricht ; and was now summoned to acknowledge him as king of England. By his dispositions, this unhappy and misguided man was compelled to risk an action ; and by his vigilance the royal army was saved from a surprise. But his favor with James ceased after this time. Upon the great question by which the country was disturbed, his opinions were those of a wise and good man. He had considered the conduct of the whigs in Charles' reign toward the Duke of York, as disrespectful, unjust, and unconstitutional. "Though I have an aversion to popery," he observed, "yet I am no less averse to persecution for conscience sake. I deem it the highest act of injustice to set any one aside from his inheritance, upon bare suppositions of intentional evils, and when nothing that is actual appears to preclude him from the exercise of his just rights." After the accession of James, however, he declared to Lord Galway, that if the king should attempt to change the religion and constitution of the country, he would quit his service. That intention was unequivocally manifested ; and Lord Churchill was among the first who made overtures to the Prince of Orange ; but he discharged his duty as a faithful friend and subject by telling the king what the feelings of the people were respecting his conduct, and warning him of the consequences which were likely to ensue.

At the revolution, Lord Churchill was one of those peers who voted for a regency. In such times the wisest statesman can rely little upon his own foresight, and must sometimes alter his course, as the physician is compelled, by the symptoms which he discovers to-day, to depart from the plan of treatment which he had yesterday prescribed. When there appeared no alternative but to recall James, or confer the crown on William, he absented himself from the discussion, and submitted, as was his duty, to the decision. On this occasion Lady Churchill used her influence with

the Princess Anne, in persuading her to let her own succession be postponed in favor of her sister. Soon afterwards Lord Churchill was made Earl of Marlborough, a title which seems to have been chosen because of a family connexion with the last earls of that name. He served during a short campaign in the Low Countries, under the Prince of Waldeck, who declared that in a single battle he manifested greater talents than generals of longer experience had shown in many years. It is believed that he refused to serve in Ireland, when his former sovereign and benefactor was in that country ; but as soon as James had retired to France, he offered his services to reduce Cork and Kinsale, and effected the object with such skill and celerity, that William said of him, he knew no man equally fit for command, who had served so few campaigns.

There is now proof before the public, that Marlborough was in correspondence at that time with the exiled king ; had expressed contrition for the part which he had taken in the Revolution, engaged to make amends by his future conduct, and obtained a promise of pardon for himself, his lady, his friend Godolphin, and some others. Actions which cannot be justified may often be extenuated, if we give but a just consideration to the circumstances and the spirit of the times. In all great revolutions, the foundations not of government alone, but of morality also, are shaken. There is so much villany and falsehood at the commencement, (for they who aim at revolutionizing a country scruple at no arts, however base, and at no crimes, however atrocious,) and so much wickedness of every kind in the progress, that from seeing right and wrong habitually confounded, men insensibly adapt their principles to the season, and self-preservation and self-advancement become the only rule of conduct. This was exemplified in the state of England during the interval between the Restoration and Revolution ; the standard of general morality was never at any other time so low. The persons who figured in public life had grown up in an age of anarchy, and there were few among them who made any pretensions either to public or private virtue. Marlborough was far superior in both to his contemporaries, but he was yet young in state affairs ; and when a well-rooted attachment to the laws and religion of his country led him to concur in inviting over the Prince of Orange, the strong measure of deposing the sovereign was not contemplated by him, as the necessary, or even as the possible, consequence.—"I do solemnly protest," says his wife, in the account of her own conduct, speaking of William's accession, "that if there be truth in any mortal, I was so very simple a creature, that I never once dreamt of his being king. I imagined that the Prince of Orange's sole design was to provide for the safety of his own country, by obliging king James to keep the laws of ours ; and that he would go back as soon as he had made us all happy :

that there was no sort of difficulty in the execution of this design; and that to do so much good, would be a greater pleasure to him than to be king of any country upon earth." In saying this, the duchess had no intention of offering any apology for herself, still less for her husband. Want of sincerity was not among her faults—for she was of a frank and honorable nature—and as it is certain that Marlborough reposed in her the most entire confidence, and even on great political occasions sometimes submitted his own better judgment to hers, it may fairly be presumed from this passage, that his views in inviting William went no farther than are there stated. The motives which may have induced him to correspond with the exiled king are briefly indicated by Mr. Coxe. He was personally attached to James—a prince who, with all his grievous faults, was not without some redeeming virtues. He was displeased by the measures of William in favor of the dissenters—measures which he believed injurious to the welfare of that church, the preservation of which had been the immediate cause and object of the Revolution. Something too is ascribed to the cold and repulsive manners of the new king, and to his imprudent predilection for foreigners. But undoubtedly what chiefly influenced him, was a distrust of the stability of the new government, which made him provide means for his security in case of a restoration. So James himself understood it; "they were to be pardoned and in security," he says, "in case the king returned, and yet suffer nothing in the interim, nor to give any other proofs of their sincerity than bare words and empty promises." This conduct cannot be justified; but it should be remembered, that on both sides Marlborough saw much to discontent him; and that though in certain states of public feeling, a desire of martyrdom is the strongest of all ambitions, and perhaps that which is most easily excited, men will never sacrifice themselves for a cause which they only half approve.

The Mogul Sultan Acbar bore this inscription upon one of his seals: "I never knew a man lost upon a straight road." It had been well for Marlborough's reputation, and for his happiness, if that saying had been taught him in his youth; for by the crooked policy which he pursued, he brought upon himself greater dangers than those which he was endeavoring to avert. He was committed to the Tower upon an accusation brought by one Young; a villain who, having forged letters with such skill, that Marlborough said he himself should have been deceived by the imitation, hid him in a flower-pot at the Bishop of Rochester's. The place was searched upon his information, and the evidence which was then discovered, appeared at first to be conclusive against the persons whose lives this wretch intended to sacrifice. The forgery was detected, but Marlborough was dismissed from his employments. His name was erased from the list of privy-counsellors, and he was de-

tained some time after the falsehood of the accusation against him had been proved. Undoubtedly William was apprized of his correspondence with the exiled king. Marlborough had the consciousness of innocence to support him, as to the specific fact of which he was accused; but he must have felt very differently, when Sir John Fenwick, in the hope of saving his own life, charged him with having accepted a pardon from James, and undertaken to secure the army for his service. Fenwick had good reason to believe the charge, but he had no means of proving it, his information resting only upon the indirect communications of certain French agents, who told him all they knew, and probably passed upon him their hopes and conjectures for facts. On this occasion Mordaunt, then Lord Monmouth, afterwards the famous Earl of Peterborough, acted with peculiar infamy; he supplied Fenwick with written directions how to conduct his defence, so as to implicate the persons whom he had accused; and yet when Fenwick did not think proper to follow these directions, this most inconsistent man voted for the attainder against him. The charge could not be substantiated, and Fenwick died with the shame of having betrayed the cause for which he suffered.

Magnanimity was William's characteristic virtue—and in that how many virtues are included! He knew how far Marlborough had gone, and could make allowance for the motives which induced him to play a double part. And though he had prejudices against him, arising from court-quarrels and the jealousies between the queen and her sister, he was nevertheless sagacious enough to perceive, and just enough to acknowledge, his extraordinary capacity. He frequently expressed his concern that he could not employ a nobleman who was equally distinguished for political and military talents. "Other generals," he said, "found everything impracticable which was proposed to them; but Marlborough appeared never to discover a difficulty." At length he appointed him governor to the Duke of Gloucester; and with a gracefulness of compliment which has seldom been exceeded, when he delivered the prince into his care, said, "Teach him to be like yourself, and he will not want accomplishments."

When the ungenerous usage which William had experienced from Parliament led him, in the bitterness of his heart, to determine upon renouncing a throne where his best intentions were thwarted by a party-spirit, which has from that day been the worst evil and the peculiar disgrace of England, Marlborough was one of the few persons to whom he imparted his design. And when, after the accession of Philip V. to the throne of Spain, William prepared for war, he appointed Marlborough to command the forces in the Netherlands, and to negotiate the treaties for the renewal of the Grand Alliance. This was an arduous task: he had to reconcile jarring interests, to

ally or at least suspend inveterate enmities, to moderate extravagant pretensions, and to conciliate impracticable young sovereigns, in whom will and passion were paramount, and obstinate ministers who had grown old in imbecility and error. In addition to these difficulties, both William and the Dutch government urged him, in his treaty with the Emperor, to fix the number of troops which England should supply, without waiting for the sanction of Parliament. On this point Marlborough stood firm; in his correspondence with the English ministers he says, "I am fully persuaded that if the king should be prevailed upon to settle this by his own authority, we shall never see a quiet day more in England, and consequently not only ruin ourselves, but also undo the liberties of Europe; for if the king and Parliament begin with a dispute, France will give what laws she pleases." And to Godolphin he says that, if the cabinet should be induced to take this step, and send out orders to him, "I am so persuaded that the doing of this by his Majesty's authority would prove fatal to himself and the kingdom, that I should desire to be recalled; for, before God, I will die sooner than do so fatal a thing." These representations had the effect of dissuading the king from an intention which seems to have originated in an imperfect understanding of the constitution, certainly not in any desire of increasing his power by unconstitutional means. The last advice of William to his successor was, that she should look upon Marlborough as the most proper person in her dominions to lead her armies, and direct her councils.

Well was it for England and for Europe, that Marlborough, owing to accidental circumstances, possessed that influence over the mind of the new sovereign to which he was justly entitled by his surpassing talents; for the exigencies of the time required the full exertion of such talents. William himself, great general as he was, had scarcely been able, with the aid of all his allies, to make head against the overwhelming power of France: but Spain was now detached from the alliance, and ranged on the side of France; and by virtue of that connexion, Louis XIV. had obtained complete possession of the Spanish Netherlands, (which had been the bulwark of Holland,) for all purposes of offensive war. Bavaria also was become the ally of the French, whose arms, by this connexion, were at once introduced into the heart of the empire. The power of France exceeded all precedent in modern history. The French are eminently a military people; their education, their habits of mind and of body, their universal cleverness, their vivacity, their buoyant spirit, the hardness and the lightness of their character, their virtues and their vices, fit them above all others for a military life; and half a century had brought their armies to the highest state of discipline, under officers alike characterized by the love and knowledge of their profession. The kingdom had also the advantage

of a firm government, under a sovereign of no common talents, who, more than any other of the European kings, possessed the unbounded affection of his subjects, because his character was completely suited to that of the people whom he governed. There was no vacillation in his councils; whoever might be minister, the same system was steadily pursued; a system of aggrandizement, which disregarded all treaties, all obligations moral and religious, and against which there could be no security; that system during the whole of his long reign, the longest in the annals of Europe, he had pursued without intermission and without remorse.

It would have been easy for Louis to effect the subjugation of Europe, had not this country opposed. But the situation of England must have appeared to him as unfavorable as that of his own kingdom was advantageous, in all those points which he had been accustomed to contemplate as constituting the essential strength of states. A woman was at the head of a feeble government, a factious legislature and a divided nation. Her talents were of the common standard; there was little in her personal character which deserved respect, but few persons have ever been more largely entitled to compassion. The rank in which she was born placed her in an unhappy situation, wherein the path of duty was not plain. The strongest intellect and the purest mind might have hesitated how to act, between a sense of what was due on the one hand to the king her father, and on the other to the religion of her country, in which she had been so carefully brought up, that neither her father's example, nor the perversion of her mother had, in the slightest degree, shaken her attachment to the principles of the English Church. Her part was taken, not with deliberation, but in a time of confusion, alarm and fear; in that crisis she preferred her public to her private duty, and her own heart ever afterwards punished her for the sacrifice of a natural and sure feeling to a doubtful obligation. When the king heard that she also had deserted him, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, God help me! even my own children have forsaken me. Anne must have called to mind this exclamation with a bitterness at least equal to that in which it was uttered, when, after having borne eight immature births, and nine living children, she saw the last of them expire, when he was the acknowledged heir to the crown, and when the promise of his virtues and talents might have satisfied the wisest desires and the most ambitious hopes. "She attended on him," says Burnet, "during his sickness, with great tenderness, but with a grave composedness that amazed all who saw it; she bore his death with a resignation and piety that were indeed very singular." It might have occurred to the bishop that this composedness was the demeanor of one who submitted to the stroke as a judicial visitation, and in her inward soul acknowledged how fitting it was that she, who had sinned against a parent, should be punished in

her children. Under that impression she corresponded with her father, and requested he would sanction her acceptance of the crown in the event of William's death, declaring her readiness to restore it whenever it should be practicable. James would hear of no such compromise.—If he had survived William, Anne would have had a second conflict with herself, more painful than the first. His decease placed her in a different situation. She could have no personal affection for her brother, and it appears that she had been so far imposed upon by the impudent story of the warming-pan as to doubt his birth,—though not to disbelieve it.

Louis, who knew of her correspondence with her father, could not have supposed that she should, in any degree, be the dupe of so gross a falsehood. He reckoned the queen's conscience among his allies; and he was statesman enough to understand that public measures depend more upon the personal disposition of the governors, than upon any principle of policy, or any other causes whatsoever. He had not yet learnt to fear the English armies, and probably thought that in losing William they had lost their greatest strength. The English councils he had a right to despise,—*fluctuation perpetuelle dans la conduite d'Angleterre*, was the indignant exclamation of De Witt. Unanimity in a nation was regarded by him of such importance, that, for the sake of obtaining it, he had stained his history by a most inhuman and wholesale persecution; it is likely, therefore, that he calculated the religious animosities which prevailed among the English, at more than they were worth in his favor. With the strength of the jacobites he was perfectly acquainted, and he knew the price of a patriot. Everything in the comparison seemed to ensure the success of France in the approaching contest, for he was altogether ignorant of the spirit and the resources of England.

The hopes which he entertained from the disposition of the queen were frustrated by the ascendancy of the countess of Marlborough. The intimacy between them, which had commenced in early youth, had ripened into a romantic friendship, in which rank on the one side, and talents on the other, established something like equality. The happiness of the countess was not increased by the power of which she found herself possessed upon the queen's accession: her influence, however, at this time was one of the most fortunate accidents in English history. The garter was given to her husband, he was appointed captain-general of the forces at home and abroad, and at his instance Godolphin was made lord high treasurer—a statesman worthy to be his colleague. The only son of Godolphin had married Marlborough's eldest daughter, lady Henrietta. Lady Anne, the second, was married to Lord Spencer, son of the Earl of Sunderland. Marlborough and Godolphin were both Tories, but more than any men of their generation free from the narrowness and asperity of party-spirit; for they were both men of sound

judgment, as well as mature years and political experience, upright principles, and true English feeling. The ministry was formed by the queen without their interference; she consulted her private inclinations and antipathies, and composed it of the most decided Tories, men who were so intolerant, that, not contented with filling all the higher offices of the state and the law, they would not have suffered a single Whig to officiate as justice of the peace, if Marlborough and Godolphin had not interposed and restrained them. This interposition became a cause of disunion in the ministry, even from its commencement. The queen's uncle, Lord Rochester, was at the head of the Tories; his father, in all important respects, the most valuable of our English historians, is also the model of an English statesman, for the general justness of his views, and the uniform integrity of his life. Rochester had neither inherited his moderation nor his wisdom, nor his manly and decided character. When the question of peace or war was now at issue, and it was time for England to come forward in fulfilment of the alliances which William had concluded, he and the more violent Tories would have drawn back and temporized; and they proposed the miserable expedient of engaging in the contest only as auxiliaries, not as a principal. This paltry policy was combated and exposed by Marlborough, and the better genius of England for that time prevailed; but a schism was thus occasioned in the party, and a coldness followed between Rochester and Marlborough, who, till that time, had been friends, and Rochester became his secret opponent first, and ultimately his open enemy.

But Marlborough had a nearer disquietude. His wife had long been inclined to favor the Whigs, and from the marriage of her daughter with Lord Spencer, that inclination had increased, till it became a strong and decided preference. If fortune had placed her in the situation of her royal mistress, she would have made a queen like Elizabeth, or the Russian Catharine, without the personal weakness of the one, or the vices of the other; her character was of the same stamp, commanding and imperious. The political sphere in which she was placed made her, of necessity, interested in political affairs; the wife of Marlborough, and the favorite of Queen Anne could see, or hear, or think of little else; her talents qualified her to take a part, but unhappily she was unable to act with moderation, for her temper was warm, as well as frank and generous. During William's life all differences between herself and the queen, upon political opinions, were suspended by their common dislike to the king; but upon Anne's accession, a dispathy immediately began, which, though only perceptible at first in the point of difference, insensibly extended, till it leavened the whole feelings of both, and converted old friendship into inveterate ill-will. Such a woman could not abstain from interfering when her interference might well have been spared: her husband's interest and welfare

and glory were now inseparably connected with the prosperity of the state, and it was impossible for her to refrain from suggesting measures, which, in her judgment, seemed essential to his success. Obedience was the only virtue in which she was deficient:—perhaps the fault was in Marlborough himself, who loved her too fondly to exact submission, when he failed to persuade her that she was acting from mistaken views. The family connexion with Godolphin gave her greater means of interfering than she would otherwise have possessed: in this respect, therefore, it was unfortunate. One of her first letters to that statesman after the formation of the new ministry, shows both her judgment and her disposition in a favorable light. “If I had power to dispose of places,” said she, “the first rule should be, to have those that were proper for the business; the next, those that had deserved upon any occasion; and, whenever there was room without hurting the public, I think one would, with pleasure, give employments to those who were in so unhappy a condition as to want them.”

In May, 1702, Marlborough, who had been appointed ambassador-extraordinary to the United States, embarked from Margate to take the command. He parted from the countess at the water-side, and in a hasty note which he wrote to her from the ship, he says it was impossible to express with what a heavy heart. He would have given his life to come back, he said, though he durst not, knowing his own weakness, and that he could not have concealed it; and he told her, that for a long time he stood upon the deck looking toward the cliffs through a glass, in hopes of having one sight more of her. All his influence had been used to obtain the chief command for the Prince of Denmark, for, when the good of the general cause was concerned, never was any man more perfectly indifferent to his individual interests. The Dutch could not be induced to consent; they had little confidence in the talents of the prince, and, what perhaps weighed more with them, they thought he would not submit to the control of the field-deputies whom they sent to the army, for the purpose of inspecting and regulating the conduct of their generals. This post was also desired by the Archduke Charles, for whom Spain, to which he laid claim, was a fitter scene of action; by the Duke of Zell, by the King of Prussia, and by the Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I. There were objections to all these; and the Prince of Nassau Saarbruck and the Earl of Athlone withdrew their pretensions in favor of Marlborough, who was accordingly appointed Generalissimo, with a salary of £10,000 a year.

The principal army of the allies under Athlone was at this time in the vicinity of Cleves, to cover that part of the frontier between the Rhine and the Meuse, and to favor the Prince of Saarbruck, who, with 25,000 men, was besieging Kayserswerth. Cohorn had 10,000 men near the mouth of the Scheldt to secure that quarter, and threaten the district of Bruges. On the part of the enemy, the Count de la Motte and the Marquis of Bedmar covered that side against Cohorn. Marshal Tallard was detached from the Upper Rhine with 13,000 men to interrupt the siege of Kayserswerth; and the powerful army of the French, commanded by the Duke of Burgundy, with Marshal Boufflers to assist him, was assembled on the Meuse, and occupied the fortresses in the bishopric of Liege, which were of essential advantage to them. It was

rightly supposed that the Duke of Burgundy would not have been sent to the army, unless there had been an expectation of some signal success; and before Marlborough could arrive to take the command, there was a danger that his operations would be confined to the defence of the Dutch frontiers. Athlone threw 12,000 men into Meastricht, and thus provided for the security of that important town; but Nimeguen was without a garrison, and even without a single cannon mounted on the ramparts; the duke was joined by Tallard, and made a sudden move against it. It was saved by the vigorous resistance of the burghers, and by Athlone, who entered at the very moment when the enemy had advanced within gunshot of the works. But the Dutch were frightened at the danger they had escaped, and would now have made self-defence the principle of their timid operations. When Marlborough arrived at the army, it was posted along the Waal between Nimeguen and Fort Schenk. Three plans were proposed; one to attack the French, who were on the right bank of the Meuse between Goch and Genep; this was at once rejected on account of the strength of their position; the second was to advance up the Rhine, cut off the enemy's communication, and reduce Rheinberg, as the commencement of an offensive system: the council of war referred this to the decision of the States; and upon the third, which was Marlborough's suggestion, that they should move upon Brabant, and thus draw the whole attention of the enemy to the Spanish Netherlands, it was determined, after two consultations, to apply to the Dutch government for instructions. The proverb, that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety, is not applicable to military affairs, where everything depends upon decision and promptitude. No general was ever more crippled in his operations than Marlborough at this time.—The field-deputies, men entirely ignorant of war, always impeded him by their slow deliberations, and their fear of responsibility, and could at any time paralyze his movements. Too many of the generals regarded him with an invidious feeling; Athlone in particular, a man cold and wary by nature, rendered by age more cautious and more phlegmatic than by his constitution and Dutch blood, and now soured by ill-will. Irretrievable time was lost, when every day was of value; and to add to the embarrassments and vexation of the commander, points of punctilio arose concerning the Hanoverian and Prussian allies. At length, after the loss of fourteen precious days the States determined—that they would determine nothing; but that the general officers, making the safety of Nimeguen and of the Rhine their first object, should determine for themselves. They resolved to pass the Meuse and march to the siege of Rheinberg. The reason for crossing the river was to alarm the French, and spare that part of the country from which they were to draw their subsistence during the siege. The plan was not what Marlborough would have chosen. He knew that if the enemy had good intelligence, they might so act as to compel the allies to change it. “If the fear of Nimeguen and the Rhine,” said he, “had not hindered us from marching into Brabant, they must then have had the disadvantage of governing themselves by our motions, whereas we are now obliged to mind them.”

The plan thus hesitatingly adopted was not pursued, and Marlborough was allowed to act upon his own judgment. Pointing to the enemy's camp,

he said exultingly to the Dutch deputies, "I shall soon deliver you from these troublesome neighbors!" The event justified his confidence, for no sooner had they heard that he had crossed the Meuse, than they also passed the river, and hastened, by forced marches, in the direction of Peer and Bray. Marlborough was now assured that he should draw them entirely from the Meuse, be able to besiege Venloo, and to subside in their territory during the remainder of the campaign. In these hopes he was not disappointed, though the timidity of the deputies prevented him from attacking the enemy in a position where, according to the undeniable testimony of Berwick, then in the French army, their defeat must have been inevitable. A second time he was prevented from attacking them and obtaining an easy victory, by the tardiness of the allied troops in executing his orders. The factious party in England complained that he had suffered the enemy to escape; in this they proceeded upon the half-information which they possessed, without any regard to justice, or any feeling of generosity; but the spirit of party went farther than this, and with its usual malignity accused him of endeavoring to prolong the war for the sake of his own interest. Meantime the soldiers did justice to their commander, and loudly exclaimed against those by whom his purposes and their eager hopes had been frustrated; and Marlborough, while he submitted patiently to the cruel calumnies with which he was assailed at home, had some difficulty to silence the discontent which the officers as well as the men expressed in his favor. His movements, however, had been so far successful, that the Duke of Burgundy withdrew from the French army, lest he should have the mortification of witnessing conquests which there was little hope of preventing. Venloo, Sievenswaert and Ruremond were taken, notwithstanding the tardiness of the Dutch; the campaign was concluded by the capture of Liege. Boufflers attempted to storm this city by taking post under the walls, but Marlborough anticipated him by occupying the ground, and the French were a third time indebted for their safety to the Dutch deputies, always timid, and therefore always in the wrong. They now retired within their lines, and Marlborough distributed his troops into winter-quarters.

When the campaign was closed, an accident occurred which might have counterbalanced all its advantages, and given a fatal turn to the events of the war. Leaving Maestricht for the Hague, Marlborough embarked on the Meuse with the Dutch deputies and a guard of five-and-twenty men. The next day he was joined at Ruremond by Cohorn, with three score men in a larger boat, and fifty troopers escorted them along the banks of the river; but in the night the troopers lost their way, the larger boat went on without attending to its companion, and a French partisan from Guelder who, with thirty-five men, was lurking among the reeds and sedges, seized the tow-rope of Marlborough's boat, fired into it, boarded it and overpowered the guard. The deputies had provided themselves with French passes; it would have been beneath Marlborough's dignity to take the same precaution; and he was saved by his own coolness and the presence of mind of an attendant, named Gell, who having in his pocket a pass granted to General Churchill, slipped it into his hand unperceived. Marlborough presented it; the darkness, the confusion, perhaps the ignorance,

perhaps the civility of the Frenchman, prevented a scrutiny of the passport; and after pillaging the boat, extorting the usual presents, which on this occasion were gladly given, and detaining the guard as prisoners, the partisan suffered Marlborough and the deputies to proceed. He rewarded Gell for this essential service with an annuity of £50. The alarm presently spread over the country. The Governor of Venloo prepared to attack Guelder, whither he supposed the prisoner had been conveyed; and the States, who were then assembled at the Hague, passed a vote by acclamation that all their troops should instantly march for the purpose of rescuing a commander, whose importance to the common cause was now instantaneously and instinctively acknowledged. The conduct of the Dutch on this occasion was highly honorable. The common people crowded to meet him when he landed at the Hague, all crying out welcome, and some pressing to take him by the hand, and many men as well as women weeping for joy at his escape. The pomp of a Roman triumph would have been less gratifying to a heart like Marlborough's than this reception, for he was as quick in feeling kindness as he was ready to bestow it.

The success of the campaign, inferior as it was to what it might have been, had not the masterly spirit of the commander been controlled, far exceeded the expectations and hopes of the States. They deputed the Pensionary Heinsius to congratulate him, and the orator, in alluding to his escape, said that no hope would have been left if France had retained in bondage the man, whom they revered as the instrument of Providence for securing independence to the greater part of the Christian world. Athlone himself made the most honorable amends for his past conduct; he called him an incomparable general, and declared that the whole success was owing to him alone, "since I confess," said he, "that I, serving as second in command, opposed, in all circumstances, his opinion and proposals." The queen immediately acquainted his wife with her intention of raising him to a dukedom. This intelligence, though communicated in terms of the most affectionate friendship, gave no pleasure to the countess. That extraordinary woman was not ambitious of any higher rank; "there is no advantage in it," she said, "but in going in at a door, and when a rule is settled, I like as well to follow five hundred as one." "The title of duke," she added, "was a great burden in a family where there were many sons; and though she had then but one, she might have more, and there might be a great many in the next generation." As far, therefore, as her inclination might weigh with the queen, she declined the dignity, and she earnestly pressed her husband to do the same; their estate, she thought, was not sufficient to support the title, and she observed that his elevation to that rank might draw upon the queen solicitations which would greatly embarrass her. The queen, however, persisted in her purpose; Godolphin urged him to acquiesce, and his friend the Pensionary Heinsius represented to him in strong terms the good effect which it would have with the foreign princes. At any after-time, he said, such an elevation might look like the effect of favor, for it was not reasonable to expect that so much success would ever be obtained in any other campaign;—now it would appear, as it was meant to be, and as it was, an act of public justice, honorable to himself and his



family, honorable to the queen, and for the good of the common cause. He acquiesced in these reasonable representations, and was created Marquis of Blandford and Duke of Marlborough. The queen conferred upon him at the same time £5000 out of the post-office for her own life, and requested Parliament to devise a proper mode for settling this grant on him and his successors in the title, but the proposal excited so much opposition that, at the duke's desire it was withdrawn.

In less than three months after Marlborough had been rewarded with the highest title that an English subject can attain in his own country, he lost his only surviving son, a youth of seventeen, and of the highest promise, moral and intellectual. He died at Cambridge, of the small-pox. It was well for the father that duty soon recalled him to a scene where he had little leisure for dwelling on the past;—yet Lord Blandford was soon to have followed the army, and served under him in that campaign; many circumstances therefore, with which the recollection of his loss would not otherwise have been associated, brought it to Marlborough's mind; and in one of his letters to Godolphin, touching upon this with the unreserve of perfect friendship, he says, "since it has pleased God to take him, I do wish from my soul I could think less of him."

The military operations had not been entirely suspended during the winter. Rheinberg had been reduced, and Guelder blockaded,—the capture of this latter place would clear Spanish Guelderland from the enemy; but the French, in whose councils there was unity of will and of purpose, had concerted their plans with a decision which Marlborough vainly endeavored to infuse into the allies. Never wanting in alacrity nor in vigor, when the glory of their country is concerned, (however mistaken they may be as to its true interests, or indifferent to the justice of its cause,) they had made great efforts for strengthening their armies, and concerted a plan of wide and well-arranged operations. Villeroi was to act on the offensive in the Low Countries, reduce the places on the Meuse, and threaten the Dutch; the united troops of France and Savoy were to penetrate from Italy into Germany through the Tyrol; and another army was to make its way from the Upper Rhine through the Black Forest, meet the Italian force, form a junction with the Bavarians, and march upon Vienna, where it was supposed they might dictate their own terms to the emperor; for, on the one hand, the insurgents in Hungary were acting in their favor, and on the other, it was believed that the maritime powers would be occupied by Villeroi, and wholly incapable of making any movements for his relief. The liberties of Europe were never in greater danger, and Marlborough was the only person who could have preserved them. It is awful to reflect how much many sometimes depend upon a single life.

But Marlborough's operations were again shackled by the States. They insisted upon besieging Bonn, in the vain opinion that the elector would capitulate rather than expose that fine town to destruction. It was against his judgment; but when preparations had been made, and the intention had become so public that to desist from it would have been adding loss of reputation to loss of time, Cohorn, who should have taught engineering instead of practising it, would have delayed the siege till the end of the year, if Marlborough had not insisted upon proceeding. He

knew that it was better resolutely to pursue a plan which had not been wisely chosen, than to betray infirmity of mind by change of purpose. So the siege was pushed with vigor; and when it had succeeded, he directed his thoughts to what he called the great design, which was to carry the war into the heart of Brabant and West Flanders. The French lines extended from Antwerp to the Meuse, a small river which falls into the Meuse a little above Huy, and they had another series of fortifications stretching from Antwerp towards Ostend; for the protection of these lines there were two flying camps, one near Antwerp under the Marquis of Bedmar, and the other under Count de la Motte, near Bruges. Marlborough's intention was to bring the French to battle if he could; this, he said, with the blessing of God, would be of far greater advantage to the common cause than the taking of twenty towns. He knew his own military skill, and the temper of his men, and, like a right Englishman, he never doubted of victory. But it was not the interest of the enemy to risk a battle, and therefore he did not expect it. He hoped, however, to make them retire behind their lines, to force them by a combined operation, and get possession of Antwerp and Ostend. This plan was defeated by the misconduct of the Dutch generals Cohorn, Spaar and Opdam. They broke through on their side, having obtained the leave of the States, for the purpose of raising a contribution in the country of Waes. If any part of the world might deserve, by the common consent of nations, to be held sacred in war, because of the excellent industry of the inhabitants, it is this; so perfect is the cultivation, and so delightful the beauty and the comfort which have been produced. The contribution was the motive, which Marlborough observed these people liked but too well, and it operated strongly upon Cohorn, who, as governor of West Flanders, would have the ninth of all that should be raised. Contrary to the commander's express orders, they made the attack, when he was at too great a distance to support them, and the consequence was, that Opdam's corps was surprised, and he himself, narrowly escaping from being taken on a reconnoitering party, fled to Breda with intelligence that his whole force was cut off. The panic was premature, for Slangenburg assumed the command, and, by availing himself of the dikes, repulsed the enemy, and effected his retreat. It had, however, ill consequences. The Dutch generals quarrelled with one another, each seeking to excuse himself; and Slangenburg, who, for his impracticable temper, had been laid aside during the latter years of William's reign, though he would otherwise have been a good general, basely accused Marlborough of having designedly exposed the Dutch troops to defeat, because he was jealous of them. The endless bickerings of these men, and the irresolution of the States so harassed Marlborough, as to draw from him a complaint, in his correspondence, that they made his life a burden. Even the Pensionary Heinsius, and the other official men, whose wishes and opinions coincided entirely with his, sheltered themselves on all occasions under his responsibility, and shrunk from it themselves; and from the violence of factions in Holland, and the weakness of a popular government, or, as Marlborough called it, the want of a government, he began to fear that things would go wrong at last. So far wrong they went, that after the enemy declined an action

and retired within their lines, a council of war prevented Marlborough from attacking them there. Thus his hopes for the campaign were effectually defeated, and he was obliged to content himself for the remainder of the season with reducing Huy, Limburg, and Guelder.

Even-minded and master of himself as Marlborough was, continual vexation affected his health. He complained that the unreasonable opposition which he had met with had, by heating his blood, almost made him wild with head-ache. This was an affliction to which he was particularly subject, and which must have been grievously aggravated by continual fatigue, both of mind and body. The state of parties in England was a constant source of anxiety to him. He saw the evil of that party-spirit which was then, and has continued to be, the bane and the disgrace of England. Godolphin also saw it. Both parties were equally violent, and equally indifferent as to any means whereby they could advance their own views: of this too Marlborough was convinced. The whigs, who were for a vigorous prosecution of the war, were yet for thwarting and embarrassing government on every occasion—because they were not in power; and many of the tory ministry, because the war was contrary to their system, and to their secret wishes, were desirous of crippling the general in his operations. No people have ever experienced so much evil from the contention of parties as the English, and no people have ever profited so little by experience. A cry was raised, as in our own days, that we were wasting the resources of the kingdom; that it was necessary to contract our exertions, and confine ourselves to a defensive system. And when Godolphin, wearied by their clamor, intimated a disposition to yield to it, Marlborough resolved to retire from a situation, which, if it could not be supported with honor and advantage, was too painful to be borne. The duchess communicated this intention to the queen. The queen's answer, written in the assumed name used in the friendly correspondence between them, was in the most affectionate terms. She did not wonder, she said, that persons in such posts should be weary of the world; but they ought a little to consider their country, which must be ruined if such thoughts were put in execution.—“As for your poor unfortunate faithful Morley,” the letter continued, “she could not bear it; for if ever you should forsake me, I would have nothing more to do with the world, but make another abdication; for what is a crown when the support of it is gone!” Unfortunate, was an epithet which she always applied to herself, in her private letters, after the death of her son. She concluded by saying, that she never would forsake the Marlboroughs and Godolphin, but always be their constant and faithful friend:—“We four,” said she “must never part, till death mows us down with his impartial hand.” After such a letter, it was not possible for Marlborough to persist in his resignation. Some changes in the ministry also made his situation for a time less irksome, though they proved eventually in the highest degree injurious, both to himself and the interests of Europe. By his influence Harley was made secretary of state, and St. John secretary at war. Marlborough had the most implicit confidence in both these men; but they did not deceive the duchess; she perceived their true character, and warned her husband against them: unhappily this was the only instance in which he did not suf-

fer himself to be guided by her opinion in such cases.

Meantime the emperor was in a situation of great danger. The well-concerted operations of the French and Bavarians in the preceding year, had failed, through the resolute defence of the Tyrolese, who displayed the same loyal attachment to the House of Austria, and the same determined spirit of resistance to the Bavarians, by which they have distinguished themselves so heroically in our own days. The allies had also obtained a most important accession to their strength, in the Duke of Savoy. But on the side of Germany the French had obtained some important successes. M. Tallard had taken Brisac, which was the strongest bulwark of the empire on that side, and was regarded as one of the best fortresses in Europe, and he had recovered Landau. By these conquests they had a way open into the heart of the empire; and the Elector of Bavaria, commanding the course of the Danube from its sources to the frontiers of Austria, communicated on the one side with the victorious French armies on the Rhine, and with the Hungarian insurgents on the other. The head-quarters were near Ulm. He had an army of 45,000 men, against which scarcely 20,000 could be brought by the exhausted means of the emperor. Leopold even prepared his capital for a siege. The army of the empire, under the Margrave of Baden, was employed to defend the lines of Stolhoffen, and was far from being competent to that important service. The defiles of the Black Forest were left to a handful of troops, who were to be supported by the militia and the peasantry. On all sides the means of defence were miserably inadequate; and the French cabinet had good reason to believe, that while they amused the allies in the Netherlands, the next campaign would enable them to dictate their own terms at Vienna.

Marlborough comprehended the full extent of the danger, and perceived that there was only one means of averting it, which was, by moving his army to the Danube, and saving the heart of the empire from a meditated blow which would otherwise be fatal, not only to Austria and the empire, but to the Protestant succession in England, and to the liberties of Europe. If this were not done, all would be lost; an attempt therefore for preventing it, though so hazardous that at other times it might be deemed temerity, became prudent now. The emperor had one general in his service worthy, for his military talents, to coöperate with Marlborough in any plan of operations, however arduous, and generous enough to serve with him, or under him, with the perfect confidence of friendship, and perfect devotedness of duty. This was Prince Eugene, who had been removed from the command in Italy, to be made president of the council of war at Vienna. With him Marlborough corresponded and concerted the scheme of a campaign, so bold in itself, and so unlike anything to which the English had been accustomed, that he did not venture to communicate the whole design even to Godolphin, much less to the cabinet. In that quarter he contented himself with obtaining an augmentation of 10,000 men to the 40,000 already under his immediate command. At the Hague he proposed a campaign on the Moselle, with the British and part of the foreign auxiliaries, leaving the remainder, and the Dutch troops under General Overkirk, to protect the Netherlands. Even this plan, far as it fell short

of that which he intended to pursue, appeared too bold for the States; but he was seconded by his friend the Pensionary, and their assent was finally given. He looked to the interests of the various allies, and used every means to conciliate, as well as to serve them. To the king of Prussia he made a confidential communication of the proposed campaign on the Moselle: and the emperor, through Prince Eugene's agency, was induced to write a letter to the queen, entreating an assistance proportioned to the emergency. Still, the difficulties were so great, that he relied more upon the chance of circumstances, or, in wiser and more religious language, which better represents his own feelings, upon Providence, than upon the means which he could expect to command. Writing from the Hague in February, whither he had gone to concert measures in the depth of winter, he says to the duchess, "For this campaign I see so very ill a prospect, that I am extremely out of heart; but God's will be done! In all the other campaigns, I had an opinion of being able to do something for the common cause; but in this I have no other hopes than that some lucky accident may enable me to do good." And on informing Godolphin that he had concluded everything in Holland, as far as could be done in a country where nobody had power to conclude anything, he expressed a hope that the blessing of God would make them succeed much better than they could propose to themselves; "for," said he, "Providence makes the wheel go round."

The letters of Leopold, and the representations of the imperial minister, produced the intended effect upon the English cabinet; and without yet entirely disclosing his views, even to Godolphin and the queen, he obtained general powers for concerting with the States such measures as might be deemed proper for relieving the emperor. The first hint of an effort in Germany awakened in England a party cry against hazardous enterprises and continental connexions; and the Dutch were so averse to go beyond a mere defensive system, that Marlborough declared he would lead the English troops alone to the Moselle, ceasing any further to consult with so inefficient and impracticable a government. This declaration alarmed the hostile faction; and the same timidity which had made the States refuse their assent before, induced them now to vest him with sufficient powers. He then apprized Godolphin that he thought it absolutely necessary to march into Germany, and take measures with the Margrave of Baden against the Elector of Bavaria; and in a subsequent letter he added, that if he found at Philippsburgh that the French had joined the elector, he should make no hesitation at marching to the Danube. The main difficulties were now removed; the impediments that might be expected from a person with whom he was to coöperate seemed little in comparison to what he had overcome: he felt no doubt of success when he should reach the scene of action; and in that confidence looked forward to the good name which he should leave behind him. It is curious to contrast the feelings of the general, relying thus hopefully upon Providence for the success of a good cause, with those of an officer in his army, who had been bred up among the Scotch covenants, and whose melancholy temperament suited their austere opinions. "Lord," says this officer, a man as thoroughly brave as he was religious, "I tremble to think on the profanity and wickedness of the army that I am in, and

what judgments we are to pull down upon our own heads. For the English army are sinners exceedingly before the Lord; and I have no hopes of success, or that this expedition shall prove to our honor. Howsoever much we think of ourselves, Thou wilt humble us." Nor was it merely because of the profligacy of the troops that he augured thus unhappily of the event; he thought it unlawful to act in behalf of the Emperor, because of his intolerance. "When I consider this," says he, "that we are assisting those oppressors who have wasted the church and people of God, persecuted and oppressed them, it makes me afraid the quarrel is not right, and that we shall not prosper, though I be satisfied that our quarrel against France is a very just one. O Lord, it is sad to be in an army, where I have not confidence to pray for success, and dare not seek in faith." If anything could have made this brave man a coward, it would have been his wrong notions in religion.

Colonel Blackader, from whose journal these passages are extracted, describes the troops as the scum and dregs of mankind—earthly devils, who seemed as if they were broke loose from hell. Allowing for the exaggeration of a man who says of himself, that all his comfort was poisoned by a melancholy temper, inclined to discontent; and who, in addition to this, had from his childhood been dosed with the essential acid of puritanism, it may be believed that the morals of the army were like those of all men whose moral and religious education has been totally neglected. The manner therefore in which Marlborough, without any extraordinary severity, (for of that, his nature was incapable,) made such an army a model for its discipline and good behavior wherever it went, will not appear the least remarkable nor the least meritorious part of his character. Wherever the French went, their armies were at free quarters, and the Germans followed the same cruel system. But Marlborough was particularly careful to spare the people whom he came to defend. He saw the men regularly paid, and duly provided with all things necessary (as far as was possible) for their well being and comfort. And by the order which he established, the inhabitants were conciliated, and the troops supplied better and more surely than could have been done by any measures of oppression and severity. In his first interview with Eugene, that prince expressed his admiration at the appearance of the men. He had heard much of the English cavalry, he said, which were reviewed before him, and he found it to be the best appointed and the finest that he had ever seen: money, of which there was no want in England, could buy clothes and accoutrements, but nothing could purchase the spirit which he saw in their looks; and that spirit was an earnest of victory.

It had not been possible for the enemy to perceive what were Marlborough's intentions for this campaign; the secret had been confined to himself and Prince Eugene till the latest moment; and the plan itself was so much beyond the usual policy of the English cabinet, and its vacillating allies, that the French were as little able to divine as to discover it. When they heard that he was at Coblenz, they apprehended an attack on the Moselle; when he advanced to Mentz, they feared for Alsace: lastly, they suspected that Landau was to be besieged; and when at length they knew that he was on his march toward the Danube, it was too late to take any measures for opposing

him on the way. At Huppach the Margrave of Baden joined him. It was Marlborough's wish that this commander would remain with the army on the Rhine, and leave Eugene to be his colleague on the Danube; but as the Danube was likely to be the more brilliant scene of action, the Margrave claimed the privilege of seniority in rank, and it was not without great difficulty that he was prevailed upon to share the command with the English general by alternate days. Eugene therefore was sent to the Rhine, against his own inclination, and against the judgment of Marlborough, who had full confidence in the prince, and rightly appreciated his generous character, as well as his military genius; but the Margrave was a man whom it was scarcely possible to guide, and by whom it might easily have been destruction to be guided. There were difficulties enough before him; the States, alarmed at a report that the Netherlands would be attacked, reclaimed a part of the auxiliary force: Villeroy and Tallard had had a meeting at Landau; and it was reasonable to suppose that they had concerted some important enterprise; and though he himself was not shackled as he had been by Dutch deputies, and generals who were more desirous to frustrate his plans than to execute his orders, he knew too well the evil which might result from an alternate command, when the moment for action was to be seized. But Marlborough was of a hopeful nature, without which no man is fit for the charge of an army, he his other qualifications what they may.

The first object, after the conjunction of the confederates, was to secure Donawerth as a place of arms for the invasion of Bavaria. This city, upon the frontiers of Bavaria and Swabia, is situated where the Wernitz flows into the Danube. The Elector, who occupied a strong position between Lawingen and Dillingen, and was waiting for reinforcements from Franco, had detached General D'Arco with 10,000 foot and 2500 horse, to protect this point by occupying the Schellenberg, a commanding height on the left bank of the river near the town, from which the course of the Danube may be seen as far as Ingolstadt. Its ascent is gradual, and on the summit, which is about half a mile wide, the enemy were encamped, and fortifying themselves with the utmost exertions. Marlborough well knew that if they arrived before this position on the day of the Margrave's authority, it would be wasted in deliberations. Seizing therefore his own time of command, he marched fourteen miles, though a heavy train of artillery was to be conducted over roads that had been drenched by incessant rains, and resolved upon immediately making the attack. To those who expressed a doubt whether this celerity were advisable, he replied with characteristic decision, "Either the enemy will escape, or will have time to finish their works; in the latter case, the delay of every hour will cost the loss of a thousand men." While the preparations were making, despatches arrived from Eugene with news that Villeroy and Tallard were at Strasburgh, preparing a powerful reinforcement for the elector, and the intelligence made him the more anxious that a blow should be struck without delay. The Bavarian generals did not believe that an army, after such a march, would begin an attack toward the close of day; and they hoped to complete their works during the night, and to receive a further supply of troops. But it soon appeared that their

men must desist from work, and take their arms. Surprised as they were, they made a skilful and brave resistance. The position was strong; the works, although unfinished, gave them great advantage, and having broken the assailants by a tremendous fire, they boldly rushed out and charged them with the bayonet. They were repulsed principally by a battalion of English guards, who maintained their ground singly while most of their officers were wounded or killed. At length the enemy were giving way, partly in consequence of a panic occasioned by the explosion of some powder, when the Margrave came up with the Imperialists, and completed the victory. The carnage was very great; the fugitives broke down the bridge by their numbers, and many perished in the Danube; the general's son was among them. Only 3000 of the Gallo-Bavarians escaped to rejoin the elector, and everything upon the ground was taken. But the victory was not purchased without a heavy loss. 1500 were killed, 4000 wounded, and among the slain were 8 generals, 11 colonels, and 26 captains; for the officers exerted themselves particularly in the action, and Marlborough exposed his own person greatly. The action lasted from six till eight in the evening. "We have no reason to boast," says Colonel Blackader. "The British value themselves too much, and think nothing can stand before them.—Oh that God would reform this army, that good men might have some pleasure in it!—I see that the smallest accidents give turn to the greatest actions, either to prosper or defeat them, in spite of human reason, prudence, or courage. In the evening (of the ensuing day) I went into the field of battle and got a preaching from the dead. The carcasses were very thick strewn upon the ground, naked and corrupted; yet all this makes no impression upon us, seeing our comrades and friends' bodies lying as dung upon the earth. Lord make us humble and thankful!"

Marlborough too was a religious man, though of a different stamp. In announcing his success to the queen, he ascribed it to the particular blessing of God, and the unparalleled bravery of the troops. It was because the British thought that nothing could stand before them, because they felt and knew themselves capable of doing whatever could be done by determined courage, that they won the victory. Their general said they had done so well that the cannon ought to be fired in London; he understood the value which brave men set upon the honor they have deserved. The victory also was important enough to be entitled to this mark of public approbation. Donawerth, which might have held out ten days, was immediately evacuated, and Leopold, who knew that had it not been for this timely and effectual expedition of the English, the elector would then have been in Vienna, wrote with his own hand to congratulate the victorious commander. Already Marlborough's merits were properly appreciated on the continent. Writing to him from Rome, the Duke of Shrewsbury says, "In this holy ignorant city they have an idea of you as of a Tamerlane; and had I a picture of old Colonel Birch with his whiskers, I could put it off for yours, and change it for one done by Raphael." There was now a probability of detaching Bavaria from its fatal alliance with France; the victory laid that country open to the allies; and the elector, who could not speak without tears of the favorite regiment which had been destroyed there, entered into a treaty

with the conquerors; the terms had been agreed upon, and the day fixed on which he was to ratify them; but before it arrived he received an assurance that Marshal Tallard was on the way to his assistance with 35,000 of the best troops of France, and he broke off the negotiation. The consequence was that, by the severe laws of war, his country was given up to military execution. This has been foully misrepresented by the French historian M. Targe: he says it was done pending the negotiations, and that Marlborough made no satisfactory reply when the elector accused him of proceedings more suited to the barbarity of the Turks, than to the observance of war among civilized nations. Whereas the threat was held out to induce him to make terms, and the blow was struck, when the treaty was put an end to on his part. What the feelings of Marlborough were in executing the threat appears in that private correspondence which has now for the first time come before the public. In one letter to his wife, he says, "This is so contrary to my nature, that nothing but absolute necessity could have obliged me to consent to it, for these poor people suffer for their master's ambition:" and in another—"My nature suffers when I see so many fine places burnt, and that must be burnt, if the elector will not hinder it." Yet he did his utmost to restrain the depredations of the German soldiery, and expressed his satisfaction that he had saved the fine woods which were at once the ornament and the riches of the country.

The imperialists who were acting with Marlborough had neither cannon nor money. The margrave had promised artillery and stores for besieging Munich, but neither were forthcoming when they were wanted. This commander was by no means fitted to act with the English general; attempts were made to give him the credit of the victory of Schellenberg, because he had first entered the lines, and a medal was even struck to perpetuate this false claim. Marlborough complained heavily of his inertness, and of his capitious and jealous temper, but he felt the comfort of being emancipated from the control of a council of war; and had obtained that ascendancy over the officers of the allies, that they were all willing to obey what he said, without knowing any other reason than that such was his desire. Our greatest difficulty is, said he, that of making our bread follow us; for the troops that I have the honor to command cannot subsist without it, and the Germans that are used to starve, cannot advance without us. What he hoped for was a battle, for that, he said, would decide the whole; and his confidence in the British troops was such, that no doubt of victory seems ever to have crossed his mind. That hope was soon realized, and that confidence was justified, as it deserved to be. The French succors arrived and effected their junction with the elector. Eugene with ten thousand men made a parallel march from the Rhine, and to the great satisfaction both of the prince and Marlborough, the margrave was persuaded to undertake the siege of Ingoldstadt. It was their intention to take up a position beyond the river Nebel, near Hochstadt; but as they were proceeding to survey the ground, some squadrons of the enemy were perceived at a distance, and the two generals ascending the towers of Dapfheim church, discovered the quarter-masters of the Gallo-Bavarian army marking out a camp between

Blenheim and Lutzingen. Immediately they determined upon giving battle before the enemy could strengthen themselves in their new position. Some officers who knew the strength of the ground and the superiority of the adverse force, ventured to remonstrate with Marlborough; he replied, I know the dangers, yet a battle is absolutely necessary, and I rely on the bravery and discipline of the troops which will make amends for our disadvantages. Indeed it was here as at Schellenberg, every hour's delay would have rendered success more difficult, and if time were allowed for Villeroy to advance into Wirtemberg, that movement would cut off his communication with Franconia, whence he drew his principal supplies. Marlborough was not dealing with enemies who could be despised, but with generals who understood the art of war, who were not likely to let any advantage slip, were always active and enterprising, and had ample means at their command. He passed part of the night in prayer, and received the sacrament towards morning; then, after a short rest, concerted with Eugene the arrangements for the action. When the regiments were drawn up for battle, the chaplains performed the service at the head of each, and Marlborough was observed to join in the prayer with fervor. His next act was to point out to the surgeons the proper posts for the wounded. He then rode along the line while the men were waiting for the signal. As he passed along the front, a ball from the enemy's batteries glanced under his horse, and covered him with earth.

The battle of Blenheim (of which more careful plans than have ever before been constructed are given in Mr. Coxe's work) is one of those few actions which have produced a change in the fortunes of Europe. Had it been lost by the allies, Germany would immediately have been at the mercy of the French, and their triumph would have been fatal to the Protestant succession in England. The enemy were the stronger, and very advantageously posted, and Marlborough knew their superior strength, and understood perfectly the advantages of their position. As if excusing himself to his wife for having, as it might seem, set everything upon the hazard, he says, "Believe me, there was an absolute necessity for the good of the common cause to risk this venture, which God has so blessed. She," he said, "who loved him so entirely well, would be infinitely pleased with what had been done upon his account, as well as for the public benefit which must result, and therefore he could not refrain from telling, that within the memory of man there had been no victory so great." The imperial troops behaved so ill, notwithstanding the great ability and great exertions of Prince Eugene, that Marlborough, though, from policy and a proper regard to Eugene's feelings, he forebore from expressing any sense of their misconduct in public, avoided writing in reply to the compliments which he received from the emperor, and from the king of the Romans, because he could not mention them with approbation. The total loss of the enemy was not less than forty thousand men: of the allies four thousand five hundred were killed, seven thousand five hundred wounded: the field, therefore, was well fought, however much the French, for the sake of palliating the defeat, depreciated the conduct of their unsuccessful general.

Blackader,\* speaking of what the victory had cost the English, says, "When I consider that on all occasions we conquer, but with much blood, I am at a loss to assign the reason; perhaps it is that our cause is good, but our persons very wicked." It was not his custom ever to look for secondary causes, or he would have perceived that a sufficient one was to be found in the discipline, and courage, and strength of the enemy.

As soon as it was known in England that Marlborough had marched into Germany, the whole hostile faction opened against him in full cry. They exclaimed against the rashness of the expedition; they censured him for leaving the Dutch exposed, and they accused him of having gone beyond his instructions, and exceeded any power of a subject, for the sake of his own private interest; he was even menaced with being brought to the block if the event should be as disastrous as these base enemies predicted and hoped; and one of the leading members of the opposition declared that whenever the general returned, he and his friends would pounce upon him, as hounds pounce on a hare. These were people of whom Mrs. Burnet, the wife of the bishop, said, "they would hardly ever believe any tale that lessened France, but swallowed any to its advantage;" their hopes were raised to the highest pitch; and when tidings arrived of the greatest† victory which had ever done honor to the British arms, their disappoint-

\* The account of the action in his diary is a fine instance of enthusiasm mingling itself with constitutional courage. "We fought a bloody battle, and by the mercy of God have got one of the greatest and most complete victories the age can boast of. In the morning, while marching towards the enemy, I was enabled to exercise faith, relying and encouraging myself in God; by this I was made easy and cheerful. I was looking to God during all the little intervals of action for assistance to keep up my own heart, and to discharge my duty well in my station. My faith was so lively during the action, that I sometimes said within myself, 'Lord, it were easy for thee to lay these men flat upon the ground where they stand, or to bring them in all prisoners!' And for encouraging the regiment I spoke it out, that we should either chase them from their post, or take them prisoners; and I cannot but observe the event:—against seven o'clock at night, twenty-six regiments, (some say thirty,) laid down their arms, and surrendered at discretion to the Duke of Marlborough, and our regiment was one of those who guarded them. O Lord, thou assisted me, and gave me such liberal supplies during the action, that I was helped to discharge my duty even with credit and reputation. Dear Lord, I lay down all at thy feet; I have no reason to be lifted up. It was none of my own, it was a borrowed stock from thee; so the praise is thine, not mine; for hadst thou withheld thy support from me, I have behaved scandalously. EDENEZER." This would have been a soldier after Oliver Cromwell's own heart. He wrote from the field of Blenheim to Lady Campbell at Stirling, in the height of his joy—"I am just now retired from the noise of drums, of oaths, and dying groans. I am to return in a few minutes to the field of battle, and wrapping myself up in the arms of Omnipotence, I believe myself no less safe, as to every valuable purpose, than if sitting in your ladyship's closet."

† The effect produced in our own days by a more decisive victory upon a viler faction, shows us that in all times party-spirit is the same, and that it utterly destroys all true English feeling. An eminent patriot in the country happened to have a dinner party on the day when the news of the battle of Waterloo arrived at his post-town: it was concealed from him by a pious fraud, lest the shock should render him incapable of entertaining his friends; so he passed the day in that ignorance which to him was bliss, and slept one night more in peace. Among the consequences of that battle we may be allowed to regret the destruction of a certain prophetic paper, written by one of those wise men of the north who, to use their own language, were "seriously occupied with

ment was in proportion. But as Burnet truly observes, "men engaged in parties are not easily put out of countenance;" their business then was to depreciate the victory; they admitted that a great many men had been killed and taken, but as for weakening the French king, they said this was no more than taking a bucket of water out of a river. Upon this Marlborough remarks, "If they will allow us to draw one or two such buckets more, we might then let the river run quietly, and not much apprehend its overflowing and destroying its neighbors." But the heart of the country was sound, and never, perhaps, except at the Restoration, had there been felt so great and general a joy. The common people, who knew only that a battle had been won, great as any that their fathers had heard of, and which would forever be remembered to the honor of their country, partook in the triumph with honest and generous exultation. They who understood the interests of England and of Europe perceived that the spell of the French king's fortune, upon which Louis XIV. had relied almost as confidently as Buonaparte, was broken—that his power was materially weakened, and the opinion which had contributed to render it so formidable, destroyed. The queen expressed her feelings with a becoming sense of devotion; we could never, she said, thank the Almighty enough for these great blessings, but must make it our endeavor to deserve them; and this was the language which she used in the confidence of private friendship. "I can lament for no private loss," says another person, "since God has given such a general mercy. In death it will be a matter of joy to me to have lived so long as to hear it."

The subjugation of Bavaria was the immediate consequence of this battle. The elector continued to follow the fortune of the French, and sent his wife, a daughter of the great John Sobieski, with her children, back to Munich. Marlborough said the separation made his heart ache, for he knew what it was to be separated from those we love. Judging from his own pure heart, he gave the elector more credit than was due to him, for that prince had a mistress at Brussels. The allies were returned to the Rhine; and to the surprise of Marlborough, Villeroy neither attempted to defend the passage of the Queich, nor the camp of Langencandel, at all times famous for being a strong post. "Had they not been the most frightened people in the world," he said, "they would never have quitted those two posts." The Margrave besieged Landau; the king of the Romans repaired to the army there; and Marlborough, finding that the siege was likely to continue as long as skill and courage on the part of the governor could protract it, made an arduous expedition to the Moselle, through so difficult a country, that had the rains come on, it would have been impassable for artillery. The object was to get possession of Treves, give orders for the siege of Traerbach, and thus secure winter-quarters in that country, for the purpose of opening the next

*the destinies of Europe.*" This precious paper, (more curious than the sealed prophecies of Joanna Southcote,) was printed: but, either from some distrust of the second sight, or from a recollection that some of their prophecies had not been so exactly fulfilled as they could have wished, the seers thought it prudent to suspend the publication, till it should be seen in what manner the campaign had opened. And so the prophecy was cancelled, to the irreparable loss of literature, and of the occult sciences.

campaign there, looking upon that as the most vulnerable part of the enemy's frontier. A man of less moral intrepidity would not for the public good have exposed himself to the difficulties and dangers of this movement, in which success could bring with it no popular praise, and failure would have drawn after it all the ignominy and obloquy of defeat. Had the siege of Landau been ended, he would have marched with all the troops under his command, and so have made success as sure as any event in war can be; but being obliged to leave the greater part to cover the siege, with Eugene, he says in his letters written upon the way, "I am exposed to the enemy, if they will venture, which I hope they will not. The taking our winter-quarters on the Moselle is as necessary for the good of the common cause as anything that has been done this campaign; and I am persuaded, that if I had stayed till the siege was ended, the season would have been so far advanced, that it would have been impossible to attempt it. These difficulties make me sensible, that if I did not consider the good of the whole before any private concern, I ought not to be here. This might be better said by another than myself, but it is truth; and I am very sensible, that if I should have ill success, the greatest part of mankind will censure me for it." And in another letter to the duchess he says, "This march and my own spleen have given me occasion to think how very unaccountable a creature man is; to be seeking for honor in so barren a country as this is, when he is very sure that the greater part of mankind, and may justly fear that even his best friends, would be apt to think ill of him, should he have ill success. But I am endeavoring all I can to persuade myself that my happiness ought to depend upon my knowledge that I do what I think is for the best." Marlborough was of so sensitive a nature that he felt the breath of censure keenly, and the villains who slandered him with such persevering malice, wounded his peace. The greater therefore is his merit for the undeviating magnanimity of his conduct as a general, for never having in any instance forborne to act according to his judgment from the fear of failure; and when his measures were frustrated by the misconduct and treachery of those with whom he acted, for having endured reproach without uttering a word in his vindication which could possibly have injured the public cause.

This expedition was successful. By the celerity of his movements he arrived just in time to prevent the enemy from pre-occupying Treves; and having settled the distribution of winter-quarters in its vicinity, and taken steps for reducing Traerbach, measures which he said would give France as much uneasiness as anything that had been done that summer, he reckoned the campaign well over. He stood in need of rest. His attacks of fever and headache were so frequent, that had he been an idle man, he would have been pitied as a confirmed valetudinarian. After the action at Blenheim, where he was seventeen hours on horseback, he was obliged to be bled, when he had "no time to be sick;" and during the subsequent operations, when he had not an hour's quiet, his state of body was such that he said, if he were in London, he should be in his bed in a high fever. The fatigue and anxiety of three months had made him in his own feeling and appearance ten years older, and he was so emaciated, that he apprehended nothing but extreme care and good nursing during the winter could

save him from consumption. But the cares of the whole confederacy were laid on him. At this time affairs in Italy bore the worst aspect; on that side everything must have been lost without a prompt reinforcement of troops; the only power who could supply them was Prussia; and the Duke of Savoy, the emperor, and the king of the Romans, whose admiration for the great Englishman amounted almost to a feeling like friendship, knew that Marlborough's personal representations to the king of Prussia might succeed, when every other mode of negotiation would surely fail. In the worst season of the year, therefore, Marlborough undertook this fatiguing journey of eight hundred miles, less, as he himself said, from any hope of success, than that he might not be reproached for leaving anything undone. He was, however, successful, and the force thus obtained was the means of saving the Duke of Savoy from being totally overpowered. On his way back he met the welcome tidings that Landau and Traerbach had surrendered; and he then returned to England to reap the well-deserved reward of public applause, and to counteract the machinations of what he properly called a villainous faction.

Such was the effrontery of that faction, that in the House of Commons as much praise was bestowed upon a naval action so ill-fought, or so ill-followed, that both parties claimed the victory, as upon the battle of Blenheim and a campaign arduous and glorious beyond all former example. Amends were made for this injustice in the Upper House, where the naval action was passed over in silence; and Marlborough now received those marks of honor which he had so well deserved. He was thanked by both houses of parliament. The trophies of the victory were paraded from the Tower to Westminster Hall, and through the Green Park, that the queen, from one of the palace windows, might behold them. England had seen no such triumph since the defeat of the Armada. The city gave the victorious general a splendid entertainment; the Commons presented an address soliciting that means might be taken for perpetuating the memory of his services; the crown-lands at Woodstock were conveyed to him and his heirs, and orders were given to erect a palace there at the royal expense, to be called the Castle of Blenheim.

On the last day of March Marlborough again embarked for the continent. At the Hague he found, as usual, want of order, want of vigor, want of unanimity, want of resolution, want of authority, all the vices, absurdities and evils which are inherent in a feeble and many-headed government. Harassed and fretted by the perpetual opposition which he endured from the half or whole traitors of the hostile party, he says to the Duke of Savoy, "Like a sick body that turns from one part of the bed to the other, I would fain be gone hence, in hopes to find more quiet in the army; God only knows what ease I may have when I come there!" This fore-feeling was lamentably justified by the event. The death of Leopold, and the consequent succession of the king of the Romans, made no favorable alteration in the wretched system of the Austrian court, notwithstanding the personal good will of the new emperor toward Marlborough, and his good intentions. That court still continued poor in resources, and poorer still in statesmen. Its main efforts were directed toward the subjugation of the Hungarians, whom a wiser and juster



policy would have conciliated; and the troops which were sent to the Moselle wanted more than one third of their complement. Not a single draught horse was supplied:—the Emperor, the German princes and the States, acting for once alike, all disappointed him; and instead of an army of at least eighty thousand men, for which the campaign had been planned, he found himself with little more than half the number. Villars was opposed to him with fifty-five thousand. "I do not," said Marlborough, "apprehend his venturing a battle; but it will put him in a condition to act in such a manner as may make us want all sorts of provisions, which we ought to be more afraid of than fighting; for our men are in great heart, so that with the blessing of God we might expect good success.—It would be very happy for us if the marshal would venture a battle, for in all likelihood that would put us at ease." Villars was too wise to do this. He took the position of Sirk, well known in military history by that name, on the right of the Moselle, and arranged his forces so as to protect Luxembourg, Thionville and Saar Louis. The latter places Marlborough would have besieged if the allies had not deceived him. "If I had known beforehand," says he, "what I must have endured by relying on the people of this country, no reasons should have persuaded me to undertake this campaign. I will, by the help of God, do my best, and then I must submit to what may happen. But it is impossible to be quiet and not complain, when there is all the probability imaginable for a glorious campaign, to see it all put in doubt by the negligence of princes whose interest it is to help us with all they have!"

While the English general was thus crippled by the failure of his allies, the French were enabled to make an effort on the Meuse, where Villeroy got possession of Huy, entered Liege, and besieged the citadel of that great city. The terrified Dutch immediately sent to recall thirty of their battalions from Marlborough's army. This, with the want of all means for executing his own intentions, made him determine upon marching to the Meuse. The many disappointments which he had endured, he said, made him weary of his life; and I think, he adds, that if it were possible to vex me so for a fortnight longer, it would make an end of me. No part of Marlborough's history has been more misrepresented by the French writers than this. Villars, with a gasconading style, and a disregard to truth which would be dishonorable to any one, and especially to a general of such unquestionable abilities as himself, has doubled in his Memoirs the number of Marlborough's army, asserting that it contained German auxiliaries of all the provinces, commanded by their princes in person, and that the Margrave of Baden (to whose neglect more than to that of any other person the failure is imputable) was there; he declares that he threw up no intrenchment, insinuates that he repeatedly offered battle, which his antagonist declined, and concludes with a remark to which Mr. Coxe rightly observes, no language can render justice but his own; *ces gens-là ont voulu m'avalier comme un grain de sel. Ils ont fini par nous croire de trop dure digestion.* Upon such representations as these, Villars has the credit among French readers of having foiled Marlborough in this campaign! and even the last historian of these wars, who, writing Marlborough's life by order of Buonaparte, for the instruction of military men,

has detailed his campaigns for the most part with remarkable impartiality, adopts in this instance the falsehoods and fanfarronade of Villars in their full extent. To complete the duke's vexation, Treves and Saarbruck were abandoned by the allies in mere panic. His private letters at this time are full of the breathings of a wounded spirit. He says to his wife, "Pray press on my house and gardens, for I think I shall never stir from my own home.—It is impossible to serve with any satisfaction, where it is in so many people's power to do mischief.—The Moselle most certainly is the place where we might have done the French most hurt. But I see but too plainly that the jealousy of Prince Louis and the backwardness of the German princes will always hinder us from succeeding there." What stung him most was the pleasure which the opposition in England felt and openly expressed at his disappointment, saying, that if he had succeeded this year as he had the last, the constitution of England would have been ruined. He did not conceal the pain which this base ingratitude gave him: "As I have no other ambition," he says to Godolphin, "but that of serving well her Majesty, and being thought what I am, a good Englishman, this vile enormous faction of theirs vexes me so much, that I hope the queen will, after this campaign, give me leave to retire, and end my days in praying for her prosperity, and making my own peace with God."

The campaign, however, was not yet over, and Marlborough's spirit, when it could make its way into action, always recovered its tone. Huy was presently recovered, the French withdrew from Liege within their formidable lines, and he resumed his plan of forcing them, and bursting into Brabant. Villeroy and the elector were deceived by his movements, and while they directed their attention to one point, and waited all night in momentary expectation of an attack, he effected his object at another, and with little loss carried the post of Hesperen and Helixem, which, from their strength and distance, had been deemed secure, and therefore almost stripped of troops. Upon the first intimation that the blow had been struck, the enemy's generals hastened to the spot,—too late to repair the evil; they retreated, therefore, with the utmost speed. To those who congratulated him, Marlborough replied, with a smile which evinced his confidence of succeeding further, "All is well, but much is yet to be done." But the Dutch generals, as usual, interfered, and prevented him from pushing on between the enemy and Louvain, in which case they would not have been able to take refuge behind the Dyle; and Louvain, Brussels and Antwerp would in all likelihood have been open to the conqueror. Blackader saw that an error had been committed, and imputed it to Marlborough, whose fate it was always to be censured for the faults of others. "This shows us," he says, "men are but men, and the weakness and flaws that are in the wisest men's prudence. One day an heroic action, the next a great blunder. But let God have all the glory, and all flesh be grass." What had been done, however, was of such importance, that it raised Marlborough's spirits as well as his pulse, and writing to the duchess while his "blood was so hot, that he could scarcely hold the pen," he told her that his heart was full of joy. The Dutch had been cheated into this action; they did not believe he would make the attack, so much had they exaggerated the strength of the enemy; and their deputies had grace enough,



in the first warm feelings of success, to acknowledge to him that the lines could not have been forced if he had not been there. Overkirk's army did not come up till the business was over, and this gave the men who had been actually engaged occasion to speak of their general in the heat of action with so much affection, that Marlborough owned the pleasure which it gave him, and said that it made him resolve to endure anything for their sake. And to the duchess, who had expressed her uneasiness lest he should expose his person unnecessarily, he says, "I am now at an age when I find no heat in my blood that gives me temptation to expose myself out of vanity: but as I would deserve and keep the kindness of the army, I would let them see that when I expose them, I would not exempt myself." Perhaps if there was any error in Marlborough's conduct, it was that he let this feeling sometimes carry him too far; for at this time Harley cautioned him upon that subject. "Your friends and servants," said he, "cannot be without concern upon your Grace's account, when we hear how much you expose that precious life of yours upon all occasions, and that you are not contented to do the part of a great general, but you condescend to take your share as a common soldier." This very Harley was afterwards base enough to encourage and sanction libellers, who insinuated that Marlborough was deficient in personal courage!

The improved disposition of the Dutch generals did not last long. A few weeks afterwards, when he could have brought the French to action nearly upon the ground where, in our own days, the most momentous victory in modern history has been achieved by the British arms,—these wretched Dutchmen again forbade him to engage when he expected a greater victory than Blenheim, and when the enemy was so sure of defeat, that it was afterwards ascertained they would not have ventured to stand their ground. In the bitterness of his disappointment he exclaimed, I am at this moment ten years older than I was four days ago! Marlborough wrote to the States, controlling, as he always did, his own personal feelings, deeply as they were wounded, but pointing out the fair occasion which he had lost. He even talked of throwing up the command of the army, rather than be perpetually placed in situations where his character must be compromised in the eyes of the enemy and of the world. His indignation was increased by the manner in which the affair was misrepresented by the gazette writers in England, either from gross carelessness or secret malice, or, as Marlborough supposed, because the writer took more care not to offend the Dutch ambassador than to do him justice. He pointed out to Godolphin the effect these gazettes would produce in Holland, and hoped the queen would appoint some other person to the command; "for I must be madder (said he) than any Bedlamite, if I should be desirous of serving, when I am sure my enemies seek my destruction, and that my friends sacrifice my honor to their wisdom."

The evil was not without some good consequences. Marlborough's letter to the States was surreptitiously printed, and the popular opinion both in England and Holland was expressed loudly in his favor. The Dutch government was alarmed by his intention of withdrawing, and made some amends by removing Slangenberg, the most culpable of their generals, a man who, the duke said, was resolved to give all the hindrance he could to

whatever should be proposed, and whom he seems to have suspected of acting from a worse motive than that of a most perverse temper. The queen herself wrote to express her concern for the embarrassments which were thrown in his way, and called herself his friend and his humble servant. He received also a letter from Eugene, which testified the sympathy to be expected from such a man. "It is extremely cruel," said the prince, "that opinions so weak and discordant have obstructed the progress of your operations when you had every reason to expect so glorious a result. I speak to you as a sincere friend, you will never be able to perform anything considerable with your army unless you are absolute, and I trust your Highness will use your utmost efforts to gain that power in future."

After demolishing the French lines, and taking measures for securing his winter-quarters in Brabant, Marlborough, for whom there was no rest, turned from the toil of war to the no less urgent affairs of negotiation, and at the close of autumn, repaired to Vienna, to Berlin and Hanover. At all these courts there were difficulties which required his presence. No man possessed a greater perfection in the art of bringing difficult negotiations to the termination which he desired, and this was owing not more to the clearness of his judgment, and the quickness of his comprehensive mind, than to his native courtesy and to that genuine candor, which men are in some degree led to imitate when they feel and admire it. Moreover the rank which Marlborough held in the eyes of all Europe—for no subject had ever before stood so conspicuously eminent in modern times—had its imposing effect. Means and measures for the ensuing campaign were arranged during these discussions, and he was created a prince of the empire; the lordship of Mendelheim being erected into a principality and conferred upon him and his heirs in the male line. The dignity was expected to descend in the female line also; but it is not to the credit of the Emperor Joseph that he would not consent to make the grant hereditary in that line, knowing that Marlborough had no son to succeed him, and that there was little or no probability of his having one. The title was of some value, when he had to serve in countries where so much importance was attached to high sounding names and sovereign power, however insignificant its scale.

The humanity of Marlborough's disposition appears in his correspondence with Godolphin at this time. Inclosing to him a letter from a young French lady to the Comte de Lyon, who was a prisoner in England, he says, "I am assured that it is a very virtuous love, and that when they can get their parents' consent, they are to be married. As I do from my heart wish that nobody were unhappy, I own to you that this letter has made me wish him in France; so that if he might have four months leave, without prejudice to her Majesty's service, I should be glad of it." Marlborough was now attacked in inflammatory libels. One of the authors, a clergyman, was convicted and sentenced to the pillory. Through the intercession of the duchess his punishment was remitted, greatly to Marlborough's comfort. "I should have been very uneasy," he said, "if the law had not found him guilty, but much more uneasy if he had suffered the punishment on my account." It was Marlborough's opinion, and that opinion is well worthy of serious consideration in these times, that "if the liberty may be taken of writing scandalous

lies without being punished, no government can stand long."

It was the emperor's pressing desire that Marlborough should resume his plan of attacking France on the side of the Moselle, but the English general knew how little he could rely upon the promises of the Imperial Court, or the cooperation of the German princes. His own desire was that the great effort should be made in Italy, where he proposed to join Eugene. Godolphin reluctantly acquiesced in this, but the German princes and the king of Denmark, whose troops were to be thus employed, objected; the Dutch were not to be persuaded, and some successes of Villars and Marain upon the Upper Rhine so alarmed the States, that looking upon Marlborough's presence as their only and sure protection, they offered either to give him secretly the choice of the field-deputies, or privately instruct them to conform implicitly to his orders. Godolphin was not displeased at this. "For," said he, "besides that I could never swallow so well the thoughts of your being so far out of our reach, and for so long a time, I think it may be almost as well for the allies to have the balance kept up in Italy, as to drive the French quite out of it, which would enable them to contract both their troops and their expense, and more expose us on this side to their force." Marlborough's own feelings upon this disappointment were expressed to the duchess,—and the more his private and unreserved feelings are made known, the more admirable does this great and excellent commander appear in thought and deed. "You will see," he says, "by my letters to the Lord Treasurer, that in all likelihood I shall make the whole campaign in this country, and consequently, not such a one as will please me. But as I infinitely value your esteem, for without that you cannot love me, let me say for myself that there is some credit in doing rather what is good for the public, than in preferring our private satisfaction and interest: for my being here in a condition of doing nothing that shall make a noise, has made me able to send 10,000 men to Italy, and to leave 19,000 more on the Rhine."—"To Godolphin he says, "God knows I go with a heavy heart, for I have no prospect of doing anything considerable, unless the French would do what I am very confident they will not—unless the Marshal de Marsin should return, as it is reported, with thirty battalions and forty squadrons; for that would give to them such a superiority as might tempt them to march out of their lines, which if they do, I will most certainly attack them, not doubting, with the blessing of God, to beat them."

That hope was soon realized. The French made a great effort. They withdrew forces from the Rhine, and reinforced Villeroy and the elector with the best troops of France, so as slightly to outnumber the allies, Marlborough's army consisting of 60,000 men, that of the enemy of 62,000. By a movement upon Namur he provoked them to risk a battle. Their position was at Ramillies, upon ground so strong, that the Dutch deputies, three years before, had made it one of their arguments for refusing to permit an attack upon the lines, that if the lines were forced at that point the French would occupy this formidable position. Marlborough was exposed to the most imminent danger in the action. While he was rallying some broken horse, he was recognized by the French dragons; they attempted to close round him, and in leaping a ditch to disengage himself he was

thrown. One of his aids-de-camp alighted to give him his horse, and as the duke was remounting, a cannon-ball struck off the head of his equerry, Colonel Bingfield, who held the stirrup. A most complete victory was gained; the enemy lost 13,000 men. "We beat them into so great a consternation," said Marlborough, "that they abandoned all their cannon." Louvain and Mechlin were immediately opened to the conqueror, and the States of Brabant invited him to Brussels, and proclaimed the Archduke Charles. "The consequence of this battle," said he, "is likely to be greater than that of Blenheim, for we have now the whole summer before us, and, with the blessing of God, I will make the best use of it. For as we had no council of war before this battle, so I hope to have none this whole campaign." The French had been frightened as well as beaten; they thought themselves sure of victory, because of their numbers and the character of their chosen troops, and the moment that confidence was gone a panic came upon them. Marlborough saw the hand of Providence in this, and said to Godolphin, "The blessing of God is certainly with us. We have done," said he, "in four days what we should have thought ourselves happy if we could have been sure of it in four years." He blessed God that he had been the instrument of doing this great service to the queen, England and all Europe, and he requested that a thanksgiving-day at St. Paul's might be appointed. "The Lord," says Blackader, "has sent a panic fear among the French army, and they are so shattered, that they can hardly get them kept together. The Lord is taking heart and hand and spirit from our enemies." Alost, Lierre, Ghent, Bruges and Damme were taken possession of by the conquerors; and the frightened enemy even surrendered Oudenarde to the English, who had no cannon to besiege it—a place of such strength, that William with sixty thousand men had not been able to take it. Antwerp was opened to them. Ostend, which had cost Spinola a three years' siege and a consumption of fourscore thousand men, was besieged and taken with the loss of only five hundred. Menin was next attacked. This town, the most melancholy and forlorn at present upon that unfortunate frontier, was then so strong a place, that Burnet tells us, many thought it too bold an undertaking to sit down before it. After the peace of Nimwegen, the old fortifications had been replaced by works upon the system of Vauban: it was esteemed his masterpiece, and for its size the best fortified place in all that country. It was strongly garrisoned, and the Duke de Vendome, in whom the French had the highest confidence, was sent to re-collect and re-encourage the scattered troops, and make an effort for saving it. But he was not able to venture a battle, and the garrison, for fear of being made prisoners of war, gave up the place, says Marlborough, five or six days sooner than they ought to have done.

Dendermond was his next object. Louis had once besieged this place in person without success, and when he heard of Marlborough's intention, he observed that he must have an army of ducks to take it. But the besiegers had taken advantage of an uncommonly dry season, and the garrison were made prisoners of war, "which," says Marlborough, "was more than was reasonable, but I saw them in a consternation. That place could never have been taken, but by the hand of God, which gave us seven weeks without any rain."

Ath followed, and he would then fain have proceeded against Mons. "We shall have it," he said, "much cheaper this year than the next, when they will have had time to recruit their army." But the Dutch did not understand the true economy of war, and the campaign was therefore closed. The emperor and his brother Charles, in their first impulse of gratitude after the news of the recovery of the Low Countries, appointed Marlborough to the government. No other conceivable arrangement could have been of such essential advantage to the whole confederacy; but from the selfish views of the Dutch he was obliged to decline it. They were thinking how to strengthen themselves at the expense of their neighbors.

"Such is their temper," said Marlborough, "that when they have misfortunes, they are desirous of peace upon any terms; and when we are blessed by God with success, they are for turning it to their own advantage, without any consideration how it may be liked by their friends and allies." For himself he said, "I thank God and the queen I have no need nor desire of being richer, but have a very great ambition of doing everything that can be for the public good."

The jealousies and opposite interests of the allies, which even imminent danger could scarcely suspend, came into full action whenever they were successful, and the French king found himself better served by his enemies in their own cabinets than by his armies in the field. By means of Marlborough's strenuous and persevering exertions in procuring men and money for Eugene, that excellent commander had been enabled to relieve Turin, and inflict upon the French one of the most memorable defeats which they ever suffered in Italy. Marlborough was delighted with this glorious action: it is impossible for me, said he, to express the joy it has given me, for I do not only esteem, but I really love that prince. But the emperor began immediately to pursue his own purposes, to the neglect and injury of the common cause. In Spain also a series of rapid successes had been followed by the grossest misconduct; the troops committed every kind of excess, the generals every kind of blunder, and everything went wrong for want of a mind like Marlborough's to control the jarring elements which were brought together. The French were now endeavoring to amuse the Dutch with negotiations; here they had their greatest hope, for they had a party in the States always upon the watch to serve them, and their intrigues made Marlborough more uneasy than he had ever before been at any time during the war. He saw the errors of the Dutch, if indeed their conduct deserve so light a name. "The more complaisance is shown them," said he, "and the more we give way to them, it is both their nature and their practice to be more assuming." "They are of so many minds, and all so very extravagant concerning their barrier, that I despair of doing any good till they are more reasonable, which they will not be till they see that they have it not in their power to dispose of the Low Countries at their will and pleasure, in which the French flatter them." He saw that they were not beloved anywhere because they carried everything with so high a hand: and he perceived their poor pitiable jealousy of England: but "though some of the leading men in Holland," said he, "may be blind, or worse, yet surely the generality cannot be imposed upon so far as to be blown up with a jealousy of the queen's power, when all that power, be it

great or little, has been and is still exerted for their safety, without the least view or desire of any extent of conquest or dominion for England; and when it is plain that in two or three years' time France, with the comfort and assistance of peace, will be just where she was before, if the nicest care be not taken to put it out of her power, now there is an opportunity in our hands."

The affairs of the cabinet at home were not less vexatious. The whigs insisted upon making Sunderland secretary of state instead of Sir Charles Hedges, whom they proposed to remunerate by a more permanent and profitable place. The queen was exceedingly averse to this; whether right or wrong in her objection to the particular measure, she rested upon a general principle, and a just one: desiring only liberty, she said, to encourage and employ all who concurred faithfully in her service, whether they were called whigs or tories; not to be tied to either; in which case, with the name of queen, she should be in reality but their slave, to her own ruin and to the destruction of the government. Godolphin had told her that unless the whigs were gratified by this appointment, they would not be hearty in supporting her measures. "But is it not very hard," said the poor queen, "that men of sense and honor will not promote the good of their country, because everything in the world is not done that they desire? Why, for God's sake, must I, who have no interest, no end, no thought, but for the good of my country, be made so miserable as to be brought into the power of one set of men? and why may not I be trusted, since I mean nothing but what is equally for the good of all my subjects?" She offered to bring Sunderland into the cabinet, with a pension, till a vacancy should happen, and asked, as this arrangement would content her, whereas she had insuperable objections to the other, why she might not be gratified as well as other people? Queen Anne was a person, who, as Marlborough said, needed no advice to help her to be very firm and positive when she thought herself in the right; and in this case her principle was just, and she had good reason to require that some regard should be paid to her own views and inclinations. But there was a snake in the grass. Harley was all this while at work worming out of her confidence those ministers by whom he had risen and was still trusted: he continually fostered in her her dislike to the whigs, and endeavored to bring back her predilections for the other party, grievously as they had offended her. The whigs seconded him admirably by the arrogant manner in which they insisted upon forcing Lord Sunderland into office. Halifax, and even Somers, (respectable as that name is,) declared in the name of their party, that if their demand was not granted without further delay, they would oppose the government:—thus proving, that when party views or party passions were at stake, they had as little respect for the interests of their country, as for the feelings of their sovereign. They stimulated the duchess to goad the queen, an ill-judged office, in which she was but too ready to engage. The whole weight of vexation fell upon Godolphin; he saw that the queen cherished an insuperable dislike toward the whigs, though at that time he knew not by what secret artifices it had been infused, and was continually exasperated; he blamed the whigs for a determination to overrule the queen, and at the same time he felt himself embarrassed by the tories who were in office, and clogged with their

ill-will the measures which they could not prevent. There was not one of them in any ministerial office, he said, that must not be spoken to ten times over before anything could be executed, even after it had been ordered, with all the slowness and difficulty imaginable. Unable either to moderate the whigs in their demands on the one hand, or to overcome the more reasonable determination of the queen on the other, or to continue in the government if he were opposed by his former friends and received only a cold and hollow support from the other party, he talked of resigning his office. This, the queen said, was a blow she could not bear; she intreated him not to leave her service; and Marlborough told him that if he were serious in this thought, he could not justify himself to God or man, for, divided as England was, he was the only person who could conduct its concerns. "As the affairs of Europe," said he, "and those of the queen in particular, are at this time, I think both you and I are in honor and conscience bound, under all the dangers and trouble that is possible, to bring this war to a happy end, which I think must be after the next campaign if we can agree to carry it on with vigor." In this struggle, which so perplexed his friend, Marlborough advised patience and moderation to the whigs, and was clearly of opinion that it was injudicious to force his son-in-law upon the queen. But as he told the duchess on this occasion, and as she had long before found out, his disposition led him rather to be governed than to govern; and in obedience to her solicitations, and to Godolphin's wishes, he represented to the queen the predicament in which her ministers were placed, bound as he was, he said, in gratitude, duty, and conscience to her, to make known his mind freely, and assuring her, in the presence of God, that he was not for her putting herself into the hands of either faction. "Lord Rochester," he said, "and the hot-heads of that party were so extravagant, that beyond all doubt they would expose her and the liberties of England to the rage of France, rather than not be revenged, as they called it. There was therefore a necessity as well as justice in her supporting Godolphin; and in the present humor he could be supported by the whigs only, for the others sought his destruction, which in effect was hers; and the way to save herself from being forced into a party was to strengthen him."

While Marlborough was acting thus faithfully and honorably towards his friend, his queen and his country, the more intemperate of the whigs, who by their violence had occasioned the whole embarrassment, suspected that he and Godolphin were not dealing sincerely; so easily are men made suspicious, ungenerous and unjust, by party-spirit! Marlborough was not hurt at this, and declared that if it were not for his gratitude to the queen, and his concern for Godolphin, he would immediately retire. "For I have had the good luck," said he, "to deserve better from all Englishmen than to be suspected of not being in the true interest of my country, which I am in, and ever will be, without being of a faction; and this principle shall govern me for the little remainder of my life. I must not think of being popular, but I shall have the satisfaction of going to my grave with the opinion of having acted as an honest man." This was written to the duchess; and in that spirit of true affection which all his domestic letters express, he concluded by saying, "If I have your esteem and love, I shall

think myself entirely happy." Marlborough's character has been put to the test by the publication of these Memoirs, which include so large a part of his most confidential and unreserved correspondence, and it has proved sterling. He understood the interests of his country so fully that he must ever be considered as one of the most perfect of her statesmen: his only object was to promote those interests, and that object was unalloyed with any meaner considerations; while for fidelity to his friends and loyalty to his sovereign, and a just regard to the constitution, no man ever exceeded him. To the queen he says at this time, "It is true your reign has been so manifestly blessed by God, that one might reasonably think you might govern without making use of the heads of either party, but as it might be easy to yourself. This might be practicable if both parties sought your favor, as in reason and duty they ought. But, madam, the truth is, that the heads of one party have declared against you and your government, as far as it is possible without going into open rebellion. Now should your Majesty disoblige the others, how is it possible to obtain near five millions to carry on the war with vigor, without which all is undone?" He tells Godolphin that having written with freedom to the queen, let what would happen he should be more easy in his mind; and being apprehensive that the queen's temper was not to be shaken, he says, "Allow me to give you this assurance, that as I know you to be a sincere, honest man, may God bless me as I shall be careful that whatever man is your enemy shall never be my friend." The arguments which had been used to induce her to acquiesce, could not, he thought, be answered; "for in England," said he, "no minister can or ought to govern without help. God preserve her, and send you to serve her long." When Marlborough returned from the continent, his popularity, his splendid services, and that power of persuasion which he possessed, overcame the queen's reluctance. She is said also to have feared that a longer opposition on her part would incense the whigs against Harley, and make them insist upon his dismissal, for that supple courtier had now rooted himself in her favor.

Marlborough was received in a manner corresponding to the great and signal successes of the campaign; his title was extended to his daughters and their heirs male. It is observable that he was now no longer anxious to perpetuate the name of Churchill in his family, which he had formerly required his representatives in succession to assume. The honor and manor of Woodstock, and the house of Blenheim, were to descend with the title, and the sum of five thousand pounds a year from the post-office was likewise entailed upon his daughters and their heirs male in perpetuity, being, however, confirmed to the duchess for her life. The standards and colors taken at Ramillies were borne in procession from Whitehall, through the Park and St. James', and so to Guildhall; it was a proud display, consisting of six and twenty standards and a hundred and twenty-six colors. Godolphin was raised to the peerage; several minor promotions among the whigs took place, and however averse she might have been to the measures which had been forced upon her, the queen found the advantage of having so materially strengthened the administration. Matters not less important than the business of war required Marlborough's attention while active

operations were suspended: his influence was exerted in bringing about the great measure of the union, and, "it may be recorded as an answer," says Mr. Coxe, "to the numberless accusations and surmises against the principles of Marlborough and Godolphin, that such a measure was accomplished by them in opposition to the efforts of a powerful combination of tories and jacobites both in England and Scotland, and under a queen who not only detested the Hanover line, but who was beginning to turn with renewed affection towards the surviving members of her unfortunate family." He performed also a singular mission to the camp of Charles XII., at Sweden, whose movements at that time held all Germany and the north of Europe in suspense, and might easily have made the scale preponderate in favor of France, if he had been led either by the arts of that politic court, or by his own irritable temper, (which needed little provocation,) to fall upon the Austrians. His favorite scheme at this time was to form a Protestant league. Prussia was already persuaded to the measure, Hanover was solicited, and Catholic Germany of course had taken the alarm. Marlborough succeeded in dissuading him from a scheme which would have proved destructive to the alliance: he succeeded also in adjusting or postponing his disputes with Austria and Denmark; he administered pensions, by the Elector of Hanover's advice, to two of his ministers; and Charles, leaving the affairs of Europe to their course, removed his disturbing forces into Muscovy, and there wrecked his army, his fortunes, and himself.

The military operations, during the year 1707 were unfavorable to the allies: they suffered a scandalous defeat in Spain, and an attack upon Toulon, where a successful issue would, in Marlborough's opinion, certainly have produced peace, failed by the want of cordiality between the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene, the latter being influenced by the Imperial Court, which never entered with sincerity into any project unless it were directed to its own exclusive and immediate interests. Villars made a successful irruption into Germany. In the Low Countries nothing was done: the allies indeed sustained no loss, for Marlborough was there, and his presence took away from the French all appetite for enterprise, though they were under so skilful a commander as the Duke de Vendôme. But the Dutch had relapsed into their old, jealous, narrow, hesitating policy. Marlborough was fully equal in effective force to the enemy, and possessed a prodigious superiority in the fear which his very name struck into them. Knowing this, and knowing that the French general knew it also, he hoped to do some considerable service; and flattered himself that the enemy, encouraged by the notorious timidity of the States, would grow insolent, and give him an opportunity of bringing them to battle. But the Dutch always prevented him from seeking or seizing the opportunity for success. They were satisfied with what had been done; they, said he, will never more this war venture anything that may be decisive, being of opinion that they have already enough in their possession for their security, and that France will assist them in disposing of this possession as they shall think best. Six weeks he was detained in the camp of Meldert by their miserable deputies, who, however, had grace enough to acknowledge their error when, having at last allowed him to march on Genappe, the

French immediately made what Marlborough calls a shameful retreat, showing thereby plainly to both armies that they would not venture to fight. A succession of heavy rains then came on, and delayed him when he was in high hopes of retrieving the time which had been wasted, and the campaign ended without a blow being struck in this quarter. The French historians, not contented with extolling Vendôme for having suffered no loss, (which was no inconsiderable praise for a man who had been opposed to such an antagonist,) represent Marlborough as having used every means to bring him to action, and being constantly baffled by his consummate skill: and as if this falsehood were not sufficient, they affirm that the whole English nation and the Parliament blamed his conduct.

The conduct of the States at this time had so incensed not the whigs alone, who never regarded anything with moderation, but even the calm and temperate Godolphin, that it was proposed in the British cabinet to form a union with the rest of the allies for the purpose of deterring the Dutch from tampering with France. This was prevented by Marlborough. It was one of the merits of that incomparable Englishman that, however much he might suffer individually in feelings and in popular reputation, he never, under any impulse of chagrin or resentment, lost sight of the great object of the alliance, and the general good. He therefore continually labored to conciliate the allies towards each other, and all to England, and England to each and all; while in his confidential correspondence with Godolphin, it appears how clearly he saw, and how deeply he felt, the mispolicy of one kind or other which prevailed in all their councils. "No reasoning or success," he said, "could prevail with the States to think anything reasonable but what tended to their own particular interest." Godolphin said that the emperor's behavior had been so unaccountable, as to put the rest of the allies under the same difficulties as if he had acted by directions from Versailles, and Marlborough acknowledged to his friend that he was weary of serving, because every country with which they had to deal, acted so contrary to the public good. "In the army," says he, "I must do them right,—there is all the desire imaginable to venture their lives for the public good; but all other sorts of people on this side of the water are so very wise, that I am afraid at last they will bring us to a bad peace. For myself, I am old, and shall not live to see the misfortunes that must happen in Christendom; if the French be suffered to get the better of this war."

But there were greater embarrassments than these: his consummate ability, both as a negotiator and a general, and the deserved respect in which he was held upon the continent by foes and friends, counterbalanced all disadvantages there; the obstacles which no prudence, no desert could overcome, were at home, where he suffered alike from the imprudence of his friends and the treachery of his enemies. The queen had not forgiven the whigs for the manner in which they had forced Sunderland into office; and the whigs had not learned moderation. A struggle arose between the crown and the ministers concerning the disposal of church preferment. Godolphin and Marlborough would have conceded all they could to the inclinations, and even to the weakness and prejudice of their sovereign, and thus, by yielding, have

in the end strengthened their influence. But their colleagues in office were uncompromising, overbearing men. Sunderland perpetually appealed to his mother-in-law, the duchess, and neither her husband nor Godolphin could allay the irritation which he excited. The lord treasurer and the commander-in-chief became, as before, objects of jealousy to the whigs, because, while they attempted to overcome the queen's objections on the one hand, they deprecated the indecent violence of these persons on the other. "I am out of heart," says Marlborough, "and wonder at the courage of the lord treasurer; for were I used (as I do not doubt but I shall) as he is by the whigs, who threaten to abandon him whenever the queen does not do what they like, I would not continue in business for all this world could give me; and I believe they would be the first that would have reason to repent." As far as regarded the great objects of foreign policy, the whigs acted well; but in domestic concerns they were not less indiscreet than intemperate, and sometimes indeed they betrayed a want of principle as well as of discretion. For the sake of intimidating the queen, they made advances to the violent tories, and for a time coöperated with them in Parliament, at the risk of breaking up the whole system of policy, foreign and domestic.

It was Marlborough's fortune to experience the truth of his own observation, that a great many who can do no good, have it always in their power to do hurt. The duchess had placed about the person of the queen one of her distant relations, the daughter of a merchant who had been reduced to poverty; she had saved the family from want, obtained places and establishments for all the children, and took this Abigail Hill from service in the family of Lady Rivers, to make her one of the bed-chamber women. This woman, afterwards so conspicuous in the history of Queen Anne's reign, by the name of Mrs. Masham, did for Louis XIV. what all his generals and armies, all his power, and all his policy could not have done: by her means the counsels of Godolphin and the victories of Marlborough were frustrated, and France, at a moment when she must otherwise have received the law of peace from England, was enabled to dictate it to Europe. It was at this time that her influence was first discovered. Abigail, by the father's side, stood in precisely the same degree of affinity to Harley as by the mother's to the duchess; he had neglected her and her family when they were in distress, but he acknowledged the relationship when he perceived that by means of this instrument he could establish a secret influence with the queen. History cannot be perused without some feeling of humiliation for our country and our kind, when it cannot be understood without developing such pitiful intrigues as these. The violence of Sunderland, Halifax and Somers, and the extreme imprudence with which the duchess espoused their cause, assailing her royal mistress with perpetual solicitations, and wearying, and even worrying her with reproaches for her diminished friendship and alienated confidence, disposed Anne to commit herself to the guidance of this bed-chamber woman, who possessed just talent enough to direct her inclinations by always appearing to assent to them, and of Harley, who flattered her weakness, strengthened all her prejudices, confirmed her in her antipathies, and succeeded in making her as complete a dissembler as himself. The cause of her

pertinacious resistance to every promotion which could strengthen the whigs, or satisfy them, and this not only to the rash solicitations of the duchess, but to Godolphin and Marlborough, when they represented the impossibility of carrying on the public business against open enemies and discontented friends, was explained, when it was ascertained that Harley held midnight conferences with her, to which he was admitted by Mrs. Masham's means. But when Marlborough, whose letters to the queen breathed always the genuine spirit of respectful and affectionate loyalty, hinted at those secret counsels by which her Majesty was estranged from her old tried servants, the queen denied the existence of any such counsels, with such protestations of sincerity and such solemnity of falsehood as must stamp her memory with disgrace.

Harley indeed, to whose tuition she had committed herself, was a man of matchless insincerity. Even Dr. Somerville, the ablest apologist of the tories of that reign, declares with an honorable feeling of an historian's highest duties, that the part which Harley acted, "exhibits a scene of dissimulation and duplicity, for which neither his sympathy with the sovereign, nor the unjustifiable conduct of the junta to her, nor the goodness of the end which he had in view, supposing that to be admitted, can afford any apology." Marlborough and Godolphin were long before they would believe the treachery of a man whom they had so essentially served and so entirely trusted; and Sunderland reproached them with this. But it is no dishonor to have been deceived by solemn asseverations and consummate falsehood. The facts however at length were established beyond all possibility of further doubt. The thorough-paced dissembler still persisted in denying them, and addressed a letter to Godolphin full of professions of innocence and zeal for his service. Godolphin replied in these words: "I have received your letter, and am very sorry for what has happened, to lose the good opinion I had so much inclination to have of you. But I cannot help seeing, nor believing my senses. I am very far from having deserved it of you. God forgive you." The discovery of a treasonable correspondence which one of Harley's clerks carried on with France, and by which means the intended expedition against Toulon had been revealed, enabled the ministers to demand his dismissal; for though the clerk at the time of his execution fully exculpated Harley of any participation in the treason, it was plain that he had been guilty of culpable negligence in leaving papers of the highest importance and secrecy open to the common clerks in his office. Still the queen would have retained him in office, even though Godolphin and Marlborough tendered their resignation as the alternative. Godolphin's tender she received with unconcern, but she was much affected at Marlborough's; her personal regard for a man as amiable as he was great was not yet extinguished, and the sense of his splendid actions was before her. She entreated him not to leave her service,—but his resolution was made to stand or fall with Godolphin; and when that was not to be shaken, the queen remained obstinate in her purpose. The cabinet council assembled, and Harley would have proceeded to business without the two heads of the administration. He was interrupted by the Duke of Somerset, who, while the members were looking at each other with surprise and uneasiness,

rose and said, I do not see how we can deliberate when the commander-in-chief and the lord treasurer are absent. This broke up the council; the queen withdrew with evident emotions of anger and disappointment; but she felt that a minister could not be constituted by mere favor, and sending for Marlborough the next day, informed him that Harley should retire. Perhaps from that day her hatred to Marlborough may be dated.

In the spring of the ensuing year, 1708, an attempt at invasion was made, upon which great hopes had been founded by the French. The ministers were aware of this danger, and had provided against it. They blockaded Dunkirk, and when the French squadron, with the pretender on board, taking advantage of a gale which enabled them to escape out of port, sailed for Scotland, and reached the Frith of Forth, they found the English ships were there before them. An attempt to land at Inverness was baffled by the winds, and thus the troops which had been brought from the continent were left again disposable for foreign service. As soon as the danger was averted, Marlborough recrossed the sea, and arranged the plan of the campaign at the Hague with Eugene and the Pensionary Heinsius. It was agreed that one army should be formed on the Moselle under the Prince, another under Marlborough in the Netherlands, and that the ostensible project should be, an invasion on the side of Lorraine, but that the two armies should unite by a rapid march in the Netherlands, and endeavor to give battle to the enemy before they could receive the reinforcements drawn from distant quarters. Before this could be effected, there were difficulties to overcome with the German princes, and with the Elector of Hanover, who now commanded the imperial troops; and this occasioned so many delays, that Marlborough began to fear his measures would be in a great degree broken. "See," said he, "the great advantage the King of France has over the allies, since we depend upon the humors of several princes, and he has nothing but his own will and pleasure!" And in another letter he says, "The slowness of the Germans is such, that we must be always disappointed." More than a month was lost by these vexatious impediments; and this loss of time was of the more consequence, because it was now apparent that the French would make their great effort on the side of Flanders, and that nothing could be done to distract their attention to any other quarter. The arrangements being at length completed Marlborough on the 2d of July announced to the States by a courier from Terbank, that Eugene was about to join him, and might be expected on the 5th or 6th, when it was their intention to move directly on the enemy, and bring on a battle, trusting in God to bless their designs.

The head-quarters had been fixed at Terbank since the beginning of June, when the enemy made a movement which seemed to threaten Louvain. They had done this to conceal their real intentions, which were well planned, and founded upon the general discontent of the Flemish and Brabanters, excited by the oppressive government of the Dutch. A scheme for betraying Antwerp into their possession had been discovered and frustrated. But decamping suddenly from Brain l'Allieu, on the evening of the 4th, they moved towards the Dender, and despatching several

corps to the different places where they had a correspondence with the disaffected, they got possession of Ghent and Bruges, and threatened Brussels. Upon the first intelligence of their movements, Marlborough approached that capital, and on the evening of the 6th encamped at Asch. There he learnt the enemy's success. The alarm in Brussels was very great, and even in the army it seemed that there was a disposition to censure the commander, as if the mischief had befallen through his misconduct. At this critical time Eugene arrived; he had left his cavalry at Maastricht, and hastened to take a personal share in the expected battle; but his troops could not come up in time. The spirits of the army were raised by his presence, for Eugene was almost as much admired and beloved as Marlborough himself.

The immediate object of the French was to get possession of Oudenard, an important point for the defence of Flanders and Brabant, and now the only channel of a direct communication with England. They invested it on the morning of the 9th, ordered a train of heavy artillery from Tournay, and prepared to occupy the strong camp of Lessines on the Dender, for the purpose of covering the siege. But on the morning of the 9th the allied army broke up from Asch, and, though the distance which they had to march was twice that of the enemy, anticipated them at Lessines, secured that point, threw bridges over the Dender, and interposed between them and their own frontiers. The French, who had presumed too much upon success, and who expected that Marlborough would have contented himself with covering the great towns in his rear, were confounded at his unexpected appearance. There existed no good will between the Dukes of Burgundy and Vendôme, and the hour of danger, instead of reconciling them, seemed to exasperate their contention; each became more vehement in urging his counsels as more appeared to be at stake. They relinquished the investment of Oudenard, and directed their march to Gavre, where they had prepared bridges for crossing the Scheldt. Marlborough and Eugene pushed forward in pursuit, and the battle of Oudenard, one of the most remarkable in military history, was brought on. The dispute between the French generals continued to the very moment of action, and the indecision which was thus produced, more than counterbalanced the advantages which they might have derived from the ground; for Marlborough said their post was as strong as was possible to be found, and admitted that the advantage which he gave them by attacking them in such a situation, would have been too much, if he had not preferred the good of his queen and his country before any personal concern. Scarcely any artillery was used on either side; the allies had only those pieces employed which were with the advanced detachment, and the French appear not to have brought more than six pieces into play. It was by musketry that the day was decided. The enemy behaved well during the action, particularly the dragoons and the household troops, but they were beaten at last out of all good behavior; the word for retreat was no sooner given than they took flight in the utmost disorder, and if the darkness had not favored them, the destruction would have been as complete as the rout. "Night," says Colonel Blackader, "put a screen of darkness between us and them, and thereby saved them, in all probability, from as



great a defeat as ever they got." "If we had been so happy," says Marlborough, "as to have had two more hours of daylight, I believe we should have made an end to this war."

The night was so dark that the positions of the troops at last could only be discerned by the flashes of musketry, and the allies, some of whom had already mistaken each other for enemies, were ordered to halt as they stood, for fear of any further mistake. The enemy were thus suffered to escape; many of them, however, were bewildered and wandered into the posts of the allies, and many were captured by a stratagem of Eugene's, who ordered several drummers to beat the French retreat, and the refugee officers to give the rallying word of the different corps: *A moi, Champagne! à moi, Picardie! à moi, Piémont!* The loss of the enemy was about 6000 killed and wounded, and 8000 prisoners; that of the allies was computed at 3500. The conquerors remained upon the field, "where," says Blackader, "the bed of honor was both hard and cold; but we passed the night as well as the groans of dying men would allow us, being thankful for our preservation." The French left most of their wounded on the ground; Marlborough had them carried into Oudenard, and attended with the same care as his own men. The Electoral Prince of Hanover, afterwards George II., distinguished himself in this battle, and had a horse killed under him. Charles Stuart was with the French.

No time was lost by the two great commanders of the allies. The lines which the French had constructed from Ypres to Warneton, for the purpose of covering the country between the Scheldt and the Lys, were forced before Berwick, who was hastening to defend them, could arrive; six hours more, and the attempt might have been too late. The French on their part rallied with characteristic readiness. They had generals upon the spot who would have been accounted first rate, if they had not been opposed to Marlborough; and their possession of Ghent prevented the allies from getting cannon by water. Marlborough's wish was to mask Lille and penetrate into the heart of France by that frontier; the country was open to him; already one of his parties had burnt the suburbs of Arras, and the people, in their alarm had sent to solicit the king's leave to treat concerning contributions. But even Eugene thought this design too bold and impracticable, till Lille could be had for a *place d'armes* and magazine. The siege of that place was "the only operation in which the views, means, and interests of all parties could be brought to coincide." But it was so hazardous an undertaking that Vendôme declared an able commander like Eugene would never venture to engage in it, and it was made the subject of general ridicule. The fortifications were exceedingly strong. Vauban, under whose immediate superintendence they were constructed, had drawn up a project for their defence, which was in the hands of the chief engineer, his nephew. The garrison consisted of nearly 15,000 men, under Boufflers, who was distinguished for his skill in defending fortified places. The French had 100,000 men in the field to act against the besiegers; and as they commanded both the Scheldt and the Lys, the allies could not commence the siege without conducting their whole train of artillery and stores by land, through these hostile forces. No siege was ever undertaken under greater difficulties, and the French themselves admit that never

were preparations better concerted nor more proper to frustrate the efforts of the enemy. The battering pieces were brought from Maestricht and from Holland to Brussels, where ninety-four pieces of cannon, sixty mortars, and above 3,000 ammunition wagons were collected; the number of draught horses required for these was calculated at 16,000. The convoy occupied a line of fifteen miles, and had to traverse a track of five-and-twenty leagues. Both armies were wholly intent upon it, one to secure, the other to prevent its march; but so perfect were the skill and vigilance of the allied commanders, that the march was effected without losing a single carriage, and without affording the enemy an opportunity of making an attempt upon it. "Posterity," observes Feuquières, "will scarcely believe the fact."

Having failed in their hopes of preventing the siege, the enemy made the utmost efforts to strengthen themselves in the field and relieve the town. Vendôme declared his intention of attempting it, and said he had a *carte blanche* from the king. The language of Marlborough shows at the time his habitual reliance upon the Divine favor on a good cause, and his desire of peace. "If," said he, "we have a second action, and God blesses our just cause, this, in all likelihood, will be the last campaign; for I think they would not venture a battle, but that they are resolved to submit to any condition if the success be on our side; and if they should get the better, they will think themselves masters: so that if there be an action it is likely to be the last this war. If God continues on our side, we have nothing to fear, our troops being good, though not so numerous as theirs. I dare say before half the troops have fought, the success will declare, I hope in God, on our side; and that I may have what I earnestly wish for, quiet." Burgundy and Vendôme, leaving a flying camp of 20,000 men to protect Ghent and Bruges, crossed the Scheldt and formed a junction with Berwick, in the plain between Grammont and Lessines. Their united forces exceeded 110,000 men, and the allied commanders were greatly in hopes, that, in the confidence of strength, they would attempt to make good their boasting. "The ground," said Marlborough, "is so very much for our advantage that, with the blessing of God, we shall certainly beat them; so that it were to be wished they would venture, but I really think they will not." They looked at his position more than once, and more than once appealed to the court for directions, and more than once were ordered to risk an attack. Vendôme would have attempted it at first, but was restrained by Berwick's opposition; he himself, upon reconnoitring the allies for the last time, acknowledged that it was too hazardous; and Berwick admits that if Marlborough had not been restrained by the Dutch deputies from becoming the assailant at that hour, the French must have received a fatal and inevitable overthrow.

The siege went on slowly and ill. Marlborough not only complains of misconduct in the engineers, but of treachery. Eugene was wounded, and Marlborough, supplying his place in the conduct of the siege, discovered, what had not been made known to the prince, that there did not remain powder and ball for more than four days. The deputies, alarmed not more at the difficulty than the expense, importuned him to abandon the attempt. Supplies, however, were brought from Ostend by the excellent conduct of Generals Webb and Cadogan; and just when the French had suc-



ceeded in capturing a considerable magazine at Nieuport, the city, after sixty days' siege, surrendered. There remained the citadel, which was a master-piece of art, and the enemy formed a bold plan for relieving it, or making themselves amends for its loss by getting possession of Brussels. The Elector of Bavaria, with 15,000 men, was recalled from the Rhine for this purpose, and appeared before the walls of that great city, when it was thought impossible that the allies could come to its defence, the main army of the French being interposed in their strong position behind the Scheldt which they had been three months in fortifying. By a series of movements, the most masterly in military history, Eugene and Marlborough so effectually deceived and surprised the enemy, that they accomplished a passage almost without opposition, when the troops expected the bloodiest day they had ever experienced. The elector immediately abandoned his attempt upon Brussels, leaving not only his cannon, but his wounded also. There had been given great alarm in Holland and England for Antwerp as well as Brussels and, says Marlborough, there was but too much reason; for had not God favored our passage of the Scheldt, they must have been in danger, for not only the towns, but the people of this country hate the Dutch. In another letter he says, "My Lord Haversham may be angry, but Prince Eugene and myself shall have the inward satisfaction of knowing that we have struggled with more difficulties, and have been blessed with more success than ever was known before in one campaign. The citadel soon surrendered. The whole siege cost the besiegers not less than 14,000 men. The loss of the garrison was 8,000. It was one of the most arduous, the longest and bloodiest sieges in modern warfare. The lateness of the season, for it was not till the 8th of December that Marshal Boufflers capitulated, made the French king suppose the allies would immediately go into winter quarters, satisfied with their success. Marlborough, however, without delay invested Ghent, though the frost had begun, and they could neither break ground for their batteries, nor open their trenches; and if the canals had frozen, their means of getting forage would have been cut off. "But my reliance is," said he, "that God, who has protected and kept us hitherto, will enable us to finish it with the taking the town." Soldiers as well as officers were convinced of the necessity of recovering it. The weather changed in his favor, and Count de la Motte made a bad defence; though he had so strong a garrison, that when they marched out, and Marlborough saw their numbers and condition, he said it was astonishing they should suffer a place of such consequence to be taken at such a season with so little loss. Bruges was immediately abandoned by the enemy. Both places were of the utmost importance, for without them the allies could neither have been quiet in their winter quarters, nor have opened the next campaign with advantage. This, said the commander, "is ended to my own heart's desire; and as the hand of the Almighty is visible in this whole matter, I hope her Majesty will think it due to Him to return public thanks." He never failed to do so after victory, though Colonel Blackader says these things were ridiculed in the army; yet, he adds, "Providence had been so wonderfully favorable to them in this campaign, that it was taken notice of even by the graceless."

The pressure of this long contest was now severely felt in France, and though on the side of Germany and Savoy, the exertions of the French balanced the fortunes of the war, and in Spain the preponderance was on their side, it was plain that the course which Marlborough was pursuing, invincible as he was found to be, would, if it were continued, enable him to dictate peace at Paris. Louis therefore offered to negotiate, and proposed large terms, less it is to be believed with the expectation that they would be accepted, than in the hope of dividing the allies, and breaking up a confederacy which was kept together by the consummate prudence of the English general alone. The Marquis de Torcy, who was sent to conduct the negotiation, offered Marlborough two millions of livres if he could obtain Naples and Sicily for Philip, or Naples alone, or the preservation of Dunkirk, or of Strasburg, and if all could be obtained together with Landau, he offered him double that sum, pledging the word and honor of the king for its payment. Among the many slanders with which the memory of Marlborough has been assailed, he has been reproached for his conduct on this occasion as only not having accepted the bribe. Never was any reproach more injurious. No other statement of the fact exists than what Torcy himself has given, and from that it appears that Marlborough's conduct was exactly what might have been expected from him, dignified and prudent. He returned no answer to the proposal; changed the conversation immediately whenever it was resumed, and by the manner in which he adhered to his instructions, proved to the marquis, that it was as impossible to prevail over him by such means, as to beat him in the field. An expression of indignation was not called for. In making the offer, Torcy only obeyed the orders of his sovereign, whose money had formerly been graciously received in England both by the prince on the throne, and the patriots in opposition; and the English government, through the agency of Marlborough himself, had been accustomed to employ the same golden arguments with the ministers of the allied powers. The offer therefore was not then, as it would be in these days, an insult. Torcy acted conformably to the times when he made it, and Marlborough conformably to himself when he received it with silent disdain, and pursued the business of their meeting with an unaltered temper.

He has been accused also by his enemies at home, and the slander has been accredited and repeated abroad from that time to this, of having obstructed the peace for the sake of his own private and personal interests. The treaty broke off because the allies required that the whole Spanish monarchy should be given up by Philip within two months, and that if he refused to do this, Louis should assist the allies in compelling him to submit to the terms of peace. Both in France and Spain a proper advantage was made of this demand, which was as impolitic as it was in every way indefensible. But wherever it originated, whether with the counsellors of the Archduke Charles, whom it most concerned, and who were unwise enough, and ungenerous enough for anything, or with the whigs in England, who had not the grace of bearing their faculties meekly, certain it is that Marlborough disapproved it, and expressed his decided opinion that there was neither necessity nor utility in making such demands. He says in a confidential letter to Godolphin, "I

have as much mistrust for the sincerity of France as anybody living can have: but I shall own to you that, in my opinion, if France had delivered the towns promised by the preliminaries, and demolished Dunkirk and the other towns mentioned, they must have been at our discretion, so that if they had played tricks, so much the worse for themselves." No man rejoiced more in the prospect of peace. During the whole war, peace and retirement had been the second wish of his heart; the first was to ensure the safety of his country by curbing the power of France. At this time he expected peace so fully, that he had commenced arrangements for paying and dismissing the foreign troops, and for the return of the army to England. But he did not cease to represent to the cabinet, that the sure and only means of obtaining the terms which they were resolved to dictate, were to provide a superior force in the Netherlands. Unfortunately his colleagues possessed neither the same moderation nor the same foresight. Contrary to his opinion, they insisted upon terms which could not be accepted without a total sacrifice of honor and feeling, and they relied so fully upon obtaining their demands, that they increased not his force as he required, in order to ensure success. On this point, therefore, Mr. Coxe has effectually vindicated Marlborough, proving beyond all doubt, that "he did not direct the negotiation, that he differed in many material points from the cabinet, and was guided by positive instructions which he could not venture to transgress." Had he indeed (his biographer adds) engrossed the sole management, he would doubtless have framed such conditions as would have been accepted, or have made such preparations as would have enabled him to dictate his own terms in the heart of France.

While the English government committed this double error, the French made every effort to strengthen their force in the Netherlands. Louis had said that hunger would compel his subjects to follow his bread-wagons, and he was not deceived in calculating that the general distress would fill his armies with men who could find no other means of subsistence. Vendôme was removed to Spain, to retrieve, against other generals, the reputation which he had lost when opposed to Marlborough; and Villars, whom Voltaire has well characterized as lucky, braggart, and brave, took the command in Flanders. The allies deceived him by their movements, so as to prevent him from throwing troops into Tournay, or properly providing it. Still the attempt at besieging it was so arduous, that Villars thought it would occupy them the whole campaign. In this also he was deceived. It surrendered after a destructive siege of two months, during which Villars ineffectually attempted to relieve it. The citadel was given up on the third of September, and on the sixth, part of the allies under the prince of Hesse, by movements effected with great skill and extraordinary rapidity, entered the French lines without opposition, and interposed between Mons, which it was intended to besiege, and the army of Villars, who was again baffled by the superior activity and talents of his antagonists. These movements led to the battle of Malplaquet, the bloodiest action of the whole war, and the best fought battle in which the French were ever defeated. Boufflers had joined the French and made a masterly retreat, after Villars had been wounded and carried senseless from the field. The numbers of the two armies seem to have been as nearly equal as may be, each having

between 90 and 100,000 men. The loss was greatest on the side of the conquerors. Villars, whose great qualities were disgraced by a total disregard to truth, represents the loss of the allies at 35,000, and his own at only 6000: a statement which, if it were true, would show that the French army must have been either struck with cowardice or with madness, to quit the field when the advantage was so decidedly on their side. Colonel Blackader, who went as usual over the ground "to get a preaching from the dead," believed the loss was equal on both sides. Mr. Coxe estimates that of the allies at 20,000, and that of the French at 14,000. Blackader, who acknowledges that he did not expect to see the enemy fight so well, says, it was the most deliberate, solemn, and well-ordered battle that he had ever seen, a noble and fine disposition, and as finely executed. Every one was at his post, and he never saw troops engage with more cheerfulness, boldness, and resolution. For himself, he "never had a more pleasant day in his life."

The great loss on the part of the conquerors arose from the impetuosity of the prince of Orange, who made the attack contrary to his instructions, before he could be properly supported, and thus sacrificed the flower of the Dutch infantry, occasioning thereby nearly half the slaughter. The enemies of Marlborough, who were now increasing both in violence and in strength, loudly accused him of rashness in this action, and of wantonly throwing away the lives of men to gratify his personal ambition. He could not repel this cruel accusation, without throwing a censure upon the prince of Orange, which would have produced certain mischief. He had afterwards an opportunity of showing how he resented these black slanders, when he could fix upon the slanderer, and vindicate himself without injury to the public. At the very time when he was thus calumniated, the grief which he suffered at seeing so many brave men killed, with whom he had lived eight years, and when they thought themselves sure of peace, had actually made him ill. He was a thoroughly humane man, and that too, in an age when humanity was a rare virtue. One of the first cares after the action had been to administer relief to the wounded French, of whom 3000 had been left upon the field, and to arrange means with the French marshals for conveying them away. He did not speak of the victory with exultation, as he had been wont to do on his other great days, but called it a very murderous battle; and Villars, in his usual style of boasting, said to the king, that if it pleased God to favor him with the loss of another such battle, his enemies would be destroyed. The vain general might have known that after such a defeat, there could be no hope of victory; that the more dearly it had been purchased, the greater was the moral value of the success. There remained no cause to palliate, no subterfuge to cover the defeat which the French had sustained. They could not impute it to want of confidence in their commander, or want of skill; to want of conduct or of courage in the army, or to any of it; nor to any disadvantages of ground, nor to any error or mishap of any kind. They had chosen their position and strengthened it. They had stood their ground well: men, officers, and commander had done their best; the only blunder had been committed by their enemies, and owing to that, and to the advantage of their post, they had inflicted a loss greater by nearly one third than what they had

sustained, and yet they had been beaten. The consequence was, that they never afterwards ventured to meet Marlborough in the field. Berwick was recalled from Dauphiny to cooperate in an attempt for the relief of Mons, but the attempt was not made, and the town was taken. By this conquest the great towns in Brabant and Flanders were covered, and the French were at length circumscribed within their own limits. Had Marlborough's advice been followed in 1706, Mons would have been taken without the expense of blood at Malplaquet.

At this time Marlborough committed the only indiscreet act with which he can be justly charged. Sensible that the queen was entirely alienated from him by the intriguers to whom she had given her whole confidence, and that his enemies were every day becoming more active and more virulent, for the sake of strengthening himself while his friends were in power, he wished for a patent which should constitute him captain-general for life: nor was he deterred from asking for it by the opinion of the Lord-Chancellor Cowper, that the office had never been conferred otherwise than during pleasure. The request served only to increase the queen's angry disposition towards him, to give his enemies an opportunity for alarming her, and to gratify both her and them by the mortification which her positive refusal inflicted upon him.

In the ensuing year the negotiations were renewed, and broken off upon the same ground,—not by Marlborough's advice,—that calumny, it may be hoped, will now be no more repeated. He was no longer the moving mind in all foreign negotiations. Knowing that his power was on the decline, his desire was to incur as little responsibility as possible for measures which he was not allowed to influence, and he called himself *white paper*, upon which the treasurer and his friends might write their directions. The campaign opened with another successful passage of the enemy's lines, a great and unexpected success. "I bless God," said Marlborough, "for putting it into their heads not to defend them; for at Point de Vendin where I passed, the Mareschal d'Artagnan was with 20,000 men, which if he had staid must have made it very doubtful. But, God be praised, we are come here without the loss of any men. The excuse the French make is, that we came four days before they expected us." This movement was preparatory to the siege of Douay. It was expected that Villars would venture a battle for its relief, for it was a post of great importance, to which the allies could bring all their stores by water, even from Amsterdam, and the French had a great superiority of numbers. Marlborough looked for an action, but no longer with that joyous expectation which hitherto he had always felt, for the cursed spirit of faction, which was undermining everything at home, had now begun to prevail, and was manifesting itself even in the army. If the battle was fought he believed that, from the nature of the country, it must be very decisive. "I long for an end of the war," says he, "so God's will be done. Whatever the event may be, I shall have nothing to reproach myself with, having with all my heart done my duty, and being hitherto blessed with more success than ever was known before. My wishes and duty are the same; but I can't say I have the same sanguine prophetic spirit I did use to have, for in all the former actions I did never doubt of success, we having had constantly the great blessing of being of one mind. I cannot say

it is so now, for I fear some are run so far into villainous faction, that it would give them more content to see us beaten; but if I live, I will be so watchful that it shall not be in their power to do much hurt." Douay fell; the skilful disposition of Villars prevented the allies from laying siege to Arras, which had been their intention; they therefore turned upon Bethune, which they invested, and won. The French marshals constructed a series of defences to cover the interior of France; and the allies closed the campaign by the capture of Aire and St. Venant.

Meantime the administration of the whigs had been effectually undermined, and they had ample reason to regret the impolitic way in which they forced themselves into office, and the ill-judged and intemperate manner in which they had conducted the late negotiation, and given the king of France so great an advantage over them in the opinion of the world. A large portion of Mr. Coxe's work is necessarily employed in developing the miserable intrigues by which they were fooled as well as overthrown. We may be allowed to avoid the pain and humiliation of following him through the disgraceful detail, except in that part wherein Marlborough was more particularly concerned. By a strange inconsistency, the duchess, high-minded as she was, after her long bickerings with the queen, and the total alienation which she had in some degree provoked and deserved, dreaded a dismissal from her office as something disgraceful: and when the intention of dismissing her was intimated, Marlborough, in a personal interview, requested the queen not to remove her till the end of the war, which might reasonably be expected in the course of a year, when, he said, they would both retire together. The queen, who had all the inflexibility of her father's character, insisted that the gold key should be delivered to her within three days, and Marlborough, even on his knees, entreated for an interval of ten days, that means might be devised for rendering the blow less mortifying and disgraceful. It is mortifying to record this, but it was his last, or rather his only weakness, and its palliation may be found in that affection for his wife, which, had he been less than what he was, would have degenerated into uxoriousness. From all the other trials which were preparing for him he came off like gold from the furnace. And on this occasion also he perfectly recovered himself. The queen, with her characteristic temper, insisted upon having the key within the time that she had specified: Marlborough delivered it that same evening, and not being prepared for so ready an obedience, her behavior was such, as if a sense of her own ingratitude had then confounded her. His own feeling of resentment would have led him to resign the command at the same time: the advice of the duchess, and of Godolphin, a consideration of what was due to Eugene, to the allies, and to the general good,—finally, the hope of being yet enabled to complete the services which he had rendered to Europe, and to his country, (ungratefully as that country was now beginning to requite him,) by concluding a safe and lasting peace, overcame this impulse. Mr. Coxe appears to regret this: in an evil hour, he says, he yielded to their representations, and continued in the command only to encounter the disgrace and persecution with which he had been threatened, and to lament the conclusion of that dishonorable peace which he so much deprecated. In this instance we differ from his

biographer, and consider the magnanimity with which Marlborough then sacrificed all private considerations, and even hazarded his military reputation, by serving under a ministry whose malevolence he knew, and from whom he had reason to expect nothing but ill usage, as one of the many proofs of true greatness in the life of this illustrious man.

Under these circumstances he entered upon his last campaign, and with the further disadvantage of losing his worthy colleague Eugene, who, in consequence of the death of the Emperor Joseph, was called away, taking with him all his cavalry, and a considerable part of his foot. The French had been busily employed during the latter part of the autumn, and through the winter, in forming and strengthening a series of lines extending from Namur to the coast of Picardy, near Montreuil. Villars relied so much upon the strength of these defences, that he boasted of having at last brought Marlborough to his *ne plus ultra*: he was encouraged also by the immediate diminution of force which Eugene's departure had occasioned, and sent word to his antagonist that he should be 30,000 stronger than the allies. Upon this Marlborough observed, "If their superiority be as great as he says it will be, I should not apprehend much from them, but that of their being able to hinder us from acting, which to my own particular would be mortification enough; for, since constant success has not met with approbation, what may I not expect when nothing is done! As I rely very much on Providence, so I shall be ready at improving all occasions that may offer." But whatever superiority of numbers the French might have possessed, Louis was at that time playing too sure a game with the English cabinet to hazard anything in the field: Villars therefore received positive orders not to risk an engagement. Marlborough's object was to invest Bouchain; to do this he must break through the lines, and he well knew that the consent of the generals and Dutch deputies could never be obtained for so difficult an attempt: he must, therefore, imperceptibly bring them into a situation where they would perceive the necessity of the measure, and he must deceive the enemy at the same time. He effected both objects, and duped the enemy so effectually, that having first made them demolish the fortifications at Arleux which impeded his project, he got within their lines without losing a single man—being, says Colonel Blackader, one of the finest projects and best executed which has been during the war. Villars endeavored then to lure him to a battle, as the only means of wiping off the disgrace; and even the Dutch deputies were so elated with this great and unexpected success that they urged him to attack the French; but Marlborough knew, from the nature of the ground, and the exhausted state of the men, who had marched ten or twelve leagues the preceding day, that this could not be done with any reasonable prospect of advantage. He had gained his object without a battle; and he chose to expose himself to the censure of envious tongues and evil-minded men, rather than hazard the lives of his men without an adequate cause. Blackader, while he expresses his regret at the disappointment, bears, at the same time, a just testimony to the commander. "It was very near carried in a council of war," he says, "that we should attack them, but it was resolved otherwise, to the regret of most part of the army. In such cases *vox exercitus vox Dei*. Our soldiers were

much encouraged by their success in passing the lines, and the enemy much discouraged. When God delivers our enemy into our hand, and we let them escape, he often allows them to be more troublesome afterwards. On the other hand, we are not to be suspicious of our general's conduct; we have more reason to admire it, and to believe he knows a thousand times better what is to be done than we. Submissive obedience is our duty, and I give it heartily. If any man deserves implicit obedience I think he does, both in respect of his capacity and integrity."

In the face of a superior force, Marlborough now laid siege to Bouchain, the armies being so near and in so extraordinary a situation that the besiegers were bombarded by the enemy. But the only fruit which Villars derived from this was the mortification of seeing the garrison, consisting of eight battalions and 500 horse, march out as prisoners of war. An anecdote of Marlborough at this time ought never to be omitted in any account of his life, however brief. Fenelon was then archbishop of Cambray. The estates of his see were exposed to plunder, and, from respect to his genius and virtues, the English commander ordered a detachment to guard the magazines of corn at Chateau Cambresis, and gave a safe-conduct for their conveyance to Cambray. But apprehending afterwards that even this protection might not be respected because of the scarcity of bread, he sent a corps of dragoons with wagons to transport the grain, and escort it to the precincts of the town. He meditated next the capture of Quesnoy; the ministers at home affected to approve of his intention, and assured him that they were making the strongest representations to the Dutch for the purpose of obtaining their concurrence. While these very ministers were deceiving their general, they were carrying on a secret negotiation with France, and had actually agreed to the preliminaries of that peace by which the interests of their allies and their country were betrayed.

We may be spared the humiliating task of following the manœuvres by which the peace of Utrecht was brought about, and of entering into the details of that abominable transaction; a transaction in which the agents at home felt so secure of their power, and at the same time so conscious of their deserts, that they jested among themselves about the gallows and the scaffold, to which they might be exposed if they lost the protection of the queen,—and the ministers abroad espoused so openly the interest of the enemy, as to provoke from Eugene the indignant question, whether they were acting as negotiators on the side of England or of France. The whole scheme of this infamous administration could not be effected as long as Marlborough was at the head of the army. It was impossible to make him act treacherously towards the allies; and it was always to be feared that by some signal stroke he might at once defeat the French army and the schemes of the English cabinet. The removal of Marlborough, therefore, was necessary to the success of their plans, and this alone would prove how rightly he acted in not resigning the command. The means by which they brought about his dismissal were worthy of the men. They accused him of peculation, because he had received the same perquisites which had always been allowed to the commander-in-chief in those countries for secret service money; which he had been privileged to receive, moreover, and to employ without account, by the queen's royal

warrant, and which had been applied, as Marlborough said in his defence, "from time to time for intelligence and secret service, and with such success, that next to the blessing of God and the bravery of the troops, we might in great measure attribute most of the advantages of the war in the Low Countries to the timely and good advice procured with the help of this money." Upon this ground, and upon the undeniable fact that the same allowance had been always paid to his predecessors, Marlborough so completely vindicated himself, that though the commissioners of public accounts, who were the tools of the reigning faction, pronounced an opinion against him, in a report as flagrantly false as it was malicious, and though upon that report the queen dismissed him from all his employments, "that the matter might undergo an impartial investigation"—his enemies, malignant as they were, dared not pursue the investigation. When Louis heard of this act, he added with his own hand a sentence in his despatches to his agent at London, saying, "The affair of displacing the Duke of Marlborough will do for us all we desire."

Every means was now used to blacken the late ministry;—for this purpose no accusation was either too absurd or too atrocious. A cry of peculation was raised against them, as that which was most likely to obtain belief among the vulgar, and excite popular outcry. A deficit of thirty-five millions was charged against them, as if they were responsible for all the unsettled accounts since the Restoration; and this charge, as has generally been the case, dwindled to nothing when it was examined. In those days it was the custom, on the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's inauguration, to burn in effigy the Pope, the Devil and the Pretender. The effigies were arrested upon a pretence that the whigs intended to take advantage of the holiday to excite an insurrection; and this ridiculous story has found its way into historical writings at home and abroad, with the additional absurdity, that Marlborough was to put himself at the head of the mob, and that Prince Eugene was to support him. Another fable accused them of a design to fire the city, murder the ministers, seize and depose the queen, and place the Elector of Hanover on the throne! Slanders of this kind were too gross to deserve contradiction, nor could the slanderer be fixed upon. At length a personal insult of the grossest kind was offered to the duke, and in the most public manner. Earl Poulet, in vindicating the Duke of Ormond, who had succeeded to the command, for taking the field with Eugene, while he was at the same time in secret communication with Villars, and had secret orders not to fight, said of him, "that he did not resemble a certain general, who led his troops to the slaughter to cause a great number of officers to be knocked on the head in a battle, or against stone walls, in order to fill his pockets by disposing of their commissions." Marlborough heard him in silence, but as soon as the house rose, sent a message to him by Lord Mohun, inviting him to take the air in the country. Earl Poulet could not conceal from his lady the uncomfortable emotions which this message excited, and the duel was prevented by a direct order from the queen to Marlborough, enjoining him to proceed no farther in the affair. It is sufficient punishment for this slanderer, that he is remembered in history for this, and for this only; so easily may the coarsest and meanest mind purchase for itself a perpetuity of disgrace!

For the sake of avoiding daily insults and further persecution, Marlborough determined upon leaving England. The death of Godolphin released him from the strongest tie which bound him to his then ungrateful country,—for he was unwilling to leave his old tried friend, laboring under the severest sufferings of a mortal disease.\* A passport was obtained by means of Harley, or Oxford, as he must now be called, in opposition to some of his colleagues. Base as Oxford's conduct was, he was not so bad as Bolingbroke; he had not the same hatred to Marlborough, (perhaps because his obligations to him, great as they were, had not been so great,) and it is not unlikely that he may have thought it desirable for the sake of the Protestant succession, to which he was sincerely attached, and which Bolingbroke was plotting to set aside, that Marlborough should be out of his enemies' reach, and in a situation where he might act in its support, when occasion should require. The restoration of the Stuart line indeed appeared so possible, from the principles of Bolingbroke and the favorite, now Lady Masham, and from the irreconcilable dislike with which the queen regarded the house of Hanover, that Marlborough thought it prudent, before he left England, to invest 50,000*l.* in the Dutch funds as a means of subsistence in case of that event. As this great commander had received the highest proofs of royal favor both from his own sovereign and from foreign princes, he was fated also to have some experience of royal ingratitude. The government of the Spanish Netherlands had been more than once offered to him, and pressed upon him by the Archduke Charles, and he had been prevented from accepting it only by the jealousy of the Dutch. When he perceived that his disgrace was impending, he asked for his appointment, and the Archduke evaded a compliance with his request. Nor was this the only instance of ingratitude from that thankless quarter. The principality of Mindelheim, which had been conferred on him after the battle of Blenheim, was restored at the peace to Bavaria, and though an equivalent was promised to Marlborough, it was never granted, nor did he ever obtain any compensation for the loss.

When he embarked at Dover, as a private individual, the captain of the packet had sufficient English feeling to receive him with a voluntary salute. No other honor was paid him upon leaving his native country; but as the illustrious exile entered the harbor of Ostend he was welcomed with a salute of artillery from the town, forts and shipping. And along the whole road to Aix-la-Chapelle, though he endeavored to avoid notice by taking the most private ways, he was entertained with the highest marks of respect and affection, by governors, garrisons, magistrates and people of all ranks. A finer tribute was never paid to true greatness. They blessed him as their deliverer, and mingling exclamations against the English cabinet with their expressions of admiration and gratitude towards him, many of them shed bitter tears of indignant feeling, and said it were better to be born in Lapland than in England, for that no nation had ever fallen so unaccountably from such a height of glory and esteem into such contempt and degradation. He dwelt some time at Aix-la-Cha-

\* Godolphin, the lord treasurer in those days of peculation, which had been so loudly censured in parliament and even from the throne, was so far from having enriched himself, that the property which he left did not exceed 12,000*l.*

pelle; but from an apprehension that his person was not safe there, he went to Maestricht; there the duchess joined him: they proceeded to Frankfurt, and after a few months removed to Antwerp, as a safer place while the war continued in Germany. From thence he corresponded with Hanover, and with the leaders of the Hanoverian interest in England, and there he held himself in readiness to transport troops to England on the demise of the queen, engaging to use his endeavors to secure the fidelity of the troops at Dunkirk and to embark at their head. The danger to which the Protestant succession was at that time exposed is believed to have proved fatal to the Electress Sophia, a remarkable personage, who at the age of eighty-four retained an unusual strength both of body and mind, and used to say, that if she could but live to have Sophia queen of England engraven on her tomb, she should die content. Had she lived three months longer, that wish would have been gratified.

As the crisis drew nearer, it was deemed advisable that Marlborough should return where his presence might be of great importance. Among the calumnies with which his memory has been loaded, is the absurd charge, that he was at this time corresponding with the Pretender, and intriguing with Bolingbroke to secure his succession. This falsehood also is now effectually refuted; and it appears from their own acknowledgment, that the ministers who were plotting for that purpose were "frightened out of their wits" at the news of his intended return. That return would have exposed him to a renewal of persecution, and to every mortification and every injury which it was in the power of the queen and her ministers to inflict,—but when the vessel wherein he had embarked approached the coast near Dover, it was boarded by a messenger with the news of the queen's decease, and the undisputed accession of George I. This monarch, though he duly appreciated the services of Marlborough, and respected him accordingly, never forgave him for not having communicated to him the intended operations of that campaign in which Brabant and Flanders had been recovered. He restored him to his offices, but did not avail himself of his advice, as for his own sake and that of the country he should have done; for had the opinion of this consummate statesman been taken, a combined administration would have been formed, to include some of the moderate Tories who had supported the Protestant succession at the moment when their services were most essential. It was a more favorable opportunity than had ever before occurred for bringing upright men of different parties to act together for the general good.

Marlborough lived eight years after his return, happy in the enjoyment of that leisure and tranquillity which he had always desired. It is not true, as Johnson had taught us to believe, that the tears of dotage flowed from his eyes. In the year 1716 he had two paralytic strokes, but recovered both his strength and faculties, except that there were a few words which he could not distinctly articulate. In other respects, however, he was so little impaired, that he continued to attend Parliament, and to perform the business of his office as captain-general and master of the ordnance, till within six months of his death. He wished to resign those offices, but was induced, by Sunderland's entreaties and the king's particular desire, to retain them. At length a return of the disorder proved

fatal: he lay for some days aware of approaching dissolution, and, in full possession of his senses, he quietly expired on the 16th of June, 1722, in the 72d year of his age. The duchess, though sixty-two when she was thus left a widow, still possessed some attractions of person, and proposals of marriage were made to her by Lord Coningsby, and by the Duke of Somerset. In her reply to the latter she declined the connexion as unsuitable to her time of life, and added, that if she was only thirty instead of threescore, she should not permit even the emperor of the world to succeed in that heart which had been devoted to John Duke of Marlborough. She survived her husband two-and-twenty years, and lived to see the magnificent pile of Blenheim completed according to his directions. Queen Anne had promised to build this proud monument of national glory at her own expense,—if Marlborough had not had it finished at his own, it would have remained in its ruins, a striking monument of her fickleness, and of the meanness of her ministers.

If Mr. Coxe by the publication of these volumes had rendered no other service to historical literature, than that of clearing Marlborough's character from the imputations with which it has been stained, that service alone would entitle him to the gratitude of all good Englishmen. Madame Sévigné has said, *Le monde n'a point de longues injustices*: it were better to say there will be no injustice in the next world,—for that which is committed in this, is often but too lasting in its effects. During a whole century Marlborough has been represented in books both at home and abroad, as a consummate general indeed, but as being devoid of honor and of principle, an intriguer, a traitor, a peccator, and so careless of human life and of human sufferings, that for the sake of his own sordid interests, he wantonly prolonged a war which, but for his ambition and his avarice, might many times have been brought to an end. These foul charges were urged against him by persons who knew that they were false—men whom he had patronized and brought forward; and for some of whom he had exerted himself disinterestedly, even so as to offend the Whigs with whom he acted. His enemies gave these falsehoods the sanction of authority when they were in power, because it was necessary to sacrifice Marlborough before they could sacrifice the interests of their country, and betray the Protestant succession, which they designed to do. And the calumnies which thus originated have prevailed to this day, because they have found their way from libels into history, and still more because they were propagated in the writings of Swift, a principal actor in the moral assassination which was planned and perpetrated by his party. Swift was beyond all comparison the ablest writer of that age; but his conduct upon this occasion, like some other of his actions, can only be explained by supposing that the malady which rendered him at the last so pitiable a spectacle of human weakness, affected his heart long before it overthrew his intellect.

It is no light wrong to the dead, that an honorable name should thus long have been defamed: it is no light injury to the living. What ingenuous mind is there that has not felt sorrow and humiliation for the obliquity and meanness by which the character of Marlborough has hitherto seemed to be degraded? Who is there that has not felt that whatever derogated from the admiration which he would otherwise have merited, was to be regretted as a na-

tional evil!—for the reputation of such men as Marlborough, as Nelson, (and let us be allowed to add the only name worthy to be classed with them,) as Wellington, belongs to their country. In such names nations have much of their permanent glory, and no small part of their strength: the slanderer, therefore, who detracts from their fame, and asperses their memory, commits a moral treason,—and, as far as he succeeds, inflicts a wound upon his native land; but, sooner or later, truth prevails, and his infamy then is in proportion to the merit which he has calumniated. If the spirit of faction did not destroy all sense of shame as well as of honesty, and stultify men while it depraves them, these memoirs of Marlborough would be more efficacious than any other history, that of our own times excepted, in showing such calumniators what kind of reputation they are purchasing for themselves.

Marlborough's character is now laid open to the world, without reserve, from the most unquestionable documents. His early correspondence with James is the only blot, and for that offence, all circumstances being fairly considered, there are few persons who would fling the first stone. After what has already been said upon that subject, it may suffice to observe, that William, who best understood the circumstance, and was the person most offended, entirely excused him; trusted him himself, and recommended him to the full confidence of his successor. Mr. Coxe allows that he was parsimonious: frugality had been a necessary virtue during the first part of his life, and the habit continued after the necessity had ceased—to this, and to nothing more, does the charge of parsimony amount. He was not profuse, but he never spared when it was proper that he should spend. In his loans to government, in his buildings and improvements, and in transactions of a public nature, no man was more munificent. The soldiers would not have loved a penurious man, and it is certain that no general ever more entirely possessed the love as well as the confidence of his men. A Chelsea pensioner, at the election of 1737, was threatened with the loss of his pension if he would not vote for Lord Vere at Windsor. His answer was, "I will venture starving, rather than it shall be said that I voted against the Duke of Marlborough's grandson, after having followed his grandfather so many hundred leagues." The duchess, by whom this anecdote is related, adds, "I do not know whether they have taken away his pension, but I hope they will: for I have sent him word, if they do take it away, I will settle the same upon him for his life."

Even his inveterate enemy, Bolingbroke, acknowledged, after his death, that he was the greatest general and the greatest minister that our country, or any other, had produced. He was, indeed, the main-spring, the life, the moving mind of the whole confederacy. The allies, with jarring views, contradictory interests, and oftentimes with jealous and even hostile feelings also, were kept together less by their common danger from France and their common hopes of security and advantage, than by his influence and his matchless powers of conciliation. They had no confidence in each other, and little confidence in their own councils; but they had each and all a well-founded confidence in him. This was known from history. Malice and falsehood, successful as they were, could not conceal or detract from his paramount excellence as a commander and a statesman.

The purity of private life was not so generally known, for this had not always been recorded, as it ought to be, for edification and example. He was a faithful husband as well as a fond one. No indecent word or allusion ever passed his lips, and if any person uttered an obscenity before him, he resented it as a personal affront and an act of public immorality. His camp was not like Cromwell's, for Marlborough was neither fanatic nor hypocrite. Colonel Blackader complained of the irreligion and profligacy of his companions; and for this he may have had cause enough; but he was a man of morbid feelings, and a puritanical rigor of manners may not improbably have provoked foolish men to appear in his company worse than they were. Another officer, who served in the same army, describes the camp as resembling a quiet and well-governed city; and observes, as the effect of Marlborough's regulations and example, that "cursing and swearing were seldom heard among the officers, and the poor soldiers, many of them the refuse and dregs of the nation, became, at the close of one or two campaigns, civil, sensible and clean, and had an air and spirit above the vulgar."

But it is only from the present Memoirs that a full knowledge of this admirable man can be obtained. Here we become acquainted with his habitual principles of action, and find in him a complete example of that moral intrepidity which is the highest and rarest of all military and political virtues. Here we behold, in letters written without reserve or affectation of any kind, the hopes and thoughts and feelings which were revealed only to his nearest and dearest friends. The man who, after such an exposure, rises in our estimation and in our love, has stood the severest test of greatness: nor was he more fitted by his surpassing talents to direct the councils of princes, arrange campaigns which extended over half Europe, and give his orders with unerring promptitude in the heat of battle, than by his virtues and affections for the perfect enjoyment of tranquillity and domestic life. Considering him in all his relations, public and private, it may safely be asserted that Marlborough approaches, almost as nearly as human frailty will allow, to the perfect model of a good patriot, a true statesman, and a consummate general.

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From the Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual.

"WHO GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT."

WHEN, courting slumber,  
The hours I number,  
And sad cares cumber  
My wearied mind;  
This thought shall cheer me,  
That Thou art near me,  
Whose ear to hear me  
Is still inclined.

My soul Thou keepest,  
Who never sleepest.  
Mid gloom the deepest,  
There's light above.  
Thine eyes behold me;  
Thine arms enfold me;  
Thy word has told me  
That God is love.



From the New Monthly Magazine.

ARABELLA ;

OR, THE MORAL OF "THE PARTIE FINE."

WHEN the news came to Wagstaff that he had made a public appearance in the *New Monthly Magazine*, he affected to be in great wrath that his peccadilloes should have been laid bare to the whole nation ; and was for sacrificing the individual who had held him up to ridicule. Luckily, that person was out of town for some days, so his anger had time to cool if it were real ; but the truth must be told, that Lancelot Wagstaff was in heart quite delighted at being shown up for a *séducteur*, and has ordered some new waistcoats, and affects to talk very big about the French play, and has been growing a tuft to his chin ever since. Mrs. Wagstaff still continues at Bognor. Poor soul ! She will never know whose was the portrait which figured last month in this Miscellany under the pseudonym of Wagstaff : it is only the coincidence of the new waistcoats and the sudden growth of that tuft that can by any possibility betray him.

Some critics have hinted that the scene described was immoral. So it was, there's not a doubt of it ; but so is a great deal of life immoral : so are many of Hogarth's pictures immoral, if you don't choose to see their moral tendency ;—nor indeed are critics to be very much blamed for not perceiving the moral of the brief tract called the *Partie Fine*, seeing, as it were, that it was not yet in sight. No : it was purposely kept back, as a surprise for the June number of the Magazine. This is going to be the moral paper : and I hope to goodness that Mr. Colburn's editor will not refuse it, or I shall be set down, in spite of myself, as a writer of a questionable tendency. I solemnly demand the insertion of this paper, in order to set a well-meaning man right with a public he respects. Yes, ladies, you yourselves, if you peruse these few, these very few pages, will say, "Well, although he shocked us, the man is a moral man after all." He is, indeed he is. Don't believe the critics who say the contrary.

The former history described to you the conduct of Wagstaff abroad. Ah, ladies ! you little knew that it was preparatory to showing the monster up when *at home*. You would not have understood the wretch had you not received this previous insight into his character. If *this* be not morality, I know not what is.

Those people who at the club and elsewhere are acquainted with Mr. W., declare he is the most generous and agreeable creature that ever turned out of the city. He arrives, his jolly face beaming with good-humor. He has a good word for everybody, and every man a good word for him. Some bachelor says, "Wag, my boy, there is a white-bait party at Greenwich ; will you be one ?" He hesitates. "I promised Mrs. Wagstaff to be home to dinner," says he ; and when he says *that*, you may be sure he will go. If you propose to him a game of billiards in the afternoon, he will play till dinner, and make the most ludicrous jokes about his poor wife waiting till his return. If you ask him to smoke cigars, he will do so till morning, and goe home with a story to Mrs. W., which the poor soul receives with a desperate credulity. Once she used to sit up for him ; but to continue that practice would have killed her.

She goes to bed now, and Wagstaff reels in when he likes.

He is not ill-humored. Far from it. He never says an unkind word to the children, or to the cook, or to the boy who blacks his boots, or to his wife. She wishes he would. He comes down stairs exactly three minutes before office time. He has his tea and his newspaper in bed. His eldest daughter brings the paper in, and his poor wife appears with the tea. He has a kind word for both, and scrubs the little girl's fresh cheek with his bristly beard, and laughs at the joke, and professes a prodigious interest in her lessons, and in knowing whether Miss Wiggles, the governess, is satisfied with her ; and before she finishes her answer, he is deep in the folios of the *Times*, and does not care one farthing piece what the little girl says. He has promised to take the child to Astley's any time these four years. She could hardly speak when he promised it. She is a fine tall lass, and can read and write now ; and though it was so long ago, has never forgotten the promise about Astley's.

When he is away from home, Wagstaff talks about his family with great affection. In the long, long days when he is away, their mother, God help her ! is telling them what a good man their papa is—how kind and generous—and how busy he is—what a pity ! he is obliged to work so hard and stay away from home ! Poor creature, poor creature ! Sure Heaven will pardon her these lies if any lies are pardonable. Whenever he says he will walk with her, Arabella dresses herself in the gown he likes, and puts on her pink bonnet, and is ready to the very minute, you may be sure. How often is it that *he* is ready at the minute ! How many scores and scores of times has he left the heart-sick girl !—not forgetting her in the least—but engaged elsewhere with a game of billiards, or a jolly friend and cigar—and perhaps wishing rather to be at home all the time—but he is so good-natured, such a capital fellow ! Whenever he keeps his appointment—Heaven help us ! she brightens up as if it were Paradise coming to her. She looks with a triumphant air at the servant who opens the door, and round about at the neighbors' windows as if she would have all the world know that she is walking with her husband. Every now and then as she walks—(it is but twice or thrice in a year, for Wagstaff has his business on week-days, and never gets up till one of a Sunday)—every now and then as she walks with him, the delighted creature gives a skip, and squeezes his arm, and looks up in his face, she is so happy. And so is he too, for he is as good-natured a fellow as ever breathed—and he resolves to take her out the very next Sunday—only he does n't. Every one of these walk-days are noted down in the poor soul's little Calendar of Home as saint's days. She talks of them quite fondly ; and there is not one of her female friends whom she won't visit for weeks after, and to whom she will not be sure to find some pretext for recounting the wonderful walk.

Mon dieu, ladies—all the time I was describing that affair at Durognon's, those odious French women, and their chatter, and their ogling, and their champagne, I was thinking of Arabella far away in the distance and alone—I declare, upon my honor, she was never out of my thoughts for a single minute. She was the moral of the *Partie Fine*—the simple, white-robed, spotless, meek-eyed angel of a wife—thinking about her husband



—and he among the tawdry good-for-nothings, yonder! Fizz! there goes the first champagne cork. Mr. Wagstaff is making a tender speech to Madame Virginie.

At that moment Arabella is upstairs in the nursery, where the same moon is shining in, and putting her youngest boy to bed.

Bang! there goes the second cork. Virginie screams—Fitzsimons roars with laughter—Wagstaff hob-nobs with the old lady, who gives a wink and a nod. They are taking away the fish and putting down the *entrées*.

At that moment Arabella has her second child between her knees (the little one is asleep with its thumb in its mouth, and the elder even is beginning to rub her eyes over her favorite fairy tale, though she has read it many scores of times.) Arabella has the child between her knees, and just as Wag is clinking his glass with the old lady in London, his wife at Bognor says something to the child, who says after her,

"*Dod bless my dear papa:*" and presently he is in bed too, and sleeps as soundly as his little sister.

And so it is that these pure blessings are sent—yearning after that fellow over his cups. Suppose they reach him? Why, the spotless things must blush and go out again from the company in which they find him. The drinking goes on, the jokes and fun get faster and faster. Arabella by this time has seen the eldest child asleep in her crib, and is looking out at the moon in silence as the children breathe round about her a soft chorus of slumber. Her mother is down stairs alone, reading "*Blair's Sermons*,"—a high-shouldered, hook-nosed, lean, moral woman. She wonders her daughter don't come down to tea—there is her cup quite cold, with the cream stagnant on the surface, and her work-basket by its side, with a pair of man's slippers nearly done, and one lazy scrawl from her husband, four lines only, and ten days old. But Arabella keeps away thinking, thinking, and preferring to be alone. The girl has a sweet soft heart, and little sympathy with the mother's coarse, rigid, strong-minded nature. The only time they quarrel is, when the old lady calls her son-in-law a brute: *then* the young one fires up and defends her own like a little Amazon.

What is this secret of love? How does it spring? How is it that no neglect can kill it? In truth, its origin and endurance are alike, utterly absurd and unreasonable. What secret power was it that made this delicate-minded young creature; who had been bred up upon the purest doctrines of the sainted Mrs. Chapone; who had never thought about love; who, simple soul, had been utterly absorbed in her little daily duties, her pianoforte practice, her French lesson, her use-of-the-globes, her canary bird, and her Mangnall's questions—what, I say is it, that makes this delicate girl all of a sudden expand into a passion of love for a young sugar-baker, simply because she meets him three times riding a gray mare on Clapham common, and afterwards (the sly rogue!) on half-a-dozen occasions at her aunt's at tea? What is it that makes her feel that a young sugar-baker is the fatal man with whom her existence is bound up; go through fire and water to marry him; love him in spite of neglect and indifference; adore him so absurdly, that a half-hour's kindness from him more than balances a month's brutality? O, mystery of woman's heart! I declare all this lies in the moral of the *Partie Fine*.

Wagstaff, so splendid with his dinners and so

generous on himself, is not so generous at home. He pays the bills with only a few oaths; but somehow he leaves his wife without money. He will give it to anybody rather than to her; a fact of which he himself is, very likely, unaware at this minute, or of the timidity of his wife in asking for it. In order to avoid this asking, the poor girl goes through unheard-of economies, and performs the most curious tricks of avarice. She dresses herself for nothing, and she dresses her children out of her own frocks. Certain dainties, caps, pinafores, and other fallals have gone through the family; and Arabella, though she sees ever such a pretty thing in a shop-window, will pass on with a sigh; whereas her Lancelot is a perfect devourer of waistcoats, and never sets his eyes on a flaring velvet that strikes his fancy, but you will be sure to behold him the next week swaggering about in the garment in Pall Mall. Women are ever practising these petty denials, about which the lords of the creation never think.

I will tell you what I once saw Arabella doing. She is a woman of very high breeding, and no inconsiderable share of family pride: well, one day, on going to Wagstaff's house, who had invited a party of us to Blackwall, about a bet he had lost, I was, in the master's absence, ushered into the drawing-room, which is furnished very fine, and there sat the lady of the house at her work-table, with her child prattling at her knee.

I could not understand what made Mrs. Wagstaff blush so—look so entirely guilty of something or other—fidget, answer *à travers*, and receive an old friend in this strange and inhospitable way.

She, the descendant of the Smiths of Smithfield, of the Browns of Brown Hall, the proud daughter of the aristocracy, was making a pair of trousers for her eldest son. She huddled them away hastily under a pillow—but bah! we have keen eyes—and from under that pillow the buttons peeped out, and with those buttons the secret—they were white ducks—Wagstaff's white ducks—his wife was making them into white ducklings for little Fred.

The sight affected me. I should like to have cried, only it is unmanly; and to cry about a pair of little breeches!—I should like to have seized hold of Mrs. Wagstaff and hugged her to my heart; but she would have screamed, and rung for John to show me down stairs; so I disguised my feelings by treading on the tail of her spaniel dog, whose squealing caused a diversion.

But I shall never forget those breeches. What! Wagstaff is flaunting in a coat of Nugge's, and his son has that sweet, humble tailor. Wagstaff is preparing for Blackwall, and here is his wife plying her gentle needle. Wagstaff feasts off plate and frothing wine; and Arabella sits down to cold mutton in the nursery, with her little ones ranged about her. Wagstaff enjoys—Arabella suffers. He flings about his gold; and she tries to stave off evil days by little savings of meek pence. Wagstaff sins and she forgives—and trusts, and loves, and hopes on in spite of carelessness, and coldness, and neglect, and extravagance, and—and *Parties Fines*.

This the moral of the last story. O, ye Wagstaffs of this world, profit by it. O, ye gentle, meek angels of Arabellas, be meek and gentle still. If an angel can't reclaim a man, who can? And I live in hopes of hearing that by the means of that charming mediation, the odious Lancelot has become a reformed character. TITMARSH.

From the New European Magazine.

"I had a Dream which was not all a Dream."—BYRON.

AMONGST all the various means by which mankind have sought to penetrate into the mysteries of futurity, none have been more generally adopted, or more implicitly relied upon, than divination by dreams; and even now, that the pure light of truth and philosophy has detected the errors of superstition, and pierced the deceptions of the astrologer, still is there a mysterious grandeur, a solemn beauty in those shadowy visions, sent to us in the darkness and stillness of night, that, in defiance of our cooler judgment, we are sometimes loath to believe them merely the vain fancies of an over-heated imagination, disclosed for no purpose but to mock and delude our dormant faculties. Nor do these feelings exist only amongst the weak and ignorant; a belief in the predictions contained in the visions of sleep, has been upheld by many of our wisest, and most learned; and those living, not in the errors of the Heathen mythology, nor yet in the almost equal barbarity of Gothic superstition, but in ages of learning and refinement. Mark what Addison says, when, after speaking of Tertullian as crediting the power of divining in dreams, he observes, "That several such divinations have been made, none can question who believes the holy writings; or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane." I could bring forward other authors as great as that I have just quoted, who have believed, that in moments of impending calamity, dreams have sometimes proved the harbingers of fate, and served as a warning of danger; but as I am well aware that this would prove an almost endless task, I shall content myself with the grave authority already cited, and venture, even in these days of skepticism, to relate the circumstance which gave rise to these reflections, and which induced me to undertake the defence of a system now fast sinking into disrepute and ridicule.

The story I have often heard narrated by an intimate friend of my father; a gentleman upon whose judgment and veracity I can rely with perfect confidence. He was an officer in the army, and the circumstance occurred nearly forty years ago, upon his returning with his regiment to England, after an absence of long duration. He was obliged to repair to London immediately after his arrival, whence he purposed setting off for the north of England, where his family was then residing. After many delays, occasioned by business at the War Office, he concluded his arrangements, and determined to leave town on the third of November. The night preceding his departure arrived, and he fell asleep in excellent health and spirits; but awoke from his slumber in the utmost horror, for he had been disturbed by a dream; whose dreadful subject was heightened by a minuteness and circumstantiality seldom to be observed in these "fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train." It was some minutes before he could recollect himself, or feel assured that he was actually in safety; but at length, recalling his weakened energies, he smiled at his vain fears, and once more composed himself to rest. He slept, and again the same vision appeared to him, with added terror. He thought that he was travelling through a beautiful country, fresh with verdure, and rich in cultivation; when, as he journeyed on, rejoicing in the hilarity which shone around

him the prospect became suddenly changed; the green hills and smiling valleys were transformed to a bleak and barren heath; dark clouds obscured the heavens, and night suddenly came on. Presently he reached a building, which, at first, bore the appearance of a church; but, as he approached nearer, proved to be an inn. He entered the gate which led to the house, but found the greatest difficulty in proceeding. Sometimes his feet seemed fastened to the ground, and an hundred times he stumbled over impediments which appeared to lie in his path, the nature of which he was prevented by the darkness from discovering. Still, with that blindness and obstinacy which usually characterize the dreamer, he continued to advance, until at last, the moon shining out, he found himself standing alone in a church-yard, and casting his eyes upon a grave-stone before him, Colonel B—— beheld his own name sculptured on the marble! Struck with surprise, he looked again, but it was no longer there; and, passing through the church-yard, which now offered no obstruction to his steps, he entered the inn. The vision then became confused, and nothing was clearly defined, until he found himself in his chamber. Here a sensation of fear seemed to hang upon him, and he was oppressed by the feeling of intense expectation, so often experienced in dreams. Still the church-yard appeared as a prominent feature in the scene. The room seemed surrounded with windows, yet all presented the same ghastly spectacle, of graves and tomb-stones, gleaming white in the moon-shine; which seemed, as he gazed upon them, to gaze beneath his eyes. At last he went to bed, but scarcely had he laid his head upon the pillow, when the door of his chamber was slowly opened, and he beheld a figure in whom he recognized the landlord of the inn, advancing towards him with a knife in his hand; followed by another holding a lantern. Agonized by fear, the dreamer strove to shriek for help and mercy, but his tongue, refusing to perform its office, clave to the roof of his mouth. At this crisis his agitation awoke him, and he found himself sitting upright in his bed; cold drops were hanging on his brow, and he trembled as if in an ague fit; nor were his feelings much less unpleasant after the first agitation was subsided. The church-yard and the dagger still haunted his imagination; and, as he lay in silent darkness, a thousand fearful tales arose to his remembrance, of travellers who had fallen by the hands of assassins, and others who had strangely disappeared from the highway, and whose fate was yet shrouded in silence and mystery. In justice to Colonel B.'s character, which might otherwise suffer in the reader's estimation, from his indulging ideas so little consonant with his reputation as a soldier, I must remind him, that, at the period of my narrative, travelling did not possess all the ease and accommodation it now enjoys. Stage-coaches were yet in their infancy; the inns had sometimes a very ill name; the roads were bad, and occasionally frequented by such as scrupled not at saying *Stand* to a true man; so that a long journey was then regarded, as a matter not only of consequence, but even hazard. In these days of peaceful travelling and "genteel accommodation for man and horse," some ridicule would justly attach itself to him, whose sleep should be disturbed by an approaching journey; but forty years ago, people might have dreamed of being murdered in the road between London and York,

without incurring the charge of unreasonable timidity.

To return to my narrative, Colonel B——, rousing himself from these sombre meditations, made a solemn resolution to "dream no more," and, falling into a peaceful and undisturbed slumber, he awoke next morning without a trace of the childish feelings which had so lately agitated him. The information he received on arising, however, did not increase his exhilaration: he had determined to make the journey on horseback, attended by a favorite servant, but, to his great vexation, he found that the man had been taken seriously ill in the course of the night, and was now totally unable to proceed. There was not time to procure another attendant, and he was therefore obliged to advance alone. Colonel B—— set off. The loss of his companion at first threw a damp over his spirits; but the beauty of the morning, and the gaiety of the scene, soon restored his mind to its wonted serenity; and he rode gaily along, enjoying the fresh air, and the bright sunshine. He passed the city; and now the appearance of the country, and all the thousand enchantments which even the chill wind and almost lifeless branches of November can confer, were his. The tenderest feelings arose to his mind, as he anticipated his approaching happiness in a reunion with the beloved society he had been so long estranged from; and it was not until some time after the commencement of his journey, that his thoughts reverted to the dream, which had so fearfully disturbed him the preceding night. He smiled at the recollection of his terrors, and wondered how he could have been so strongly affected; yet notwithstanding the contempt, and even shame, with which he now regarded his foolish terrors, he yet could not dwell upon the circumstances of the vision without a certain sensation of awe, nor prevent a secret hope that his lodging for the next night might not border upon a church-yard; nay, he even determined that this should not happen, and that he would cautiously avoid every inn from which a tombstone should be visible. Not that he was by any means superstitious; on the contrary, he knew few people so free from credulity as himself; he only avoided the fulfilment of the dream so far, lest, as was most probable, it should excite a repetition of the night-mare, and that he should be sorry for. Having thus formed, and above all, accounted for, his resolution, he dismissed the subject from his thoughts, and proceeded as gaily as ever.

And now the sun began to decline, and evening to close in; Colonel B—— watched the bright orb as it set behind the distant hills; and then, having lingered till the last streak of gold disappeared from the horizon, he quickened his pace towards a village which appeared at a little distance, and where, his horse being fatigued, he hoped to obtain quarters for the night. The shades of evening were falling thick around him as he entered the village; the chill blast of a November night moaned through the trees; it was a lonely place, and the Colonel began to doubt, from its wretchedness of appearance, if it could afford accommodation for himself and his horse. At length he thought he could distinguish a sign-post in the distance; he quickened his pace, and soon became convinced that he was approaching some house of entertainment; but, as he came nearer, a slight turning in the road disclosed to him another object; he started, and, for a few moments, felt more than he liked to own, even to himself. "Was it pos-

sible! No, it could not be; the twilight had deceived him;" but a few paces convinced him that it was no delusion, for exactly opposite his intended lodging stood the village church, with its usual accompaniment of graves and tombstones. His immediate impulse was to pass the house without farther hesitation; but, recovering from his first surprise, he now began to reason with himself upon the folly and impropriety of suffering his imagination to be so acted upon as to refuse the shelter which was thus offered to him, and which the situation of his horse rendered almost necessary; while, by proceeding, he risked the chance of being benighted in a part of the country entirely unknown to him; and what motive could he assign for acting thus! A dream forsooth! a night-mare occasioned by a disturbed mind, or a hearty supper! No, an officer in the British army would not allow himself to be led astray by every turn of a distempered fancy; he would enter the inn.

By the time this manly resolution was adopted, Colonel B. had arrived at the place of his destination; where, having examined the house, his determination began to waver. It was situated quite at the extremity of the village, and rather apart from any other habitation; and, whether it was really so, or that the distempered state of his nerves influenced his judgment, he knew not, but it certainly appeared to him that the place wore an aspect of seclusion and gloom very unlike the air of cheerful comfort which usually characterizes an inn. "It is a mean-looking place," said he, "and the accommodations will be wretched." He looked again at the church-yard, and became every moment more strongly convinced of the bad accommodations of its opposite neighbor. "It was a miserable place; he doubted indeed if he should be able to obtain a bed there; it was evidently little more than a common hedge ale-house; and it would only be putting them to inconvenience should he attempt to stop." He was startled in his meditations by a dismal sound, harsh and discordant. "A murderer hanging in chains, perhaps." No, it was only the creaking of the sign-post over his head, as the wind impelled it upon its rusty hinge. The owner of the house now came forward; a ferocious looking person, with an expression of sullen malignity in his countenance; looked as if he had not been shaved for a month, and his manners, if not decidedly uncivil, were so disagreeable and abrupt, that if the traveller's resolution had before begun to falter, the sight of the inn-keeper soon overthrew it entirely; and, having inquired the distance of the nearest town, which he found to be very trifling, Colonel B. gave the spur to his jaded horse, and the church-yard, the gloomy inn, and the ferocious innkeeper, were soon left far behind.

Fate now seemed determined to atone for her former unpropitious treatment; after riding about half a mile, the traveller reached a town whose cheerful appearance afforded a contrast the most striking to the lonely village he had just quitted. The inn, a pleasant-looking place, stood surrounded by other houses, and nothing like a church-yard was to be descried. Rejoicing in his good fortune, Colonel B. dismounted, and entered the house; he was conducted into a room whose naturally pleasant aspect was now heightened by the blaze of a cheerful fire; the attendants were civil; the supper excellent; and, as he enjoyed the luxury of his present situation, he blessed the friendly warning, which, by exciting his apprehen-

sions, however unnecessarily, had induced him to exchange a bad lodging for one so full of comfort and convenience.

The evening passed rapidly away, by means of the usual amusements of a solitary night at an inn, eating and yawning; and, at ten o'clock, the colonel desired to be shown to his apartment. As he looked round the pleasant chamber to which he was conducted, his mind again reverted to the lonely inn, and its appearance of desolation and misery; but, although acknowledging the superiority of the quarters he had chosen, and never for a moment repenting of his choice, he yet could scarcely help blushing as the events of the day passed in review before him. In his present state of ease and security, his spirits exhilarated and his limbs at rest, he marvelled that his mind could have been disturbed, or his actions controlled, by a cause so trivial and childish; and the result of these, his calm meditations, was, a secret resolution of never disclosing the circumstance to a single human being.

He now began to prepare himself for bed; while he was thus engaged, his attention was attracted by the moon, which, shining in all the lustre of a clear autumn night, shed a stream of radiance through an aperture of the window-curtain. Attracted by its beauty, Colonel B. approached the window to take a more distinct view of the fair planet; when, drawing aside the intervening shade, he stood transfixed in shuddering horror, for a cemetery lay before him, where the moon was gleaming white upon graves and tombstones, with a brilliancy which rendered every object as clear as if he had beheld it in open daylight! For a few moments he felt completely unnerved; the dream was again before him, and he dwelt upon its strange fulfilment, until his blood seemed curdling in his veins; and he turned from the window unable to endure the ghastly prospect it presented to his view. The loneliness of his situation, the church-yard, all seemed accomplished, all but the dreadful conclusion of the vision; he looked around him in gloomy despondency, till, overcome by the horrors his imagination conjured up, he resolved to leave the house, and had actually quitted his chamber for that purpose, preferring every alternative to passing the night in his present situation, when the order and quiet which seemed to reign throughout the building, only disturbed at intervals by the laughter of some loiterers at the bar, once more recalled him to the absurdity of his apprehensions; and, chiding himself for his own cowardice, the Colonel returned to his room, with a full determination of driving the dream from his remembrance, and sleeping in peace. As a proof of his assumed courage, he now advanced boldly to the window, gazed with a steady eye upon the scene without, admired the moon, made a few observations upon the effects of light and shade, and ended by whistling a tune most perseveringly, from beginning to end. Still he did not neglect taking every precaution in his power against the possibility of surprise; he fastened his door carefully, examined every part of the room, and having prepared his pistols, laid them by the side of his bed. But, notwithstanding the firmness of his resolution, he could not think of actually lying down without a slight feeling of awe; nay, he had, at one time, half determined to pass the night in an arm-chair; which idea, however, he abandoned as too unreasonable to be indulged; and, shortly after, retired to bed, leaving the light still burning. Overcome

by fatigue, Colonel B. soon fell asleep, but his slumbers were broken and uneasy, and from these he was at length awakened abruptly by a noise which sounded close to, if not actually within, his chamber. The agitated state of his mind, which all his philosophy had not quite succeeded in calming, rendered every accidental sound a subject of apprehension, and he listened attentively, but all was again silent, and he concluded that the disturbance which, in the confusion of his thoughts on awakening, he fancied so near, had, in reality, arisen from the departure of some of the guests. His slumbers appeared to have been of some continuance, for the light was now expiring, and its fitful gleam, as the blue flame rose and fell in the socket, mingled unpleasantly with the broad light of the moon. He was summoning up energy to arise and extinguish it, when he was again startled by the same sound which had awoken him. The lamp had given its last faint struggle, like a troubled soul clinging to the life it is about to leave forever, when another light mingled with the pale moonshine, and the traveller now perceived that it glimmered through a door which had been so carefully concealed that it had entirely escaped his observation, but which was now opening slowly and cautiously. Doubting if he were not still under the influence of a dream, Colonel B. fixed his eyes upon the aperture, which continued gradually to widen, and he soon became aware that he was no longer the sole inhabitant of the chamber; the light, however, would not permit him to discover the number of his adversaries; and, being ignorant how many he had to cope with, he committed himself to the protection of Heaven, and, placing his hand upon one of the pistols, remained perfectly still, awaiting the approach of his murderers with firmness and resolution. They paused, and whispered together for a few moments; and then, with slow and noiseless steps, drew near the bed. There were two men; and the former, as they approached, bidding the other "Hold up the lantern," the Colonel perceived its dim light gleaming upon a knife which he held in his hand. They were now within a few paces of the bed, and on the event of that moment depended the fate of the Colonel; he felt that it did so; and, rousing every energy to his assistance, he raised the pistol with a firm hand, when, in the next instant, his antagonist lay weltering in his blood. The other immediately flew; and Colonel B., springing from the bed, found that his aim had been surely taken, the bullet having penetrated the heart of the assassin. In this man he recognized the landlord of the inn. Thus the dream was, in every respect, accomplished; and, by attending to the mysterious warning it conveyed, the traveller had escaped a dreadful fate, and had executed a just retribution upon the murderers.

Some years after this, the accomplice, who had escaped, was brought to justice, and hanged, for a murder committed by himself and his master, many years before, in this same house. At his death he made an open confession, not only of the crime for which he suffered, but also of his having assisted his master in his attempt to assassinate Colonel B., from the commission of which act they had been so mysteriously and so providentially prevented. The traveller himself reached home in safety, though in a maze of gratitude and wonder; and, from that night, continued, as may be easily supposed, to the end of his days, a devout believer in dreams and visions of all species and descriptions.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## CONNOR M'GLOGLHIN.

## A TALE OF THE LOWER SHANNON.

CONNOR was the son of Jeremiah, or, as he was more commonly called, Rennie M'Gloghlin, whose father had renounced the errors of Popery to obtain a place in the Excise; which place he had turned to so good account among smuggling distillers, that, "on retiring," he was able to purchase a small estate near the village of Ardeneer, in the valley of the Lower Shannon, and to raise his son to the dignity of a squireen, or half sir. Rennie was captivated, at an early age, by the charms of a damsel below even himself in rank, and of the proscribed caste in religion. It was not unnatural that he should marry a Papist, for the Protestant gentry utterly and with scorn excluded him from their society; yet the effect of this exclusion upon his mean mind and low-thoughted disposition, was but to exalt the said gentry in his estimation,—and, stranger still, to make him value himself on being, as he impudently said, and swore he was, a d—d good Protestant. Rennie's protestantism, however, limited itself to attending church occasionally upon high festivals, ridiculing and abusing all priests, and eating beef-steaks on Good Friday. Moyah M'Gloghlin, his wife, was a thorough bigot, who rested solely on the external observances of her church for salvation; feared her husband upon earth, for he was a harsh, violent man, but thought him sure of hell hereafter, unless, according to an expectation which she secretly cherished, he should send for the priest in his last agonies, and receive extreme unction, in which case she thought a few thousand years additional of purgatory might set all to rights. Under these circumstances, it may be readily imagined, that much conjugal felicity did not fall to the lot of Mr. Jeremiah M'Gloghlin. Two children, both sons, and born at an interval of ten years, were the fruit of the marriage. Connor, the elder, was the darling of his mother. From Mr. M'Gloghlin's views of the gentility of the reformed faith, it followed, of course, that he imperatively required his son to be reared a Protestant. This was a sore trial to Moyah; but she well knew her husband to be "an hard man," and she dared not openly disobey him; she, therefore, contented herself with having the child secretly baptized by the priest, before he was "took to the minister," as she said; and as he grew up, she stole him away with her to mass whenever she could, and failed not, on these occasions, to moisten his brow with lustral holy water, thrice applied *infami digito*, in the form of a cross, and in the sacred names of the three persons of the Godhead.

Ill-tempered and wayward was the infancy of Connor M'Gloghlin. Continually conversant with all the little frauds and arts practised by his mother, without the knowledge of her husband, and continually enjoined to conceal them, he early became inured to deceit. He soon grew acquainted, too, with the power which these concealments gave him over his parent; and instead of any longer entertaining a dread of her displeasure when he did wrong, he presently learned that the price of his connivings at her petty misdoings, might be made a perfect immunity from punishment on his own part, however unpardonable his disobedience, or aggravated his fault. His father, he was taught, both by precept and example, to

fear rather than to love,—a feeling which gradually gathered into settled aversion, as he alone exercised parental authority over him, and his own conduct, as well as his father's natural disposition, necessarily rendered the exercise of this authority severe, and sometimes violent. Thus Connor grew up to boyhood; his vices and his faults were screened by his mother whenever that was possible; and when they had the "ill-luck" to be detected by his father, they were punished in a fit of ungovernable passion, and consequently the punishment was ineffectual. Ere he had well reached the period of human puppyhood,—which is said to extend from the fifteenth to the twentieth year,—young M'Gloghlin was a thorough reprobate; he exceeded pedlars in lying, cursed and swore like a trooper, cheated at pitch and toss, and even the rumor ran that he could steal, and that his mother anxiously concealed his thefts.

Yet with all these gifts, Connor, as he grew up to manhood, was well received in the houses of most of the strong farmers in the neighborhood. He was "a fine cliver bye," (boy,) that is to say, a tall, stout ruffler, with a face which, to the vulgar, appeared handsome, though, to the observant eye, it plainly betrayed marks of the low and forward mind which animated the inner man; but he rode a good horse, was heir to some scores of acres held in fee, and was a professing Protestant which, amongst the lower orders in Ireland, is the next thing to being a gentleman. At the age of nineteen, he first became acquainted with Norah Sullivan. Norah had been left an orphan in her childhood, and had been taken in and reared by an uncle, the brother of her dead mother, a hard-favored old man, who had spent his youth on board a man-of-war; and having accumulated prize money and wages to a considerable amount, had returned to his native village in time to succor his widowed and now dying sister, in the extremity of her distress, and to take charge of her sole surviving child, then not quite five years old. Norah, now twelve years older than when her mother died, was almost a model of barn-door beauty, and not a little vain of her personal charms. Her coal-black hair nightly cost her a full hour's combing and brushing, and curling, and papering, after her daily tasks of house-keeping were done; her dark and merry eye sparkled over a ruddy cherry-cheek, blooming with health, and the maternal application of a buttermilk wash. Yet this rural coquette, despite of vanity, had many valuable points to recommend her; she was a soft-hearted, good-natured girl, who loved her uncle tenderly, and was beloved by him in turn. Though the rough old sailor did not lavish very many fond words upon her, yet was he observed to take especial care that little Norah—as he still continued to call her, although she had now grown to what is termed, in western idiom, "a shroud shlip," should always be arrayed in the gayest and most costly attire the pack of the travelling merchant—in the vulgar, pedlar—could furnish. He planted her little garden near the house, too, with hollies, laburnums, lilacs, and laurestinas, and seemed to shoulder along to chapel on Sunday, with peculiar self-complacency, when he pressed, or, as the neighbors termed it, "scrogged" Norry, drest in all her best, under his arm, and sported, in his button-hole, a little bouquet, of her own gathering and arranging, there.

It was at an entertainment in the house of a

neighboring farmer, given on the occasion of a christening, that Connor M'Gloghlin became acquainted with Norah Sullivan, the fame of whose beauty had already reached him. They danced together, and were mutually pleased. M'Gloghlin had dissimulation enough to disguise the worst points of his character, in the presence of strangers or of women; and his handsome person, bold manners, and somewhat too the imagined superiority of rank or of religion before alluded to, assisted in enabling him to insinuate himself into the good graces of the fair villager. M'Gloghlin, with rustic gallantry, rode over the next day to the Grange to visit farmer Hourighan, the damsel's uncle, and to pay his respects to his partner of the preceding evening; pleased the old man by "doing sensible," as he called it; that is, talking knowingly of farming, and cattle, and markets; and flattered the maiden, by the vehement assurance of his warm admiration of her beauty, her dress, and her dancing, concluding with a passionate declaration, that of all the tight girls that *was* there, herself took the rag off the bush.

Mr. M'Gloghlin's reception encouraged him to return ere long; and he soon became a frequent visitor at the Grange.

As old Hourighan rented an extensive farm, he was much occupied out of doors; and the young man usually found Norah alone, or busied with household cares among the in-door servants. M'Gloghlin did not fail to improve these morning calls, as unlike "angel visits" in their object as their frequency, to captivate the youthful affections of Hourighan's niece. Love for her he had none, beyond the mere desire of gratifying a lustful passion; his purpose was of a different and a deeper nature. Not long before he first met Norry, he had attended the Limeric races; and trusting partly to his own skill in horse-flesh, and partly to the assurances of a jockey, who professed to be his sworn and eternal friend, he had backed a particular horse to the amount of several hundred pounds. His favorite lost the race, and M'Gloghlin was reduced to a state of furious desperation; he raged, stamped, blasphemed, and swore that the jockey had played booty, and that all horse-racing was an infernal cheat; but still the debt was to be paid, and he had not the means.

With much difficulty he prevailed on the winner to accept of but about one fifth of the amount at the time, which was all the ready money he could possibly raise without the knowledge of his father; and he passed his bill at nine months after date for the remainder, with the interest. Even these terms were not acceded to, without many an indirect taunt upon the silly vanity of persons who make wagers which they cannot afford to lose, and something was once or twice obscurely hinted of its being little better than swindling. Such insinuations are but a small part of the mortification which a ruined gambler must endure; and though they cut M'Gloghlin to the quick, he did not dare to resent them, both from a fear of exposure to his father, and because he knew that any attempt to obtain what the world calls satisfaction, would only entail upon him additional insult, as his station in society, that painful and ambiguous posture between the simple and the gentle, destitute alike of the honest unpretending plainness of the one, and of the cultivated polish of the other, precluded him from challenging

equal privileges with those who associated with him only on the race-ground, as they would readily do with any ruffian who offered to stake money.

The time, however, was rolling on, and young M'Gloghlin saw no prospect of being able to meet his engagement; his father was a close griping man, who, though he loved to see his son well dressed, and even well mounted, calculated to the penny the sum that was requisite for that purpose, and made no loose allowance for pocket-money. The son well knew, too, that the discovery of his delinquency would throw the "old boy," as he termed him, into a fit of ungovernable fury, for he had often warned him against gambling of all sorts, and racing in particular; and it was on a false pretence, and in direct disobedience to his express orders, that he had been even present on the course. Besides, the sudden fit of passion was not the only, or the worst result, which young M'Gloghlin feared. He was well aware, that the little property his grandfather had purchased, was not settled on the successive heirs-at-law, but was completely in his father's power to will it to whom he pleased; and he greatly dreaded, that the effect on his determined character, would be to induce him to disinherit himself in favor of his younger brother, to whom the old man seemed already much more attached. For all these reasons, he resolved to venture for once upon some desperate effort to relieve him from his present difficulties, without exposing him to the resentment of his father. His first thought, after his introduction to Norry Sullivan, was to marry her; her uncle, he knew, had saved a sum sufficient to extricate him from his distress, if he could get it into his hands; but when he sounded him on the subject of a marriage with his niece, he found that, although old Hourighan seemed not averse to the match, nor to engaging a suitable portion ultimately with Norry either, he yet was resolved to pay down no money during his own lifetime. M'Gloghlin, he said, was welcome to come live in his house, and take a share of his farm; and then what need for dirty, dauny bits of paper down in his hand! Now, these same "dirty, dauny bits of paper down in hand," were precisely what alone would serve the turn of young M'Gloghlin; and as he knew that Hourighan, according to the custom of all Irish farmers who are well to pass in the world, had a good store of them wrapped up in an old worsted stocking, and secreted in some hole inside the thatch of his cottage, he resolved to come at these by fair means, or by foul.

Accordingly, when he found that all attempts to wheedle Hourighan into an arrangement more consistent with his wishes were likely to prove ineffectual, he affected to be so passionately in love with Norry, as to consent, for her sake, to the terms proposed, and was received by both uncle and niece as her accepted lover. Various were the pretexts he devised for protracting the period of celebrating their nuptials, chiefly urging the difficulty of bringing his father to "listen to reason," and evince his approbation of the match, by "bestowing him something decent" to begin house-keeping with; while Hourighan and the girl, feeling that the hurrying on of the business ought not to come from their side, offered no remonstrance against this delay.

Meanwhile the peculiar relation in which he stood towards her, the total absence of that free-

tidious delicacy, which, under similar circumstances amongst the more elevated classes, screens maiden purity not only from pollution, but even from the least utterance of the sullyng breath of the spoiler; and the assured belief that she was almost immediately to be made his wedded wife, contributed to render Norah Sullivan an easy prey to the insidious arts of young M'Gloghlin. Her seduction was but the first step towards the consummation of his contemplated villany: when the poor girl had thus put herself completely in his power, he proceeded less ceremoniously to the accomplishment of his ultimate views. He no longer concealed from her the pressing exigency for money to which he was reduced, and scrupled not to make the filching of old Hourighan's notes by her, the indispensable condition of that union which he had so often and so solemnly sworn to celebrate. Long and bitterly did Norah weep at this humiliating demand, and strenuously did she endeavor to dissuade M'Gloghlin from his purpose. "Ith'n, is it yourself, Connor," sobbed she, "that would have me be after robbin' my poor ould uncle that tuck me in, and sheltered me from every wave whin my poor mother died, God rest her soul in glory! and left me a desolate orphan, without kith or kin in the wide world to look on me but himself! Was it for this he rared me up like a lady, and thought nothin' too good for me; and would n't take on wid Mrs. Brady, the rich widdy that keeps the Inn, and was always mighty sweet upon him entirely, only he said he'd never bring in a step-mother over his little girl! 'Thim was his words, and he called me his daughter, so he did; and well he might, surely, for he always had a father's warm heart to poor Norry,—God in heaven bless him, and reward him!—for that same I pray Christ," and she crossed herself devoutly, as she pronounced the holy name of the Saviour. M'Gloghlin waited impatiently till her passion of tears subsided, and she could listen to the specious glosses with which he varnished over the crime.

"Arrah, whisht, Norry, ma vourneen," he replied, purposely adopting her own idiom, both as more familiar to himself than better language, and as more likely to soothe and coax the girl to his purpose. "Can't you be quite (quiet) now, and hear reason? Sure, don't you know it for sartain, all as one as if Father Gahagan was after telling you from the altar, that it's all your own when your ould uncle goes! and where's the differ of taking it now when we want it badly, and sorrow a bit the wiser he need be about the matter?"

"O thin, Conner, aghra," said the girl, "how is it you can think of evenin' me to the likes o' this, after takin' an advantage of me, and deavin' me! It's cruel it is of you, and if you had the rale love for me you often said, you would n't bid me do it. But what d'ye mane about bein' never the wiser! Sure it isn't what you think my uncle does n't know the differ betwene money and no money when he goes to his bag?"

"Mind what I tell you, Norry, jewel, and rai-son good; your uncle never goes to take away money out of his ould stockin', but to put more in, and I've a bundle of beautiful fine notes, only they won't pass, that I'll give you to put in the place of thim others, and no one, as I said, to know the difference, till they all come to ourselves again."

"But still," objected Norry, "I dunna whereabouts he keeps thim weary notes you want so

bad, at all, at all, for he was always a good warrant to keep his makin's safe enough."

"Then," replied M'Gloghlin, "you must find out, Norry, and I'll tell you what you'll do; your uncle is gone to the fair of Cruagh to sell three collops,\* and as sure as he comes back to night, he'll go to the place to put in the muneys after he thinks every one fast asleep, so you must watch him, and find out where he hides it."

With a heavy heart, Norah gave, by her silence, a reluctant acquiescence. Hourighan returned late that evening, in high spirits and good-humor, having sold his cattle well, and taken more than one glass over the bargain.

"Well, Norry," said he, in his strange dialect, which was a mixture of sea phrases, with his native patois, "what d'ye think I done with the lucky penny the rum old Quaker that I ould the collops to, refused to take!—why; I bought thee something to top thy rigging with;—there's a pair of streamers for you, honey," he added, as he unfolded two blue and crimson ribbons, which he had purchased at the fair, to adorn his niece's bonnet; "you'll be fine enough now for Connor, at any rate."

The pleasure that had momentarily lighted up the girl's countenance at the appearance and good-humored talk of her affectionate uncle, died away at M'Gloghlin's name, and the recollection of the guilty promise she had made him in the morning.

"An' does n't the ribbons plase you thin, Norry, that you look so sarious at thim?" said the old man. "Sure, it's meself that does n't know much about thim sorts of things, but I thought it's what you'd like thim best, or I'd iv brought you somethin' else. Maybe thim's not the colors Connor likes—eh, Norry?" And her uncle placed his arms affectionately round the girl's neck.—"Is that the reason?"

"O no, sir," said Norry. "They're very nice, very iligant ribbons, so they are, and it's too good you are to me, too good entirely."

The poor girl's heart was full, and she could speak no more, but bursting into tears, hid her face on her uncle's shoulder.

"In the name o' God! what's the matter wit you, child?" said he, alarmed,—"*has anythin' come across you when I was away?*"

"O no, uncle! nothin'—nothin' at all."

"And what makes you cry thin? Was Connor M'Gloghlin here to-day?"

"He was, sir."

"And did he say anythin'—anythin' you did n't like! Bekase if he did, and if it's that that's grieved you, I'll—"  
And here he swore with all the energy of an old seaman—"I'll make him repent it the longest day he lives—ould as I am, I'll break every bone in his skin before to-morrow night, if he has said an uncivil word to my little girl."

"O no, he did n't,—he did n't, indeed," said his niece, alarmed in her turn. "There's nothin' at all the matter wit me now, uncle, only I was low and sick all day, whin you wor away; an' it was just the aisin' of my heart that made me cry."

"Well," said her uncle, "I don't understand the ways of you women, Norry; but if it is n't well you are, jewel, you'd better go to bed, for it's

\* Collop, a head of black cattle.



time anyhow, an' so will I. Good night, and God bless you, child."

The blessing smote upon the ear of the guilty girl like the knell of a parental imprecation. The thought of the unworthy part she was acting sunk bitterly upon her heart: she bid her uncle good night, and eager to escape from the pain which she conceived his presence inspired, she quickly shut herself up in her little chamber.

But when alone, the distraction of the girl's feelings became even greater than it was before, as she had no need of an effort to command them, in order to save appearances. One moment she thought of her engagement to young M'Gloghlin, and the degrading situation in which she stood, if she dared to disoblige him. The next, her mind dwelt upon the kind confidence and affectionate words of her uncle, and again she wept bitterly, and flung herself upon her bed in an agony of doubt as to the course she should take. Her first resolution was, to lie still, and to tell Connor the next day, that she could not bring herself to do what he had desired,—to trust that he would yield to the urgency of her excuses; or, should the worst come to the worst, to bear the shame and punishment of the error she had already committed, rather than go on in the ways of guilt. But scarcely was the resolution formed, when the thought of the probable consequences of it, came with redoubled force upon her imagination. She pictured to herself the fierce impatience of her lover,—which she had more than once lately been obliged to witness,—his anger, and perhaps his abandonment of her to shame and scorn. She thought of her uncle, and the effect that such an event would have upon him,—his affection for her perhaps turned to contempt,—his pride in her, become his shame and disgrace. The sting of this reflection was more than the unhappy girl could bear; she sprang up from her bed—her candle had been extinguished, but a ray of light from the outer room gleamed through a crevice in the door of her little apartment. Almost without a consciousness of what she was doing, she stole softly to the door, and kneeling down looked through the crevice.

Her uncle was in the act of carrying over the table from the centre to one corner of the room, upon which he placed a chair, and mounting upon it, reached up his hand, and took from between the inner surface of the thatch and the rafter above his head, the old stocking which contained his treasure; then taking from his pocket the notes he had received at the fair, he thrust them into the stocking, and doubling it up, returned it to its hiding place.

Having removed the chair and table to their former situations, he took away the candle to his own room, and Norah looked upon darkness.

"Well," said she, talking to herself as she arose, "Connor M'Gloghlin, I've done your bidding, an' well it would have been for me that I had never seen your face, for complin' wit your wishes has made me commit sin every way.—Oh, hone!" she continued, wringing her hands, "would I have thought a twelvemont ago, that this blessed night, I'd have sat up to watch my poor ould uncle like a thief, to see where he put his money? O Connor, Connor, it's little I thought you'd make me suffer dthis-a-way!" and again the girl wept, and laying down, cried herself to sleep.

It is fortunate for those in the humbler condi-

tions of life, that when suffering under the anxieties to which all conditions are liable, and destitute of those resources of comfort which friends and fortune put in the power of those of higher rank; the necessity they are under of actively applying themselves to their daily toil, serves to invigorate their minds, and to dissipate that weight of sorrow which would otherwise bow them to the earth. It was a fine sunny morning when Norah rose; her uncle had already gone out to the fields, and she too had to set about her morning tasks. The cows were to be milked, the calves fed, the young turkeys to be looked after, and various other little matters to be attended to, which required active exertion in the open air; so that she had hardly time to think of her troubles, before her uncle came in to breakfast, and he was well pleased to find her, with so little sign of the agitation of the preceding evening.

"Morrow to ye, Norry," said he, as he came in. "Thim wearry young turkeys, Norry,—did you see after thim this mornin'? If one does n't keep a sharp look-out, they die, the cratur, for no raison at all at all, but just as if it was out of contrariness."

"I fed them all this mornin', and they're all quite well," said Norah.

"I'm glad you were able, child, to see after thim," returned her uncle, "and that you look better yourself this mornin'; some little bit of a squall upset you last night, but it's fine wedther and smooth sailin' this mornin' wit you agin."

Norah suppressed a sigh, and assented.

Twelve o'clock at noon brought young M'Gloghlin to the door, before which time Norah had made a resolution, which unfortunately she was in the sequel not able to keep. He did not waste much time in salutations, but proceeded immediately to his business.

"Did he sell the cattle yesterday?" said he.

"Yes," replied the girl.

"Well, and did you do as I said?"

"Oh, Connor!" said she, "is it nothin' else but that mune you do be thinkin' of?"

"To be sure, why should n't I think of it?" replied he, "and surely," his face growing red with anger, as he spoke, "you did n't forget, Norry, what I told you to do yesterday?"

"Forget!" said the girl, "oh no! I wish I did, and thin I would n't have the sin on my conscience of watchin' him, and seein' him put up his own hard urns, that he has a good right to put where he places, and I not to care, for he never begridged (grudged) thim on me."

"Then you know where the stockin' is?" said M'Gloghlin, with an eagerness that evinced his pleasure at what she had just told him, "Where was it he kept it so snug?"

"I'll not tell you, Connor M'Gloghlin," said Norah, with an air of firmness which surprised and disconcerted him; "an' listen to me now, what I'm goin' to say. I know well enough what you have in your power, after what has passed between us two; you may, though I don't think you'd have the cruel heart, Connor, to do it—but I know you can, if you please, lave me in shame an' disgrace, to be scorned and looked down upon be the poorest of the neighbors; yet, bad as I'll be, I'll have some excuse that my heart led me astray, an' no one'll have it to say that I desinded to the mane villiany of bein' a thief, an' robbin' my poor ould uncle of his hard-earned money; and so, Connor, don't ask me agin, for I won't do it."



There was something in the girl's manner so decisive, that M'Gloghlin saw at once the necessity of finding some new motive to work her up to the vile act to which his scheme had all along tended, and there was a readiness about the villain which soon determined the new course he should take.

"Well, Norry," said he, with a softened tone, "what you say about the muneys is true enough, an' I like you the better for it; an' as for desartin' you, it's meself that would be long sorry to do any such roguish turn; but I am afeard I must bid you a long farewell for all that, for since I can't get the muneys, I must go to jail to-morrow evenin'; an' long enough I may be there, before any one'll relieve me."

"To jail!" said the terrified girl. "Oh, Connor, don't say that. My God, what will become of us!"

"It's true enough, Norry; if the muneys I owe is not paid by to-morrow at twelve o'clock, in the evening I'll be taken to Limerick jail, and put inside four bare walls, where I suppose I must die of cold and starvation, for my father will be so mad when he hears of it, that I know he'll never give me a halfpenny, nor send near me to know if I'm dead or alive."

"Connor, jewel," said Norah, crying; "you mustn't go to jail. Is there no way in the world that you could settle it?"

"None at all, barrin' I could get the muneys somewhere, even if it was for a little while; maybe I'd be able to pay it back afore long. But sure, if you think it wrong to take it, Norry, I must only meet my fate, an' I hope you'll sometimes think of poor Connor when he's in confinement, an' can't come near you."

"Oh, they shan't take you, Connor," sobbed the girl; "I'll get you the notes to-night, an' I pray Jasus you may be able to give them back to me soon, an' ase my conscience of the sin of takin' them."

"That's my good little girl," said M'Gloghlin, his countenance brightening at the success of his scheme. "I knew you would n't see me brought to such distress if you could help me. To be sure, I'll give you back the muneys as soon as ever I can; an' in the mane time, here's the notes I tould you of, to put in the place of them you take; they'll just do as well to fill the ould stockin' as any other," said he, as he gave Norah a bundle of flash notes, such as sharpers at races and fairs are generally supplied with. "An' I have n't forgot my promise neither, Norry," continued he. "Do you get the muneys as soon as your uncle is asleep, an' meet me as soon as day breaks in the mornin' at the little boat-quay; I'll have a boat ready, an' we'll start at oncet over to Kilrush, where the priest'll be ready, an' you'll come home Mrs. M'Gloghlin, in less than no time."

"I'll do what you bid me, Connor," said Norah, well pleased that the marriage, which was becoming every day more necessary to her reputation, as well as to the comfort of her own feelings, was no longer to be postponed; "but will the priest marry us, d'ye think? for you know there is one of us," looking at M'Gloghlin, "that does n't go to mass."

"Never you fear that," replied M'Gloghlin. "I'll warrant you he'll marry us when we ask him, wid one o' them notes you're to get me, in my hand; an' at all events, Father Gahagan here below could prove something for him, if ever he

was attacked for marryin' me as a Protestant. An' now, Norry, jewel, I must bid you good-by till the mornin'. Be sure you get the muneys, or we are ruined, and come to me very early."

It was about three o'clock on a fine summer morning, in the grey light and chilling air of the half-hour that precedes sunrise, that Norah Sullivan, carefully drest in white beneath, but wrapped in a bluish-grey duffle cloak externally, stole down from her uncle's cottage, towards the bank of the river, with his hard earnings secreted in the bosom of her gown.

Scarcely had she reached half way to the shore, when, as she crossed the last field of her uncle's farm, a hare, startled by her early footsteps, bounded across the path, and Norah, as she blessed herself, could not help thinking it looked supernaturally large, and boded no auspicious issue to her journey. Often and fearfully did she look back at the cottage, to see that none had been awakened by her departure, or tracked her footsteps, nor did she feel secure until she saw M'Gloghlin advancing from the place where he had moored his boat.

"Have you brought the notes?" he eagerly inquired, in an under tone, as he held out both his hands to greet her. "Oh, it's the notes you want, and not me?" answered Norah, cheerily, as she now saw herself on the point, as she thought, of being made an honest woman again. "Well, I have them, sure enough; and I'll keep them too, 'till them words are said over us at Kilrush."

"Murder, Norry dear! Sure you don't think I'm goin' to run away from you at the church-door?" replied M'Gloghlin, in the same light tone, when he perceived that his design had fully succeeded—"No, no; honor bright, I'll never lave you now, jewel; so give me the dirty papers, an' there's no fear of my losin' them for want of pockets, not all as one,"—and he glanced at Norah's well-shaped gown, which obviously disdained all such old-fashioned and unbecoming appendages.

"Here they are, thin, an' a weary on them," said Norah; "God send us good luck with them, for they cost me a sorrowful night's watching any how;" and her conductor lifted her into the boat.

The management of the vessel, and the design he had in view, absolutely required the coöperation of another with himself, and in consequence, M'Gloghlin had the night before associated in his plan, with the promise of a considerable bribe, a miscreant of the lowest grade, named Nicholas Sheehan, an elder and bolder villain than himself, who had been his instigator and abettor in more than one atrocity already.

This fellow very readily joined in his scheme, and seemed to rejoice, even with a sort of savage exultation, at the thought of shedding blood for a reward. He now speedily set the sail, while M'Gloghlin, with Norah by his side, took the helm, and they floated quickly down the river in the direction of the north shore, as if to make Kilrush. They were just off Labash-kedah, where the receding of the shore, in a winding bay, renders the river particularly broad, when Sheehan, who, till now, had lain stretched in silence along the bow of the boat, slowly stood up, and looked around on every side. Here and there along the coast of Clare a wreath of thin blue smoke betokened that the inhabitants of the cabins were already astir; and the sun, just peering above the

blue hills which lay in the eastern distance, gave promise of a sunny joyous day. No other boat, however, was yet stirring on the river; and the shores on both sides were too distant to render either sight or sound of any being so diminutive as man distinguishable. "Now!" uttered Sheehan in a low emphatic voice, as he shuffled up to the stern where the others sat. Norah, whom the gentle motion of the boat gliding smoothly down the glassy current, combined with the fresh and pleasant air of the morning, had lulled into a day-dream of future happiness; her reputation saved, her uncle reconciled, and she with her stalwart and young husband the happy cheerful woman she used to be; wrapped in such far-off meditations, she was startled by the portentous sound of Sheehan's "Now!" and looking up, she saw him exchange a glance of such diabolical intelligence with M'Gloghlin as made her blood to curdle. In the moment of her involuntary shudder, Sheehan seized her round the waist with both his hands; she screamed, and made a convulsive effort to catch and cling to M'Gloghlin, but he shook her rudely off, and exclaimed to his companion, "Over with her now at once!"

"Connor, for the love of God," shrieked the agonized girl, "don't kill me—don't kill the baby that isn't born!" But whilst uttering the words, she was hurled into the air, and fell stunned and heavily upon the water, some yards from the boat. In the instant of the plash, and of her mortal agony, she exclaimed, "Blessed Queen of Heaven, have mercy on my—." Before the sentence was completed, a blow from the oar, which Sheehan had snatched up, drove her with violence beneath the surface. The stroke was on the head, and fatal; she sank rapidly a few yards, remained suspended in the water, then slowly rose a yard or two, when life became extinct; a slight bubble rose to the surface, and then they saw her white dress gradually sinking deeper and deeper, till it grew indistinct, as water is in water, and finally disappeared.

M'Gloghlin was still gazing in the direction of the body; and in the rush of disordered feelings which crowded his mind, scarcely recollected that he was himself the perpetrator of this foul murder, or had any other interest in the scene before him than that of an ordinary spectator, when he was roused by the rough voice of Sheehan.—"Come, Master Connor, we've done the job cleverly, any how; you'd better put about ship now, if you please." M'Gloghlin made the necessary movement of the helm in silence, and Sheehan shifted the sail.

"It's a terrible thing to kill a woman!" were the first words that broke from the former; and he brushed his eyes with the sleeve of his coat.

"Ith'n, what signifies it?" replied the other, coolly; "sure it's only one squeak, an' all's over. Never think you to cry after her, Master Connor," he added, observing M'Gloghlin's eyes looked watery; "nor for any woman born, barrin' one, and that's the mother that bore you, agra—dive! another woman on God's earth is worth any man's sheddin' a tear for. I believe I cried at my ould mother's berrin' myself, God be merciful to her sowl. Here, sir, here's somethin' to keep up your sperrits;" and he smiled at his own wit, as he handed M'Gloghlin a small black bottle of poteen. "There, the thievin' gauger never baptized that—bad luck to him; I wisht we were after sarvin' him the same turn this mornin', that we did to—"

"D—n it, don't talk about that," said M'Gloghlin, interrupting him hastily; and taking a draught from the bottle, he seemed to recover his natural air of fierce hardihood. The boat soon reached the shore, at a point some distance below that from which they had set out, and the murderers leaped upon the land.

The strange disappearance of Norah Sullivan caused great astonishment, and much talk in the neighborhood where she had lived; not so much because the girl had disappeared, for the violent abduction of young women is not exceedingly rare in the south of Ireland, as because no one could tell how or where she had been carried away. The old women talked about fairies, and the stories "their grannies told them when they were childer, of young people bein' sperrited away." The young women said it was "a quare endin' to all the fine coortin' that was goin' on betwene herself and the young squireen;" while a party of young squires, who, having hunted a fox to death in the neighborhood, stopped for an hour to refresh at the village inn, listened attentively to the story, and came to the conclusion, *nemine contradicente*, that it was all a d—d scheme of the priests to prevent the girl marrying a Protestant, and to get her uncle's money to themselves.

But amongst all these, were only two persons who seemed to take poor Norah's disappearance seriously and soberly to heart. The first of these was the old man her uncle, who, because he really loved the girl, and had felt her to be the support of his old age, sought her everywhere, sometimes sorrowing for her loss, and sometimes vehemently declaring vengeance against whoever had stolen her away; for he never thought of imputing her absence to voluntary flight, nor did the idea that she was dead seem more than once or twice to cross his mind.

The other, who seemed to take a great interest in her fate, was Mr. Morton, a gentleman of property, a clergyman, and a magistrate of the county, who, living near the spot, and knowing all the circumstances of the case, was actuated by his regard for justice, and for the old man Hourighan, who was his tenant, to trace, as far as possible, the cause of the girl's disappearance, and the place of her concealment. He learned from her uncle the terms upon which his niece was with M'Gloghlin, and had made many inquiries about him, the result of which was by no means favorable. He ascertained that the day before the girl's disappearance, M'Gloghlin had been at the cottage, and had not been there again for three days; that when he did call he expressed the greatest astonishment at hearing of Norah's disappearance, though it was almost impossible that he should not have heard of it previously, as it had been talked of far and wide for two days. He had not returned to the cottage any more, and had been observed to be almost constantly drunk ever since. All these circumstances excited a degree of suspicion in Mr. Morton's mind, which determined him to watch the young man closely; but the worst he conceived possible of him was, that he had carried the young woman somewhere, and kept her in confinement. He was, however, soon undeceived.

It was about a fortnight after the disappearance of his niece, that Farmer Hourighan was sent for at an early hour by Mr. Morton. The old man had a presentiment that he was to hear something about his "little girl," and made haste to attend the summons.

"Have you heard anything about her, sir?" said he, as soon as he entered Mr. Morton's parlor.

"I have heard some very bad news about your niece, Hourighan, which it is necessary I should inform you of at once," replied the magistrate.

"God is good, sir," said the old man. "What is it?"

"I am very sorry to have to tell you, Hourighan, that your niece is drowned."

"Drowned! your honor.—Christ Jasus' bless us! Whin—where?—How could it be?"

"That is all yet to be found out. All I know is, that it is so. Sit down, Hourighan, my good fellow, and be calm," continued Mr. Morton, in a softened tone, as he observed the big tears to roll down the weather-beaten cheeks of the old man. "Sit down, and I will tell you what I have learned, and what we must now do."

"I thank your honor," said the old man, in the broken voice of grief. "I'll pay attention, sir. My poor Norry—an' so she's gone, after all!"

"Two fishermen," said the magistrate, "went down to the edge of the river this morning at day-break, to look at the salmon-nets, at a place about three miles below this. They saw something white lying a little below the surface of the water, which they found to be the body of a young woman. On examination, it has turned out to be the corpse of your niece."

The old man checked himself, as he was about to speak again; but the tears burst afresh from his eyes.

"The body is not so much decayed," continued the magistrate, "as might have been expected, from the long time it has probably been in the water; and I am informed there is the mark of a dreadful blow on her head."

"Some villain murdered her, and threw her in," said Hourighan, starting up.—"The poor crathur! God help her—I'll pursue him all over the world, the villain, so I will."

"Be quiet, Hourighan," said the magistrate, "and attend to what I say. The blow I mentioned has been probably given by some boat's keel in passing over the body; but that must be investigated. The coroner's inquest will sit to-day at two o'clock. I shall be there, and so must you, and be as collected as possible. Try to recollect, between this and then, all you can of what your niece did and said for some time previous to her disappearance, and I hope we shall yet find some clew to this mysterious matter."

The old man went away, and at the appointed time was present at the coroner's inquest, with the magistrate. It was an exceedingly mournful thing for those who had seen and known Norah Sullivan in life, to behold her cold remains lying upon the rough strand of the river. Decay had proceeded so far, that the face had fallen in, and displayed a horrible ruin of its former beauty. Her eyes were close shut, her arms extended towards her head, and her hands firmly clenched. The wound in her head was diligently examined by a surgeon, who expressed great doubt of its having been inflicted by a boat's keel, as had been suggested. The skull was fractured in one long line, which he said appeared to him to have happened from the stroke of some edged but very blunt instrument, which had descended perpendicularly on the top of the head. On examining the body further, it was discovered, with increased horror and astonishment, that the young woman was pregnant. Hourighan could only be made to

believe the fact, by the positive assurances of Mr. Morton and the surgeon; and then he insisted that M'Gloghlin must be the author both of her dishonor and her death. "It must be he," said the old man, "an' no one else, that destroyed her both sowl and body."

"Is M'Gloghlin here?" said the magistrate to a man whom he had sent for him early in the morning.

"No, your honor—he told me for to say to your honor, that he had to go somewhere else to-day upon a little bit of business."

"And if he did, why did you not deliver your message before?"

"Why, thin, to tell God's truth, your honor, I made him a sort of promise, that I would n't say a word about him to man or mortal—barrin' I was axed, and could n't help it."

"Was this promise made at his request?"

"A thin, who else's, your honor?" replied the man.

"You mean that it *was* made at his request?"

"To be sure, your honor, that's exactly what I mane."

The inquest was adjourned to the next day, when the presence of M'Gloghlin was procured. His face looked pale, his eyes slightly blood-shot, his hair disordered, and his whole appearance wearing the signs of recent dissipation. As he approached the body, those who marked him closely observed a slight quiver of his frame, and a nameless expression to pass over his face; but he made an effort to master his sensations, and the agitation which he could not wholly command, he covered by an air of light and careless effrontery. The attempt which he made to smile, as he acknowledged the criminal intercourse between the young woman and himself, was checked by the unspoken murmur of disgust which ran through the assembled crowd; but he acknowledged no more, and with sullen hardihood, pronounced the perjuries which were necessary to exonerate him from all knowledge and participation in the death of the unfortunate young woman.

"Young man," said the magistrate, when his examination was concluded, "I beseech you, let the dreadful circumstance we are now investigating have its due and salutary influence upon your mind; and think not to harden your heart to the misery and guilt, of which, by your own acknowledgment, you have been in a great measure the author. How that unhappy young creature, who was so unfortunate as to be the partner of your guilty pleasures, has come to her untimely end, we can only conjecture; but whether by her own act, or by more desperate means, your mutual crime has probably led to it. Circumstances may yet turn up to enable us to judge more certainly how the young woman came by her death; and if it was by violence, I trust the finger of God will, in his own good time, and by the means which he thinks best, point out the murderer. You, sir, may now depart, I hope to think of this business with a more serious and contrite heart than your most unbecoming behavior this day would warrant us in expecting."

M'Gloghlin hung down his head, and slowly walked away—afraid to look around him, yet unwilling, by a speedy retreat, to show any symptoms of fear. The inquiry terminated, and the jury were under the necessity of recording a verdict which merely related the circumstances under which the body was found.

The questionable death of poor Norah did —

prevent the usual ceremonies and absurdities of an Irish wake. Tobacco was smoked, whiskey was drunk, and many a gossiping story told, while the bright blaze of nine lighted candles shone around the senseless corpse, as if it were in mockery of the darkness of death which had forever sealed up its eyelids. The old man sat apart in a corner, refusing to be comforted—occasionally, as if unconscious of what he was doing, he seized a pipe, and smoked a few whiffs; and then, recollecting himself, he would lay it down, and resume his gloomy and tearless inactivity.

In a day or two Norah was buried, and the memory of the transaction would probably soon have died away, like a tale that is told, but that Mr. Morton still exerted himself to obtain every possible information of all that related to it, by inquiries from those who knew the girl or M'Gloghlin. One morning, about three weeks after the body was found, his servant informed him, "there was one below that wanted to spake to him if he pleased."

"Who is it, Dennis?" said Mr. Morton.

"'Tis Jim Rooney, your honor, that goes about sellin' the sales an' rings, and things like what they used to sell in Essex Bridge, when we wor in Dublin, sir."

"And what can he want with me—has any one been robbing or cheating him?"

"Oh, devil a fear of that, your honor—be my sowl, he'd get up early that id chate Jim Rooney."

"So I should think myself, Dennis—but the next time I ask you a question, you need not swear when you answer it.—Tell Rooney, that if it be to sell something he wants, I won't buy it, and therefore he need not trouble himself and me, by coming near me—if it be any other business, you may desire him to come up stairs."

The magistrate was pretty sure, that under this condition of admittance, Rooney the pedlar would not seek his presence, and was not a little surprised when he saw him enter, bowing and scraping, and without his pack. "I beg your honor's pardon," said Rooney, "for makin' so bould as to ask to see your honor; but it's what I wanted to spake to you about a thing that I know your honor takes a concern in, and so I thought maybe you'd like to know it."

"What is that, Rooney? Tell me what you have to say; and as I know you're a clever fellow, tell it in the plainest and shortest manner possible."

There is no uneducated people in the world more naturally polite, or more open to the influence of kind and flattering language from others, than the lower orders of the Irish. Rooney, anxious to show at once both his willingness and ability to obey a request put in so agreeable a form, lost no time in entering upon his story.

"I know your honor wishes to find out all you can about Norry Sullivan, Mr. Hourighan's niece, that was found dead in the Shannon."

"Yes, certainly," said the magistrate, with eager attention.

"Well, your honor, only two or three days afore she was missin', the cratur, I sould her a Gould brooch,—an' I could swear to the same brooch, bekase it had a little bit of damage on one side of it, an' be the same token, I sould it chape on account of that same. Well, behold you, sir, yesterday, whin I was goin' along the

road quate an' asy, Pat Doolan's little goosoon comes up to me, and siz he to me, siz he, 'Would you buy this?' siz he; an' I knew at oncet it was the very same I sould to the poor young woman, the Lord be merciful to her sowl! So I questioned him how he came by it, an' I made out that he found it in his father's boat, just about the time she was lost. I knew his father very well, your honor,—he's a dacent, honest, poor man, as ever was,—so I went to him to spake about it; and, when I tould him, up he jumps, and slaps the table, your honor, and siz he to me, siz he, 'By the holy farmer!'—that was the oat' he swore,—'that was the mornin' young Mr. M'Gloghlin borry'd my boat, an' I'll be bail she must have been wit him, an' dropt it.'"

"Did he say M'Gloghlin borrowed his boat the morning the young woman disappeared?" asked the magistrate, eagerly.

"He did, your honor; an' that's what I thought you'd like to know."

"You were right. Go and bring Doolan to me as fast as you can."

Rooney departed on his mission, while Mr. Morton paced up and down his study, wrapped in thought, and anxiously awaiting his return. Had M'Gloghlin slain a man, in any of those outrages which are so lamentably frequent in the south of Ireland, it is not probable that the common people, even though they were certain of his having committed the crime, would have given the magistrate any aid to seize or to convict him; but there was something so revolting to the wild sentiment of their character in the seduction and murder of a young woman, that the bare suspicion of it was enough to excite their liveliest efforts towards the detection of the perpetrator;—and perhaps the circumstance of the suspected man being a reputed Protestant, did not render them the less anxious to give the investigation all the aid in their power.

Mr. Morton ascertained, that the evening before the disappearance of Hourighan's niece, M'Gloghlin had asked for the boat, which he said he wanted for an hour or two, early in the morning, to go a little way down the river; and that he had returned it, after having made use of it, before breakfast the same morning. The magistrate was endeavoring to see how he could connect this circumstance with the others with which he was already acquainted, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Hourighan in great agitation.

The old man had been so regular in all his movements, that it had been true, as stated by M'Gloghlin to Norah, that he never went to his treasure in the old stocking but to add to it. A particular fair, which happened just at the time when he paid his half-yearly rents, always supplied him with money for that purpose, and the consumption of his cottage was not supplied by money, but from the farm. The outlay for his niece's funeral was, however, an unforeseen expense, for the defraying of which he had that morning had recourse to his stocking, and, to his utter amazement and terror, found that worthless counterfeits had been substituted for his money. The poor old man was stunned and distracted. The kind of grief with which he was afflicted did not make him insensible to the loss of his property, but added a terrified bewilderment to his feelings; he saw his calamities multiplying,—he felt as if the world were slipping from under his feet,—and

as soon as he recovered sufficient recollection, he hurried to the magistrate to seek for advice and consolation.

"This is very extraordinary indeed!" said Mr. Morton, when he heard the story. "How long is it since you looked at your money before?"

After some time, Hourighan was able to recollect, that it was only an evening or two before his niece's disappearance that he had put money into the stocking; but any examination of the contents he had not made for many a day. As, however, even the last money he had put in was gone, it was clear, that since that time a part, if not the whole, of the theft had been committed. The old man knew nothing of the number of the notes; but he knew the person from whom he got the last sum he had received; and as he was a Quaker, and, like most of his sect, extremely regular and correct in his business, it was thought probable that he might be able to give some information about the notes; and to him Hourighan rode off at once, accompanied by Mr. Morton, who now began to feel a strong suspicion of the foul villany which had actually been practised.

"If thee can tell me the day I bought thy cattle, friend," said the Quaker, drawing out a little book, "I can give thee full information as to the notes with which I paid thee."

The day was mentioned, and he not only told them the number and description of the notes, but added, that one of them had come back to him that very morning, in a remittance from Limeric.

This was just the clew which the magistrate wanted, and he lost no time in pursuing it. After a week's labor, and no small difficulty he traced the note, as he had almost expected he should, to have been paid by M'Gloghlin to a person in the neighborhood of Limeric who dealt in horses; and, in the course of his inquiries, he also found, that a notorious schemer and swindling jockey, who was in the habit of frequently getting drunk with young M'Gloghlin, had been thrown into jail a few days before on suspicion of horse-stealing, and certainly of having endeavored to pass upon a countryman some of the flash notes similar to those which were found in Hourighan's stocking.

Mr. Morton now issued a warrant for the apprehension of M'Gloghlin; but the matter having got wind, and the rural officers of the law not being either quite so prompt or so expert as the well-trained hawks of the grand falconer Sir Richard Birnie, the bird was flown ere they reached his nest; but it was known that he could not have escaped to any distance, and the magistrate still continued to collect evidence, in the hope that, if he could bring the proof home to him, he would be able to find M'Gloghlin before long. After some delay the jockey who was in jail, in the hope of thereby gaining some advantage for himself, gave voluntary information, that he had supplied M'Gloghlin with a parcel of flash notes, which he said he would know again, as, in order to make them look more like genuine notes which had been in circulation, he had himself written different names upon the backs of them. The papers were produced to him, and were identified as the very same which M'Gloghlin had received. So far a connection between him and the robbery was circumstantially established, but whether this was connected with the death of the young woman still remained a mystery.

By one of those strange coincidences which have been remarked so many times to occur in

case of mysterious murder, as if specially appointed by Providence to bring the perpetrators to punishment, additional evidence was procured which left little doubt that the young woman had been murdered, and that M'Gloghlin was concerned in it.

There was an old man and his wife who lived in a small and wretched cottage between the shore and Hourighan's cottage, on the side of a hill which commanded a view of the water's edge, and they possessed one cow which was all their worldly goods. The man had a brother, an old soldier, who was a pensioner in the Kilmainham hospital, in Dublin, and who died there, leaving some few pounds, which he had saved by selling his allowance of cheese, and doing without tobacco. On the very morning on which Norah Sullivan had disappeared, the countryman set off for Dublin, as he said himself, "to recave his brother's fortune that he had left him;" and having arrived there safely, and received the said fortune, amounting to five pounds and eightpence, he, being of a very different disposition from his brother, remained nearly six weeks in Dublin, and, as he ate very little, he contrived, with the money he received, to keep himself extremely drunk during nearly the whole of that time. At length he arrived at home, much in the same state as he went away, save that his brogues were worn out, and his hat, if possible, more crushed and shapeless than when he left home. On his arrival, he heard, for the first time, the story of the tragical end of Hourighan's niece, and very soon after, he sought the magistrate, to whom he made the following important communication:—

"Plase your honor, sir, it was comin' in daylight o' the mornin' that mysel' and the ould woman (meaning thereby his wife) had fixed I was to go to Dublin, to see after my brother's fortune—he that's dead; may his sowl rest in glory, I pray God—an' bad fortune it was to me to go take such a journey into foreign parts, I may say, where I was robbed, and kilt, and murdered entirely. But sure enough, your honor, our cow was sick—she's bether since, glory to God; and I got up arely to give her a warm dthrink. It was just afore sunrise—I remimber it as well as if it was yesterday; an' lookin' down to the river to see what sorte of a day it id be, I seen young M'Gloghlin come up from a boat that had another man in it, that I did n't know, an' a young woman, wit a grey cloak on, met him. I did n't see her face at all, but only her back, and the two set down together in the boat, and pushed off. I tuk no notice, bekase what business had I? An I knew Mr. M'Gloghlin was a wild young fellow, an' maybe had some call to the girl. Well, your honor, afore I left home I saw the boat come back with only the two men in her, but I tuk no notice thin either, bekase, siz I, suppose they put her ashore somewhere doun the river a bit, siz I—"

"Who did you say this to?" said the magistrate.

"Oh, only to mysel', sir—sorrow one else; an' thin off I wint, an' never heard a word more about it 'till last night, when I came home. So I thought it looked very quare, what I've been tellin' your honor, an' I was resolved to come t' ye."

"Did the woman you saw, appear to be coming from the direction of Hourighan's house?"

"Troth it was, your honor, that very direction."

The man's depositions were taken; another warrant made out for the apprehension of M'Glogh-

him, and two mounted police went for, to endeavor to put it in execution.

The next evening the magistrate received positive information, that young M'Gloghlin had been seen that morning, at a very early hour, stealing into his father's house, and that he was probably still there. He at once determined to make a strong effort for his apprehension; and taking the two mounted police and some other attendants with him, he proceeded, as daylight fell, to the residence of the elder M'Gloghlin. An hour's riding brought them to the spot; the appearance of the place, like that of many of the residences of the better sort of farmers in Ireland, indicated plenty, without what the English call comfort—some finery, and no neatness. There was a sloping lawn before the house, which seemed not to have felt the plough, or the hand of the weeder, for a century. A road was made to sweep round before the door, which had once been bounded by posts connected by light chains; but all the chains and some of the posts were broken, and the road itself seemed to have been abandoned by foot-passengers, in favor of a "shorter cut," a narrow footpath, which ran down the centre of the lawn, and terminated by a gap in the hedge at the bottom, and which the servants and the sheep found a more convenient method of getting to the road, than going round by the gate. At this gate, however, Mr. Morton halted; and desiring the two mounted police to leave their horses with the others, who were to watch that no one escaped from the premises, he advanced to the house. He was admitted without difficulty, and could perceive, by the manner of those whom he addressed, that his appearance was not altogether unexpected. He told them at once, and in courteous and compassionate language, the object of his visit, and required, that if the young man were there, he should be given up. He was answered by the mother of young M'Gloghlin, the same who was mentioned in the beginning of our story.

She had been a beauty in her youth, but was now a coarse and bold-featured woman; her eyes still flashed with something of the vivacity of former times, and her face was flushed with passion. "Give him up!" said she. "And why should we give him up to you, supposin' that he is here! What call have you to him! Did he ever do you any harm? and why should you want to murder the boy, that I b'lieve would n't know you if he was lookin' you in the face!—You may go your ways, Mr. Morton, an' mind your prachein', if you have any to mind, for you 'll get none of him here."

"I am sorry, sir," said the magistrate, addressing her husband, "to do what must be so painful to you; but I have positive information, and must search the house—the officers are in the hall."

"Sarche away, thin," said the woman; "an' may the——"

Her husband checked the curse which was coming to her lips, and ordering her sternly to be quiet, the men proceeded on their search. They could not find him in the dwelling house.

"I cannot discharge my duty," said Mr. Morton, "without having your out-offices also searched; and as it is now almost dark, I must request you will send some one with a light to guide us to them." He purposely watched the countenance of the woman, and perceived it shaken by agitation at his proposal to proceed with the search, but fear of her husband kept her silent.

Old M'Gloghlin merely answered, he might do as he pleased.

"Will you let this boy carry the light?" said the magistrate, pointing to a thin but hardy-looking fair-haired boy, of ten or twelve years of age, who had sat looking sharply on, at every turn of the policemen, but had never uttered a word. This lad was the brother of young M'Gloghlin, but Mr. Morton did not know that; and he thought that from his youth, he would be less apt to deceive them in their search than any one else in the house. In this, however, he was mistaken: the boy was quiet and silent in his manners, but possessed more acuteness than all the rest in the house put together. He looked at his father when he heard the question put; and gathering his assent from the expression of his eye, he arose to take the light.

"No—dinny—no," cried his mother, rushing forward; and then as if suddenly recollecting herself,—"Well, thin, do, but—;" and she bent over the boy, and whispered in his ear, "but dinny, darlin',—mind what you're about—lade thim off, an' you 'll see what I'll give you. An' if you doan't," continued she, clenching her teeth, "I'll dash your brains out whin they're gone."

The boy neither answered nor trembled, but led the way for the policemen, with a small lantern in his hand. There was a gentleness and simplicity in the lad's manner, which led Mr. Morton to think, that if he were cross-questioned, or threatened, he would be able to obtain from him the information, whether the person he sought for was in the place or not; but he felt an instinctive abhorrence towards inducing the boy to betray the young man, villain as he believed him to be, and he therefore chose rather to trust to the vigilance of his search.

The way led through a farm-yard, filled with stacks of hay and corn, which the policemen proposed to prod with their swords, as the object of their search might possibly be concealed within them.

"But you might wound him, or kill him, if he really were there," said the magistrate, "which you have no right to do, unless he makes violent resistance."

"If that be all you're afraid of, sir," said the boy, "they may prod away—they 'll hurt no one there, I'll warrant, except it be the mice that make nests in the stacks, and that 'll do us no harm."

"Some of this hay appears to have been tossed about lately?"

"Yes, sir, they were bringin' it up to the loft for the horses."

"Where is the loft?"

"There's two or three of them, sir—I 'll show them to you."

He led the way along a little passage, bounded by a hedge, from which the little birds flew out, startled by the light, as it passed. "The poor little birds, sir, is frightened as if you were serchin' for them. It's a pity to disturb them, sir, is n't it? poor things that's tired enough, I'll engage, flyin' about wit their little wings all day."

"Is it possible," thought the magistrate, "that this boy can talk so lightly, if he really knows the man to be lurking about here? I think we must have been wrongly informed, after all."

They examined three lofts without success; and the boy, after holding the lantern for them, with

great patience, was proceeding back by the way they had come, when Mr. Morton remarked another small building in a corner of the enclosure which they had not gone into.

"It's only an ould lumber-house," said the boy.

"I see some marks on the ground, as if hay had been carried into it lately," observed Mr. Morton.

The boy, for the first time, betrayed a slight hesitation, as he answered "Maybe they did put hay into it—sometimes they do." But still he held back, and seemed anxious they should return without examining farther.

"We must trouble you to bring the light there, my boy," said the magistrate. "We must examine every place."

They found, on entering the lower apartment, that it was, as the boy had said, a lumber-house, where old cart wheels, and hay forks, and scythe handles lay scattered about. In one corner, however, they discovered a step ladder, and a trap-door above it leading into the loft.

"I suppose I need n't go up, sir?" said the little guide; "it's the same just as this place."

"We must see it, though," replied the magistrate; "it will not keep you long."

The boy slowly ascended the ladder, and the magistrate motioned to one of the men to follow. The man looked, however, rather suspiciously at the narrow trap-door, and observed that if there were any one above, it was very dangerous, as one man in such a situation might knock a regiment on the head before they could get into the loft.

"I shall lead the way, then," said Mr. Morton, as he ascended into the apartment unmolested, followed by the two men. There was lumber in the room, and some sheaves of straw piled against the walls, which the policemen prodded with their swords, still without success, and they were about to descend, when it occurred to Mr. Morton, that the boy had not walked about in the room as in the other places, but had stood with his back to one particular spot, shading it from the light, while he held the lantern towards the other places which the men examined. He therefore turned back, and looking steadily at the boy, he thought he saw him slightly start, as he told the men they should look in that spot which they had omitted. There was an old trunk in the spot, which had a quantity of hay piled upon it, over which were loosely thrown a few old sacks.

"You'll spoil the sacks, if you thrust your swords there," said the boy.

"We'll take them away first, then," said one of the men. He did so—and struck his sword into the hay—a loud shriek followed the thrust, and young M'Gloghlin sprang from the hay, and surrendered himself. The sword had not touched him, and had he lain still he might have escaped; but the danger was too much for his nerves, and he fell unwounded into their hands.

He was unprepared for resistance, and did not attempt it, but in sullen silence suffered his hands to be secured, and was led down to the yard. His mother, who, at a little distance, had followed the whole search, muttering a thousand praises of her "darlin' little cute white-headed boy," for whom, until this instance of his dexterity in endeavoring to elude the vigilance of the police officers, she had never shown much symptom of affection, was now almost frantic at the capture of her favorite son.

"Let my boy go, you hell hounds," said she, rushing towards the policemen—and then perceiv-

ing the utter helplessness of violence, she threw herself upon her knees before the magistrate, and clasping her hands, besought his mercy with all the vehemence of the strongest of all earthly feelings, a mother's affection for a favorite son. He was wicked, and she knew him to be so—her own heart was vicious and deceitful; but one spot in it was still loyal to nature and a mother's love, and in the passionate agony of fear and affection, she sunk in the dust before the magistrate, and besought his compassion on her misery.

"Oh, Mr. Morton," she exclaimed, "Mr. Morton, jewel, don't take him away from me—don't take away my boy—my darlin' boy, to murder and destroy him. I'll engage for him he'll never do anything wrong again—I'll watch him myself for you, day and night; but oh, lave him wit me, an' may Christ an' the Blessed Queen of Heaven, pour blessin's upon you forever an' ever!"

"I am exceedingly sorry," said Mr. Morton, much affected by the woman's vehemence of manner, "exceedingly sorry, indeed, for this unfortunate occurrence; but there is a public duty to be performed, and what you ask is altogether impossible."

"Oh, dear Mr. Morton, don't say so," said the wretched mother, still on her knees. "Oh, think of your own children, sir, an' how you'd feel if they were taken away to be butchered, and their mother left like me to die of great sorrow and a broken heart—he's my eldest boy, sir, one of the only two I ever had, an' for the love of Christ, don't take him away to kill him!"

"Rise from your knees, unhappy woman," said Mr. Morton; "or if you remain, pray to God for some peace and comfort under your calamity, and not to me, who can yield you nothing. Your son must submit to the course of justice—he is charged with dreadful crimes."

"It is a lie.—It is a lie," said the wretched woman, starting up: "you want to destroy him, you want his blood—ay, you hard-hearted villain, that's what you want; an' may my curse, an' the curse of all belongin' to me, torment you while you live, an' gnaw your soul in hell, where you'll surely be afore long!"

"Take him away, take him away," said the magistrate, "this is too shocking."

I omit the details of the trial of M'Gloghlin. The evidence against him was arranged with all the skill and care of which it was capable. The best "counsellors" were employed, and no trial for many a long year and day excited so intense an interest. He was a Protestant, or at least so reputed, and an opinion was abroad amongst the people, which the priests did by no means discourage, that "unless they," that is, the authorities of the land, "could n't help it, he would not be found guilty." Found guilty, however, he was, after a most patient investigation, and a very long deliberation of the jury.

Then the report ran through the populace, that although found guilty, he would not be executed; they were sure he would get a reprieve, and that justice would not be done upon a Protestant for murdering a Catholic. M'Gloghlin all along denied the murder: his sole defence was his own simple and determined denial that he had murdered Norah Sullivan. The morning of execution arrived, and still the people could not believe he was to die. A coach was procured to carry him from the jail to the scaffold—the horses, frighten-



ed at something in the crowd, ran away, and the wretched man handcuffed as he was, through the instinct of self-preservation, burst open the door, and jumped out, lest he should be overturned. Even this circumstance the people laid hold upon, to strengthen their favorite idea, that he was not to suffer the punishment due to his crimes—they said it was a trick to cause delay, and that he would be taken back to jail. They were again mistaken. The horses were stopped, M'Gloghlin put into the carriage, borne to the place of execution, and hanged; but not until he was dead, and in accordance with the tenor of his sentence, his body given to the surgeons to be anatomized, would the common people believe, that the severity of the law would be actually enforced against one who was neither a poor man nor a Roman Catholic. In more recent times, however, this feeling has greatly died away.

M'Gloghlin died as he had lived, sullen, and ferocious, and with his last breath protesting a lie. He asserted to the very last that he was not guilty of the murder. This circumstance caused some uneasiness to those, whom the circumstantial evidence had convinced of his guilt; but in about a year afterwards, his associate Sheehan, who was also executed for the murder of a soldier in an affray about a private still, made, while under sentence, a full confession of the matter, which explained M'Gloghlin's denial to have arisen from his not having actually committed the murder with his own hands—and afforded the materials for the foregoing tale.

#### *The North British Review.* No. I. London.

THIS is the first number of a periodical rival to the *Edinburgh Review*, not opposed to it in general politics, but seeking to rally and unite the literary talent of the great body who have lately seceded from the Scotch establishment. It has long been thought that, apart from any differences of religious opinion, there was ample room in Scotland for a second Liberal review, which should employ the literary talent now excluded from the great northern organ, and at the same time minister to the growing tastes of the reading public. Of late, too, it has been complained that the *Edinburgh Review* has grown dull, that it has fallen into the hands of a clique of doctrinaires whose vein is long since exhausted, whose ideas are somewhat in arrear of the age, and that at all events it is not a Scotch but an English journal, the greater part of whose contributors are old stagers residing in England. At times an elaborate piece of mosaic criticism appears from the pen of Macaulay, as full of points, antithesis, and smart moralities as a versified essay or satire by Pope; but even Macaulay is getting stale. People tire of whatever is strained and full of effort. The writer who is always attempting to say brilliant things becomes, in the end, as intolerable as the perpetual *discur de bons mots*, who never can utter a plain word, but is always striving to poke his fraction of sense at you in an antithetical or would-be original form. It is a kind of writing of which one or two specimens suffice. Then, if we come to the other crack writers—Lord Jeffrey has ceased to contribute, and as for Lord Brougham, nobody cares for his fierce slashing articles now that his character is so well known. Where truth and earnestness are wanting, all moral weight is lost.—

"Unstable as water thou shalt not excel."

Carlyle alone of all that body of essayists has produced lasting works that have more than a passing interest, and will go down to posterity; but he, too, seems to have become convinced of the futility of reviewing, and no longer chooses to drag up hill the leaden lumbering disquisitions of pedants and ephemeral wits. Finally, as an organ of party, the *Edinburgh Review* participates in the fate of the Whigs. As the lines of demarcation which formerly separated them from the Conservatives are fast being obliterated, and great questions, such as the factory question, the sanitary question, the total repeal of the corn-laws, and the whole host which arise out of the condition-of-England question, are beginning to dwarf mere party interests, it is felt that the periodical in question is getting superannuated, or is retrograding to the condition of a merely literary review, which may be rivalled, if not surpassed, by the young blood of its neighbors.

Perhaps a few of these reasons may have led to this new attempt to create a footing in the literary circles of the northern metropolis for the *North British Review*. It has been said that the era of quarterly disquisitions of ponderous length has gone by—that they have been supplanted by the newspaper article; but the increasing number of these reviews, all of which, seemingly, find a ready sale, and contain a large quantity of painstaking, laborious, creditable writing, seems rather to prove the reverse of this allegation, and that the increasing demand has more than kept pace with the supply.

With regard to the merits of the present one, we are decidedly of opinion that it is on a par with the best of its contemporaries—and, indeed, it would be singular if it were not, considering the talent which we understand has been engaged on it.

In its general arrangement it is modelled closely after the *Edinburgh Review*. It presents the same judicious mixture of science, politics, history, poetry, travels, and light literature. In the first department we have an article on "Cuvier and his Works," which rumor assigns to the distinguished pen of Sir David Brewster. We need not say, therefore, that it is most excellent of its kind, and deserving the attention of the whole scientific world, to which we beg most heartily to recommend it. The next paper is a very interesting review of "Harris' Highlands of Ethiopia." An elaborate article on the corn-laws, said to be from the pen of the celebrated Doctor Chalmers, comes next; and although we do not think it quite comes up to the mark, or equals the current doctrine of the day on that all-important subject, it cannot be passed by unnoticed. The memoir and correspondence of that clever woman, Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, furnish the theme of another very readable article. "Michaud's History of the Crusades" is a learned paper in the Hallam strain. We were much pleased with a very able and judicious analysis of "Tractarian Poetry and Poets," including Faher and Lord John Manners, which exposes admirably well the absurdities of that school. We were scarcely aware, before we perused this excellent paper, of the downright nonsense and insults against common sense of which these writers have been guilty. "Sewell's Christian Morals" likewise come in for a good share of the pounding. We should think



the poor authors would be glad to escape from a battle where such hard knocks are going. "The Policy of Party" is the subject of a good declamatory article; and "Lord Jeffrey's Contributions to the Edinburgh Review" afford a theme for a delicate panegyric, which is said to proceed from the pen of a rising young northern advocate, who is imbued with no small portion of the learning, talents, and accomplishments which he knows so well how to appreciate. The writer of this elegant essay may say with the *Shepherd* in Virgil—

Me quoque dicunt Valem pastores, at non ego credulus illis!

What will probably be deemed the best paper of the collection is the review of "Frederika Bremer's Swedish Novels," which we have heard—and, indeed, fully believe from internal evidence—is written by Mr. Samuel Laing, the celebrated traveller. This is full of raciness and good sense; it is philosophical and ingenious, and penetrates to the bottom of that false, spurious sentimentalism, those singular anomalies of morals which here and there appear as blemishes in Miss Bremer's works, and form such stumbling-blocks to the well-educated English reader. Mr. Laing, with philosophical acumen and intimate knowledge of the reality, detects the true nature of these contraries, and shows that they are not mere superficial accidental spots, but the outward symptoms of a deep-rooted organic disease. In a word, he shows that the purity of Swedish life and manners is anything but truly represented by the engaging but fanciful pictures of one woman of genius. On reviewing the "Translation of the H— Family," we made some remarks of a similar nature, having been struck with the moral difference between the representations of Miss Bremer and the frightful evidence of the Swedish statistical records, first brought into European notice by Mr. Laing's *Travels in Sweden*.—*Atlas*.

#### CAIRO.

I HAD some difficulty in gaining, and afterwards in retaining, my place among the first row of spectators at the Doseh, in that part of the Isbekia where the Sheikh rides over the human pavement that is spread for him every year on this day, March the 30th, in honor of the birthday of the Prophet.

This extraordinary exhibition takes place near the door of the house of the Sheikh, at the southern extremity of the square, called the Isbekia, where that part of the procession that precedes the Sheikh having arrived, those of the crowd who feel themselves inspired by the fancied solemnity of the occasion, or by the example of a set of men, whose violent gestures and hoarse vociferations, accompanied by the noise of drums, terminate for a time on the dusty plain. Here they throw themselves down as close as possible to each other, while certain men, apparently of the household of the Sheikh, set to work arranging them, pulling some by the legs, and others by the shoulders, in order to keep the heads of these prostrate volunteers as much in a line as possible. These necessary preparations were scarcely completed, when a groaning at the northern extremity of the line announced the arrival of the Sheikh, who in a few minutes made his appearance, on that part of the pavement near to which I stood, preceded by a

man bearing a flag. The Sheikh was seated on a small black horse, that was hurried over the backs of the unfortunate men in a quick walk by two grooms, who held the horse's head. My view of the Sheikh was so momentary that I did not see his face, which must have been considerably covered by a large green shawl he wore over his turban and about his neck. No sooner had the Sheikh passed, than those of the prostrate fanatics, who could do so, got up, while others were assisted by their friends in the crowd, and dragged away. Some I saw looked pale, their eyes half shut, and unable to stand, whether from an unlucky step of the horse, or from that exhaustion which must necessarily follow the violent gesticulations and hoarse bawlings by which this religious ceremony is distinguished, I cannot say, for none spoke, and none would acknowledge to any hurt to their sacred persons from the iron shoe of the horse. The crowd soon dispersed; many joined in the large circles of bawlers that were found near the spot, and for some distance along that side of the square.

#### THE OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

Soon'd by the self-same ditty, see  
The infant and the sire;  
That smiling on the nurse's knee,  
This weeping by the fire;  
Where unobserved he finds a joy  
To list its plaintive tone,  
And silently his thoughts employ  
On sorrows all his own.

At once it comes, by memory's power,  
The loved habitual theme,  
Reserved for twilight's darkling hour,  
A voluntary dream;  
And as with thoughts of former years  
His weakly eyes o'erflow,  
None wonders at an old man's tears,  
Or seeks his grief to know.

Think not he dotes because he weeps;  
Conclusion, ah! how wrong!  
Reason with grief joint empire keeps,  
Indissolubly strong;  
And oft in age a helpless pride  
With jealous weakness pines,  
(To second infancy allied)  
And every wo refines.

How busy now his teeming brain,  
Those murmuring lips declare;  
Scenes never to return again  
Are represented there.

He ponders on his infant years,  
When first his race began,  
And, oh! how wonderful appears  
The destiny of man!  
How swift those lovely hours were past,  
In darkness closed how soon!  
As if a winter's night o'ercast  
The brightest summer's noon.

His withered hand he holds to view,  
With nerves once firmly strung,  
And scarcely can believe it true  
That ever he was young.  
And as he thinks o'er all his ills,  
Disease, neglect, and scorn,  
Strange pity of himself he feels,  
Thus aged and forlorn.

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 11.—27 JULY, 1844.

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From Hood's Magazine.

## MR. HOOD.

It is with feelings of the deepest concern that we acquaint our subscribers and the public with the circumstances that have, during the past month, deprived this Magazine of the invaluable services of its Editor. A severe attack of the disorder to which he has long been subject—hemorrhage from the lungs, occasioned by enlargement of the heart (itself brought on by the wearing excitement of ceaseless and excessive literary toil)—has, in the course of a few weeks, reduced Mr. Hood to a state of such extreme debility and exhaustion, that during several days fears were entertained for his life. Nevertheless, up to Thursday the 23d, he did not relinquish the hope that he should have strength to continue, in the present number, the novel which he began in the last; and he even directed his intention to be announced in the advertisements which were sent out, on that day, to the Saturday journals. On the same evening, sitting up in bed, he tried to invent and sketch a few comic designs; but even this effort exceeded his strength, and was followed by the wandering delirium of utter nervous exhaustion. Next morning his medical attendants declared that the repetition of any such attempt, at that critical period of his illness, might cost him his life. We trust that this brief explanation will obtain for Mr. Hood the sympathy and kind indulgence of our subscribers; and, especially, that it will satisfy them of the perfect *bona fides* with which the promise of a contribution from his pen was advertised in the Saturday papers. Mr. Hood, we are happy to say, is now gradually recovering strength; and there is every reason to expect that he will be able, in the next number, to give the promised new chapter and illustrations, at present of necessity deferred.

Conscious of his enfeebled powers and uncertain hand, Mr. Hood threw aside the above-mentioned sketches, as too insignificant for publication. But it has been thought that the contrast of their sprightly humor with the pain and prostration in the midst of which they were produced, might give them a peculiar interest, independent of any merit of their own: suggesting, perhaps, the reflection. (never too trite to be repeated, so long as it is too true to be denied) by what harassing efforts the food of careless mirth is furnished; and how often the pleasure of the Many costs bitter endurance to the One.

Disobeying, therefore, for once, the direction of our chief, we have preserved two of these "sick-room fancies," which will enable us to convey, in his own quaint picture-language, to the readers of Hood's Mag., THE EDITOR'S APOLOGIES.

[To represent "Hood's Mag.," the original has a magpie in a hood. "The Editor's Apologies"—are labelled vials—bowls—a pill-box—a blister—and leeches. Alas! Poor Yorick!]

## AN ANECDOTE OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.—

In the disastrous retreat which the British army made in Spain, in December, 1808, under the command of Sir John Moore, the army was passing a mountainous tract, when a soldier's wife, whose husband was supposed to have been killed on the field of Alkmaar, was observed struggling up a precipitous mountain-side during a violent snow-storm. She was driving an ass before her, with two panniers on its back, each containing a very young female child, which seemed little likely

to survive the bitter cold to which it was exposed. The poor ass, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, and stumbling in consequence of its feet getting clogged with snow, was just about giving up, when an officer observed the great distress the woman was in, went up to her, and clearing the ass's feet of the frozen snow with his knife, handed it a small quantity of hay from the forage wagons, which it devoured greedily. From the great confusion which prevailed at the time, he was unable to render the poor woman any farther assistance. He left her, with very little hope that she and her infant charges would outlive hardships under which hardy men were every day sinking. After this incident, the officer remained in the army for fifteen years, at the end of which time he retired to pass the remainder of his days in his native place, about thirty miles from Edinburgh. One day, as he walked along the street, a woman, whom at first he believed to be a stranger to him, came up, and seizing his hand, began to gaze scrutinizingly in his face. Tears gradually filled her eyes, but she was unable to utter a word for some minutes. At length she found voice to ask his name, and if he recollected rendering assistance to a soldier's wife, with two young children, during the retreat to Corunna. He replied in the affirmative, and she then told him that she was the person whom he had succored on that occasion. She had often, she said, wished to see him again, that she might thank him for his humanity, which had been the immediate means of saving at least her two children from destruction. She had been able, she added, to get to her own country with her children in safety, and she now lived with them in this very place. In conclusion, the officer accompanied her to her house, where he found the two children transformed into two fully grown girls, able and willing to support their mother by their industry. His feelings on the occasion need not, it is presumed, be particularly described.

AGES OF VARIOUS SOVEREIGNS.—Last new year's day the various rulers of the earth bore the following ages:—The king of Sweden, 80; the pope, 78; the king of the French, 70; the emperor of China, 62; the king of Wurtemberg, 62; the king of Bavaria, 57; the king of Denmark, 57; the king of the Belgians, 54; the emperor of Austria, 50; the king of Prussia, 50; the emperor of Russia, 47; the king of Saxony, 46; the king of Sardinia, 45; the king of Naples, 34; the king of the Greeks, 26; the queen of Portugal, 25; the queen of England, 24; the sultan of Turkey, 20; and the queen of Spain, 13.—*Chambers' Journal*.

## SONNET ON A YOUTH WHO DIED OF EXCESSIVE FRUIT-PIE.

CURRENTS have checked the current of my blood,

And berries brought me to be buried here;

Pears have pared off my body's hardihood,

And plums and plumbers spare not one so spare.

Fain would I feign my fall; so fair a fare

Lessens not fate, yet 't is a lesson good;

Gilt will not long hide guilt; such thin-washed ware

Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is rued.

Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,

That lies not as it lies upon my clay,

But, in a gentle strain of unstrained verse,

Prays all to pity a poor patty's prey:

Rehearses I was fruit-ful to my hearse,

Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm toll'd away!

From the Englishmen's Magazine.

# LOVE AND AUTHORSHIP.

"WILL you remember me, Rosalie?"

"Yes!"

"Will you keep your hand for me for a year?"

"Yes!"

"Will you answer me when I write to you?"

"Yes!"

"One request more—O Rosalie, reflect that my life depends upon your acquiescence—should I succeed, will you marry me in spite of your uncle?"

"Yes!" answered Rosalie. There was no pause—reply followed question, as if it were a dialogue which they had got by heart—and by heart indeed they had got it—but I leave you to guess the book they had conned it from.

'T was in a green lane, on a summer's evening, about nine o'clock, when the west, like a gate of gold, had shut upon the retiring sun, that Rosalie and her lover, hand in hand, walked up and down. His arm was the girdle of her waist; hers formed a collar for his neck, which a night of the garter—ay, the owner of the sword that dubbed him—might well have been proud to wear. Their gait was slow, and face was turned to face; near were their lips while they spoke; and much of what they said never came to the ear, though their souls caught up every word of it.

Rosalie was upwards of five years the junior of her lover. She had known him since she was a little girl in her twelfth year. He was almost eighteen then, and when she thought far more about a doll than a husband, he would set her upon his knee, and call her his little wife. One, two, three years passed on, and still, whenever he came from college, and as usual went to pay his first visit at her father's, before he had been five minutes in the parlor, the door was flung open, and in bounded Rosalie, and claimed her accustomed seat. The fact was, till she was fifteen, she was a child of a very slow growth, and looked the girl when many a companion of hers of the same age began to appear the woman.

When another vacation however came round, and Theodore paid his customary call, and was expecting his little wife, as usual, the door opened slowly and a tall young lady entered, and courtesying, colored and walked to a seat next the lady of the house. The visitor stood up and bowed, and sat down again, without knowing it was Rosalie.

"Don't you know Rosalie?" exclaimed her father.

"Rosalie!" replied Theodore in an accent of surprise; and approached his little wife of old, who rose and half gave him her hand, and courtesying, colored again; and sat down again without hardly interchanging a word with him. No wonder—she was four inches taller than when he had last seen her; and her bulk had expanded correspondingly, while her features that half a year before gave one the idea of a sylph that would bound after a butterfly, had now mellowed in their expression, into the sentiment, the softness, and the reserve of the woman.

Theodore felt absolutely disappointed. Five minutes before, he was all volubility. No sooner was one question answered than he proposed another—and he had so many capital stories for Rosalie, when she came down—and yet, when Rosalie did come down, he sat as though he had

not a word to say for himself. In short, everything and everybody in the house seemed to have changed along with its young mistress; he felt no longer at home in it, as he was wont; and in less than a quarter of an hour he made his bow and departed.

Now this was exceedingly strange; for Rosalie, from a pretty little girl, had turned into a lovely young woman. If a heart looked out of her eyes before, a soul looked out of them now; her arm, which formerly the sun had been allowed to salute when he liked, and which used to bear the trace of many a kiss that he had given it, now shone white through a sleeve of muslin, like snow behind a veil of haze; her bosom had enlarged its wavy curve, and leaving her waist little more than the span it was, sat proudly heaving above it: and the rest of her form, which, only six months ago, looked trim and airy in her short and close-fitting frock, now lengthening and throwing out its flowing line, stood stately in the folds of a long and ample drapery. Yet could not all this make up for the want of the little wife that used to come and take her seat upon Theodore's knee.

To be sure, there was another way of accounting for the young man's chagrin. He might have been disappointed that Rosalie, when five feet four should be a little more reserved than she used to be when she was only five feet nothing. Romantic young men, too, are apt to fancy odd things. Theodore was a *very* romantic young man; and having, perhaps, traced for himself the woman in the child—as one will anticipate, in looking at a peach that is just knit, the hue, and form, and flavor of the consummate fruit—he might have set Rosalie down in his mind as his wife in earnest, when he appeared to call her so only in jest.

Such was the case. Theodore never calculated that Rosalie knew nothing about his dreams—that she had no such visions herself; he never anticipated that the frankness of girlhood would vanish, as soon as the diffidence of young womanhood began its blushing reign; the thought never occurred to him that the day would come when Rosalie would scruple to sit on his knee—ay, even though Rosalie should then begin to think upon him, as for many a year before he had thought upon her. He returned from college the fifth time; he found that the woman which he imagined in a year or two she would become, was surpassed by the woman that she already was; he remarked the withdrawal of confidence, the limitation of familiarity—the penalty which he must inevitably pay for her maturing—and he felt repelled and chilled and utterly disheartened by it.

For a whole week he never returned to the house. Three days of a second week elapsed, and still he kept away. He had been invited, however, to a ball which was to be given there the day following; and much as he was inclined to absent himself, being a little more inclined to go, he went.

Full three hours was he in the room without once setting eyes upon Rosalie. He saw her mother and her father, and talked with them; he saw squire this, and doctor that, and attorney such-a-one, and had fifty things to say to each of them; he had eyes and a tongue for everybody, but Rosalie—not a look, or a word, did he exchange with her: yet he was here and there and everywhere! In short he was all communicativeness and vivacity, so that every one remarked

how bright he had become since his last visit to college!

At last, however, his fine spirits all at once seemed to forsake him, and he withdrew to the library, which was lighted up for the occasion as an anti-room, and taking a volume out of the book-case, threw himself into a chair and began to turn over the leaves.

"Have you forgotten your little wife," said a soft voice near him—"t'was Rosalie's—"if you have," she added, as he started from his seat, "she has not forgotten you!"

She wore a carnation in her hair—the hue of the flower was not deeper than that of her cheek, as she stood and extended her hands to Theodore, who, the moment he rose, had held forth both of his.

"Rosalie!"

"Theodore!"—He led her to a sofa, which stood in a recess on the opposite side of the room, and for five minutes not another word did they exchange.

At length she gently withdrew her hand from his—she had suffered him to hold it all that time.—"We shall be observed," said she.

"Ah, Rosalie," replied he, "nine months since you sat upon my knee, and they observed us, yet you did not mind it!"

"You know I am a woman now," rejoined Rosalie, hanging her head; "and—and—will you lead off the next dance with me?" cried she, suddenly changing the subject. "There, now; I have asked you!" added she, "which is more than you deserve!"—Of course Theodore was not at all happy to accept the challenge of the metamorphosed Rosalie.

One might suppose that the young lady's heart was interested, and that Theodore was a far happier man than he imagined himself to be. The fact was neither more nor less. Little Rosalie was proud of being called Theodore's wife, because she heard everybody else speak in praise of him. Many a marriageable young lady had she heard declare—not minding to speak before a child—that Theodore was the finest young man in B—; that she hoped Theodore would be at such or such a house where she was going to dine, or spend the evening; nay, that she would like to have a sweetheart like Theodore. Then would Rosalie interpose, and with a saucy toss of the head exclaim, that nobody should have Theodore but Rosalie, for Rosalie was his little wife. "It was thus she learned to admire the face and person of Theodore, who more than once paid for her acquired estimation of them: for sometimes before a whole room full of company she would march up to him, and scanning him from head to foot, with folded arms, at length declare aloud, that he was the handsomest young man in B—. Then Theodore was so kind to her, and thought so much of anything she did, and took such notice of her! Often, at a dance, he would make her his partner for the whole evening; and there was Miss Willoughby, perhaps, or Miss Millar, sitting down; either of whom would have given her eyes to stand up in a reel with Theodore.

But when the summer of her seventeenth year beheld her bursting into womanhood; when her expanding thoughts, from a bounding, fitful, rill-like current, began to run a deep, a broad, and steady stream; when she found that she was almost arrived at the threshold of the world, and reflected that the step which marks a female's first

entrance into it is generally taken in the hand of a partner—the thought of who that partner might be, recalled Theodore to her mind—and her heart fluttered as she asked herself the question—should she ever be indeed the wife of Theodore?

When, this time, he paid his first visit, Rosalie was as much mortified as he was. Her vexation was increased when she saw that he absented himself: she resolved, if possible, to ascertain the cause; and persuaded her mother to give a ball, and especially invite the young gentleman. He came; she watched him; observed that he neither inquired after her nor sought for her; and marked the excellent terms that he was upon with twenty people, about whom she knew him to be perfectly indifferent. Women have a perception of the workings of the heart, far more quick and subtle than we have. She was convinced that all his fine spirits were forced—that he was acting a part. She suspected that while he appeared to be occupied with everybody but Rosalie—Rosalie was the only body that was running in his thoughts. She saw him withdraw to the library; she followed him, found him sitting down with a book in his hand, perceived, from his manner of turning over the leaves, that he was intent on anything but reading.—She was satisfied that he was thinking of nothing but Rosalie. The thought that Rosalie might one day become indeed his wife, now occurred to her for the thousandth time, and a thousand times stronger than ever; a spirit diffused itself through her heart, which had never been breathed into it before, and filling it with hope and happiness, and unutterable contentment, irresistibly drew it towards him. She approached him, accosted him, and in a moment was seated with him, hand in hand, upon the sofa!

As soon as the dance was done, "Rosalie," said Theodore, "'tis almost as warm in the air as in the room; will you be afraid to take a turn with me in the garden?"

"I shall get my shawl in a minute," said Rosalie, "and meet you there;" and the maiden was there almost as soon as he.

They proceeded, arm-in-arm, to the farthest part of the garden; and there they walked up and down without either seeming inclined to speak, as though their hearts could discourse through their hands, which were locked in one another.

"Rosalie!" at last breathed Theodore. "Rosalie!" breathed he a second time, before the expecting girl could summon courage to say, "Well!"

"I cannot go home to-night," resumed he, "without speaking to you." Yet Theodore seemed to be in no hurry to speak; for there he stopped, and continued silent so long, that Rosalie began to doubt whether he would open his lips again.

"Had we not better go in?" said Rosalie, "I think I hear them breaking up."

"Not yet," replied Theodore.

"They'll miss us!" said Rosalie.

"What of that?" rejoined Theodore.

"Nay," resumed the maid, "we have remained long enough, and at least allow me to go in."

"Stop but another minute, dear Rosalie!" imploringly exclaimed the youth.

"For what?" was the maid's reply.

"Rosalie," without a pause, resumed Theo-

dore, "you used to sit upon my knee, and let me call you wife. Are those times passed forever? Dear Rosalie!—will you never let me take you on my knee and call you wife again?"

"When we have done with our girlhood, we have done with our plays," said Rosalie.

"I do not mean *in play*, dear Rosalie," cried Theodore. "It is not playing at man and wife, to walk, as such, out of church. Will you marry me, Rosalie?"

Rosalie was silent.

"Will you marry me?" repeated he.

Not a word would Rosalie speak.

"Hear me!" cried Theodore. "The first day, Rosalie, I took you upon my knee, and called you my wife, just as it seemed to be, my heart was never more in earnest. That day I wedded you in my soul; for though you were a child, I saw the future woman in you, rich in the richest attractions of your sex. Nay, do me justice; recall what you yourself have known of me; inquire of others. To whom did I play the suitor from that day! To none but you, although to you I did not seem to play it. Rosalie, was I not always with you? Recollect now! Did a day pass, when I was at home, without my coming to your father's house? When there were parties there, whom did I sit beside but you? Whom did I stand behind at the piano-forte but you? Nay, for a whole night, whom have I danced with, but you? Whatever you might have thought *then*, can you believe *now*, that it was merely a playful child that could so have engrossed me! No, Rosalie! it was the virtuous, generous, lovely, loving woman, that I saw in the playful child. Rosalie! for five years have I loved you, though I never declared it to you till now. Do you think I am worthy of you? Will you give yourself to me? Will you marry me? Will you sit upon my knee again and let me call you wife?"

Three or four times Rosalie made an effort to speak, but desisted, as if she knew not what to say, or was unable to say what she wished, Theodore still holding her hand. At last, "Ask my father's consent!" she exclaimed, and tried to get away; but before she could effect it, she was clasped to the bosom of Theodore, nor released until the interchange of the first pledge of love had been forced from her bashful lips!—She did not appear, that night, in the drawing-room again.

Theodore's addresses were sanctioned by the parents of Rosalie. The wedding day was fixed—it wanted but a fortnight to it—when a malignant fever made its appearance in the town: Rosalie's parents were the first victims. She was left an orphan at eighteen, and her uncle, by her mother's side, who had been nominated her guardian in a will, made several years, having followed his brother-in-law and sister's remains to the grave, took up his residence at B—.

Rosalie's sole consolation now was such as she received from the society of Theodore; but Theodore soon wanted consolation himself. His father was attacked by the fever and died, leaving his affairs, to the astonishment of every one, in a state of the most inextricable embarrassment: for he had been looked upon as one of the wealthiest inhabitants of B—. This was a double blow to Theodore, but he was not aware of the weight of it till, after the interment of his father, he repaired, for the first time, to resume his visits to his Rosalie.

He was stepping up without ceremony to the drawing-room, when the servant begged his pardon for stopping him, telling him at the same time, that he had received instructions from his master to show Theodore into the parlor, when he should call.

"Was Miss Wilford there?"

"No."—Theodore was shown into the parlor. Of all savage brutes, the human brute is the most pernicious and revolting, because he unites to the evil properties of the inferior animal the mental faculties of the superior one. And then he is at large. A vicious tempered dog you can muzzle and render innocuous; but there is no preventing the human dog that bites from fleshing his tooth—he is sure to have it in somebody. And then the infliction is so immeasurably more severe!—the quick of the mind is so much more sensitive than that of the body! Besides, the savage that runs on four legs is so inferior in performance to him that walks upon two! 'Tis he that knows how to gnaw! I have often thought it a pity and a sin that the man who plays the dog should be protected from dying the death of one. He should hang, and the other go free.

"Well, young gentleman!" was the salutation which Theodore received when he entered the parlor; "and pray what brings you here?"

Theodore was struck dumb; and no wonder.

"Your father, I understand, has died a beggar!—Do you think to marry my niece?" If Theodore respired with difficulty before, his breath was utterly taken away at this. He was a young man of spirit, but who can keep up his heart when his ship all at once is going down?

The human dog went on. "Young gentleman, I shall be plain with you, for I am a straight-forward man; young women should mate with their matches—you are no match for my niece; so a good morning to you!"—How more in place to have wished him a good halter! Saying this, the straight-forward savage walked out of the room, leaving the door wide open, that Theodore might have room for egress, and steadily walked up stairs.

It was several minutes before he could recover his self-recollection. When he did so he rang the bell.

"Tell your master I wish to speak to him," said Theodore to the servant who answered it. The servant went up stairs after his master and returned.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, "to be the bearer of such an errand; but my master desires you instantly to quit the house; and has commanded me to tell you that he has given me orders not to admit you again."

"I must see Miss Wilford!" exclaimed Theodore.

"You cannot, sir!" respectfully remarked the servant; "for she is locked in her own room; but you can send a message to her," added he in a whisper, "and I will be the bearer of it. There is not a servant in the house, Mr. Theodore, but is sorry for you to the soul."

This was so much in season, and was so evidently spoken from the heart, that Theodore could not help catching the honest fellow by the hand. Here the drawing-room bell was rung violently.

"I must go, sir," said the servant, "what message to my mistress?"

"Tell her to give me a meeting, and to apprise

me of the time and place," said Theodore, and the next moment the hall door was shut upon him.

One may easily imagine the state of the young fellow's mind. To be driven with insult and barbarity from the house in which he had been received a thousand times with courtesy and kindness; which he looked upon as his own! Then, what was to be done? Rosalie's uncle, after all, had told him nothing but the truth. His father had died a beggar! Dear as Rosalie was to Theodore, his own pride recoiled at the idea of offering her a hand which was not the master of a shilling! Yet was not Theodore portionless. His education was finished; that term he had completed his collegiate studies. If his father had not left him a fortune, he had provided him with the means of making one himself: at all events, of commanding a competency. He had the credit of being a young man of decided genius too. "I will not offer Rosalie a beggar's hand!" exclaimed Theodore, "I shall ask her to remain true to me for a year: and I'll go up to London and maintain myself by my pen. It may acquire me fame as well as fortune; and then I may marry Rosalie!"

This was a great deal of work to be done in a year; but if Theodore was not a man of genius, he possessed a mind of that sanguine temperament, which is usually an accompaniment of the richer gift. Before the hour of dinner all his plans were laid, and he was ready to start for London. He waited now for nothing but a message from Rosalie, and as soon as the sweet girl could send it, it came to him. It appointed him to meet her in the green lane after sunset. The sun had scarcely set, when he was there: and there, too, was Rosalie. He found that she was Rosalie still. Fate had stripped him of fortune; but she could not persuade Rosalie to refuse him her hand, or her lip; when, half way down the lane, she heard a light, quick step behind her, and, turning, beheld Theodore.

Theodore's wishes, as I stated before, were granted as soon as communicated; and now nothing remained but to say good-by—perhaps the hardest thing to two young lovers. Rosalie stood passive in the arms of Theodore, as he took the farewell kiss, which appeared as if it would join his lips to hers forever, instead of tearing them away. She heard her name called from a short distance, and in a half-suppressed voice; she started, and turned towards the direction whence the preconcerted warning came; she heard it again: she had stopped till the last moment! She had half withdrawn herself from Theodore's arms; she looked at him; flung her own around him, and burst into tears upon his neck!—In another minute there was nobody in the lane.

London is a glorious place for a man of talent to make his way in—provided he has extraordinary good luck. Nothing but merit can get on there: nothing is sterling that is not of its coinage. Our provincial towns won't believe that gold is gold unless it has been minted in London. There is no trickery there; no treating, no canvassing, no intrigue, no coalition! There, worth has only to show itself if it wishes to be killed with kindness! London tells the truth! You may swear to what it says—whatsoever may be proved to the contrary. The cause—the cause is everything in London! Show but your craft, and straight your brethren come crowding around

you, and if they find you worthy, why you shall be brought into notice—even though they should tell a lie for it and damn you. Never trouble yourself about getting on by interest in London! Get on by yourself. Posts are filled there by merit; or if the man suits not the office, why the office is made to adapt itself to the man, and so there is unity after all! What a happy fellow was Theodore to find himself in such a place as London!

He was certainly happy in one thing: the coach in which he came set him down at a friend's whose circumstances were narrow, but whose heart was large—a curate of the Church of England. Strange that, with all the appurtenances of hospitality at his command, abundance should allow it to be said, that the kindest welcome which adversity usually meets with is that which it receives from adversity! If Theodore found that the house was a cold one to what he had been accustomed, the warmth of the greeting made up for it. "They breakfasted at nine, dined at four, and, if he could sleep upon the sofa, why, there was a bed for him!" In a day he was settled, and at his work.

And upon what did Theodore found his hopes of making a fortune, and rising to fame in London!—Upon writing a play. At an early period he had discovered, as his friends imagined, a talent for dramatic composition: and having rather sedulously cultivated that branch of literature, he thought he would now try his hand in one bold effort, the success of which should determine him as to his future course in life. The play was written, presented, and accepted; the performers were ready in their parts; the evening of representation came on, and Theodore, seated in the pit beside his friend, at last, with a throbbing heart, beheld the curtain rise. The first and second acts went off smoothly and with applause.

Two gentlemen were placed immediately in front of Theodore. "What do you think of it?" said the one to the other.

"Rather tame," was the reply.

"Will it succeed?"

"Doubtful."

The third act, however, decided the fate of the play; the interest of the audience became so intense, that at one particular stage of the action, numbers in the second and third rows of the side boxes stood up, and the clapping of hands was universal, intermingled with cries of "bravo!" from every part of the theatre. "T will do," was now the remark, and Theodore breathed a little more freely than he had done some ten minutes ago. Not to be too tedious, the curtain fell amid shouts of approbation, unmingled with the slightest demonstration of displeasure, and the author had not twenty friends in the house.

If Theodore did not sleep that night, it was not from inquietude of mind—contentment was his repose. His most sanguine hopes had been surpassed; the fiat of a London audience had stamped him a dramatist; the way to fortune was open and clear, and Rosalie would be his.

Next morning as soon as breakfast was over, Theodore and his friend repaired to the coffee-room. "We must see what the critics say," remarked the latter. Theodore, with prideful confidence—the offspring of fair success, took up the first morning print that came to his hand. *Theatre Royale* met his eye. "Happy is the successful dramatist!" exclaimed Theodore to himself; "at night

he is greeted by the applauses of admiring thousands, and in the morning they are repeated, and echoed all over the kingdom, through the medium of the press! What will Rosalie say when her eye falls upon this!"—And what, indeed, would Rosalie say when she read the utter damnation of her lover's drama, which the critic denounced from the beginning to the end, without presenting his reader with a single quotation to justify the severity of his strictures.

"'Tis very odd!" said Theodore.

"'Tis very odd indeed!" rejoined his friend, repeating his words. "You told me this play was your own, and here I find that you have copied it from half a dozen others that have been founded upon the same story."

"Where?" inquired Theodore, reaching for the paper.

"There!" said his friend, pointing to the paragraph.

"And is this London!" exclaimed Theodore. "I never read a play, nor the line of a play, upon the same subject. Why does not the writer prove the plagiarism?"

"Because he does not know whether it is or is not a plagiarism," rejoined the other. "He is aware that several other authors have constructed dramas upon the same passage in history; and—to draw the most charitable inference, for you would not suspect him of telling a deliberate lie—he thinks you have seen them, and have availed yourself of them."

"Is it not the next thing to a falsehood," indignantly exclaimed Theodore, "to advance a charge, of the justness of which you have not assured yourself?"

"I know not that," rejoined his friend; "but it certainly indicates a rather superficial reverence for truth; and a disposition to censure, which excludes from all claim to ingenuousness the individual who indulges it."

"And this will go the round of the whole kingdom?"

"Yes."

"Should I not contradict it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"'Tis beneath you; besides, the stamp of malignancy is so strong upon it, that, except to the utterly ignorant, it is harmless; and even these, when they witness your play themselves, as some time or another they will, will remember the libel, to the cost of its author and to your advantage. I see you have been almost as hardly treated by this gentleman," continued he, glancing over the paper which Theodore had taken up when he entered the room. "Are you acquainted with any of the gentlemen of the press?"

"No; and is it not therefore strange that I should have enemies among them?"

"Not at all."

"Why?"

"Because you have succeeded. Look over the rest of the journals," continued his friend; "you may find salve, perhaps, for these scratches."

Theodore did so, and in one or two instances salve, indeed, he found; but upon the whole he was in little danger of being spoiled through the praises of the press. "Why," exclaimed Theodore, "why do not letters enlarge the soul, while they expand the mind? Why do they not make men generous and honest? Why is not every literary man an illustration of Juvenal's axiom?"

"Teach a dog what you may," rejoined his friend, "can you alter his nature, so that the brute shall not predominate?"

"No," replied Theodore.

"You are answered," said his friend.

The play had what is called a run, but not a decided one. Night after night it was received with the same enthusiastic applauses; but the audiences did not increase. It was a victory without the acquisition of spoils or territory. "What can be the meaning of this?" exclaimed Theodore: "we seem to be moving, and yet do not advance an inch!"

"They should paragraph the play as they do a pantomime," remarked his friend. "But then a pantomime is an expensive thing; they will lay out a thousand pounds upon one, and they must get their money back. The same is the case with their melo-dramas: so, if you want to succeed to the height, as a play wright, you know what to do."

"What?" inquired Theodore.

"Write melo-dramas and pantomimes!"

Six months had now elapsed, and Theodore's purse, with all his success, was rather lighter than when he first pulled it out in London. However, in a week, two bills which he had taken from his publisher would fall due, and then he would run down to B——, and perhaps obtain an interview with Rosalie. At the expiration of the week his bills were presented, and dishonored! He repaired to his publisher's for an explanation—the house had stopped! Poor Theodore! They were in the gazette that very day! Theodore turned into the first coffee room to look at a paper: there were, indeed, the names of the firm! "I defy fortune to serve me a scurvier trick!" exclaimed Theodore, the tears half starting into his eyes. He little knew the lady whose ingenuity he was braving.

He looked now at one side of the paper, and now at the other, thinking all the while of nothing but the bills and the bankrupts' list. *Splendid Fête at B*—met his eye, and soon his thoughts were occupied with nothing but B——; for there he read that the young lord of the manor, having just come of age, had given a ball and supper, the former of which he opened with the lovely and accomplished Miss Rosalie. The grace of the fair couple was expatiated upon; and the editor took occasion to hint, that a pair so formed by nature for each other might probably, before long, take hands in another, a longer, and more momentous dance. What did Theodore think of fortune now!

"O that it were but a stride to B——!" he exclaimed, as he laid down the paper, and his hand dropped nerveless at his side. He left the coffee house, and dreamed his way back to his friend's; gigs, carriages, carts, rolled by him unheeded; the foot-path was crowded, but he saw not a soul in the street. He was in the ball-room at B——, and looking on while the young lord of the manor handed out Rosalie to lead her down the dance, through every figure of which Theodore followed them with his eyes with scrutinizing glance, scanning the countenance of his mistress. Then the set was over, and he saw them walking arm-in-arm up and down the room: and presently they were dancing again; and now the ball was over, and he followed them to the supper room, where he saw the young lord of the manor place Rosalie beside him. Then fancy changed the scene from the supper-room to the church, at the



altar of which stood Rosalie with his happy rival; and he heard the questions and responses which forge the mystic chain that binds for life; and he saw the ring put on, and heard the blessing which announces that the nuptial sacrament is complete! His hands were clenched; his cheek was in a flame; a wish was rising in his throat—"Good news for you," said some one clapping him on the back; "a letter from Rosalie lies for you at home. Why are you passing the house?" 'T was his friend.

"A letter from Rosalie!" exclaimed Theodore. Quickly he retraced his steps, and there on his table lay, indeed, the dear missive of his Rosalie.

"Welcome, sweet comforter!" ejaculated Theodore, as he kissed the ciphers which his Rosalie's hand had traced, and the wax which bore the impress of her seal—"welcome, O welcome! You come in time; you bring an ample solace for disappointment, mortification, poverty—whatever my evil destiny can inflict! You have come to assure me that they cannot deprive me of my Rosalie!"

Bright was his eye, and glistening while he spoke; but when he opened the fair folds that conveyed to him the thoughts of his mistress, its radiancy was gone!

"THEODORE,

"I am aware of the utter frustration of your hopes. I am convinced that at the end of a year you will not be a step nearer to fortune than you are now; why then keep my hand for you? What I say briefly, you will interpret fully. You are now the guardian of my happiness—as such I address you. Thursday—so you consent—will be my wedding-day.

"ROSALIE."

Such was the letter, upon the address and seal of which Theodore had imprinted a score of kisses before he opened it. "Fortune is in the mood," said Theodore, with a sigh so deeply drawn, that any one who had heard it would have imagined he had breathed his spirit out along with it—"Fortune is in the mood, and let her have her humor out! I shall answer the letter; my reply to her shall convey what she desires—nothing more! she is incapable of entering into my feelings, and unworthy of being made acquainted with them; I shall not condescend even to complain."

"ROSALIE,

"You are free!

"THEODORE."

Such was the answer which Theodore despatched to Rosalie. O the enviable restlessness of the mind upon the first shock of thwarted affection! How it turns every way for the solace which it feels it can nowhere meet with, except in the perfect extinction of consciousness. Find it an anodyne!—you cannot. A drug may close the eye for a time, but the soul will not sleep a wink; it lies broad awake to agony, distinct, palpable, immediate, howsoever memory may be cheated to lose for the present the traces of the cause. Then for the start, the spasm, the groan, which, while the body lies free, attest the presence and activity of the mental rack! Better walk than go to sleep!—A heath, without a soul but yourself upon it!—an inkblack sky, pouring down torrents,—wind, lightning, thunder, as though the vault above was cracking and disparting into fragments!—anything to mount above the pitch of your own soli-

tude, and darkness, and tempest, and overcome them, or attract and divert your contemplation from them, or threaten every moment to put an end to them and you!

Theodore's friend scarcely knew him the next morning. He glanced at him, and took no further notice. 'T was the best way; though people there are who imagine that it rests with a man in a fever, at his own option to remain in it, or become convalescent.

Theodore's feelings were more insupportable to him the second day than the first. He went here and there and everywhere; and nowhere could he remain for two minutes at a time at rest. Then he was so abstracted. Crossing a street he was nearly run over by a vehicle and four. This for a moment awakened him. He saw London and B—upon the pannels of the coach. The box-seat was empty; he asked if it was engaged "No." He sprung up upon it, and away they drove. "I'll see her once more," exclaimed Theodore; "it can but drive me mad, or break my heart."

Within a mile of B—a splendid barouch passed them. "Whose is that?" inquired Theodore.

"The young lord of the manor's," answered the driver. "Did you see the lady in it?"

"No."

"I caught a glimpse of her dress," said the driver. "I'll warrant she is a dashing one! The young squire, they say, has a capital taste!" Theodore looked after the carriage. There was nothing but the road. The vehicle drove at a rapid pace and was soon out of sight. Theodore's heart turned sick.

The moment the coach stopped he alighted; and with a misgiving mind he stood at the door which had often admitted him to his Rosalie. 'T was opened by a domestic whom he had never seen before. "Was Miss Wilford within?" "No." "When would she return?" "Never. She had gone that morning to London to be married!" Theodore made no further inquiries, neither did he offer to go, but stood glaring upon the man more like a spectre than a human being. "Anything more?" said the man, retreating into the house and gradually closing the door, through which now only a portion of his face could be seen. "Anything more?" Theodore made no reply; in fact he had lost all consciousness. At last the shutting of the door, which, half from panic, half from anger, the man pushed violently to, aroused him. "I shall knock at you no more!" said he, and departed, pressing his heart with his hand, and moving his limbs as if he cared not how, or whether they bore him. A gate suddenly stopped his progress; 't was the entrance to the green lane. He stepped over the stile—he was on the spot where he had parted last from Rosalie—where she had flung her arms about his neck and wept upon it. His heart began to melt, for the first time since he had received her letter: a sense of suffocation came over him, till he felt as if he would choke. The name of Rosalie was on his tongue; twice he attempted to articulate it, but he could not. At last it got vent in a convulsive sob, which was followed by a torrent of tears. He threw himself upon the ground—he wept on—he made no effort to check the flood, but let it flow till forgetfulness stopped it.

He rose with a sensation of intense cold. 'T was morning! He had slept! Would he had

slept on! He turned from the sun, as it rose without a cloud, upon the wedding morn of Rosalie.—'T was Thursday. He repossessed the stile; and in a few minutes was on his road to London, which he entered about eleven o'clock at night, and straight proceeded to his friend's. They were gone to bed.

"Give me a light," said Theodore, "I'll go to bed."

"Your bed is occupied, Sir," replied the servant.

"Is it?" said Theodore. "Well, I can sleep upon the carpet." He turned into a parlor, drew a chair towards the table, upon which the servant had placed a light, and sat down. All was quiet for a time. Presently he heard a foot upon the stair; 'twas his friend's, who was descending, and now entered the parlor.

"I thought you were a-bed," said Theodore.

"So I was," replied his friend, "but hearing your voice in the hall, I rose and came down to you." He drew a chair opposite to Theodore. Both were silent for a time; at length Theodore spoke.

"Rosalie is married," said he.

"I don't believe it."

"She is going to be married to the young lord of the manor."

"I don't believe it."

"She came to town with him yesterday."

"I don't believe it."

Theodore pushed back his chair, and stared at his friend.

"What do you mean?" said Theodore.

"I mean that I entertain some doubts as to the accuracy of your grounds for concluding that Rosalie is inconstant to you."

"Did I not read the proof of it in the public papers?"

"The statement may have been erroneous."

"Did not her own letter assure me of it?"

"You may have misunderstood it."

"I tell you I have been at B—; I have been at her house. I inquired for her, and was told she had gone up to London to be married! O my friend," continued he, covering his eyes with his handkerchief, "'tis useless to deceive ourselves. I am a ruined man! You see to what she has reduced me. I shall never be myself again! Myself! I tell you I existed in *her* being more than in my own. She was the soul of all I thought, and felt, and did; the primal, vivifying principle! She has murdered me! I breathe, it is true, and the blood is in my veins, and circulates; but everything else about me is death—hopes! wishes! interests!—there is no pulse, no respiration there! I should not be sorry were there none anywhere else! Feel my hand," added he, reaching his hand across the table, without removing the handkerchief from his eyes, for the sense of his desolation had utterly unmanned him, and his tears continued to flow. "Feel my hand. Does it not burn? A hearty fever, now, would be a friend," continued he, "and I think I have done my best to merit a call from such a visitor. The whole of the night before last I slept out in the open air. Guess where I made my bed. In the green lane—the spot where I parted last from Rosalie!"—He felt a tear drop upon the hand which he had extended—the tear was followed by a pressure of the lip. He uncovered his eyes, and turning them in wonderment

to look upon his friend—beheld Rosalie sitting opposite to him!

For a moment or two he questioned the evidence of his senses—but soon was he convinced that it was indeed reality; for Rosalie quitting her seat, approached him, and breathing his name with an accent that infused ecstasy into his soul, threw herself into his arms, that doubtfully opened to receive her.

Looking over her father's papers Rosalie had found a more recent will, in which her union with Theodore had been fully sanctioned, and he himself constituted her guardian until it should take place. She was aware that his success in London had been doubtful; the generous girl determined that he should no longer be subjected to uncertainty and disappointment; and she playfully wrote the letter which was the source of such distraction to her lover. From his answer she saw that he had totally misinterpreted her: she resolved in person to disabuse him of the error; and by offering to become his wife, at once to give him the most convincing proof of her sincerity and constancy. She arrived in London the very day that Theodore arrived in B—. His friend, who had known her from her infancy, received her as his daughter; and he and his wife listened with delight to the unfolding of her plans and intentions, which she freely confided to them. Late they sat up for Theodore that night, and when all hopes of his coming home were abandoned, Rosalie became the occupant of his bed. The next night, in a state of the most distressing anxiety, in consequence of his continued absence, she had just retired to her apartment, when a knock at the street door made her bound from her couch, upon which she had that moment thrown herself, and presently she heard her lover's voice at the foot of the stairs. Scarcely knowing what she did, she attired herself, descended, opened the parlor door unperceived by Theodore, and took the place of their friendly host, who, the moment he saw her, beckoned her, and resigning his chair to her, withdrew.

The next evening a select party were assembled in the curate's little drawing-room, and Theodore and Rosalie were there. The lady of the house motioned the latter to approach her, she rose and was crossing Theodore, when he caught her by the hand and drew her upon his knee.

"Theodore!" exclaimed the fair one, coloring.

"My wife!" was his reply, while he imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

They had been married that morning.

NOVEL HOT-BED.—It is stated in the report of the Midland Mining Commission, that near Dudley, in Staffordshire, early potatoes are raised for the London market in ground heated by the steam and gases emitted from an old colliery which has been on fire for many years. This is a much more direct and economical application of internal heat than that proposed by our Parisian neighbors, who are at present laboring to procure naturally heated water from a depth of 3000 feet, wherewith to warm the green-houses and menageries of the Garden of Plants—presuming that water from that depth will be raised to 100 or 104 degrees of Fahrenheit, by the central or internal heat of the earth.—*Chambers's Journal*.

From the London Magazine.

### THE SON AND HEIR.

I do not wish to mention how the following pages came into my possession. I scarcely know to whose history they relate; but have at times imagined to that of an Earl of A——, whose story bore some resemblance to the circumstances here mentioned. These papers, few as they are, seem evidently imperfect, and were, I should think, hastily and carelessly written. I have inquired in vain after those which are wanting, for the conclusion is certainly abrupt and unsatisfactory.—CYRIL.

AUGUST THE 1ST, A. D. 16\*\*.

I do heartily thank my God, that I have at last determined to write down in detail many circumstances connected with the event which has made my life on earth a state of shame and misery. I am a less wretched creature than I have been; but there is no rest for my wounded spirit, till it shall please the blessed God to take me from this world. I dare to hope that death will take, with my poor mortal body, the load of guilt and anguish, which now lieth heavy on my spirit. I found not this hope in myself; I knew not of it, till I read of One who washeth with his blood the guilty conscience; who with his searching spirit visits the loathsome chambers of the heart; and although his light showeth there sins long forgotten, or all unobserved till then, each one bearing a visible form and substance; yet there is a peace that the world knoweth not, which cometh often where that purest light hath shined long. Do I dream? or hath not this light, this sacred peace, come into my sad heart? The light and peace are but one spirit, but the nature of that spirit is such, that, till it hath purged from the sight its dull and mortal mists, the soul seeth nothing but its dazzling brightness. Then gradually doth the light take unto itself a form, even that dove-like form which descended visibly on the head of the meekest and holiest son of man.

What I am about to write, I wish to be seen; I would make my story a warning to others. I would wish my crime to be known, my memory to be execrated in this world, if by means of my example the remorse which I feel might be spared to another; if the remembrance of my guilt might cool the boiling blood, and stop the mad fury, of some individual whose disposition may resemble mine.

My youth was passed in the thoughtless and extravagant gaiety of the French court. My temper was always violent; and I returned home one morning, long after midnight, frantic with rage at some imaginary insult which I had received. My servant endeavored to speak to me as I entered the house, but I repulsed him violently, and rushed up to my room. I locked the door, and sat down instantly to write a challenge. My hand trembled so much that it would not hold the pen: I started up and paced the room: the pen was again in my hand, when I heard a low voice speaking earnestly at the door, entreating to be admitted. The voice was that of my father's old and favorite servant. I opened the door to him. The old man looked upon me with a very sorrowful countenance, and I hastily demanded the reason of his appearance. He stared at me with surprise, and spoke not: he walked to the table where I had sat down, and took from it a letter which in my rage I had not noticed. It announced to me the dangerous illness of my father; it was written by my mother, and intreatingly besought me instantly to return to them. Before dawn I was far from Paris. My father's residence was in the north of England. I arrived here only in time to follow the corpse of my beloved father to the grave. Immediately on my return from the funeral, my mother sent to me, requesting my attendance in her own apartment. Traces of deep-seated grief were fresh upon her fine countenance, but she received me with calm seriousness. Love for her living child had struggled with her sor-

row for the dead; and she had chosen that hour to rouse me from the follies, from the sins of my past life. My mother was always a superior creature. I felt, as I listened to her, the real dignity of a Christian matron's character. She won me by the truth, the affection, the gentleness of her words. She spoke plainly of my degrading conduct, but she did not upbraid me. She set before me the new duties which I was called upon to perform. She said, "I know you will not trifle with those duties. You are not your own, my son; you must not live to yourself; you profess the name of Christian, you can hold no higher profession. God hath said to each of us, 'My son, give me thine heart.' Have you given your heart and its desires to God? Can you be that pitiful creature—a half-Christian? I have spoken thus, because I know that if you have clear ideas of your first duties, and do strive to perform them, then will your relative duties be no longer lightly regarded. Oh my son, God knows what I feel in speaking to you thus in my heaviest hour of affliction, and I can only speak as a feeble and perplexed woman. I know not how to counsel you, but I do beseech you to think for yourself, and to pray earnestly to God for his wisdom and guidance." Before I left my mother's presence, she spoke to me also on my master passion, anger, mad ungovernable rage. She told me that even in the early years of my childhood, she had trembled at my anger,—she confessed that she had dreaded to hear, while I was absent, that it had plunged me into some horrid crime. She knew not how just her fears had been; for had not my father's death recalled me to England, I should probably have been the murderer of that thoughtless stripling who had unknowingly provoked me, and whom I was about to challenge to fight on the morning I left Versailles.

My mother did not speak to me in vain. I determined to turn at once from my former ways, to regulate my conduct by the high and holy principles of the religion I professed, and to reside on my own estate in habits of manly and domestic simplicity.

About three years after I had succeeded to the titles and possessions of my forefathers, I became the husband of the lady Jane N——e, and I thought myself truly happy. Two years passed away, and every day endeared my sweet wife to my heart, but I was not quite happy. We had no child; I had but one wish; one blessing seemed alone denied—the birth of a son. My thoughts, in all their wanderings, reverted to one hope—the birth of a son—an heir to the name, the rank, the estates of my family. When I knelt before God, I forgot to pray that he would teach me what to pray for; I did not entreat that his wisdom would direct me how to use what his goodness gave. No, I prayed as for my life, I prayed without ceasing, but I chose the blessing. I prayed for a son—my prayers were at last granted; a son was born to us—a beautiful healthy boy. I thought myself perfectly happy. My delight was more than ever to live in the pleasant retirement of my own home, so that year after year passed away, and only settled me down more entirely in the habits of domestic life. My boy grew up to be a tall and healthy lad; his intellect was far beyond his years; and I loved to make him my companion, as much from the charming freshness of his thoughts, as from the warmth of my attachment towards the child. I learned to wonder at the satisfaction I had once felt in mere worldly society, as I studied the character of my son. He was not without the faults which all children possess, which are rooted deep in human nature; but in all his faults, in his deceit—and what child is not taught deceit by his own heart?—there was a charming awkwardness, an absence of all worldly trick, which appeared then very new to me. I used all my efforts to prevent vice from becoming habitual to him; I strove to teach him the govern-

ment of himself, by referring not only every action, but every thought, to one high and holy principle of thinking and acting to God; and I strove to build up consistent habits on the foundation of holy principle. I was so anxious about my son that I did not dare to treat his faults with a foolish indulgence. I taught him to know that I could punish, and that I would be obeyed; yet he lived with me, I think, in all confidence of speech and action, and seemed never so happy as when he sat at my feet, and asked me, in the eagerness of his happy fancies, more questions than I could, in truth, answer. I cannot go on speaking thus of those joyous times which are gone forever—I will turn to a darker subject—to myself.—While I gave up my time, my thoughts, my soul's best energies to my child, I neglected myself, the improvement of my own heart and its dispositions. This may seem strange and improbable to some. It may be imagined that the habits of strict virtue which I taught to my son would, in the teaching, have been learnt by myself; and that, in the search after sound wisdom for him, I must have turned up as it were many treasures needed by myself. It would be so in most instances perchance; it was not so in mine. The glory of God had not been my first wish when I prayed for a son. I had imposed upon myself in thinking that I acted in the education of my child upon that sacred principle. It was honor among men that I looked for. I had sought to make my son everything that was excellent, but I had not sought to make *myself* fit for the work I undertook. My own natural faults had been suffered by me to grow almost unchecked, while I had been watchful over the heart of my child. Above all, the natural infirmity of my character—anger, violent, outrageous anger, was at times the master, the tyrant of my soul. Too frequently had I corrected my child for the fault which he inherited from me; but how had I done so? When passionately angry myself, I had punished my boy for want of temper. Could it be expected that Maurice would profit by my instructions, when my example too often belied my words? But I will pass on at once to my guilt.

The countess, my mother, had given to Maurice a beautiful Arabian horse. I loved to encourage the boy in all manly exercises. While a mere child he rode with a grace which I have seldom seen surpassed by the best horsemen. How nobly would he bear himself, as side by side on our fleet horses, we flew over the open country! Often, often do I behold in memory his clear sparkling eyes glancing with intelligence; his fair brow contracted with that slight and peculiar frown, which gives assurance that the mind shares in the smile of the lips. Often do I see before me the pure glow flooding over his cheek, the waves of bright hair floating away from his shoulders, as he galloped full in the face of the fine free wind.

My boy loved his Araby courser, as all noble-spirited boys love a favorite horse. He loved to dress, and to feed, and to caress the beautiful creature; and Selim knew his small gentle hand, and would arch his sleek and shining neck when the boy drew nigh, and turn his dark lustrous eye with a look like that of pleased recognition on him, when his master spoke.

My child was about eleven years old at the time I must now speak of. He usually passed many hours of the morning in the library with me. It was on the 17th of June, a lovely spring morning, Maurice had been very restless and inattentive to his books. The sunbeams dazzled his eyes, and the fresh wind fluttered among the pages before him. The boy removed his books, and sat down at a table far from the open window. I turned round an hour after from a volume which had abstracted all my thoughts. The weather was very hot, and the poor child had fallen fast asleep. He started up at once when I spoke. I asked him if he could say his lesson? He replied, "Yes," and brought the book instantly; but he scarcely knew a word, and he seemed careless, and

even indifferent. I blamed him, and he replied petulantly. I had given back the book to him, when a servant entered, and told me that a person was waiting my presence below. I desired the boy, somewhat with an angry tone, not to stir from the room till I returned, and then to let me hear him say his lesson perfectly. He promised to obey me. There is a small closet opening from the library; the window of this closet overlooks the stable. Probably the dear child obeyed me in learning perfectly his lesson; but I was detained long; and he went to the closet in which I had allowed him to keep the books belonging to himself. A bow and arrows which I had lately given him were there; perhaps the boy could not resist looking on them; they were lying on the floor when I entered afterwards. From that closet Maurice heard the sound of a whip—he heard quick and brutal strokes falling heavily. Springing up, he ran to the window; beneath he saw one of the grooms beating, with savage cruelty, his beautiful and favorite little courser. The animal seemed almost maddened with the blows; and the child called out loudly to bid the man desist. At first the groom scarcely heeded him, and then smiling coldly at the indignant boy, told him that the beating was necessary, and that so young a gentleman could not understand how a horse should be managed. In vain did my child command the brutal fellow to stop. The man pretended not to hear him, and led the spirited creature farther away from beneath the window. Instantly the boy rushed from the room, and in a few moments was in the yard below. I entered the library shortly after my son had left it. The person who had detained me brought news which had much disconcerted, nay displeased me. I was in a very ill humor when I returned to the room where I had left Maurice; I looked vainly for him, and was very angry to perceive that my request had been disobeyed; the closet door was open; I sought him there. While I wondered at his absence, I heard his voice loud in anger. For some moments I gazed from the window in silence. Beneath stood the boy, holding with one hand the reins of his courser, who trembled all over, his fine coat and slender legs reeking and streaming with sweat: in his other hand there was a horse-whip, with which the enraged boy was lashing the brutal groom. In a voice of loud anger, I called out. The child looked up; and the man who had before stood with his arms folded, and a smile of calm insolence on his face, now spoke with pretended mildness, more provoking to the child, but which then convinced me that Maurice was in fault. He spoke, but I silenced him, and commanded him to come up to me instantly. He came instantly, and stood before me yet panting with emotion, his face all flushed, and his eyes sparkling with passion. Again he would have spoken, but I would not hear. "Tell me, sir," I cried; "answer me one question; are you right or wrong?" "Right," the boy replied proudly. He argued with me—my fury burst out. Alas, I knew not what I did! but I snatched the whip from his hand—I raised the heavy handle,—I meant not to strike *where* I did. The blow fell with horrid force on his fair head. There was iron on the handle, and my child, my only son, dropt lifeless at my feet. Ere he fell, I was deadly cold, and the murderous weapon had dropt away from my hand. Stiffened with horror, I stood over him speechless, and rooted awhile to the spot. At last the yells of my despair brought others to me—the wretched groom was the first who came. I saw no more, but fell in a fit beside my lifeless child.

When I woke up to a sense of what passed around me, I saw the sweet countenance of my wife bent over me with an expression of most anxious tenderness. She was wiping away the tears from her eyes, and a faint smile broke into her face as she perceived my returning sense.

I caught hold of her arm with a strong grasp, and

lifted up my head; but my eyes looked for the body of my child—it was not there. "Where is it?" I cried. "Where is the body of my murdered boy?" When I spoke the word "murdered," my wife shrieked—I was rushing out—she stopped me, and said, "He is not dead—he is alive." My heart melted within me, and tears rained from my eyes. My wife led me to the chamber where they had laid my child. He was alive, if such a state could be called life. Still his eyelids were closed; still his cheeks, even his lips, were of a ghastly whiteness; still his limbs were cold and motionless. They had undressed him, and my mother sat in silent grief beside his bed. When I came near, she uncovered his fair chest, and placed my hand over his heart; I felt a thick and languid beating there, but the pulse of his wrists and temples was scarcely perceptible. My mother spoke to me. "We have examined the poor child," she said, "but we find no wound, no bruise, no marks of violence. Whence is this dreadful stupor? No one can answer me." "I can answer you," I said; "no one can answer but myself. I am the murderer of the child. In my hellish rage I struck his blessed head."—I did not see the face of my wife, or my mother—as I spoke I hung my head; but I felt my wife's hand drop from me; I heard my mother's low heart-breaking groan. I looked up, and saw my wife. She stood before me like a marble figure, rather than a creature of life; yet her eyes were fixed on me, and her soul seemed to look out in their gaze.—"Oh my husband," she cried out at length, "I see plainly in your face what you suffer. Blessed God, have mercy, have mercy on him! he suffers more than we all. His punishment is greater than he can bear!" She flung her arms round my neck; she strove to press me nearer to her bosom; but I would have withdrawn myself from her embrace. "Oh, do not shame me thus," I cried; "remember, you *must* remember, that you are a mother." "I cannot forget that I am a wife, my husband," she replied, weeping. "No, no, I feel for you, and I must feel *with* you in every sorrow. How do I feel with you now, in this overwhelming affliction." My mother had fallen on her knees when I declared my guilt; my wife drew me towards her; and rising up, she looked me in the face. "Henry," she said, in a faint deep voice, "I have been praying for you, for us all. My son, look not thus from me." As she was speaking the surgeon of my household, who had been absent when they first sent for him, entered the chamber. My kind mother turned from me, and went at once with him to the bedside of the child. I perceived her intention to prevent my encountering the surgeon. She would have concealed, at least for a while, her son's disgrace; but I felt my horrid guilt too deeply to care about shame. Yet I could not choose but groan within me, to perceive the good man's stare, his revolting shudder, while I described minutely the particulars of my conduct towards my poor boy. I stood beside him as he examined the head of my child. I saw him cut away the rich curls, and he pointed out to me a slight swelling beneath them; but in vain did he strive to recover the lifeless form; his efforts were, as those of my wife and mother had been, totally without success. For five days I sat by the bedside of my son, who remained, at first, still in that death-like stupor, but gradually a faint life-like animation stole over him; so gradually indeed, that he opened not his eyes till the evening of the fourth day, and even then he knew us not, and noticed nothing. Oh, few can imagine what my feelings were! How my first faint hopes lived, and died, and lived again, as the beating of his heart became more full and strong; as he first moved the small hand, which I held in mine, and at last stretched out his limbs. After he had unclosed his eyes, he breathed with the soft and regular respiration of a healthy person, and then slept for many hours. It was about noon on the

fifth day that he awoke from that sleep. The sun had shone so full into the room, that I partly closed the shutters to shade his face. Some rays of sunshine pierced through the crevices of the shutter, and played upon the coverlid of his bed. My child's face was turned towards me, and I watched eagerly for the first gleam of expression there. He looked up, and then around him without moving his head. My heart grew sick within me, as I beheld the smile which played over his face. He perceived the dancing sunbeam, and put his fingers softly into the streak of light, and took them away, and smiled again. I spoke to him, and took his hand in my own; but he had lost all memory of me, and saw nothing in my face to make him smile. He looked down on my trembling hand, and played with my fingers; and when he saw the ring which I wore, he played with that, while the same idiot smile came back to his vacant countenance.

My mother now led me from the room. I no longer refused to go. I felt that it was fit that I should "commune with my own heart, and in my chamber, and be still."—They judged rightly in leaving me to perfect solitude. The calm of my misery was a change like happiness to me. A deadness of every faculty, of all thought and feeling, fell on me like repose.—When Jane came to me I had no thought to perceive her presence. She took my hands tenderly within hers, and sat down beside me on the floor. She lifted up my head from the boards, and supported it on her knees. I believe she spoke to me many times without my replying. At last I heard her, and rose up at her entreaties. "You are ill, your hands are burning, my beloved," she said. "Go to bed, I beseech you. You need rest." I did as she told me. She thought I slept that night, but the lids seemed tightened and drawn back from my burning eyeballs. All the next day I lay in the same hot and motionless state, I cannot call it repose.

For days I did not rise. I allowed myself to sink under the weight of my despair. I began to give up every idea of exertion.

My mother, one morning, came to my chamber. She sat down by my bedside, and spoke to me. I did not, could not, care to notice her who spoke to me. My mother rose, and walked round to the other side of the bed, towards which my face was turned. There she stood and spoke again solemnly. "Henry," she said, "I command you to rise. Dare you to disobey your mother? No more of this unmanly weakness. I must not speak in vain, I have not needed to command before. My son, be yourself. Think of all the claims which this life has upon you; or rather, think of the first high claim of Heaven, and let that teach you to think of other duties, and to perform them! Search your own heart. Probe it deeply. Shrink not. Know your real situation in all its bearings. Changed as it is, face it like a man; and seek the strength of God to support you. I speak the plain truth to you. Your child is an idiot. You must answer to God for your crime. You will be execrated by mankind, for *your* hand struck the mind's life from him. These are harsh words, but you can bear them better than your own confused and agonizing thoughts. Rise up and meet your trial.—Tell me simply, that you obey me. I will believe you, for you never yet have broken your word to me." I replied immediately, rising up and saying, "I do promise to obey you. Within this hour I will meet you, determined to know my duties, and to perform them, by the help of God." Oh! with what a look did my noble mother regard me, as I spoke. "God strengthen you, and bless you," she said; "I cannot now trust myself to say more." Her voice was feeble and trembling now, her lip quivered, and a bright flush spread over her thin pale cheek: she bent down over me and kissed my forehead, and then departed.

Within an hour from the time when my mother left me, I went forth from my chamber with a firm step, determined again to enter upon the performance of my long-neglected duties. I had descended the last step of the grand staircase, when I heard a laugh in the hall beyond. I knew there was but one who could *then* laugh so wildly; and too well I knew the sound of the voice which broke out in tones of wild merriment ere the laugh ceased. For some moments my resolution forsook me. I caught hold of the balustrade to support my trembling limbs, and repressed with a violent effort the groans which I felt bursting from my heart—I recovered myself, and walked into the hall. In the western oriel window, which is opposite the door by which I entered, sat my revered mother: she lifted up her face from the large volume which lay on her knees, as my step sounded near; she smiled upon me, and looked down again without speaking. I passed on, but stopped again to gaze on those who now met my sight. In the centre of the hall stood my wife, leaning her cheek on her hand. She gazed upon her son with a smile, but the tears all the while trickled down her face. Maurice was at her feet, the floor around him strewn over with playthings, the toys of his infancy, which he had for years thrown aside, but had discovered that very morning, and he turned from one to the other as if he saw them for the first time, and looked upon them all as treasures. An expression of rapturous silliness played over the boy's features, but, alas! though nothing but a fearful childishness was on his face, all the child-like bloom and roundness of that face were gone. The boy now looked indeed older by many years. The smiles on his thin lips seemed to struggle vainly with languor and heaviness, his eyelids were half closed, his cheeks and lips colorless, his whole form wasted away. My wife came to me, and embraced me; but Maurice noticed me not for many minutes. He looked up at me then, and, rising from the ground, walked towards me. I dreaded that my mournful appearance would affright him, and I stood breathless with my fears. He surveyed me from head to foot, and came close to me, and looked up with pleased curiosity in my face, and then whistled as he walked back to his toys, whistled so loudly, that the shrill sound seemed to pierce through my brain.

## AUGUST THE 15TH.

This day I have passed some hours with my poor boy. He is changed indeed. All his manliness of character is gone; he has become timid and feeble as a delicate girl. He shrinks from all exertion; he dislikes bodily exercise.—The weather was so delightful this morning that I took Maurice out into the park; he gazed round upon the sky, and the trees, and the grass, as if he had never looked upon them before. The boy wandered on with me beyond the boundaries of the park into the forest; he made me sit down with him on the bank of a narrow brook, and there he amused himself with plucking the little flowers that grew about in the grass, and throwing them into the water. As we sat there, I heard afar off the sounds of huntsmen; soon after a young stag came bounding over the hill before us, and crossed the stream within twenty yards of the spot where we sat. The whole heart of the boy would once have leapt within him to follow in the boldest daring of the chase; but now he lifted up his head, and stared at the stag with a look of vacant astonishment. The whole hunt, with the full rush and cry of its noisy sport, came near. Up sprang the boy all panting, and ghastly with terror. "Make haste, make haste," he cried out, as I rose; "take me away;" he threw his arms round me, and I felt the violent beating of his heart as he clung to me. I would have hurried him away; but as the dogs and the huntsmen came up close to us, the boy lost all power of moving. I felt him hang heavily on me, and, raising his face from

my shoulder, I saw that he had fainted. I took him in my arms, and carried him along the banks of the stream till we were far from all sight and sound of the chase; and then I laid him on the grass, and bathed his face and hands with water. He recovered slowly, and lay for some minutes leaning his head upon my bosom, and weeping quietly; his tears relieved him, and he fell asleep: I raised him again in my arms, and carried him still asleep to his chamber.

## AUGUST THE 19TH.

My poor injured child loves me. I cannot tell why, but for the last few days he has seemed happier with me than with any other person. He will even leave his mother to follow me. I feel as if my life were bound up in him; and yet to look on him is to me a penance, at times almost too dreadful to be borne. How he did sit and smile to-day among the books, for whose knowledge his fine ardent mind once thirsted! They are nothing to him now. He had been before amusing himself by watching the swallows which were flying and twittering about the windows; when, taking up a book, I tried to read. Maurice left the window, and sat down on the low seat where he had been used to learn his lessons. He placed a book on the desk before him, and pretended to read; he looked up, and our eyes met. Again he bent his head over the volume: I had a faint hope that he was really reading; and, passing softly across the room, I looked over his shoulder. The pages were turned upside down before him, and he smiled on me with his new, his idiot smile: he smiled so long, that I almost felt as if he wished to give a meaning to his look, and mock the anguish which wrung my heart.

## AUGUST THE 20TH.

I had ordered the Arabian horse to be turned out, and this morning I took Maurice to the meadow where Selim was grazing. The little courser raised up its head as we approached, and, recognizing its master, came towards us. Maurice had not noticed the horse before, but then he retreated fearfully, walking backwards. The sagacious animal still advanced, and, turning quickly, the boy fled from him; but the sportive creature still followed, cantering swiftly after him.—Maurice shrieked loudly like a terrified girl. Groaning with the heaviness of my grief, I drove away the once favorite horse of my poor idiot boy.

## SUNDAY, AUGUST THE 30TH.

I have just returned from divine service in the chapel attached to my house. While the chaplain was reading the psalms, Maurice walked softly down the aisle and entered my pew. He stood before me, with his eyes fixed on my face. Whenever I raised my eyes, I met that fixed but vacant gaze. My heart melted within me, and I felt tears rush into my eyes—his sweet but vacant look must often be present with me—it seemed to appeal to me, it seemed to ask for my prayers. Sinner as I am, I dared to think so. It must be to all an affecting sight to see an idiot in the house of God. It must be a rebuke to hardened hearts, to hearts too cold and careless to worship there, it must be a rebuke to know that one heart is not *unwilling*, but *unable* to pray. Bitterly I felt this as I looked upon my child. He stood before me, a rebuke to all the coldness and carelessness which had ever mingled with my prayers. His vacant features seemed to say, "You have a mind whose powers are not confused—you have a heart to feel, to pray, to praise, and to bless God. The means of grace are daily given to you; the hopes of glory are daily visible to you." Oh! God, my child stood before me as a more awful rebuke, as a rebuke sent from Thee. Did not his vacant look say also, "Look upon the wreck which your dreadful passions have made? Think upon what *I was*? Think upon what *I am*!" With a broken heart I listened to the words of life;

for while I listened, my poor idiot child leaned upon me, and seemed to listen too.—When I bowed my head at the name of Jesus, the poor boy bowed his. They all knelt down; but just then, I was lost in the thoughtfulness of my despair: my son clasped my hand, and when I looked around I perceived that we alone were standing in the midst of the congregation. He looked me earnestly in the face, and kneeling down, he tried to pull me to kneel beside him. He seemed to invite me to pray for him; I did fall on my knees to pray for him, and for myself; and I rose up, hoping that for my Saviour's sake, my prayers were heard, and trusting that our Heavenly Father feedeth my helpless child with spiritual food that we know not of—

#### CHEERING SENTIMENTS.

[From a work of which we have already spoken favorably—*"Letters from New York,"* by Maria Child.—*Chambers' Journal.*

LET science, literature, music, flowers, all things that tend to cultivate the intellect or humanize the heart, be open to "Tom, Dick, and Harry;" and thus, in process of time, they will become Mr. Thomas, Richard, and Henry. In all these things the refined should think of what they can impart, not of what they can receive. As for the vicious, they excite in me more of compassion than of dislike. The great Searcher of hearts alone knows whether I should not have been as they are, with the same neglected childhood, the same vicious examples, the same overpowering temptation of misery and want. If they will but pay to virtue the outward homage of decorum, God forbid that I should wish to exclude them from the healthful breeze and the shaded promenade. Wretched enough are they in their utter degradation; nor is society so guiltless of their ruin, as to justify any of its members in unpitiful scorn.

And this reminds me that in this vast emporium of poverty and crime there are, morally speaking, some flowery nooks and "sunny spots of greenery." I used to say I knew not where were the ten righteous men to save the city; but I have found them now. Since then, the Washington Temperance Society has been organized, and active in good works. Apart from the physical purity, the triumph of soul over sense implied in abstinence from stimulating liquors, these societies have peculiarly interested me, because they are based on the law of love. The pure is inlaid in the holy, like a pearl set in fine gold. Here is no "fifteen-gallon-law," no attendance upon the lobbies of legislatures, none of the bustle or manœuvres of political party; measures as useless in the moral world as machines to force water above its level are in the physical world. Serenely above all these stands this new genius of temperance—her trust in Heaven, her hold on the human heart. To the fallen and the perishing she throws a silken cord, and gently draws him within the golden circle of human brotherhood. She has learned that persuasion is mightier than coercion; that the voice of encouragement finds an echo in the heart, deeper, far deeper, than the thunder of reproof.

The blessing of the perishing, and of the merciful God who cares for them, will rest upon the Washington Temperance Society. A short time since, one of its members found an old acquaintance lying asleep in a dirty alley, scarcely covered with filthy rags pinned and tied together. Being waked, the poor fellow exclaimed, in piteous tones, "Oh don't take me to the police office—please don't take me there." "Oh no," replied the missionary of mercy; "you shall have shoes to your feet, and a decent coat on your back, and be a man again. We have better work for you to do than to lie in prison. You will be a temperance preacher yet."

He was comfortably clothed, kindly encouraged,

and employment procured for him at the printing-office of the Washington Society. He now works steadily all day, and preaches temperance in the evening. Every week I hear of similar instances. Are not these men enough to save a city? This society is one among several powerful agencies now at work to teach society that it *makes its own criminals*. and then, at prodigious loss of time, money, and morals, punishes its own work.

The other day I stood by the wayside while a Washingtonian procession, two miles long, passed by. All classes and trades were represented with appropriate music and banners. Troops of boys carried little wells and pumps; and on many of the banners were flowing fountains and running brooks. One represented a wife kneeling in gratitude for a husband restored to her and himself; on another, a group of children were joyfully embracing the knees of a reformed father. Fire companies were there with badges and engines; and military companies with gaudy colors and tinsel trappings. Towards the close came two barouches, containing the men who first started a temperance society on the Washingtonian plan. These six individuals were a carpenter, a coach-maker, a tailor, a blacksmith, a wheelwright, and a silver-plater. They held their meetings in a carpenter's shop in Baltimore, before any other person took an active part in the reform. My heart paid them reverence as they passed. It was a beautiful pageant, and but one thing was wanting to make it complete; there should have been carts drawn by garlanded oxen, filled with women and little children bearing a banner, on which was inscribed, *WE ARE HAPPY NOW!* I missed the women and the children; for, without something to represent the genial influence of domestic life, the circle of joy and hope is ever incomplete.

But the absent ones were present to my mind; and the pressure of many thoughts brought tears to my eyes. I seemed to see John the Baptist preparing a pathway through the wilderness for the coming of the holiest; for like unto his is this mission of temperance. Clean senses are fitting vessels for pure affections and lofty thoughts.

#### SONG OF THE SESSION.

AIR—"Green grow the Rushes, oh!"

THERE'S nought but talk on every ban;  
On every night that passes, oh!  
'Tis wonderful how Members can  
Behave so much like Asses, oh!  
Loud bray the Asses, oh!  
Loud bray the Asses, oh!  
While business waits amid debates;  
And so the Session passes, oh!

All this delay, from day to day  
Arrears of work amasses, oh!  
By sum on sum, till August's come,  
When Statesmen look like Asses, oh!  
Loud, &c.

The Income Tax upon our backs,  
With leaden weight is pressing oh!  
And Ireland's grief demands relief,  
The Debtors' wrongs redressing, oh!  
Loud, &c.

The Poor-Law Bill is standing still,  
While gentlemen are jawing, oh!  
At fists and foils in private broils,  
Each other clapper-clawing, oh!  
Loud, &c.

Give them their hour to spend at night,  
In alteration dreary, oh!  
And England's good and England's right,  
May gang all tapdalcree, oh!  
Loud, &c.



From the Gallery of Portraits.

## WICLIF.

THE village of Wiclif, distant about six miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, had long been the residence of a family of the same name, when it gave birth, about the year 1324, to its most distinguished native. The family possessed wealth and consequence; and though the name of the Reformer is not to be found in the extant records of the household, it is probable that he belonged to it. Perhaps the spirit of the times, and zeal for the established hierarchy, may have led it to disclaim the only person who has saved its name from absolute obscurity.

John Wiclif was first admitted at Queen's College, Oxford, but speedily removed to Merton, a society more ancient and distinguished, and adorned by names of great ecclesiastical eminence. Here he engaged in the prescribed studies with diligence and success. In scholastic learning he made such great proficiency as to extort admiration from some who loved him not; and the direction in which his talents were turned is indicated by the honorable appellation, which he early acquired, of the Evangelic or Gospel Doctor. The terms, "profound," "perspicuous," "irrefragable," were applied to mark the respective peculiarities of Bradwardine, of Burley, and of Hales; and so we may infer, that the peculiar bent of Wiclif's youthful exertions was towards the book on which his subsequent principles were founded, and that he applied the ambiguous fruits of a scholastic education, not to enlarge the resources of sophistry, but to illustrate the treasures of truth. And on the other hand, in the illustration of those oracles, and in the accomplishment of his other holy purposes, it was of good and useful service to him that he had armed himself with the weapons of the age, and could contend with the most redoubtable adversaries on the only ground of argument which was at all accessible to them.

In 1356 he put forth a tract on "The Last Age of the Church," which was the first of his publications, and is on other accounts worthy of mention. It would appear that his mind had been deeply affected by meditation on the various evils which at that period afflicted the world, especially the pestilence which had laid waste, a few years before, so large a portion of it. He was disposed to ascribe them to God's indignation at the sinfulness of man; and he also believed them to be mysterious announcements of the approaching consummation of all things. Through too much study of the book of the Abbot Joachim, he was infected with the spirit of prophecy; and, not contented to lament past and present visitations, he ventured to predict others which were yet to come. All however were to be included in the fourteenth century, which was to be the last of the world. That Wiclif should have been thus carried away by the prevalent infatuation, so as to contribute his portion to the mass of vain and visionary absurdity, was human and pardonable: but in his manner of treating even this subject, we discover the spirit and the principles of the Reformer. Among the causes of those fearful calamities, among the vices which had awakened to so much fierceness the wrath of the Almighty, he feared not to give foremost place to the vices of the clergy, the rapacity which *ate up the people as it were bread*, the sensuality which infected the earth with its savor, and "smelt to heaven." Here was the

leaven which perverted and corrupted the community; here the impure source whence future visitations should proceed. "Both vengeance of sword, and mischiefs unknown before, by which men in those days shall be punished, shall befall them, because of the sins of their priests." Thus it was that in this singular work, of which the foundation may have been laid in superstition, Wiclif developed, notwithstanding a free and unprejudiced mind, and one which dared to avow without compromise, what it felt with force and truth.

The mendicant orders of friars were introduced into England in the year 1221; and they presently supplanted the ancient establishments in the veneration of the people, and usurped many of the prerogatives, honors, and profits of the sacerdotal office. As long as they retained their original character, and practised, to any great extent, the rigid morality and discipline which they professed, so long did their influence continue without diminution, and the clamors of the monks and the priests assailed them in vain; but prosperity soon relaxed their zeal and soiled their purity, and within a century from the time of their institution, they became liable to charges as serious as those which had reduced the authority of their rivals. Accordingly, towards the middle of the following century, the contest was conducted with greater success on the part of the original orders; and some of the leading prelates of the day took part in it against the Mendicants. Oxford was naturally the field of the closest struggle, and the rising talents of Wiclif were warmly engaged in it. About the year 1360, he is generally believed to have first proclaimed his hostility "against the orders of friars;" and he persisted, to the end of life, in pursuing them with the keenest argument and the bitterest invective, denouncing them as the authors of "perturbation in Christendom, and of all the evils of this world; and these errors shall never be amended till the friars be brought to freedom of the Gospel and clean religion of Jesu Christ."

In the year 1365, Urban V. renewed the papal claim of sovereignty over the realm of England, which was founded on the submission rendered by John to Innocent III. The claim was resisted by Edward III., and the decision of his parliament confirmed, in the strongest language, the resolution of the monarch. A zealous advocate of papacy ventured to vindicate the pretension of the Vatican, and challenged Wiclif to reply to his arguments. He did so; and his reply has survived the work which gave it birth. It is not however remarkable for any power of composition, still less can it be praised for grace or accuracy of style; but it stands as a rude monument of his principles, and proves that even then he was imbued with that anti-papal spirit which more splendidly distinguished his later years. Still, he was not yet committed as the adversary of Rome; and in a dispute, in which he was engaged with the Archbishop of Canterbury at this very time, he appealed from the decision of the Primate to the authority of the Pope.

Seven years afterwards, at the age of forty-eight, Wiclif was raised to the Theological Chair at Oxford; and from this period we may date the most memorable of his spiritual achievements. For it is a question whether, had he died before that time, his name would have come down to us distinguished by any peculiar characteristic from



those of the other divines and doctors of his age ; but when he turned this eminence into a vantage-ground for assailing the corruptions of his church, and thus recommended the expressions of truth and justice by the authority of academical dignity, his language acquired a commanding weight, and his person a peculiar distinction, which the former would never have possessed had he remained in an inferior station, nor the latter, had he not employed his station for the noblest purposes : purposes which, though they were closely connected with the welfare and stability of the Roman Catholic communion, were seldom advocated from the pulpits of her hierarchy, or the chairs of her professors. Had Wiclif been no more than an eminent and dignified theologian, he would have been admired, perhaps, and forgotten, like so many others. Had he been only a humble pleader for the reformation of the church, his voice might never have been heard, or it might have been extinguished by the hand of persecution : but his rank removed him above the neglect of his contemporaries ; and his principles, thus acquiring immediate efficacy, have secured for him the perpetual respect of a more enlightened and grateful posterity.

At this time the various profitable devices, by which the Vatican turned into its own channels the wealth and patronage of the church, were come into full operation. By its provisions and reservations, and other expedients, it had filled many valuable benefices with foreign ecclesiastics ; these, for the most part, were non-resident, and spent in other countries the rich revenues which they derived from England. This system had been vigorously opposed both by kings and people, but with little effectual success ; for the Pope commonly contrived to repair the losses which he had sustained in the tempest during the interval which succeeded it. In 1374, Edward III. despatched an embassy to Avignon to remonstrate on these subjects with Gregory XI., and procure the relinquishment of his pretensions. The Bishop of Bangor was at the head of this commission, and the name of Wiclif stood second on the list. The negotiation was protracted, and ended in no important result ; and the various arts of the Vatican triumphed over the zeal of the reformer, and, as some believe, over the honesty of the bishop. Howbeit, Wiclif obtained on that occasion a nearer insight into the pontifical machinery, and beheld with closer eyes the secret springs which moved it. And if he carried along with him into the presence of the vicar of Christ no very obsequious regard for his person, or reverence for his authority, he returned from that mission armed with more decided principles, and inflamed with a more determined animosity. At the same time his sovereign rewarded his services at the Papal court by the prebend of Aust, in the collegiate church of Westbury, in the diocese of Worcester ; and soon afterwards by the rectory of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire.

After this period, his anti-papal opinions were more boldly declared, and he became more and more distinguished as an advocate for the reformation of the church. The suspicions of the hierarchy were aroused ; and whatever reasons prelates might have had for sometimes siding with their sovereign against the usurpations of the pope, they were ill-disposed to listen to the generous remonstrances of a private reformer. Accordingly, at a convocation held February 3, 1377, they summoned him to appear at St. Paul's,

to clear himself from the fatal charge of holding erroneous doctrines. Had Wiclif trusted to no other support than the holiness of his cause—had he thrown himself, like Huss and Jerome of Prague, only on the mercy and justice of his ecclesiastical judges—it might have fared as ill with him as it did with his Bohemian disciples. But his principles, recommended as it would seem by some private intercourse, had secured him the patronage of the celebrated John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, under whose protection he presented himself on the appointed day before the assembled bishops. A tumultuous scene ensued : and after an undignified and indecent dispute between the Duke and the Bishop of London, the meeting dispersed without arriving at any conclusion, or even entering on any inquiry respecting the matter concerning which it was convened. The process against Wiclif was however suspended ; and this good result was at least obtained, though by means more in accordance with the violent habits of the age, than with the holiness of his cause.

In the course of the same year, while the pope was endeavoring to reëstablish and perpetuate his dominion in fiscal matters over the English, and the Parliament struggling to throw it off altogether, Wiclif was again called forth as the advocate of national independence ; and he argued with great force and boldness against the legality of the papal exactions. In this treatise, he entered more generally into the question, as to what were the real foundations, not only of papal but of spiritual pretensions ; he pressed the gospel of Christ as the last appeal in all reasonings respecting the church of Christ ; and he contrasted the worldliness and rapacity of his vicar with the principles of the religion, and the character of its divine founder. The name and example of Christ were never very pleasing objects of reflection to the hierarchy of that age ; and the argument with which they loved to repel such ungrateful suggestions was, the personal oppression of those who ventured to advance them. Accordingly, the storm gathered ; and four bulls were issued forth against the doctrines and person of Wiclif. " His holiness had been informed that John Wiclif, rector of the church of Lutterworth, and Professor of the Sacred Page, had broken forth into a detestable insanity, and had dared to assert opinions utterly subversive of the church, and savoring of the perversity and ignorance of Marsilius of Padua, and John of Ganduno, both of accursed memory." It was then ordained that he should be apprehended and imprisoned ; and in an address to Edward III., the arm of the flesh was invoked to coöperate with the spiritual authorities for the suppression of this monstrous evil. One of these bulls was addressed to the University of Oxford ; and what may seem singular, it found there a spirit so far in advance of the bigotry of the age, that a question was raised whether it should be received, or indignantly rejected. After long hesitation, it was received ; but still no readiness was shown to comply with its requisitions, nor were any measures taken to punish or degrade the reformer.

Howbeit, in the beginning of the year following, Wiclif presented himself at Lambeth, before the tribunal of the Papal commissioners, to meet the various charges of heretical pravity. We have no room to doubt the wishes and intentions of his judges. But on this occasion he was rescued from them, for the second time, by extraneous circumstances. The populace of London, among whom

his opinions may have made some progress, and by whom his name was certainly respected, interrupted the meeting with much clamor and violence, and showed a fierce determination to save him from oppression. And at the same time, while the delegates were confounded by this interference, a message was delivered to them from the Queen Mother, prohibiting any definitive sentence against Wiclif. Thus unexpectedly assailed, and from such different quarters, the prelates immediately softened their expressions, and abandoned their design; and Wiclif returned once more in safety to the propagation of his former opinions, and to the expression of others which had not yet been broached by him.

The sum of those opinions might be given with tolerable accuracy, though some of them were not perhaps propounded with perfect distinctness, and others have been made liable to consequences which were disclaimed by their author. In the first place, he rejected every sort of pretension, tenet, or authority, which did not rest on the foundation of Scripture: here he professed to fix the single basis of his whole system. Accordingly he denounced, with various degrees of severity, many of the popular observances of his church. He rejected auricular confession; and declared pardons and indulgences to be no better than anti-christian devices for augmenting the power and wealth of the clergy, at the expense of the morality of the people. He paid no respect to excommunications and interdicts; he pronounced confirmation to be an unnecessary ceremony, invented for the aggrandizement of the episcopal dignity; he reprobated the celibacy of the clergy, and the imposition of monastic vows. And in his contempt for the outward ceremonies of the church, even to the use of sacred music, he anticipated by more than two centuries the principles of the Puritans. In like manner, he maintained that bishops and priests, being one and the same order according to their original institution, were improperly distinguished; and that the property claimed by the clergy, being in its origin eleemosynary, was merely enjoyed by them in trust for the benefit of the people, and was disposable at the discretion of the secular government.

So long as Wiclif confined himself to the expression of these opinions, though he ensured the hatred of the hierarchy, he might reckon on a powerful party both at the court and among the people. The objects for which he contended were at least manifest, and his arguments generally intelligible. But he was not content with this limited field. In his solicitude to assail all the holds of papacy, and denounce all its pernicious errors, he entered, in the year 1381, into a controversy respecting the nature of the Eucharist. His opinion on this mysterious question seems to have approached very nearly to that of Luther. He admitted a real presence; but though he did not presume to determine the manner, he rejected the doctrine of Transubstantiation in the Roman Catholic sense. This was ground sufficient for a new clamor, louder and more dangerous than all that had preceded it; not that there was stronger argument on the side of his opponents, but because the subject, being more obscure, was more involved in prejudice; it was more closely connected with the religious feelings and deepest impressions of his hearers; it affected, not their respect for a sensual and avaricious hierarchy, but their faith in what they had been taught to

consider a vital doctrine essential to salvation. And thus it proved, not perhaps that his enemies became more violent, but that his friends began to waver in their support of him. The lower classes, who had listened with delight to his anti-sacerdotal declamations, trembled when he began to tread the consecrated ground of their belief. His noble patrons, if they were not thus sensibly shocked, perceived at least the impolicy of contending in that field; and John of Lancaster especially commanded him to retire from it.

With the sincerity of a zealot he persisted, and in the course of May, 1382, a Synod was held by Courtney, who had been just promoted to the primacy, and the heresies of Wiclif became, for the third time, the subject of ecclesiastical consultation. We have no space to pursue the details of these proceedings. The result was, that he was summoned to answer, before the Convocation at Oxford, respecting certain erroneous doctrines, the most prominent of which was that regarding the Eucharist. He prepared to defend them. And it was then that the Duke of Lancaster, who had been his faithful protector throughout all his previous troubles—whether it was that he sincerely differed with Wiclif on that particular question, or whether he was unwilling to engage in a struggle with the whole hierarchy, supported by much popular prejudice, for the sake of an abstract opinion which might appear to him entirely void of any practical advantage—withdrew his support, and abandoned the reformer to his own resources. Yet not then was his resolution shaken. In two Confessions of Faith, which he then produced, he asserted his adherence to his expressed doctrines. And though one of them is so perplexed with scholastic sophistry, as to have led some to imagine that it was intended to convey a sort of retractation, yet it was not so interpreted by his adversaries, six of whom immediately entered the lists against it. Neither did it persuade his judges of his innocence. He was condemned—but not, as the annals of that age would have led us to expect, to death. And whether the praise of this moderation be due to the prelates who forebore so far to press their enmity, or to the state, which might have refused to sanction the vengeance of the prelates, Wiclif was merely condemned to banishment from the University of Oxford. He retired in peace to his rectory at Lutterworth, and there spent the two remaining years of his life in the pursuit of his theological studies and the discharge of his pastoral duties.

The greater part of the opinions by which he was distinguished were so entirely at variance with the principles and prejudices of his age, that our wonder is not at their imperfect success, but at their escape from immediate extinction. Having thus escaped, however, and taken root in no inconsiderable portion of the community, they were such as to secure, by their own strength and boldness, their own progress and maturity. Neither was their author neglectful of the methods proper to ensure their dissemination. For, in the first place, by his translation of the Sacred Book on which he supposed them to rest, he increased the means of ascertaining their truth, or at least the spuriousness of the system which they opposed. In the next, he sent forth numerous missionaries, whom he called his "Poor Priests," for the express purpose of propagating his doctrines; and thus they acquired some footing even in his own generation. In succeeding years, the sect of Lok-

lards, in a great measure composed of his disciples, professed and perpetuated his tenets; and by their undeviating hostility to the abuses of Rome, prepared the path for the reformation.

Nor were the fruits of his exertions confined to his native country. It is certain that his works found their way, at a very early period, into Bohemia, and kindled there the first sparks of resistance to the established despotism. The venerable Huss proclaimed his adherence to the principles, and his reverence for the person, of the English reformer; and he was wont in his public discourses to pray, that "on his departure from this life, he might be received into those regions whither the soul of Wiclif had gone; since he doubted not that he was a good and holy man, and worthy of a heavenly habitation." The memory of Huss is associated by another incident with that of his master. The same savage council which consigned the former to the flames, offered to the other that empty insult, which we may receive as an expression of malignant regret that he had been permitted to die in peace. It published an edict, "That the bones and body of Wiclif should be taken from the ground, and thrown far away from the burial of any church." After a long interval of hesitation, this edict was obeyed. Thirty years after his death, his grave was violated, and his ashes contemptuously cast into a neighboring brook. On this indignity, Fuller makes the following memorable reflection:—"The brook did convey his ashes in Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wiclif are the emblems of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

The date of Wiclif's death renders the authenticity of his portraits in some degree uncertain, and we are not able to trace the history of any which exist. But that some memorials were preserved in his features, in illuminations or otherwise, we may conclude from the general resemblance which is to be traced in two different pictures of him—that from which our print is engraved, and that at King's College, Cambridge, engraved in "Rolt's Lives of the Reformers," and Verheiden, "Præstantium Theologorum Effigies, &c." 1602.

#### THE RESURRECTION.

My life's a shade, my days  
Apace to death decline;  
My Lord is life, he'll raise  
My flesh again, e'en mine—  
Sweet truth to me,  
I shall arise;  
And with these eyes  
My Saviour see.

My peaceful grave shall keep  
My bones till that sweet day,  
I wake from my long sleep,  
And leave my bed of clay.  
Sweet truth to me, &c.

My Lord! his angels shall  
Their golden trumpets sound;  
At whose most welcome call,  
My grave shall be unbound!  
Sweet truth to me, &c.

I said sometimes with tears,  
Ah, me! I'm loath to die;  
Lord, silence thou these fears,  
My life's with thee on high.  
Sweet truth to me, &c.

What means my beating heart  
To be thus shy of death?  
My life and I shant part,  
Though I resign my breath!  
Sweet truth to me, &c.

Then welcome harmless grave,  
By thee to heaven I'll go;  
My Lord! his death shall save  
Me from the flames below.  
Sweet truth to me,  
I shall arise!  
And with these eyes,  
My Saviour see.

From the Church of England Magazine.

#### THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

BY MRS. H. W. RICHTER.

"His dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the flood unto the world's end."—PSALM lxxii. 8.

O word of truth to cheer  
The waiting pilgrim's ear;  
A light to trusting faith forever given:  
Stretching from sea to sea  
That kingdom yet shall be,  
Tinging the clouds of earth with rays from heaven.

Lo! to each distant shore,  
With darkness brooding o'er,  
The message of eternal life is borne:  
O'er India's idol fanes,  
Where darkness ever reigns,  
Soon shall be ushered in the glorious morn.

Where sculptured fragments lie  
Beneath the glowing sky  
Where dark oblivion spreads a murky pall,  
O'er-mastering time holds sway,  
And slowly to decay  
The heathen temples each to ruin fall!

Tribes of the desert far,  
Behold the Morning Star  
With beams of ever-living truth shall shine;  
And every mountain dell  
The chorus glad shall swell,  
And spread the tidings of that peace divine.

For he shall ever reign,  
And death and sin and pain  
Shall cease: his promise ever sure will be.  
Hasten, O Lord, the hour  
When all shall own thy power,  
And humbly waiting souls may thy salvation see.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WHITE LEAD.—The great amount of mortality among painters and manufacturers of paint, arising from the deleterious effluvia of white lead, is well known, and has frequently directed the attention of chemists to the discovery of an innocuous substitute. Hitherto the attempt has been fruitless; at least so far as we are aware, no other substance has taken the place of the common pigment. It would appear, however, from the report of the Paris Academy of Sciences, that M. de Ruolz has at length succeeded in producing a preparation possessing all the economical properties of white lead, without partaking of its offensive character. This substance is the oxide of antimony, which is distinguished by the following qualities:—Its color is very pure white, rivalling the finest silver white; it is easily ground, and forms with oil an unctuous and cohesive mixture; compared with the white lead of Holland, its property of concealing is as 46 to 22; and mixed with other paints, it gives a much clearer and softer tone than white lead. It may be obtained, according to M. de Ruolz, from the natural sulphuret of antimony, and at a third of the cost of ordinary white paint.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE MONSTER-MISERY OF LITERATURE.

BE under no apprehension, gentle public, that you are about to be kept in suspense touching the moral of our argumentation, as too often in the pamphlets addressed in Johnsonian English to Thompsonian understandings, wherein a penny-worth of matter is set forth by a monstrous quantity of phrase. We mean to speak to the point; we mean to enlighten your understanding as by the smiting of a lucifer-match. Refrain, therefore, from running your eye impatiently along the page, as you are doing at this moment, in hopes of discovering, italicized, the secret of the enigma; for we have no intention of keeping you another moment ignorant that the monster-misery of literature is—guess! Which of you hath hit it! The monster-misery of literature is—THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

In this devout conviction, devote we to the infernal gods the memory of the Athenian republic, the first keeper of a circulating library. Every tyro is aware that this Sams or Ebers of antiquity lent out to Ptolemy of Egypt, for a first-rate subscription of fifteen talents, the works of Euripides, Eschylus, and Sophocles; thereby affording a precedent for the abominable practice, fatal to bookmakers and booksellers, which has converted the waters of Castalia into their present disgraceful puddle!

Every scribbler of the day who has a Perryian pen in hand, is pleased to exercise it on the decline of the drama; one of the legitimate targets of penny-a-liners. But how inadequately are the goose quills, and ostrich quills, phoenix quills, and roc quills, of the few standard critics of the age, directed towards the monstrous abuse of public patience which will render the Victorian age the sad antithesis of the Elizabethan, in the literary history of the land! Content so long as they can get a new work, *à la quille*, as a peg wherewith to hang the rusty garments of their erudition, not a straw care they for the miserable decline and fall of the great empire of letters; an empire overrun by what Goths—what Huns—what Vandals!—by the iniquitous and barbarous hosts of circulating libraries!

It has been agreed for some centuries past, that the only modern Mæcenæ is the publisher. The days of patrons are past; and the author is forced to look for the reward of his labor to the man who, by selling the greatest number of copies to the public, can bestow the greatest number of pounds upon his pains. In order to augment this amount, the bibliopole naturally consults the taste of his customers; and nearly the sole remaining customers of the modern bookseller are—the circulating libraries. For what man in his senses who, for an annual mulct of half-a-dozen sovereigns, commands the whole range of modern literature, would waste his substance in loading his house with books of doubtful interest? Who that, by a message of his servant into Bond street, procures the last new novel cut and dry, instead of wet from the press, and demanding the labor of the paper-knife, would proceed to the extremity of a purchase? And the result is, that Messrs. Folio and Duodecimo, in order to procure satisfactory orders from the circulating libraries of the multitudinous cities of this deluded empire, issue orders to their helots, Mr. Scribblescrawl and Mrs. Wiredrawn, requiring them to produce per annum so many sets of three volumes, adapted to the atmosphere wherein they are fated to flourish.

It is an avowed fact, that the publishers of the day will purchase the copyrights of only such works as “the libraries will take;” which libraries, besotted by the mystic charm of three volumes, immutable as the sacred triad of the Graces or Destinies, would negative without a divison such a work as the Vicar of Wakefield were it now to undergo probation. Robinson Crusoe, or Paul and Virginia, would be returned unread to their authors, with a civil note of “extremely sorry to decline,” &c. “The Man of Feeling” would be made to feel his insignificance. “Thinks I to Myself” might think in vain; and the “Cottagers of Glenburnie” retain their rural obscurity. So much for the measure of the maw of the circulating library. Of its taste and palate it is difficult to speak with moderation; for those of Caffraria or Otaheite might be put to the blush.

The result, however, of this fatal ascendancy is, that not a publisher who has the fear of the “Gazette” before his eyes, presumes to hazard a guinea on speculations in the belles-lettres. Poetry is seldom, if ever, published except at the cost of the poet; and the foreman of one of the leading London houses is deputed to apprise aspiring rhymesters, that “his firm considers poetry a mild species of insanity”—*Anglice*, that it does not suit the appetite of the circulating library! For, behold! this despot of bookmakers must have length, breadth, and thickness, to fill the book boxes dispatched to its subscribers in the country, as well as satisfy in town the demands of its charming subscriber, Lady Sylvester Daggerwood, and all her daughters.

It happens that the said Lady Sylvester does not like Travels, unless “nice little ladylike books of travels,” such as the Quarterly informed us last year, in a fit of fribbledom, were worthy the neat little crowquills of lady-authors. Nor will she hear of Memoirs, unless light, sparkling, and scandalous, as nearly resembling those of Grammont as decency will allow. Essays she abominates; nor can she exactly understand the use of quartos, unless, as Swift describes the merit of

“A Chrysostom to smooth his band in”—

to serve for flattening between the leaves her rumpled embroidery or netting!

Now you are simply and respectfully asked, beloved public, what must be the feelings of a man of genius, or of any sensible scholarly individual, when, after devoting years of his life to a work of standard excellence—a work such as in France would obtain him access to the Academy, or in Russia or Prussia a pension and an order of merit—he is told by the publisher, who in Great Britain supplies the place of these fountains of honor and reward, that “the public of the present day has no taste for serious reading;” for Messrs. Folio and Duodecimo cannot, of course, afford to regard a few dons of the universities, or a few county bookclubs, parsonically presided, as representatives of the public! What the disappointed man, thus enlightened, must think of “glorious Apollo” when he goes to bed that night, we should be sorry to conjecture!

“The public of the present day”—*Ang.*, the subscribers to the circulating libraries—constitute, to his cultivated mind, a world unknown. The public *he* has been wasting his life to address, is such a public as was addressed by Addison, by Swift, by Steele, or by the greater writers of the days of Elizabeth. “Bless his fine wits,” we

could laugh at his misconception, were we not rather inclined to cry! In instances easy to be cited, (but that there were miching malecho in the deed,) insult has been added to injury, and the anguish depicted in the face of the mortified man of letters been assuaged by friendly advice to "try his hand at something more saleable—something in the style of Harrison Ainsworth or Peter Priggins!"

O ye Athenians! to what base uses have we come, by the influence of your malpractices of old!

But all this is far from the blackest side of the picture. You have seen only the fortunes of the rejected of the circulating libraries; wait till you have studied the fate of their favorites—victims whom, like the pet-dogs of children, the publishers force to stand on their hind-legs, and be bedizened in their finery; or pet pussy-cats, whom they fondle into wearing spectacles and feeding on macaroones, instead of pursuing their avocations as honest mousers. The favorite author of the circulating libraries has a great deal to envy in the treadmill!

In the days when there existed a reading, in place of a skimming public—in the days when circulating libraries were not—the writer who followed his own devices in the choice of the subject, plot, title, treatment, and extent of his book, and made his labor a labor of love, had some chance of being cherished as the favorite of the fireside; installed on the shelf, and taken down, like Goldsmith, or Defoe, or Bunyan, for an hour's gossip; cried over by the young girl of the family, diverting the holiday of the school-boy, and exercising the eyesight of the good old grandmother. But how is this ever to be achieved now-a-days! Who will ever be thumbed over and spelled over as these have been!

"Invent another Vicar or another Crusoe," say the critics, "and you will see."

We should not see! No bookseller would publish them, because "no circulating library would take them;" for these bibliopoles know to a page what will be taken. Several of them have got, and several others have had, the conduct of a circulating library on their hands; and so far from venturing to present a single-volumed or double-volumed work to their subscribers, they would insist upon the dilution of the genius of Oliver or Daniel into the adequate number of pages ere they risked paper and print. O public! O dear, ingenuous public! Think how you might have ceased to delight in even the cosmogonyman, if his part had been a hundred times rehearsed in your ears; or what the matchless Lady Blarney and the incomparable Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, (I love, as old Primrose says, to repeat the whole name,) might have become, as the "light conversationists" of three octavo volumes! Shakspeare was forced to kill Mercutio early in the play, lest Mercutio should kill *him*. We feel a devout conviction that Miss Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs would have burked Goldsmith!

And then the incomparable Robinson! Conceive the interlarding of a funny Mrs. Friday to eke out matter, with a comical king of the Cannibal islands "to lighten the story"—according to circulating library demand! Unhappy Defoe! thy standing in the pillory had been as nothing compared with such a condemnation!

We beseech you, therefore, deluded public, when assured by critical misleadment that such

writers no longer exist, do, as you are often requested to do by letters in the newspapers—from parties remanded by the police-offices for some hanging matter—"suspend your judgment," or you will deserve credit for very little. We promise you that there *are* giants on the earth in these days, ay, and famous giants of their cubits! But when a giant is made to drive! his drivings are very little better than those of a pigmy! And we swear to you, (under correction from the parish vestry, which is entitled to half-a-crown an oath,) that the circulating libraries would make a driver of Seneca! Under the circulating library tyranny, Johnson himself would have been forced to break up his long words into smaller pieces, to supply due volume for three volumes.

Above all, we have no hesitation in declaring that the circulating libraries are indictable for manslaughter, in the matter of the death of Scott. They killed him, body and soul! In better times, when books were bought, not hired, the sale of the first half dozen of his mighty novels would have sufficed both the public and the author for thrice as many years. They would have been purchased by all people of good condition, as the works of Richardson were purchased, and read, and conned, and got by heart. But behold! the circulating libraries "wanted novelty." It suited them better to invest their capital in half a dozen new and trashy books; such as extend their catalogue from No. 2,470 to 2,500; instead of half a dozen copies of the one sterling work, which increases their stock in trade and diminishes their stock in consols, but leaves the catalogue, which is the advertisement of their perfections, halting at No. 2,470.

Now, as it happened that the same boss of constructiveness which has endowed our language with such a world of creations from the pen of Scott, betrayed him also into inventiveness *per* force of brick and mortar—just as the same bent of genius which created the *Castle of Otranto*, created also that other colossus of lath and plaster, *Strawberry Hill*—the author of the Scotch novels was fain to sacrifice to the evil genius of the times; and behold! as the assiduous slave of the circulating libraries, he extinguished one of the greatest spirits of Great Britain. But for the hateful factory system of the twice three volumes *per* annum, he would have been still alive among us—happy and happy-making, in a green old age—watching over the maturity of his grandchildren, and waited upon by the worship of the land.

Therefore again we say, as we said a short time ago—O ye Athenians! what have ye not to answer for in the consequence of your malpractices of old!

The only great success of the day in works of fiction, (for the laurels of Bulwer have been spindled among the rest by the factitious atmosphere of the circulating libraries,) is that of Boz. And we attribute, in a great measure, the enormous circulation of his early works, to their having set at defiance the paralyzing influence of the monster-misery. Shilling numbers were as the dragon's teeth. They rose up like armed men, and slew the circulating librarians. People were forced to buy them if they wanted to read them; and they were bought. Those who desired to read "Night and Morning," were not forced to purchase it, and it was not bought; and the circulation of the two works consequently remains as 2,000 to 35,000 copies.

The state and prospects of authors, however, concerns you less, dear public, than the state and prospects of literature. You are a contemplative body of men, and can see into a millstone as far as most nations. You make leagues and anti-leagues for the sake of your morsel of bread; and teach the million to sing to your own tune; and, weary of keeping your heads above water, tunnel your way below it; nor will you allow the suffering shirtmakers of your metropolis to be put upon, nor Don Carlos, nor Queen Pomaré, nor any other victim of oppression. You applauded Alice Lowe, and shook hands with Courvoisier at the gallows; and it is clear you stand no nonsense, and bear no malice.

Be so good, therefore, as seriously to consider what sort of figure you will cut in the eyes of posterity, if this kind of thing is suffered to go on.

There is not one publisher in the three kingdoms (we throw down the gauntlet) who would give an adequate sum of money for any new historical work. There is not one publisher in the three kingdoms who would give even a moderate sum for a poem. We state the case liberally; for our conviction is, that they would refuse one poor half-crown. So much for the *prospects*; for, without a premium production is null.

As regards the state of literature, take out your pencils, (you all carry pencils, to calculate either the long odds or the odds on 'Change,) and make out a list of the works published during the last five years, likely to be known, *even by name*, a hundred years hence! It is some comfort to feel, that *by sight* they cannot be known—that few of them will survive to disgrace us—that the circulating libraries possess the one merit of wear and tear for the destruction of their filthy generation, like Saturn of old; for it would grieve us to think of even the trunks of the two thousandth century being lined with what lines the brains of our contemporaries. So that in the year of grace two thousand and forty-four, we shall have the Lady Blarney of Kilburn Square (the Grosvenor Square of that epoch) inquiring of the Miss Carolina Wilhelmia Amelia Skeggs of Croyden Place (the Belgium Square)—“My dear soul, what *could* those poor people do to amuse themselves! They had positively *no* books! After Scott's time till the middle of the nineteenth century not a single novelist; after the death of Byron, not a poet! I believe there was an historian of the name of Hallam, not much heard of; and the other day, at a bookstall, I picked up an odd volume of an odd writer named Carlyle. But it is really curious to consider how utterly the belles-lettres were in abeyance.”

To which, of course, Miss C. W. A. S.—(even Dr. Panurge could not get through the whole name again!)—“My dear love! they had Blackwood's Magazine, which, like the Koran after the burning of the Alexandrian library, supplied the place of ten millions of volumes!”

But, alas! some Burchell may be sitting by, to exclaim “FUDGE!” Some proper into archives will bring forth one of those never-to-be-sufficiently-abominated catalogues of Bond and other streets, showing that, on a moderate calculation, twenty books were published per diem, which, at the end of three months, possessed the value of so many bushels of oyster-shells!

And then, pray, what will you have to say for yourselves, O public! from your tombs in Westminster Abbey, or your catacombs at Kensal

Green! Which among you will dare to come forward, with blue lights in his hand and accompanied by a trombone, like the ghost of Ninus in Semiramide, and say—“We warned these people to write for immortality. We told them it was their duty to stick in a few oaks for posterity, as well as their Canada poplars and Scotch firs. It was not our fault that they chose to grow nothing but underwood. It was the fault of the circulating libraries, which, instead of allowing the milk of human genius to set for cream, diluted it with *malice prepense*, and drenched us with milk and water even to loathing!”

No, dear public! you will put your hand in your breeches' pocket like a crocodile, as you do now, and say nothing. You are fully aware how much of the fault is your own; but you are stultified and hardened to shame. With the disgrace of your National Gallery, and National Regency Buildings, and Pimlico Palace, and all your other vulgarisms and trivialities on your shoulders, you bully your way out of your disgrace of duncehood, like Mike Lambourne on forgetting his part in the Kenilworth pageant. “For your part, you can do very well without book-learning. You've got Shakspeare, and if with that a nation can't face the literature of Europe, the deuce is in it! With Cocker's arithmetic and Shakspeare, any public that knows what it's about, may snap its fingers at the world!”

Such, such are the demoralizing results of the ascendancy of the circulating libraries! Such is the monster-misery of literature!

Again, therefore, we say, confound those fifteen talents! What have ye not to answer for, O ye Athenians! in the consequences of your malpractices of old!

#### LORD BROUGHAM.

“Too vain to follow, yet too rash to rule,  
A brilliant advocate, a ready tool;  
True to no party, constant to no end,  
A reckless enemy, and dangerous friend;  
Feared in the senate, in the boudoir prized,  
He apes the fashion which his youth despised;  
With lords and ladies his delight to mix,  
And play the lover's part at sixty-six!  
The man whose eloquence made Canning cower  
‘Now prattles glibly in a lady's bower!’”

THE PSALMS OF DAVID; printed as they are to be sung or said in churches. Burns, London.—This is a very elegant specimen of the old English style of printing, with ornamental borders round its page; it is worked both in black and red ink, and affords a striking example of the elegance and taste now so universal in the getting up, as it is technically termed, of books at the present day. The music for the Psalms is also prefixed to the work.

UNCLE SAM'S PECULIARITIES. 2 vols. Mortimer, London.—This is a republication, in two volumes, of a series of papers, which originally appeared in “Ainsworth's Magazine,” and “Bentley's Miscellany.” They were written, it appears, from memoranda made by a mercantile tourist during twelve months' sojourn in the United States, and afford a very interesting and lively picture of the habits, manners, and domestic life of our American brethren. The satire, though to the point, is good-tempered, and Jonathan himself may laugh at the pleasant character in which he is occasionally made to appear.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

### INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

*Bernardine*.—I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

*Duke*.—O, sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

*Bernardine*.—I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.  
*Measure for Measure.*

"It is inconceivable to the virtuous and praiseworthy part of the world, who have been born and bred to respectable idleness, what terrible straits are the lot of those scandalous rogues whom Fortune has left to shift for themselves!" Such was my feeling ejaculation when, full of penitence for the sin of urgent necessity, I wended my way to the attorney who had swept together, and, for the most part, pecked up, the crumbs which fell from my father's table. He was a little grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were as hard as his heart, and fitted their leather jacket so tightly that one would have thought it had shrunk from washing, or that they had bought it second-hand and were pretty nearly out at the elbows. They were completely emblematic of their possessor, whose religion it was to make the most of everything, and, amongst the rest, of the distresses of his particular friends, amongst whom I had the happiness of standing very forward. My business required but little explanation, for I was oppressed by neither rent-rolls nor title-deeds; and we sat down to consider the readiest means of turning an excellent income for one year into something decent for a few more. My adviser, whose small experienced eye had twinkled through all the speculations of the age, and, at the same time, had taken a very exact admeasurement of my capabilities of turning them to advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit for nothing on earth. For one undertaking, I wanted application; for another I wanted capital. "Now," said he, "as the first of these deficiencies is irremediable, we must do what we can to supply the latter. Take my advice:—Insure your life for a few thousands; you will have but little premium to pay, for you look as if you would live forever; and from my knowledge of your rattle-pated habits, and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for the insurance." Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old cormorant that there was every likelihood of my requiring his liberality by the most unremitting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his countenance. We shook hands in mutual ill-opinion, and he obligingly volunteered to accompany me to an Insurance Office, where they were supposed to estimate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an hour and odd seconds.

We arrived a little before the business hour, and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting ruefully for the oracle to pronounce sentence. In the centre was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed certain little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labors of the Inquisition, amongst whom the surplus arising from absentees would likewise be divided. From the keenness with which each individual darted upon his share and ogled that of his absent neighbor, I surmised that some of my fellow-sufferers would find the day against them. They would be examined by eyes capable

of penetrating every crevice of their constitutions, by noses which could smell a rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast high. How, indeed, could plague or pestilence, gout or gluttony, expect to lurk in its hole undisturbed when surrounded by a pack of terriers which seemed hungry enough to devour one another? Whenever the door slammed, and they looked for an addition to their cry, they seemed for all the world as though they were going to bark; and if a straggler really entered and seized upon his moiety, the intelligent look of vexation was precisely like that of a dog who has lost a bone. When ten or a dozen of these gentry had assembled, the labors of the day commenced.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies upon their natural lives, were afflicted with a natural conceit that they were by no means circumscribed in foundation for such a project. In vain did the board endeavor to persuade them that they were half dead already. They fought hard for a few more years, swore that their fathers had been almost immortal, and that their whole families had been as tenacious of life as eels themselves. Alas! they were first ordered into an adjoining room, which I soon learnt was the condemned cell, and then delicately informed that the establishment could have nothing to say to them. Some, indeed, had the good luck to be reprieved a little longer, but even these did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees: another for an extraordinary circumference in the girth; and a dowager of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width, was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer who met with anything like satisfaction was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom Death, I thought, was likely to have a puzzling contest.

"How old are you, sir?" inquired an examiner.

"Forty."

"You seem a strong man."

"I am the strongest man in Ireland."

"But subject to the gout?"

"No.—The rheumatism.—Nothing else, upon my soul."

"What age was your father when he died?"

"Oh, he died young; but then he was killed in a row."

"Have you any uncles alive?"

"No: they were all killed in rows too."

"Pray, sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?"

"May be I shall, some day or other."

"What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?"

"Oh, never fear! I am the sweetest temper in the world, barring when I'm dining out, which is not often."

"What, sir, you can drink a little?"

"Three bottles, with ease."

"Ay, that is bad. You have a red face and look apoplectic. You will, no doubt, go off suddenly."

"Devil a bit. My red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I live longer than any two in the room."

"But three bottles —"

"Never you mind that. I don't mean to drink more than a bottle and a half in future. Besides, I intend to get married, if I can, and live snug."

A debate arose amongst the directors respecting this gentleman's eligibility. The words "row"

and "three bottles" ran, hurry-scurry, round the table. Every dog had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a demurring growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit; but, as my friend was handing me forward, my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady with an elderly maid-servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect, even upon the stony-hearted directors themselves. The chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business, which seemed little more than to show herself and be entitled to twenty thousand pounds, for which her *late husband* had insured his life.

"Zounds," thought I, "twenty thousand pounds and a widow!"

"Ah, madam!" observed the chairman, "your husband made too good a bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not likely to last; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage."

An elderly, sickly sort of a man! She would marry again, of course! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favorable report of me. As luck would have it, she had some further transactions which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause, I stepped boldly forward.

"Gentlemen," said my lawyer, with a smile which whitened the tip of his nose, and very nearly sent it through the external teguments, "allow me to introduce Mr. ———, a particular friend of mine, who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not of your dying sort."

The directors turned their eyes towards me with evident satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too.

"You have a good broad chest," said one. "I dare say your lungs are never affected."

"Good shoulders too," said another. "Not likely to be knocked down in a row."

"Strong in the legs, and not debilitated by dissipation," cried a third. "I think this gentleman will suit us."

I could perceive that, during these compliments and a few others, the widow was very much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced; and when I was ordered into another room to be farther examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a flaw in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I reentered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman read that I was warranted sound. The Board congratulated me somewhat jocosely, and the widow laughed outright. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down stairs.

"What mad trick are you at now?" inquired the cormorant.

"I am going to hand that lady to her carriage," I responded; and I kept my word. She bowed to me with much courtesy, laughed again and desired her servant to drive home.

"Where is that, John?" said I.

"Number ———, sir, in ——— street," said John; and away they went.

We walked steadily along, the bird of prey reckoning up the advantages of his bargain with me, and I in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

"What are you pondering about, young gentleman?" he at last commenced.

"I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction."

"How so?"

"Why, I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my harum-scarum way of life; drink moderately, leave off fox-hunting, and sell my spirited horses, which, you know, will make a material difference in the probable date of my demise."

"But where is the necessity for your doing all this?"

"My wife will, most likely, make it a stipulation."

"Your wife?"

"Yes. That pretty, disconsolate widow we have just parted from. You may laugh; but, if you choose to bet the insurance which you have bought of me against the purchase-money, I will take you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months."

"Done!" said the cormorant, his features again straining their buck-skins at the idea of having made a double profit of me. "Let us go to my house, and I will draw a deed to that effect, *gratis*."

I did not flinch from the agreement. My case, I knew, was desperate. I should have hanged myself a month before had it not been for the Epsom Races, at which I had particular business; and any little additional reason for disgust to the world, would, I thought, be rather a pleasure than a pain—provided I was disappointed in the lovely widow.

Modesty is a sad bugbear upon fortune. I have known many who have not been oppressed by it remain in the shade, but I have never known one who emerged with it into prosperity. In my own case it was by no means a family disease, nor had I lived in any way by which I was likely to contract it. Accordingly, on the following day, I caught myself very coolly knocking at the widow's door; and so entirely had I been occupied in considering the various blessings which would accrue to both of us from our union, that I was half-way up stairs before I began to think of an excuse for my intrusion. The drawing-room was vacant, and I was left for a moment to wonder whether I was not actually in some temple of the Loves and Graces. There was not a thing to be seen which did not breathe with tenderness. The ceiling displayed a little heaven of sportive Cupids, the carpet a wilderness of turtle-doves. The pictures were a series of the loves of Jupiter, the vases presented nothing but heart's-case and love-lies-bleeding; the very canary birds were inspired, and had a nest with two young ones; and the cat herself looked kindly over the budding beauties of a tortoise-shell kitten. What a place for a sensitive heart like mine! I could not bear to look upon the mirrors which reflected my broad shoulders on every side, like so many giants; and would have given the world to appear a little pale and interesting, although it might have injured my life a dozen years' purchase. Nevertheless, I was not daunted, and I looked round, for something to talk about, on the beauty's usual occupations, which I found were all in a tone with what I had



before remarked. Upon the open piano lay "Auld Robin Grey," which had, no doubt, been sung in allusion to her late husband. On the table was a half-finished drawing of Apollo, which was, equally without doubt, meant to apply to her future one; and round about were strewn the seductive tomes of Moore, Campbell, and Byron. "This witch," thought I, "is the very creature I have been sighing after! I would have married her out of a hedge-way, and worked upon the roads to maintain her; but with twenty thousand pounds—ay, and much more, unless I am mistaken, she would create a fever in the frosty Caucasus!" I was in the most melting mood alive, when the door opened, and in walked the fascinating object of my speculations. She was dressed in simple grey, wholly without ornament, and her dark brown hair was braided demurely over a forehead which looked as lofty as her face was lovely. The reception she gave me was polite and graceful, but somewhat distant; and I perceived that she had either forgotten, or was determined not to recognize, me. I was not quite prepared for this, and, in spite of my constitutional confidence, felt not a little embarrassed. I had, perhaps, mistaken the breakings forth of a young and buoyant spirit, under ridiculous circumstances, for the encouragement of volatile coquetry; and, for a moment, I was in doubt whether I should not apologize and pretend that she was not the lady for whom my visit was intended. But then she was so beautiful! Angels and ministers! Nothing on earth could have sent me down stairs unless I had been kicked down! "Madam," I began—but my blood was in a turmoil, and I have never been able to recollect precisely what I said. Something it was, however, about my late father and her lamented husband, absence and the East Indies, liver complaints, and life insurance; with compliments, condolences, pardon, perturbation, and preter-plu-perfect impertinence. The lady looked surprised, broke my speech with two or three well-bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she had never heard her husband mention either my father or his promising little heir apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. "Ah! madam," said I, "the omission is extremely natural! I am sure I am not at all offended with your late husband upon that score. He was an elderly, sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he could not last, but he never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage. He had not time—he had not time, madam, to make his friends happy by introducing them to you."

I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well, for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit me or not, which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to Auld Robin Grey and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be a *chef d'œuvre*. "Permit me, however, to suggest, that the symmetry of the figure would not be destroyed by a little more of the Hercules in the shoulders, which would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest too, and a trifle stronger on the legs, as they say at the Insurance Office."—The widow looked comically at the recollections which I brought to her mind; her rosy lips began to disclose their treasures in a half smile; and this, in turn, expanded into a

laugh like the laugh of Euphrosyne. This was the very thing for me. I was always rather dashed by beauty on the stilts; but put us upon fair ground, and I never supposed that I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expended a thousand admirable jokes, repeated touching passages from a new poem which she had not read, laughed, sentimentalized, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away till I had sojourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chimed in with a wit as brilliant as her beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look when I volunteered to call the next day and read the remainder of the poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and heart were full of the widow and the wager, and my life was more precious than the Pigot Diamond. I kept my eyes sedulously upon the pavement, to be sure that the coal-holes were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways, to calculate the dangers of being run over. When I arrived, I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the choice of an ensigncy in a regiment which was ordered to the West Indies, or of going missionary to New Zealand. I wrote to him, in answer, that it was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by the yellow fever or devoured by cannibals, but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months, at least.

The next morning found me again at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her lily hand, and received me with the smile of an old acquaintance. Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day. The poem was long, her singing exquisite, my anecdote of New Zealand irresistible, and we again forgot ourselves till it was necessary, in common politeness, to ask me to dinner. Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was exchanged for a low evening dress, and my soul, which was brimming before, was in an agony to find room for my increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and fluttered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite miraculous. She ridiculed the rapidity of our acquaintance, eulogized my modesty till it was well nigh burnt to a cinder, and every now and then sharpened her wit by a delicate recurrence to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules.

The third and the fourth and the fifth day, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining, till at last I took upon me to call and remain without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality; and, at last, with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was, at once, to decide the question with the insurance office, and determine the course of my travels. One day I found the Peri sitting rather pensively at work, and as usual, I took my seat opposite to her.

"I have been thinking," said she, "that I have been mightily imposed upon."

"By whom?" I inquired.

"By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself."

"In what do you mistrust me?"

"Come, now, will it please you to be candid,

and tell me honestly that all that exceedingly intelligible story about your father and the liver complaint, and heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?"

"Will it please you to let me thread that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it!"

"Nonsense! Will you answer me?"

"I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?" I continued, jumping up and leaning over her. "It should be done so—and then so.—What stitch do you call that?"

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled—and so did mine.

"Will you pardon me?" I whispered. "I am a sinner, a counterfeit, a poor, swindling, disreputable vagabond,——but I love you to my soul."

The work dropped upon her knee.

In about a fortnight from this time I addressed the following note to my friend.

DEAR SIR,—It will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are mending, and that you have lost your wager. As I intend settling the insurance on my wife, I shall, of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me oblige you to become an ensign in the West Indies or a missionary in New Zealand, you may rely upon my interest there.

ROMANCE OF A BEDSTEAD.—The inn where Richard III. abode during his brief sojourn at Leicester, even the very bed on which he there reposed, are not exempt from the tales of horror which are associated with the memory of this prince. On his departure for Bosworth it appears from the result that he must have left many articles of value, either too cumbersome to be removed, or in themselves ill-suited for a temporary encampment, at the house of entertainment where he had been abiding, and which, as being the chief hostelry in Leicester, was distinguished by the appellation of Richard's badge, "the Silvery Boar:" but on his defeat and death, and the dispersion of his followers, the victorious army, with the infuriated rage which in all ages accompanies any popular excitement, compelled the owner of the inn to pull down the emblem of the deceased king, and to substitute the blue for the white boar. The apartments which the king had occupied were pillaged and ransacked, and the hangings of the richly-carved bed on which he had slept during his stay in the town were torn off, and either carried away as booty with other portable articles, or were destroyed on the spot. The bedstead, however, being large and heavy, and apparently of no great value, was suffered to remain undisturbed with the people of the house; thenceforth continuing a piece of standing furniture, and passing from tenant to tenant with the inn; for King Richard and his secretary being both slain, and all his confidential friends executed, imprisoned, or exiled, it could not be known that the weight of the bulky wooden framework left in his sleeping apartment arose from its being in reality the military chest of the deceased monarch. It was at once his coffer and his couch. Many years, however, rolled on before this singular fact became known, and then it was only accidentally discovered, owing to the circumstance of a piece of gold dropping on the floor when the wife of the proprietor was making a bed which had been placed upon it. On closer examination a double bottom was discovered, the intermediate space between which was found to be filled with gold coin to a considerable amount.

The treasure thus marvellously obtained, although

carefully concealed, helped in time to elevate the humble publican, "a man of low condition," to the proud station of chief magistrate of his native town. But at his death the vast riches that accrued to his widow excited the cupidity of menials connected with her establishment; and the wilful murder of their mistress, in 1613, led to the execution of her female servant, and of seven men concerned with her in the ruthless deed: thus adding another tragedy to the many of higher import which are inseparably connected with the recollection of this unhappy prince.

The inn itself, rendered so remarkable as the last abiding place of the last monarch of the middle ages, "a large, handsome, half-timber house, with one story projecting over the other," remained for upwards of three centuries unchanged, an interesting relic alike of the architecture of its period as of the remarkable epoch which it perpetuated. But in the year 1836, although undecayed, uninjured, and defying the ravages of time, this venerable fabric was razed to the ground, to the regret of all who hold sacred such historical memorials, and hallow the relics which link bygone ages with the present time. Its site, with the appellation of an adjoining thoroughfare to which it formed an angle, and which still retains the name of "Blue Boar-lane," together with the description and delineation of its picturesque appearance, are now all that connects King Richard with this interesting memorial of his last days at Leicester.

Not so, however, the bedstead. That appendage to the inn, although three hundred and fifty years have elapsed since it was used by the sovereign, is still in existence, and in the most perfect state of preservation. Richly and curiously carved in oak, with fleur-de-lis profusely scattered over it, its panels inlaid with black, brown, and white woods, the styles consisting of Saracenic figures in high relief, it proves, from the singularity of its construction, the true purpose for which it was designed, every portion of it but the body being fabricated to take to pieces and put up at will; so that for travelling it speedily became transformed into a huge chest, although ingeniously framed for the twofold purpose which led to its preservation. This relic, insignificant in itself, is the only known memorial connected with the personal history of Richard III.—*Caroline Halsted's Richard III.*

COINAGE OF SAXE COBURG GOTHA.—A late duke, over whom, at his death, so many eulogiums were uttered in this country as so virtuous a prince, was universally known in Germany by the title of the Falschmünzer—that is, the coiner of false money—because to pay his debts he coined a mass of bad money, and then issued an order that what was paid away out of the country should never come in again, and what remained in it should never be taken again by government. Many of his own officers are said to have suffered severely by this act, having considerable quantities in their hands. Much of this money is still in existence in other states, and is paid among the coin to strangers. When you offer to put it away again, they say, "Oh, that is a Coburger! it is good for nothing." To what traveller in Germany has not this occurred? It did to me many a time, till I began to know the face of a Coburger.—*Howitt's German Experiences.*

#### WOMAN'S DESTINY.

Is not the life of woman all bound up  
In her affections?—What hath she to do  
In this bleak world alone?—It may be well  
For man on his triumphal course to move  
Uncumbered by soft bonds; but we were born  
For love and grief.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

From the Examiner.

*Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon*, during the first three years of his captivity on the Island of St. Helena. By Mrs. A. ABELL, late Miss Elizabeth Balcombe. Murray.

WE have read this little volume with the greatest pleasure. The time is past when it would have been the rage of the season in which it appeared: but its contents are better suited to the calmer and steadier interest which now centres in the character of Napoleon.

Mrs. Abell's father held a government appointment in St. Helena, and lived in the prettiest private house of the island, at the time of its selection for the place of the ex-emperor's exile. When Napoleon rode through his rocky prison the day after he landed from the *Northumberland*, he took so great a fancy to Mr. Balcombe's cottage that a temporary residence there until Longwood should be ready was arranged at his earnest request. The writer of this book, Mr. Balcombe's youngest daughter, was then little more than a child, but remarkable for her prettiness and vivacity. Perhaps these attracted Napoleon less than a habit of wilfulness, and a disposition to sprightly mischief, which Mrs. Abell very frankly confesses. The fallen emperor had a ready sympathy for qualities of this kind, and met them with congenial playfulness. His games of romp with little Miss Balcombe, and particularly his *debut* in blind-man's-buff, were the earliest European gossip of the illustrious exile.

The lady now writes of that curious incident of her life, with recollections as vivid, after the lapse of twenty-nine years, as of events of yesterday. But she intimates that her memory has had assistance from notes committed to paper at the time. "Could these recollections of the emperor," she adds, "have been published without her name, they would long ago have appeared; but feeling that the sole merit to which they could lay claim consisted in their being faithful records of him, and that if produced anonymously, there would be no guarantee for their truth; being, moreover, desirous to shun publicity, and unequal to the task of authorship; the undertaking has been postponed from time to time, and perhaps would have been delayed still longer, but for the pressure of calamitous circumstances, which compels her to hesitate no longer, but with all their imperfections on their head to send these pages at once into the world."

We observe with regret what is here implied, but it gives a tone of feeling to the book which harmonizes well with its not unaffecting anecdotes of fallen greatness. We do not care, at this time, to offer much meed of sympathy to the sufferings and reverses of Napoleon. But perhaps there are some considerations which time will reiterate and admit hereafter, in excuse of the turbulent ambition which of himself made its last and greatest victim. He was at the head of a revolutionary country, of a restless and excited people; with power which was based on victories, and only by victory sustainable. He had none of the supports of the old tyrannies, to which his career gave the terrible shock they still so sorely suffer from. That solitary good may be remembered amid the disastrous errors and capital crimes he committed; some of which were doubtless forced upon him, by the alternative that so often, however falsely,

seemed to present itself, of unbounded supremacy or utter annihilation.

At any rate, the nearer the approach that is made to the really private recesses of Napoleon's life, the better we must think of his heart. It is the comfort of our common nature to feel this, not of him only, but of even worse military despots than he was. It is the charm of Mrs. Abell's book. Even in his best good humor, Napoleon could not always divest himself of a certain playful show of malice, and we have observed what first attracted him in Miss Balcombe. But there is less of it in her *Recollections* than in any we remember. Napoleon was ordinarily so much of an actor, even in private relations, that his heart was absolutely known to few. The good city of Paris made such peculiar claims upon him, that even as husband and father he was commonly at work with his *rôle*. But his first few months at St. Helena were favorable to sincerity. He had not lost the hope of a possible return to the world: the deepest anguish of his fall had not struck him: those questions which more than any other perplexed and confused his life—*What will history tell? What will posterity think? What will they say at Paris?*—had not been revived with added bitterness by his paltry disputes with Sir Hudson Lowe.

To these first few months Mrs. Abell's *Recollections* chiefly relate, and we have found in them a most lively, curious, and pleasing picture of Napoleon. There is in them a charming verisimilitude and warmth of feeling. They are written with the grace, cordiality, and unaffectedness, of a sensible, earnest, and accomplished woman.

#### THE FIRST EVENING AT MR. BALCOMBE'S.

"He then asked me to sing, and I sang, as well as I could, the Scotch song, 'Ye banks and braes.' When I finished, he said it was the prettiest English air he had ever heard. I replied it was a Scottish ballad, not English; and he remarked, he thought it too pretty to be English: 'their music is vile—the worst in the world.' He then inquired if I knew any French songs, and among others, 'Vive Henri Quatre.' I said I did not. He began to hum the air, became abstracted, and, leaving his seat, marched round the room, keeping time to the song he was singing. When he had done, he asked me what I thought of it; and I told him I did not like it at all, for I could not make out the air. In fact, Napoleon's voice was most unmusical, nor do I think he had any ear for music; for neither on this occasion, nor in any of his subsequent attempts at singing, could I ever discover what tune it was he was executing."

It is Bourrienne, we think, who observes in his ill-natured way that Napoleon never thought of singing or the chase, for neither of which had he the smallest natural taste, until he assumed the imperial purple. It was then, as he was showing the world the powers of empire which were born in him, that he resolved to exhibit himself no less fitted, as by instinct, for the pleasures supposed to be royal.

#### NAPOLEON'S HOWL.

"Shortly after his arrival, a little girl, Miss Legg, the daughter of a friend, came to visit us at the Briers. The poor child had heard such terrific stories of Bonaparte, that when I told her he was coming up the lawn, she clung to me in an agony of terror. Forgetting my own former fears, I was cruel enough to run out and tell Napoleon of the child's fright, begging him to come into the house. He walked up to her,

and, brushing up his hair with his hand, shook his head, making horrible faces, and giving a sort of savage howl. The little girl screamed so violently, that mamma was afraid she would go into hysterics, and took her out of the room. Napoleon laughed a good deal at the idea of his being such a bugbear, and would hardly believe me when I told him that I had stood in the same dismay of him. When I made this confession, he tried to frighten me as he had poor little Miss Legg, by brushing up his hair, and distorting his features; but he looked more grotesque than horrible, and I only laughed at him. He then (as a last resource) tried the howl, but was equally unsuccessful, and seemed, I thought, a little provoked that he could not frighten me. He said the howl was Cossack, and it certainly was barbarous enough for anything."

#### AN UNLOOKED-FOR ENEMY.

"He took a good deal of exercise at this period, and was fond of taking exploring walks in the valley and adjacent mountain. One evening he strolled out, accompanied by General Gourgaud, my sister, and myself, into a meadow in which some cows were grazing. One of these, the moment she saw our party, put her head down and (I believe) her tail up, and advanced *à pas de charge* against the emperor. He made a skillful and rapid retreat, and leaping nimbly over a wall, placed this rampart between himself and the enemy. But General Gourgaud valiantly stood his ground, and, drawing his sword, threw himself between his sovereign and the cow, exclaiming, 'This is the second time I have saved the emperor's life.' Napoleon laughed heartily when he heard the general's boast, and said, 'He ought to have put himself in the position to repel cavalry.' I told him the cow appeared tranquilized, and stopped the moment he disappeared, and he continued to laugh, and said, 'She wished to save the English government the expense and trouble of keeping him.'"

#### BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF.

"Napoleon then taking his hat, waved it suddenly before my eyes, and the shadow and the wind it made, startling me, I drew back my head: 'Ah, leetle monkee,' he exclaimed in English, 'you can see pretty well.' He then proceeded to tie another handkerchief over the first, which completely excluded every ray of light. I was then placed in the middle of the room, and the game began. The emperor commenced by creeping stealthily up to me, and giving my nose a very sharp twinge; I knew it was he, both from the act itself and from his footstep. I darted forward, and very nearly succeeded in catching him, but bounding actively away, he eluded my grasp. I then groped about, and, advancing again, he this time took hold of my ear and pulled it. I stretched out my hands instantly, and in the exultation of the moment screamed out, 'I have got you—I have got you; now you shall be blindfolded!' but to my mortification it proved to be my sister, under cover of whom Napoleon had advanced, stretching his hand over her head."

#### NAPOLEON'S ENGLISH.

"The emperor's English, of which he sometimes spoke a few words, was the oddest in the world. He had formed an exaggerated idea of the quantity of wine drunk by English gentlemen, and used always to ask me, after we had had a party, how many bottles of wine my father drank, and then laughing, and counting on his fingers, generally made the number five. One day, to annoy me, he said that my countrywomen drank gin and brandy; and then added, in English, 'You laike verree mosh dreenk, Mees, sometimes brandee, geen.'"

Our concluding extracts are from the sadder time of the residence at Longwood.

"The officer first appointed to exercise surveillance over him when at Longwood was a Captain Poppleton, of the 53rd regiment. It was his duty to attend him in his rides, and the orders given on these occasions were, 'that he was not to lose sight of Napoleon.' The latter was one day riding with Generals Bertrand, Montholon, Gourgaud, and the rest of his suite, along one of the mountainous bridle-paths at St. Helena, with the orderly officer in attendance. Suddenly the emperor turned short round to his left, and spurring his horse violently, urged him up the face of the precipice, making the large stones fly from under him down the mountain, and leaving the orderly officer aghast, gazing at him in terror for his safety, and doubt as to his intentions. Although equally well mounted, none of his generals dared to follow him. Either Captain Poppleton could not depend on his horse, or his horse was unequal to the task of following Napoleon—and, giving it up at once, he rode instantly off to Sir George Cockburn, who happened at the time to be dining with my father at the Briars. He arrived breathless at our house, and, setting all ceremony aside, demanded to see Sir George, on business of the utmost importance. He was ushered at once into the dining-room. The admiral was in the act of discussing his soup, and listened with an imperturbable countenance to the agitated detail of the occurrence, with Captain Poppleton's startling exclamation of 'Oh! sir, I have lost the emperor.' He very quietly advised him to return to Longwood, where he would most probably find General Bonaparte. This, as he prognosticated, was the case, and Napoleon often afterwards laughed at the consternation he had created."

The result of this absurd and dishonorable, because quite unnecessary, system of espionage is well known. Napoleon forebore his exercise and fell into the illness which ended with his life. Mrs. Abell thus describes the view from Longwood and one of his "favorite pastimes."

"On the opposite side, the eye rested on a dismal and rugged-looking mountain, whose stupendous side was here and there diversified by patches of wild samphire, prickly pears, and aloes, serving to break but slightly the uniform sterility of the iron-colored rocks, the whole range of which exhibited little more than huge apertures of caverns, and overhanging cliffs, which, in the early years of the colonization of the island, afforded shelter to herds of wild goats. I remember hearing Madame Bertrand tell my mother, that one of Napoleon's favorite pastimes was to watch the clouds as they rolled over the highest point of that gigantic mountain, and as the mists wreathed themselves into fantastic draperies around its summit, sometimes obscuring the valleys from sight, and occasionally stretching themselves out far to sea, his imagination would take wing, and indulge itself in shaping out the future from these vapory nothings."

She was herself witness to another of the resources left him:

"We found him in the billiard-room, employed looking over some very large maps, and moving about a number of pins, some with red heads, others with black. I asked him what he was doing? He replied that he was fighting over again some of his battles, and that the red-headed pins were meant to represent the English, and the black to indicate the French. One of his chief amusements was going through the evolutions of a lost battle, to see if it were possible by any better manœuvring to have won it."

Her account of the change in his appearance after this change in the habits of his life, is melancholy in the extreme. "His face was literally the

color of yellow wax, and his cheeks had fallen in pouches on either side his face. His ankles were so swollen that the flesh literally hung over his shoes; he was so weak that without resting one hand on a table near him, and the other on the shoulder of an attendant, he could not have stood." So he passed the last three wretched years of his life: finding in occasional tidings of generous sympathy and kindness from Holland House, the solitary ray of hope that broke across the gloom.

"Napoleon, when speaking of her ladyship, always called her 'La bonne Lady Holland,' and expressed himself very grateful for her kindness and attention to him, when abandoned by the world in that desolate island. He remarked that all the members of the family of the great Fox abounded in liberal and generous sentiments. In speaking of that statesman he used to say, 'He was sincere and honest in his intentions, and had he lived, England would not have been desolated by war; he was the only minister who knew the interests of his country.'"

We shall be glad to learn that Mrs. Abell's pleasing little volume has been as successful as it deserves to be.

From the Spectator.

#### MR. HAY'S WESTERN BARBARY.

MR. HAY, a son of the British consul at Tangier, undertook a tour to the Sheikh of the most famous tribe of Arab horse-dealers in Morocco, with the object of purchasing a barb for the queen. The expedition was not immediately successful; owing, as the chieftain informed Mr. Hay privately, to the insecurity of property; less care being now taken of the breed, as the emperor paid them the compliment of selecting any remarkable animal, forgetting to pay for it. But if her majesty was disappointed in the barb, it was the means of procuring Mr. Hay's book; which so far as the lies are concerned is a better thing.

The tour of the gentleman in search of a horse was not very extensive; reaching only from Tangier to Laraiche, or El Arache,\* a decayed seaport town on the Atlantic, lying between Tangier and the once dreaded Sallee. Neither were his personal adventures very considerable; involving little more than some sporting-scenes, the incidents of the road among as wild a people as exists short of savageness, and the novelty of the characters he encountered. The interest of Mr. Hay's narrative arises from his lively though rather artificial mode of recounting, and still more from his thorough knowledge of the language and manners of the people, among whom he has been in a measure bred. To a certain extent, the tour is a means by which Mr. Hay puts forward his observations upon Moorish character, and exhibits Moorish manners and superstitions. Scarcely has the party left the town when they are overtaken by a traveller: they salute each other after the old Spanish fashion; journey together; and the stranger tells the tale of a celebrated robber, curiously illustrative of Moorish life and romance. By-and-by, the consular party fall in with a band of hunters, whom they join; and after their sport, as they sit round the repast, they tell their tales of the chase; the "son of the English" contributing a former adventure, which had made some noise among the Nimrods of Western Barbary. In this manner the whole

journey proceeds; its narrative frequently varied by the introduction of native story-tellers and their stories, or by Mr. Hay's reminiscences of former adventures, or anecdotes of Moorish life. This, no doubt, gives somewhat of an artificial character to the composition; and Mr. Hay's manner, as we have said, is not quite free from that defect; but it dramatizes the character of the people, and the book is animated, varied, readable, and fresh. We are made to apprehend the Moors better. We see more fully some of those traits which Shakspeare infused into Othello, and which he most probably derived orally from traders to Morocco or returned captives. The following example at first sight looks like a piece of obdurate revenge; but it really seems to have been dictated by a barbarian sense of duty. "No, Heaven forefend! I would not kill thy soul."—"Nought I did in hate, but all in honor."

#### EXECUTION IN MOROCCO.

Another instance of capital punishment was attended with the following singular circumstances. A Moor of the village of Sharf, had shot with a pistol, in the market at Tangier, a fellow-villager, whom he suspected of being too intimate with his wife. The brother of the murdered man set out immediately for Meknas, where the Sultan was then residing, and claimed the life of the murderer. The Sultan heard the case; acknowledged the justice of the demand; and summoning the plaintiff into his presence, delivered the following curious decision.

"We grant you our permission to take the life of the murderer of your brother with the same instrument of death with which he was assassinated, and on the same spot, and at the same hour of the day. But," added the sultan, "why seekest thou also to be a manslayer? Accept the price of blood, which is lawful unto true believers, and we will guarantee you its payment from our Shereefian hands, and two hundred mizakel shall be the sum."

To this the plaintiff replied, "Can that sum purchase me a brother?"

"Go thy way," said the Sultan; "we have heard and understood: a letter will be given you by the vizier in which our mandate shall be written."

Furnished with the sentence of death, the man returned to Tangier, and presented it to the governor.

On the same day of the week and at the same hour, the murderer was brought out of prison, and seated on the very spot where he had taken his fellow-villager's life, while crowds of people attended to witness his death.

The pistol was now given to the brother of the murdered man; when, having loaded it, he went up to the criminal, walked slowly in a circle round him, and said, "In the presence of God and man, I call upon you to answer me truly: didst thou slay my brother?"

To this the criminal replied, "I did."

One of the multitude, now stepping forward, addressed the brother of the murdered man: "Accept the price of blood," said he, "and I promise you one hundred ducats in addition, which those here assembled will gladly give."

"Worthless words," said the villager; and again he walked round his victim. Again he asked him the same question, and again the same reply was given. A second offer was now made, of two hundred ducats; and again the villager, walking round the criminal, repeated his question, adding, "Say what thou believest; I am about to take thy life."

"That God is God, and Mahomed is the prophet of God!" responded the criminal.

Hardly were these words out of his mouth, when the pistol was discharged. It had been placed at the small of his back, being the same spot where he had shot

\* In some older maps it figures as "Arrais."

the man for whom he was now about to die: but the wretched criminal, although mortally wounded, did not expire for some hours.

From other stories in the book, this certain punishment, it would appear, chiefly obtains for murder in towns. Had the first man been wily enough to shoot his victim in the country, no one would have interfered, as involving a blood-feud; and the next of kin might have watched his opportunity to shoot the murderer with impunity, till some one else killed him in turn. From a slightly marked trait in one tale of a blood-avenger, this custom seems of itself enough to keep a people backward in the most necessary arts, and totally opposed to learning and science, which require leisure and a free mind. A gentleman with a blood-feud on his hands seems to have quite enough to do to look about him, without occupying his mind with abstract speculations.

The principle involved in the following anecdote is not new, but it shows the difficulties to be contended with in Morocco by a gentleman in search of a horse.

#### THE ARAB AND HIS BARB.

It is not always that the Arab is ready to part with his horse, if a good beast, whatever price may be offered; though money among the degraded people of Morocco will work miracles. A circumstance which proved this occurred to me about four years ago, when accompanying poor John Davidson some few days' journey into the interior.

As we were proceeding between Mehedeea and Rabât, we were joined by a troop of mounted Arabs, one of whom was riding a mottled gray, the handsomest barb I ever saw.

Riding up to the man, I entered into conversation with him; and having put him in good humor by praising his steed, I told him I would make him rich if he would sell me the mottled gray.

"What is your price?" said the Arab.

I offered a hundred and fifty *mitzâkel*, about twenty pounds sterling; a large sum in the interior.

"It is a good price," said the Arab; "but look," said he—and he brought his horse on the other side of me—"look at this side of him; you must offer more."

"Well, come," I said, "you are a poor man and fond of your horse; we won't dispute about the matter; so give me your hand. What say you? two hundred?"

"That is a large price, truly," said the Arab, his eyes glistening; and I thought the horse was mine. But my eagerness, I suppose, had been too apparent; so the Arab thought I might go still further; and, shaking the bridle, off he went at full speed. The mottled gray curled its tail in the air, and vanished to a speck in no time. I turned to speak to Davidson, and the next moment the Arab was at my side; and, patting the neck of his gray, he said, "Look at him—see—not a hair is turned! What will you give me now?"

Davidson prompted me to offer even four hundred ducats rather than let the animal go. Again I began bargaining, and offered three hundred. On this the Arab gave his hand, and, thanking me, said,—"Christian, I now can boast of the price you have offered; but it is in vain that you seek to tempt me, for I would not sell my horse for all the gold you or any other man possesses." Having said this, he joined his companions.

Calling the kaid or chief of our escort, I asked him if he knew the rider of the gray; adding, that I supposed he must be rich, as he had refused so large a sum. The kaid said, "All I know is, that he is a great fool; for he possesses nothing in the world but that horse, which he bought when a colt, selling his teat, flocks, and even his wife, to buy it."

#### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

I remember, on one occasion, travelling in this country with a companion who possessed some knowledge of medicine: we had arrived at a dooar, near which we were about to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the "rebellers against God." My friend, who spoke a little Arabic, turning round to an elderly person, whose garb bespoke him a priest, said, "Who taught you that we are disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer, and judge for yourselves;" he then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed—"May God curse me, if ever I curse again those who hold such belief; nay more, that prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat the prayer, that it may be remembered and written among us in letters of gold."

#### MOORISH ART OF INGENUOUSLY TORMENTING.

The most horrible tortures are resorted to for forcing confession of hidden wealth. The victim is put into a slow oven, or kept standing for weeks in a wooden dress; splinters are forced between the flesh and nail of the fingers; two fierce cats are put alive into his wide trousers, and the breasts of his women are twisted by pincers. Young children have sometimes been squeezed to death under the arms of a powerful man, before the eyes of their parents.

A wealthy merchant at Tangier, whose *auri sacra fames* had led him to resist for a long time the cruel tortures that had been employed against him, yielded at length to the following trial: he was placed in the corner of a room wherein a hungry lion was chained in such a manner as to be able to reach him with his claws, unless he held himself in a most constrained and unnatural position.

It may gratify equestrian loyalists to learn that a horse was at last obtained for the queen. In consequence of our author's visit to the Sheikh of Ibdowa, a young filly was subsequently sent to Tangier, unexceptionable in her points, but unbroken, and of so violent a temper that Mr. Hay nearly broke his neck in trying to break her in. She was therefore deprived of the high honor intended for her. His father, the consul, then took up the matter; and the veteran succeeded, in the course of a mission, on which he was sent to the emperor.

From the Examiner.

Here is an original and very delightful book of travels and adventures, such as Mr. Murray might have issued in a large two-guinea quarto some five-and-twenty years since, published in a small two-columned quarto for half a-crown.

Mr. Hay, whose father has been many years British Consul-General at Tangier, undertook the brief expedition which forms the groundwork of this volume, "for the purpose of procuring for her Majesty Queen Victoria, a barb of the purest blood from some of the breeders of horses in the region round Laraiche." The barb he failed to find; but he saw such striking pictures of wild Arab life, heard so many curious anecdotes of the various tribes in that little-visited region, and has recorded what he heard and saw with so much liveliness and spirit in this pleasant book, that his equine failure is more than amply compensated.

Mr. Hay had the enormous advantage of a previous intimate acquaintance with the language and character of the Barbary tribes. Availing himself of his residence at Tangier he had hunted in the interior, made himself at home among its wandering troops of sportsmen, knew their Mogrebbian

thoroughly, and was already half a Moor. Mr. Borrow's relish for the gypsy slang, was not greater than Mr. Hay's for the romantic Arab exaggeration. We suspect him of anything but a perfect distrust of even those conversational powers of lions, boars, and hyænas, which his Moorish friends and fellow-travellers here so happily commemorate.

The tale of the Boar and two Lions is told in the best Borrow manner. The narrator is a hale, hoary old hunter, with more than eighty winters on his head, whom Mr. Hay's escort met in the thick of a boar-chase, amidst wild cries to the dogs to keep clear of the boar in which the old man's voice was the loudest. *My children—My dearest—Take care—He sees you—He is an Infidel—A Nazarene—He will have his revenge—None but the one God*—were this Nimrod's endearing cautions to his canine friends. The tale afterwards told is a reminiscence of his youth. He was on the watch one moonlight night, he says, by a rock which overhung a marsh, when the marsh was entered by a noble, stately, magnificent boar.

"I could now see by the bright moon, as he neared my station, that his bristles were white with age, and his tusks gleamed like polished steel among the dark objects round him. I cocked my gun, and waited his approach to the fountain.

"Having whetted his ivory tusks, he began to root; but he appeared to be restless, as if he knew some enemy was at hand; for every now and then, raising his snout, he snuffed the air.

"I marvelled at these movements, for as the breeze came from a quarter opposite to my position, I knew I could not be the object of the boar's suspicions.

"Now, however, I distinctly heard a slight noise near the edge of the marsh: the boar became evidently uneasy; and I heard him say with a clear voice, for you must know they were formerly men, '*I hope there is no treachery.*'

"This he repeated once or twice, and again began to root."

The boar's suspicion is quite correct. A huge lion was all this while creeping, cat like, towards him. The battle that ensued is then splendidly told, up to the burying of the boar's triumphant and victorious snout in the lion's body. Whereupon—the old hunter continues—

"Blood indeed flowed from the sides of the boar, but his bristles still stood erect as he triumphed over the sultan of the forest, and now he seemed to be getting bigger and bigger. 'God is great!' said I, as I trembled with dread: 'he will soon reach me on the rock.' I threw myself flat on my face, and cried out 'There is no other God but God, and Mohamed is his prophet!' I soon recovered my courage, and looked again. The boar had returned to his natural size, and was slaking his thirst in the fountain. I seized my gun, but, reflecting, said within myself, 'Why should I kill him? He will not be of any use to me; he has fought bravely, and left me the skin of a lion, and perhaps he may be a Jin;' so I laid down the gun, contenting myself with thoughts of the morrow.

"The boar had left the fountain, and was again busied rooting in the marsh, when another slight noise, as of a rustling in the wood, attracted my notice, and I could perceive the smooth head of a lioness looking with surprise and horror at the body of her dead mate.

"What! treachery again!" said the boar in a low tone.

"'God is great!' said the lioness: 'but he shall pay for this! What! a pig! an infidel! to kill a lion!

One spring, and I will do for him.' Having said these words, she advanced boldly. The boar stood prepared, grinding his teeth with rage. She paused, and again retreated to the wood, and I could hear her say, 'O God! all-merciful Creator! What an immense boar! what an infidel! what a Christian of a pig!'

"May God burn your great-great-grandmother," said the boar.

"On hearing the creature curse her parent, she again stopped, and, lashing her tail, roared with a voice that the whole wood resounded, and she said, 'There is no conqueror but God.'

"The boar stamped his hoofs, and gnashed his tusks again with rage; his grisly bristles, red with the blood of her mate, stood on end; then, lowering his snout, he rushed headlong against the lioness, who, springing aside, avoided the dread blow. A cloud came over the moon; I could not see distinctly, but I heard every blow of the paw and every rip of the tusk. There was a dead silence; again the cloud had passed, and the heavens were clear, and I saw the lioness with her fore paws on the body of the boar.

"I seized my gun, and aimed at her head; that was her last moment.

"The morning dawned. I descended from the rock. The claw of the lioness still grasped in death the body of the boar. Many severe wounds showed that the boar had again fought bravely."

A number of stories, given in the same rich style, beguile the way to Larache: the various narrators being set before us, vividly as the things they tell. The hero of the most important legends is one Alee Boufrakee, an immortal thief of Barbary; by the mingled humor and tragedy of whose adventures, the Turpins and the Sheppards are a long way distanced.

Of an interest and fulness hardly less rich are the personal adventures of Mr. Hay himself in the course of the expedition. But how he visits a Moorish Cid, and gets into a scrape at the great man's harem, and gets out of it, and at last, after other escapes of as hair-breadth fineness, sits down in the thatched dwelling of the Sheikh of the tribe of Ibdowa, where he had reason to expect he should find the pure barb he was in search of—we have no time to tell the reader.

"During breakfast I spoke to the sheikh of the wonders of my own country; and told him, to his astonishment, that we had many millions of Mahomedan subjects within our dominions; that our sultan was a young damsel, and that all the vast British empire was under her command. The old sheikh laughed heartily at the idea of a maiden sovereign, and asked if she was pretty, and if she appeared before men. I then gave a description of our queen; and told him her Majesty had eyes like a gazelle and lips of coral, and that she could marry whom she pleased.

"Upon this the Arab said, 'Why does not the Sultan of Morocco, Mulai Abderrahman, ask her in marriage?'

"A party of mounted Bedouins galloping up interrupted our conversation, and relieved me from the necessity of answering this difficult question.

"The horsemen proved to be a son of the sheikh and his attendants, on their way to a marriage some half-day's journey from the Door of Ibdowa. They were all superbly dressed; their garments presenting a great contrast to their daily attire, which is in general of a mean appearance.

"The sheikh, pointing to his son, who was a particularly handsome youth, said, 'I have a good mind to send Abdallah to England. He is of Shereefian descent. Who knows, but your sultana might order him to wed her!'



Abdallah has lost his chance in that respect. But he should visit us notwithstanding. Why should n't he be welcomed as warmly as other particularly handsome, and not so harmless, potentates. He seems to us to be just as well entitled to see our races, our review, and our Sheriff Moon, as they are.

Mr. Hay, speaking from experience of a long residence in Tangier, gives but a sorry account of it.

"Such is the ignorance of European art among all classes in this country, that, some years ago, a resident of Tangier having in his possession an astronomical telescope which inverted the objects, and having exhibited it to some Moorish neighbors, it was bruited about that the Nazarene possessed a glass through which he looked at the Moorish women on their terraces, and that this instrument had the power of turning the ladies upside down! Information was sent to the court, showing the impropriety of Christians being allowed to make use of such magic art; whereupon a mandate was despatched from the sultan to the governor of Tangier, directing that the importation of such instruments should be strictly prohibited."

From the Spectator.

#### WILLIAM HOWITT'S GERMAN EXPERIENCES.

It is known, from the nature and dates of their works, that the Howitts have resided in Germany for some years past, with the object, we now learn, of educating the children. During their sojourn, much was seen of German domestic life, and what may be termed daily business character, and many observations made upon the regulations and influence of the governments, which could not well be introduced into their generally descriptive books, but were too important to be lost. Mr. Howitt has therefore determined to methodize his German experiences; addressing himself as well to those who stay at home as to those who contemplate a residence in the country.

The part addressed to the intended sojourner in Germany is by far the most specific and practical, though rather tainted by a bitter controversial-like spirit. The conclusion to which Mr. Howitt comes is, that no advantage is obtained by a residence in Germany, except for the education of children. This is gotten so cheap that the saving you can make in your living, slender as it is, pays for the education, leaving this item clear gain to a family; and so good that the like could not be obtained in England for boys under 100*l.* a year, or 80*l.* a year for girls. Our author then proposes suggestions for having something like a similar economy in different parts of England where rent is cheap; forgetting that the circumstances of the country do not run in curriole. In Germany he recommends a day-school. The saving in a boarding-school there is not so much; and pay what you will, you cannot have the domestic management and the food which English children require and pine for. Mr. Howitt most emphatically, and it would seem justly, enters his caveat against placing the young at a foreign boarding-school; but boarding-schools are what he evidently contemplates for England. Again, as regards modern languages, it is not the masters, but the constant conversation of children with one another, that gives a practical mastery; so with music, it is not the mere lesson, but the musical atmosphere of the

country that makes the ready musician. These advantages, scheme as you may, cannot be obtained in England; whence it follows, that if you want a German education you must go to Germany. In gaining this, we fancy that the national characteristics for athletic exercises and manly sports will be lost, as well as manliness of character. According to Mr. Howitt, a German is not a free man, either civilly, politically, or in the commonest domestic acts. He would seem to be incapable of *doing* anything except smoking, dancing, and drinking, without the interference of the police; and perhaps all those may be done according to rule. Bury and marry he clearly cannot without orders; and these are the regulations touching so small a thing as gunnery in miniature.

#### POLICE INTERFERENCE IN GERMANY.

An Englishman is just arrived in a German town, with half-a-dozen youths under his care, for the finishing of their education. Some of these youths are nearly grown to manhood. They have their guns and pistols, and practise at a mark, or at birds, in their tutor's garden. A flock of sparrows settles on a tree; they fire at them. A man in a neighboring garden raises his head, and gazes sternly and significantly at them. Presently arrives a policeman, with a long printed paper of regulations against the shooting of birds, with all the pains and penalties. The youths lay aside the fowling-piece, and amuse themselves with shooting at the sparrows with pellets of putty, sent from a sarbacan or blow-gun, blown by the mouth. Presently appears again the grave servant of justice, with another long printed paper, showing how strictly it is forbidden to kill *singing*-birds, with a list of those which are decided by the wisdom of government to be singing-birds, and the various fines for such offences, mounting up in severity from a tomtit to a nightingale, the penalty for whose death is five florins, or 8*s.* 4*d.* Guns and blow-guns being thus spiked by the police, the unfortunate youths betook themselves into the open wood behind the house, where they supposed they could molest no one, and amused themselves with firing at a mark with a pistol. At the very first crack, however, out steps a *wood*-policeman, in his long drab coat with green collar, seizes the pistol, pockets it, and walks off. Astounded at this proceeding, the youths for some time desisted from all sorts of shooting; but, tempted one day by a handsome brass cannon in a shop-window in the city, (what *do* these shopkeepers sell little brass cannon *for*?) they immediately conclude that with cannons you may shoot. People do not shoot singing-birds, at all events, with *cannon*. They therefore bought the cannon; and to avoid all possible offence, they carried it into the mountains, and far up there, in a rocky hollow, they commenced firing their cannon at a mark on the wall of a precipice. Bang goes the little cannon, back it flies with the shock—out starts a policeman, and puts it in his pocket!

The patience of the youths was now exhausted. They demanded, "What! cannot we even fire a child's cannon?" The reply was, "Nein, das ist am strengsten verboten." "No, that is most strictly forbidden." The youths, with English spirit, protested against the seizure of their cannon. "Good! good!" was the answer, and the next day they were summoned to the Amt-house, and, on the clearest showing of the printed regulations, fined ten shillings.

Upon German honesty and truth Mr. Howitt cries nought, nought. An English family intending to settle is cheated from the beginning to the end of the chapter. The inkkeeper opens the ball, though Mr. Howitt thinks him about the



fairest of the lot. The Commissionarie, who is feed all round, dupes you in all cases. Lodging-house-keepers cheat you if they can; they are sure to entrap you, from your ignorance of German law and usage. The tradesmen impose upon you; your servants fleece you at market, and rob you at home; whilst the bulk of the titled are "impertinent;" and every one in Germany in public function has a title, the statistics varying from one person in five in Bohemia to a general average of one in twenty-five; but as the wife derives a title from her husband, and little children may be put aside, the statistics can give no idea of German wealth in titles. German friends are of no use; they will give you no information, or rather they will give you false information; "German truth" consisting in telling lies for Germans. Your best chance consists in a knowledge of the language and of an English resident family. If there be one, and you know them not, still go; it is your only hope of learning anything accurately. But do what you will, you must pass a novice; it took William and Mary three years to beat down to German charges. After all, there are mysteries to the economist in German living, which seem as puzzling as the mystery of life to the physiologist.

"There is a mystery which always puzzles the English. The German professors and other official people have often notoriously small salaries. You are told, for instance, that a German professor, with an income of 2,000 gulden—that is, about 180*l.* per annum—can live very well. Men of this income are pointed out to you. They live in houses as good, they have a family as large, who dress as well as yours. You see them at all public balls, concerts, and other places of amusement. They make their annual pleasure-tour to the baths or elsewhere. They drive about in hired carriages very freely, go to all entertainments at any distance in them, and appear dressed excellently. The ladies have always plenty of jewelry; they dress in satins and velvets on these occasions, and at home they have stocks of clothes which astonish you. *They*, in fact, heartily despise the small stores of all English people. But you, who do not exceed these people in any apparent article of expense, and who do not indulge in many particulars which they do, find that, at the lowest ebb of your economical discoveries, you cannot live for less than 7,000 gulden; and compare this sum with the expenditure of any or all of your English acquaintances, and you find it is the average or below it. All are in wonder over the mystery of German management, and not a mortal can dive into it. After the most unwearied efforts on our parts for three long years, we leave the penetration of this standing arcanum to some future genius in discovery."

Harsh as are the conclusions of Mr. Howitt, we make no doubt they are founded on facts, sublimated by a fiery temperament. We only question whether he has allowed sufficient for foreign habits and customs, which being strange seem to many wrong; or for the manner in which different classes, much more different peoples, take advantage of one another and deem it "all fair." That fine sense of honesty which approaches honor only obtains among persons of the same grade as to sympathy, if not condition. Abstract justice, we fear, is an abstraction as regards classes, and is only to be found among individual minds.

The second part of the book extends to the government, institutions, jurisprudence, and state education of Germany; with some comparisons as

to what we have imported from that country and what we ought to have imported, as well as digressions touching centralization, free trade, and the condition-of-England question. It is of necessity much less useful to individuals than the first part, and in any sense its character is more mixed. There is a singular union of shrewd and able remarks, clothed in forcible language, with mere prejudices, expressed in the commonplaces of party cant, with a violence that almost approaches vulgarity.

**JERUSALEM AT SUNSET.**—We generally resorted to the city as the sun declined. Solemn, sepulchral, is the character then impressed on the mind. Here is a city still to the eye extensive and populous, but no voice arises from its wide area and the hills and valleys around. The evening breeze rustles among its hoary trees, sweeping sadly the bleak rocky surface of the ground. The red light glances over the city, touching its domes and minarets with a last dying gleam, and the dreary hills are broken into grand masses of purple and vermilion, while the glen below, where sleep millions of the sons of Israel, and the sad groves which shrouded the agony of Christ, are sinking into the shades of night.

Such is the hour to view Jerusalem, alone, seated under some ancient tree, memorial of her past burden of glory and guilt. Then, looking eastward over the far horizon of Moab and the desert, glowing in the sun's last rays, complete the indelible impressions of a scene that for its associations is unequalled in the world. Our survey of Olivet would be incomplete without visiting Bethany, (which is, in fact, at its eastern extremity,) the village to which Jesus so often retired to visit the hospitable family of Lazarus. The path continues from the crest of Olivet, and, as we lose sight of Jerusalem, presents us with a succession of pleasing landscapes. The approach is through the open cornfields: the white roofs of the sequestered village are seen among groves of olives, which mark nearly the extremity of cultivation, before we reach the solitudes of the desert. There are, on the right, the remains of a building of the middle ages, and on the bleak hill beyond the more extensive ruins of a castle or convent, overlooking the Dead Sea and the Moab mountains. In the village is shown a tomb which tradition has selected as that of Lazarus. The pilgrim will linger about this pastoral spot, recalling the walks through the corn-fields, where Jesus plucked the ears of corn by the wayside, or imagining the sister of Lazarus coming forth to meet him, and conduct him to the tomb of his friend. Of all the walks about Jerusalem, this to Bethany, over the Mount of Olives, is the most picturesque in itself, and the most pleasing in its recollections.—*Bartlett's Jerusalem.*

#### SONNET.

I GAZED upon a landscape—all delights  
That Eden e'er comprised, yea more, were there;  
But one thing lacked there—and a gloom like night's  
Hung o'er that prospect, in itself so fair.  
The sun burst forth!—then temple, tower, and town,  
Rock, stream, lake, hill—as if with rapture rife—  
Glory and gladness from his face drew down,  
Caught the glad ray, and kindled into life!  
Even so, methought, in skies more clear than these,  
In scenes more fair, 'mid pleasures more profound,  
Something would lack—nor heav'n itself would please  
With glory's source, were not its glories crowned;  
One thing were wanting—heav'n had yet a need  
Till God shone forth!—then heav'n were heav'n  
indeed!

"OUR ANCIENT INSTITUTIONS."—Freemen! one of the toasts proposed the other evening at the conservative dinner, at Covent Garden, was Our Ancient Institutions. Punch very much questions if those who drank it knew what they were drinking. By this, he means no insinuation against the wine; although he will confess, for himself, that he never dined at a public dinner yet at which he did not wonder what the port and sherry were made of. He would only ask whether, when Our Ancient Institutions were drunk, the company had any idea of what they swallowed! Because, if not, he begs to tell them, and, in case they are jolly fellows, the information may be worth having, that the said toast might be very advantageously subdivided into several others, which, celebrated with a bumper each, would go far to make any gentleman comfortable. He will just mention a few.

"The Forest Laws."

"The Feudal System; with the Power of Pit and Gallows."

"Trial by Battle and Ordeal;" which last toast might be coupled with "Speed the hot Ploughshare."

"The Application of Dental Surgery, for the increase of the Crown Revenues, to Gentlemen of the Hebrew Persuasion."

"The Statute De Hæretico Comburendo."

"Ditto, against Witchcraft."

"The Star-Chamber."

"The 'Peine Forte et Dure;' and Examination by Torture."

"Hanging, Drawing, and Quartering."

"The Penal Laws, with the Test and Corporation Acts."

"The good old Criminal Code, with its Punishment of Death for stealing a Yard of Muslin."

In connexion with the above, various accessory toasts, emblematical of the wisdom and goodness of our ancestors, so evinced in their institutions, might be proposed; as, "The Rack," "The Thumb-screws," and "The Scavenger's Daughter."—*Punch*.

#### THE GOOD EMPEROR.

Tho' shouts were rais'd for Nicholas, yet some *would* raise a doubt,  
Whether he was great and good, or—only good for *knout*!—*Punch*.

#### PRIZE PREFACE.

EVEN as the farmer's wife, shaking in her apron the cereal grains, bringeth all sorts of fowl about her—now calling to cocks and hens, and now with her supper-voice charming doves and pigeons from cot and roof,—now making some distant goose give forth a hopeful gaggle, and now evoking even from ducks a hilarious quack,—even so hath Punch, shaking his purse of a hundred guineas to all men with pens—a hundred guineas, the reward of a prize preface to this his sixth volume—brought around him every sort of quill, now fluttering with hope, now tremulous for gold!

Alas! why cannot the resemblance continue? Why, like the aforesaid farmer's wife, cannot Punch shower liberal handfuls to all? Why hath he no more than one hundred guineas for one successful bird? In truth, if Punch, as his old friend Brutus once hinted, could

"Coin his heart and drop his blood for drachmas,"—he would have more than enough to satisfy all comers. His sympathies are unfathomable; but though deep, his pocket has a bottom.

Otherwise, how would he cast about him the golden grain to the quills stained to attempt the prize preface! He would throw a handful even to that gray old goose—an ex-minister. He would not withhold some recompense from yonder jack-daw, plump and glossy as he is with comfortable roosting in a church-tower; he would even scatter the grain to that flamingo, a field-marshal:—and how would he shower it down among the small birds that with timid, trembling wings, have answered to the call of—"PREFACE!" But Plutus is a tyrant, and permits Punch to give only one hundred guineas to one successful quill.

Prefaces, multitudinous as snow-flakes, have dropt into our letter-box. They have all been read by the judicial committee—whose names are given in the last page—and the prize declared. We are happy to state that we have received the permission of the writers to print the effusions herewith presented to the reader. A thousand others have passed into the purifying flames.

Each preface was sent with simply a motto, or quotation, to distinguish it. The selection being made, we now—with the consent of each writer—give his name.

LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

"Rude am I in speech."—*Shakspeare*.

Punch herewith publishes his sixth volume. If he were given to boast, amplify, exaggerate, accumulate, or heap words on words to his own glorification, he might here observe that he, above all men, has been the public's friend. That in the street or out of the street, orally or in print, sleeping or waking, eating or temperately drinking, his one, sole, single thought has been for the benefit of human nature, and never, directly or indirectly, for the base, foul, fetid soul-destroying threepence (fourpence stamped) at which his weekly sheet is given—(he may, indeed, looking at what it contains, say *given*)—to universal mankind. Punch might boast, but he never does! No; even his worst enemies—and he is proud to say he *has* enemies—the mean, the malignant, the envious, the crass, the wicked, and the corrupt—cannot lay their hands upon those hollow, burnt-out cinders, their hearts, and charge Punch with boasting. Neither can he fawn or gloze! But this he *can* do—he can, when it suits his purpose, rail at all people the same, and, like a humanameleon, forswear every shade of opinion, when for the moment he has ceased to wear it.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"I should be mad to write a Preface."—*Wellington's Speeches, slightly improved*.

"Field-Marshal Punch presents his sixth volume to the public. Field-marshal Punch believes it to be an admirable volume—his best yet. If, however, the public think differently, why, the public are welcome to do so."

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

"Master Surecard, as I think?"—*Shakspeare*.

Punch, in presenting his sixth volume to the consideration of the world, may be allowed to look proudly back at his career. If, in the course of his public life, he has now and then altered his opinion, he has never done so but, as he conceived,

for his own benefit. Neither has he, with a false and squeamish modesty, refused to avail himself of the measures of any man, or any set of men, when—time and place altered—he has deemed them conducive to his own advantage. He has levied a slight tax upon the income of the nation, which has been joyously paid. He will, whatever the nation may think to the contrary, continue to lay that impost. Having been “regularly called in” to prescribe for John Bull, he is determined to make the most of his appointment. God save the queen, and no money returned!

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, ESQ., M. P.

“Young Ben he was a nice young man.”—*Hood*.

All great deeds have been achieved by young men. Punch—as literary Punch—is, with his sixth volume, only three years old; yet what has he not accomplished! He hath taken the hearts of the nation captive! He hath, by his downright singleness of purpose—by his invincible yearnings for all that was pure, and genial, and actively benevolent in the spirit and institutions of the olden day—awakened throughout Great Britain a soul that is now wrestling with the craft, and sordidness, and miserable egotism of the mere money-changers. Under the influence of Punch, John Bull, like a wrinkled viper, will cast his skin, and—*exultans in suis viribus*—become young master England. Punch is only another of the long line of illustrious youth who, at certain seasons, have been sent for the world's health and progress. Look at Gargantua when he was only one day old! Consider master Betty when he numbered only eleven years! Forget not Hercules in his cradle! Ponder upon Clara Fisher at Drury Lane—Giulio Regondi at all the concert-rooms—and the Masters Collins, with their fiddles, at the Adelphi: Jack the giant-killer in times past—and the boy Jones of the present generation! All these names bear witness to the power of youth: and it is youth, and youth alone, that hath given to Punch the sovereignty he now holds.

It has been remarked by the surpassing author of the brilliant *Coningsby*, that the world, although it dreams not of the glory, is at the present time governed by the Hebrew mind! Punch can bear testimony to the fact. Once Punch wanted money. Who lent him at sixty per cent.?—a Jew! Who sued him on a bill!—a Jew! Who arrested him!—a Jew! Who sold him up!—a Jew! These, however, are common events. The world, however, will be startled to learn that Punch himself—witness his nose—is a Jew! With this truth made manifest, truly, indeed, did the eloquent and deep-thoughted author of *Coningsby* declare that the world was “governed by the Jewish mind.” We shall publish our next volume in Hebrew.

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

“Jack Sheppard is a thief, but he never told a lie.”—*Ainsworth*.

This is Punch's sixth volume. It has cost us much labor, but the labor we take pleasure in gives medicine to annoyance. It is true we labor all the week, but how sweet is our repose on Sundays! Then with village maids we stray, where lo! the gentle lark sings most musical, most melancholy. Then returning to home, sweet home, with the pearls upon our brow, we sit us down and tell strange anecdotes of the deaths of kings. 'T was ever thus with us in childhood's hour; and, feel-

thus shall we proceed. We have finished our sixth volume. To-morrow to fresh meadows and clover new! In six months more we shall say of our volumes, in the touching words of the poet,—“We are half-a-dozen and one.”

JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

“Wanted, a large house, handsomely furnished, in one of the squares.”—*Daily Advertiser*.

Punch, having finished his sixth volume, calls upon the gratitude of the public to do something for him; and, to save all confusion, will state what he wants. Namely, a house in Portland Square, his own freehold, handsomely furnished; cellar stocked with wines; an extensive library; and a liberal yearly income for condescending to accept the present. Direct to Punch's office, Strand. N. B. There must be a back attic made for Punch's dear friend, George Jones.

GENERAL TOM THUMB.

“Kings are partial to low company.”—*Burke*.

This is our sixth volume. It is first-rate. It has, perhaps, one fault: it is printed, we guess, in too large a type. We shall endeavor henceforth to print it in a type so tarnation small, that it will require rather quick eyes to see its face. Having done this, Punch hopes to go ahead, and so, from his extreme littleness, to become an immense favorite at the palace.

We have now to give the names of the Reading Committee, with their verdict.

*Reading Committee.*

Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Denman, Lord Cottenham, Lord Campbell, Sir N. C. Tindal, Knt., Sir T. Coltman, Knt., Sir J. Parke, Knt., Sir James Pollett, Knt., Sir John Patteson, Knt., Sir Lancelot Shadwell, Knt., Sir J. L. K. Bruce, Knt., Sir James Wigram, Knt.

“We, the Reading Committee, appointed by Punch to read the prefaces to his sixth volume, sent in by candidates for the prize of one hundred guineas, do hereby declare that the writer of the preface with the quotation, ‘*Rude am I in speech*,’ is, in our opinion, entitled to the prize, as containing the greatest amount of swagger in the fewest possible syllables. In testimony whereof, witness our hands:—

(Here follow the signatures.)

“Lovegroves, Blackwall, June 20th, 1844.”

Upon this, Punch immediately handed over the hundred guineas to the fortunate writer, as will be seen from the subjoined receipt:—

“LONDON, June 22, 1844.

“Rec'd of Mr. Punch one hundred guineas.

£105.0.0.

BROUGHAM.”

Extract from a review in the *Athenæum*.

*Excursion through the Slave States of America.*  
By G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, F.R.S.,  
F.G.S. 2 vols. 8vo. Murray.

A SAD change has been wrought in the feeling with which Englishmen were accustomed to regard the people of the United States. Some few years ago, in spite of trifling disputes and petty jealousies, the English people felt an honorable pride in the progress of their brethren beyond the Atlantic; they saw them subdue the forest, and conquer the wilderness; they beheld them display the unequalled energies of the Saxon race tri-

other branch of the great human family had quailed, and they trusted that whatever of frailty and whatever of evil had intruded into their hasty institutions, would be gradually got rid of by the advance and the diffusion of knowledge and by the increase of experience. It was natural to believe that, however difficult reform might be in an old country, where the abuses that intertwine with institutions, from vested interests, which, like the parasitical plants that clasp an ancient tree, cannot always be removed without endangering that to which they have been attached; in a new country, where such abuses had not had time to take root, and where unlimited extent of territory afforded room for transplanting whatever improvement might have disturbed, the march of reformation would proceed unimpeded, and the final triumph of sound principle be ultimately secured. We have not abandoned this hope; in spite of repudiation, of slavery, of ruffian violence substituted for the administration of justice, of coward rule afraid to repress crime, and of the fatal desire of territorial acquisition, indulged in open violation of the first principles of international law, we have still confidence in the indestructible elements of the Anglo-Saxon character; we still believe that the United States is destined to work out the noblest of all triumphs, that of self-cure and self-redemption.

There is one great obstacle to such a renovation; there is a fatal element of degeneracy, which has proved the ruin of every free state that has a name in history, and which in America overmasters every other principle, and that is the insatiable craving of the people for adulation, and their demand for flattery more gross, fulsome, and extravagant than ever found place even in Grecian panegyrics. He is no friend to America or the Americans, who thus panders to the pride and prejudice of the "sovereign people;" he is no true lover of freedom who conceals the important truth that anarchy is not liberty; and he is no patriot that teaches his countrymen to be proud of profligacy. Mr. Featherstonhaugh declares himself a friend to the American nation, in which he has resided for more than thirty years; he speaks with evident regret of what he has seen to condemn, with warm eulogy of what he has found to approve; ten years have elapsed since he first began to prepare his notes for publication, and during that period he has corrected the hasty results of first observations by reflection; and a comparison of his statements with those of more recent travellers, and with the official documents issued by the Southern States, leads us to believe that his volumes contain an honest description of the condition of society in the slave-holding States south of the Potomac. Mr. Featherstonhaugh explored this country as a geologist, and the scientific results of his researches occupy a large portion of these volumes. Interesting as these are, we turn from them to his sketches of public and private life, which go far to prove the truth of the Aristophanic adage that "a self-flattered democracy is likely to turn into an aristocracy of blackguards."

It must be mentioned, to the honor of Tennessee, that it has taken the lead in patronizing science, by appointing a state-geologist and naturalist. The appointment is held by Dr. Troost, an eccentric Dutchman, whose passion for all animals of the serpent kind is carried to the wildest extravagance:—

"Everything of the serpent kind he has a particular fancy for, and has always a number of them—

that he has tamed—in his pockets or under his waistcoat. To loiter back in his rocking-chair, to talk about geology, and pat the head of a large snake, when twining itself about his neck, is to him supreme felicity. Every year in the vacation he makes an excursion to the hills, and I was told that, upon one of these occasions, being taken up by the stage-coach, which had several members of Congress in it going to Washington, the learned doctor took his seat on the top with a large basket, the lid of which was not over and above well secured. Near to this basket sat a Baptist preacher on his way to a great public immersion. His reverence, awakening from a reverie he had fallen into, beheld, to his unutterable horror, two rattlesnakes raise their fearful heads out of the basket, and immediately precipitated himself upon the driver, who, almost knocked off his seat, no sooner became apprized of the character of his ophidian outside passengers than he jumped upon the ground with the reins in his hands, and was followed instant by the preacher. The 'insides,' as soon as they learned what was going on, immediately became outsides, and nobody was left but the doctor and his rattlesnakes on the top. But the doctor, not entering into the general alarm, quietly placed his greatcoat over the basket, and tied it down with his handkerchief, which, when he had done, he said 'Gentlemen, only don't let dese poor dings pite you, and dey won't hoort you.'"

The doctor's museum contains many interesting Indian antiquities, some of which tend to throw light on the connexion between the ancient Mexicans and "the people of the mounds:"—

"Amongst his Indian relics I observed some (I had seen fragments of a like kind found in the valleys near Sparta) bearing a close resemblance to the Mexican idols or Teutes. One of them was very interesting. Some portions of a large *Cassia cornuta*—a shell found near Tampico, in the Gulf of Mexico—had been broken away, and one of these images or idols was placed upon a point of the Columella as a kind of altar. This was found in Sequatchee Valley, in Bledsøe county, through which runs a tributary of the Tennessee, whose waters flow into the Mississippi. This Sequatchee Valley seems to have been a favorite resort of the Indians in old times, for it contains great numbers of their graves and monuments. When the language of the Cherokee Indians comes to be analytically examined, some affinities to the Aztec dialects may possibly be discovered; and it certainly is a fact of some importance to the inquirer after the origin of the Indians, that there are some points of resemblance between the Cherokees and Mexicans, and that the first had been seated, long before America was discovered, in warm sheltered valleys that debouched into rivers emptying into the Gulf of Mexico."

The mounds frequently came under Mr. Featherstonhaugh's notice, and he assigns strong reasons in confirmation of our opinion, (stated in the review of Bradford's "American Antiquities," *Ath.* No. 760,) that the builders of them were of the same race as the existing Indians of North America:—

"General Ashly, who perhaps possesses more practical information respecting the Indians than any other individual, assures me that he has found them in every possible situation in the remote countries adjacent to the Rocky Mountains; so that when we consider that one or more skeletons, accompanied with pottery and warlike weapons, have been found in all the mounds that have been opened, we may at any rate reasonably conclude that these structures were intended, in their origin as sepulchres for the eminent dead of the aborigines, and were to the In-

dians what the pyramids were to the ancient Egyptians, and the barrow to the races that inhabited England in times of yore. The ingenuity of the human race, before metals came into use, seems generally, and in situations the most remote from each other, to have been directed to the same contrivances; the ancient British raised the barrow over the chieftain, and placed an earthen vase slightly ornamented near the illustrious dead; the red Indian of North America did exactly the same thing; and not only are all the specimens of pottery found in these American barrows, which I have seen, whether in Tennessee, Missouri, or in the museums, made of sand and clay, and freshwater shells ground up, but they exactly resemble each other in their ornaments and form, and scarcely at all differ in the size and pattern. I possess many specimens of ancient British and American vases, that only differ from each other in the ingredients of which they are made. In the ancient British barrows the stone coffin, too, or kistvaen, is composed of six pieces of stone, just as the stone coffins near Sparta, in Tennessee. The remarkable diversity of dialects which has for a long time existed between the Indian tribes that inhabit North America, the rooted antipathy that one tribe often cherishes to another, and some striking differences which are to be observed in their customs, are facts which have led to the inference, with many persons, that the existing races have had a various origin; still their color, their skulls, and physiognomies, the close resemblance in their modes of sepulchre wherever found, the forms and materials of their vases, their mounds, their stone axes, arrow-heads, and the purposes to which they have been applied in all times, seem— independent of their traditions—to form an indelible link betwixt the ancient and existing races of Indians, and to prove that these last are but generations descended from the first; all these natural, artificial, and traditionary evidences betraying a connexion which cannot otherwise be proved in the case of savage people who have never had any permanent records."

From Major Sibley, who resided many years among the western Indians as agent of the United States, important information was obtained, which, if sufficiently authenticated, would decide this interesting and disputed question:—

"We soon got into a conversation about the lofty mounds I had seen, when he stated that an ancient chief of the Osage Indians, (corrupted by the French from *Whashash*.) informed him whilst he was a resident amongst them, that a large conical mound, which he, Major Sibley, was in the habit of seeing every day whilst he resided amongst them, was constructed when he was a boy. That a chief of his nation, who was a most distinguished warrior, and greatly beloved by the Indians, and who was called Jean Defoe by the French, unexpectedly died whilst all the men of his tribe were hunting in a distant country. His friends buried him in the usual manner, with his weapons, his earthen pot, and the usual accompaniments, and raised a small mound over his remains. When the nation returned from the hunt, this mound was enlarged at intervals, every man assisting to carry materials, and thus the accumulation of earth went on for a long period until it reached its present height, when they dressed it off at the top to a conical form. The old chief further said that he had been informed and believed, that all the mounds had a similar origin; and that the tradition had been steadily transmitted down from their ancestors, that the *Whashash* had originally emigrated from the east in great numbers, the population being too dense for their hunting-grounds."

The disorganized condition of Missouri is described in very dark colors, and is illustrated by

anecdotes of brutality and open violence exhibited even in courts of justice. We turn from these sad scenes to a description of one of the most remarkable phenomena of the Western States:—

"A new and very interesting spectacle now presented itself, in the incredible quantities of wild pigeons that were abroad; flocks of them many miles long came across the country, one flight succeeding to another, obscuring the daylight, and in their swift motion creating a wind, and producing a rushing and startling sound, that cataracts of the first class might be proud of. These flights of wild pigeons constitute one of the most remarkable phenomena of the western country. I remember once, when amongst the Indians, seeing the woods loaded from top to bottom with their nests for a great number of miles, the heaviest branches of the trees broken and fallen to the ground, which was strewn with young birds, dead and alive, that the Indians in great numbers were picking up to carry away with their horses: many of their dogs were said to be gone mad with feeding upon their putrid remains. A forest thus loaded and half-destroyed with these birds, presents an extraordinary spectacle which cannot be rivalled; but when such myriads of timid birds as the wild pigeon are on the wing, often wheeling and performing evolutions almost as complicated as pyrotechnic movements, and creating whirlwinds as they move, they present an image of the most fearful power. Our horse, Missouri, at such times, has been so cowed by them, that he would stand still and tremble in his harness, whilst we ourselves were glad when their flight was directed from us."

#### *Western Barbary: its wild Tribes, and savage Animals.* By J. H. DRUMMOND HAY, Esq.

(Second Notice.)

We left the travellers on their arrival at Larraiche. "We rode through the gate," says Mr. Hay, "followed by an insolent mob, to whom we gave full permission to curse and swear at the Nazarenes, whilst they were out of hearing; but I deemed it expedient now and then to warn them of the Bashaw's displeasure, if any one dared 'to burn my grandfather'"—a common curse in West Barbary. The inhabitants are described as ill-favored, and very different from the generality of the Moorish race. Here is a mixture of the negro with the native blood, and they suffer greatly from intermittent fever. Mr. Hay took up his residence at the "consular agent's *Palacio*," for so are called the wretched habitations of the Jews, whose ancestors three hundred years since were iniquitously driven out of the Peninsula:—

"Dinner being announced, our host joined us at table, and, being a Rabbi, went through the usual forms and prayers in cutting bread and pouring out the wines, and on sitting down and rising up; all which looked much like *hocus focus* to our 'heathen' minds. It was the Sabbath-even, and he could not touch fire nor hold a lighted candle. To such an extent, indeed, does this superstition prevail among these benighted children of Israel, that a poor young woman whose clothes had caught fire on a Saturday, and this in the midst of her family, among whom were several grown-up men, was obliged to rush into the street, and would have been burnt to death had it not been for the prompt assistance of some passing Moslem. \* \* While at dinner, our meal and talk were interrupted by the noise of a cymbal and the shrill yell of women, accompanied by the nasal shouts of the Hebrew tribe, who were conducting a bride to her betrothed; the procession stopped beneath our window, as a compliment to the strangers, who might

wish to see the finery of the happy damsel. She was, indeed, extremely pretty, and fair as purest wax: her 'Jew's eyes' were shut, but the eyelashes and eyebrows were all a bridegroom could wish. A blaze of torches surrounded her, and she was supported by her male relations. Every muscle of her countenance seemed immovably fixed in obedience to the rigid ordinances of her race; and the poor bride looked, as she proceeded on her way, more like an automaton than a living lass just about to be married. On her head was a tiara rich in pearls and other jewelry. Her dress was of crimson and gold cloth; and a necklace, bracelets, and anklets of a very antique form loaded her slender person. Her feet were *stockingless*, but were encased in gilded leathern shoes."

Mr. Hay tells an amusing anecdote in proof of the superstitious horror which the people have against Jews or Christians entering their mosques.—

"The clock of the '*Jamaa Kebeer*,' the great mosque at Tangier, being much out of order, needed some skilful craftsman to repair it. None, however, of the 'faithful' were competent to the task, nor could they even discover what part of the machinery was deranged, though many put forth their opinions with great pomp and authority; amongst the rest one man gravely declared that a *Jin*, or evil genius, had in all probability taken up its abode within the clock. Various exorcisms were accordingly essayed, sufficient, as every true believer supposed, to have expelled a legion of devils—yet all in vain: the clock continued dumb. A Christian clockmaker, 'a cursed Nazarene,' was now their sole resource; and such an one fortunately was sojourning in Tangier—'the city protected of the Lord.' He was from Genoa, and of course a most pious Christian; how then were they, the faithful followers of the Prophet, to manage to employ him? The clock was fixed in the wall of the tower, and it was, of course, a thing impossible to allow the Kaffer to defile God's house of prayer by his sacrilegious steps. \* \* One proposed to abandon the clock altogether; another would lay down boards over which the infidel might pass without touching the sacred floor; but this was held not to be a sufficient safeguard; and it was finally decided to pull up that part of the pavement on which the Kaffer trod, and whitewash the walls near which he passed. The Christian was now sent for, and told what was required of him; and he was expressly commanded to take off his shoes and stockings on entering the *Jamaa*. 'That I won't,' said the stout little watchmaker; 'I never took them off when I entered the chapel of the most Holy Virgin,' and here he crossed himself devoutly, 'and I won't take them off in the house of your prophet.' They cursed in their hearts the watchmaker and all his race, and were in a state of vast perplexity. The wise Oolama had met early in the morning; it was already noon, and yet, so far from having got over their difficulty, they were in fact exactly where they had been before breakfast; when a grey-bearded Mueddin, who had hitherto been silent, craved permission to speak. The kaid and the kady nodded their assent. 'If,' said the venerable priest, 'the mosque be out of repair, and lime and bricks have to be conveyed into the interior for the use of the masons, do not asses carry those loads, and do not they enter with their shoes on?' 'You speak truly,' was the general reply. 'And does the donkey,' resumed the Mueddin, 'believe in the One God, or in Mahomed the prophet of God?' 'No, in truth,' all replied. 'Then,' said the Mueddin, 'let the Christian go in shod as a donkey would do, and come out like a donkey.' The argument of the Mueddin was unanimously applauded. In the character of a donkey, therefore, did the Christian enter the Mahomedan temple."

At Lاراiche, Mr. Hay saw the only wheeled carriage he ever met with in Morocco:—

"When Prince Frederick of Hesse-Darmstadt arrived in 1839 at Tangier, whither he exiled himself for some months, his Highness brought with him two carriages, which looked like those of the time of our great-great-grandfathers. Finding that the local authorities objected to his making use of a wheeled vehicle in the town, he wrote to the Sultan, offering to pave the main street of Tangier, if permitted to use his carriages. The Shereefian monarch graciously consented, on condition that the Prince's vehicles were deprived of their wheels, as without that precaution the Protector of the Faithful feared that the lives of his loyal subjects would be exposed to imminent danger. Strange to say, the Prince followed this injunction to the very letter, and one of the carriages, deprived of its wheels, was borne as a litter between two stout mules."

We leave it to the consideration of our lady readers to say whether the following ought to be ranked among the barbarous customs of the country:—

"In the district of Bemin Sooar, a mountainous country, inhabited entirely by Berber tribes, there is one place, where, during the fair, a barter of a very curious kind takes place. This fair is held only once a year, and is chiefly resorted to for the purpose of bachelors finding wives, married men adding to their matrimonial treasures, and maidens or widows getting husbands. In fact, the whole affair resolves itself into the women selling themselves: but to escape the ignominy of such a procedure, the traffic is carried on in the following manner:—Each lady desiring to enter into wedlock, dresses herself in her best and most becoming attire, and taking with her a piece of cloth of her own weaving, sits down unveiled in the market-place. The men, both young and old, who are candidates for matrimony, parade about the market, examining the texture of the cloth displayed by the ladies, and scrutinizing at the same time their looks and behavior. Should the customer be pleased with the maiden, he inquires the price of the cloth; she replies by naming what she would expect as a dowry, and the amount of this she raises or depresses according as the candidate for her heart may please her, resorting to the demand of an exorbitant sum should she be averse to the purchaser. During this barter, the enamored swain is able, in some degree, to judge of her temper and character. If they come to an agreement, the parents of the girl are appealed to; and they have the right to assent or not, as they please. Should they assent, the parties adjourn to a public notary, the contract is made, and the purchased bride is carried off to her new home. In this traffic, widows are at a low price in general, and divorced ladies sell their cloths very cheap. The wife thus purchased cannot be resold, however much the purchaser may repent of his bargain. She is his *lawful wedded wife*, and retains the purchase money, which is her jointure or dowry. It is evident that this curious system of barter has been resorted to by these Mahomedan mountaineers as a means of evading the law of the Prophet, which interdicts all courtship before marriage."

We will now introduce the reader to an Arab tent and an Arab feast:—

"At sunset we reached Ain el Khâder, or the Green Fountain, the site of an encampment of the tribe of Ibdor. At this spot we pitched our tent, and were visited by a son of the sheikh, who, on the part of his father, invited us to dinner, which, he said, was all prepared and waiting for us. We accepted the invitation, and found our host within his tent, seated on a cushion covered with the skin of a Caracal lynx

which is said to possess one property of inestimable value in this country, to wit, that a flea will never settle on it: and close to this, fine sheep-skins had been placed for his guests. 'Welcome, welcome,' said the sheikh; and when we were seated, he added, 'Are your seats comfortable? Have you all you require? Are you satisfied?' I replied by pouring out a redundancy of blessings on him and all his family and race, especially his great-great-grandfather. All further conversation was cut short by one of his slaves, Abd el Habeeb, appearing with a Moorish table beautifully carved and painted in arabesque. It was of a circular form, about two feet in diameter, and raised some six inches from the ground, which, squatting as we were around it, was a very convenient elevation. Upon this table was placed a large Moorish bowl containing a thick soup, with some kind of vermicelli in it, and highly seasoned with red peppers. In the savory mess were four wooden spoons of grotesque form, with which we set to work most heartily. The next dish was a stew of beef, accompanied with slices of melon to sharpen the appetite; and then appeared the usual conical dish of *kesksoo*. During the repast not a word was spoken, except it were the ejaculations of *Bismallah*, (in the name of God,) *el Handoo-billah*, (thanks to God,) or perhaps a *Saffee Allah*, (may God pardon me.) At length the Don and I were compelled to give up the attack upon the mountain of *kesksoo*, to the evident sorrow and surprise of the sheikh, who, as well as the kaid, continued for a long time to assault it vigorously. The ample dish being at last removed, the sheikh at last broke silence: 'Truly, you Christians have made but a poor feast. You require pig—that is your proper food, I am told; and without it you do not thrive. \*They tell me too,' he added, 'that you milk your pigs: wonderful indeed it is how the Lord's creatures err!' 'Blessings upon your beard!' said I: 'what false ideas you Moslems have regarding the followers of Seedna Asia, (the Lord Jesus.) But let me talk with you about this meat of pig.' 'God forbid!' said the Arab; 'it is a sin even to think of it.' 'Sin to think of a pig?' said I, taking him rather quickly: 'Sin, do you call it? Tell me, O follower of the Prophet, who made the pig?' 'God,' replied the sheikh. 'Then,' said I, 'according to your account, God created sin.' The old sheikh reflected for a moment, and turning to the Mallem, said—'Of a truth the young Nazarene has entrapped me; I never heard it put in that way before.' \* \* Upon this he fell into a brown study. I had not, however, any great idea that I had made a convert, and, indeed, if I had, his next words would have dispelled the illusion. For still harping upon the 'father of tusks,' he said, almost with a sigh, 'I am told that there is only one part of the pig which is forbidden; but, unluckily, our prophet forgot to mention which. May God have mercy on us all!' 'Amen,' I responded; and we changed the conversation."

Mr. Hay has devoted a chapter to poor Davidson, who lost his life in the attempt to reach Timbuctoo. His speculations on the possible success of future travellers, confirm, on the very best authority, what has been often stated in the *Athenæum*—that the only chance is to go as a small trader:—

"Davidson started from the very first in a manner which tended to throw impediments in his way. He had published to the world his intended journey, and the fame of his coming was bruited about at Gibraltar long before he appeared, and that famous rock has always been a hot-bed for engendering mischievous reports, which, if connected in any way with Morocco, are sure to find their way over the Straits, and thence to the court at Morocco, in an exaggerated

and distorted form. He had been received at Gibraltar with great kindness by the authorities and inhabitants, and fêted during the time he was there, a compliment which the enterprising traveller well deserved; but such hospitality was ill-timed and unfortunate, for the greater the importance given at Gibraltar to his character and proceedings, the more impediments was he certain to meet with on the other side of the Straits: and thus it proved, for from that time he was looked upon by the Moors as an agent sent by the British government to inquire into the state of the country, its productions and capabilities, and it is more than probable they suspected that his mission was connected with plans of future conquest. Davidson brought with him a letter of recommendation from his Majesty William IV. to the Sultan of Morocco, stating that the object of his travels was purely scientific. The delivery of this letter to the Sultan was in itself an unwise measure, for it stamped the bearer as an agent of the British government, and consequently Davidson was looked upon with a jealous and suspicious eye by the Moorish court. The Sultan of Morocco little knows or cares about scientific pursuits. It would never enter into the mind of a Moor, not even the most enlightened, that any man would expose his life by travelling through the wild tracts of West Barbary, or attempt to penetrate into the land of deserts and death, solely for the love of travel and science. Gain, the Moor would argue, must be his object, and for this alone, would he conclude, the Englishman was travelling in countries where he exposed his life. To a like course of reasoning among the wealthy merchants of Fas and Tâfêlt may the death of the unfortunate traveller be attributed: these traders, and others of the principal towns of Morocco, have long held in their hands the monopoly of the trade of Northern Africa, consisting in gold-dust, ivory, ostrich feathers, &c. With what eyes must they then have viewed the man whom they considered the emissary of a great commercial nation, with whom these goods have long been an object of traffic! The natural inference of these Moors would be—This man is going into the interior to enter into an arrangement with agents there for sending the productions of the country to some more direct port of export than those of Morocco; and if he succeed in this object, he will destroy our trade. Impressed with views such as these, and callous in the commission of crime, it is easy to suppose that these traders would have endeavored to prevent, either by fair means or foul, the return of such a traveller to his own country, as his success might ensure their ruin."

So satisfied were those best able to judge of the dangers and difficulties of the journey, from a long residence in Morocco, of the impossibility of Davidson succeeding, under the circumstances adverted to, that they strongly advised him to return to England; to give out that he had abandoned the attempt, and remain quiet until it was forgotten; then to change his name, embark at London direct for Mogadore; there to start as a petty trader, and, having then established commercial relations with the traders of the interior, join a *kafila* for the purpose of purchasing goods. "Had Davidson," says Mr. Hay, "prudently adopted measures such as these, he could have penetrated into the interior to Timbuctoo, or even farther if he had pleased; nobody would have heard of his journey, or if they had, they would not have thought it worth while to murder a mere petty trader of Mogadore, who did not interfere in any way with them, and who had every appearance of being a needy man, and of having, on that account, undertaken the journey himself, instead of sending an agent. \* \* I attribute the failure of all



our travellers in their attempts to penetrate into the interior of Africa to the notoriety with which their perilous journey has been undertaken, thus exciting the jealousy of both *natives* and *foreigners*. I have not much faith in Caillie's accounts: he may have been at Timbuctoo, but if he has accuracy as a draftsman, it does not appear to have been his forte. I showed to a native of Timbuctoo the sketch he gives of that town, and the man neither recognized the forms of the houses nor the situation of the town itself; although, on being shown other drawings of cities and villages with which he was also acquainted, he at once named the places which they represented."—*Athenæum*.

*Letters of Elizabeth Charlotte Duchess of Orleans, &c.—[Briefe, &c., an die Raugräfin Louise.]*

[Second Notice.]

We cannot open our second notice better than with a sketch of Louis the Fifteenth, in the bud of promise:—

Our little king here is in perfect health, thank God! and has never been ill, indeed. He is very lively and never remains a moment in one posture. To tell the truth, he is quite an untamed child. They let him have just his own way in everything, for fear they should make him poorly; I am persuaded that if he was corrected, he would not be so passionate—but every one wishes to be in the king's favor, young as he is. \* \* He has a smart figure and a clever wit, but is quite a bad child; loves nobody except his former governess—no one else in the world—takes aversions to people without any cause, and loves to say something piquant. I am not in his favor; but that does not trouble me, for by the time when he will come to reign, I shall have left this world, and be independent of his caprice. \* \* When I tell my son to beware of ill-disposed people, he answers me with a smile, and says, "Vous savez bien, Made., qu'on ne peut éviter ce que Dieu vous a le tout temps destinés, ainsi si je le suis à périr, je ne le pourrais éviter; ainsi je ferai ce que qui est raisonnable pour ma conservation, mais rien d'extraordinaire." My son has studied well, has a good memory, and knows how to talk on all subjects, speaks remarkably well in public; but he is a man, and has his faults, like others; yet all that is bad in him is only against himself, for towards everybody beside himself he is only too good. To your wishes for him I say, with all my heart, Amen.

Madame de Berri's style of diet is curious, and may find admirers:—

Madame de Berri eats little at dinner; but how is it possible that she should? for she lies in bed and eats a load of cheesecakes, of all sorts, and never gets up till twelve. Then, about two o'clock, she goes to the dinner-table, eats but little, withdraws about three, but takes no walk. At four they bring her salads, cheesecakes, and fruit; then, about ten, she goes to supper, and eats until twelve, goes to bed about one or two o'clock, and, to help her digestion, she drinks the strongest brandy.

To return to the promising young king:—

Our young king pays me every year a couple of visits, much against his own will; for he cannot bear me. I believe it is because I have twice said to him that it does not beseeem a great king like himself to be so mutinous and opinionated. \* \* I don't believe

qu'on est sauvé et va droit en paradis; que je serois heureuse donc si le bon Dieu me vouloit prendre." I fear the child has too much understanding, and will not live long. One is quite frightened to hear her talk so. She has the prettiest manners in the world, is very fond of me, &c. &c. I am not on bad terms, just now, with the young king. I played a rare joke on his jealous tutors the other day. He had a fit of the windy colic, so I slipped a little billet into his hand. Marshal de Villeroi looked quite embarrassed, and asked me, very seriously, "Madam, what billet have you given the king?" I replied, that it was a recipe against the colic. "But none must prescribe remedies save the king's physician," said he. "Oh," said I, "Monsieur Dodart will approve of this, for it is only a little song. You can read it, if you like." So he read it.

We have often to take off the point from the anecdotes of the duchess—a process not very favorable, certainly, to a spirited translation.

Her love of gossip remained till her last days; and after her journey to the coronation of Louis the Fifteenth, at Rheims, when rapidly failing in strength, she still promises more news: "If God spare me till to-morrow, I will send you a full description of the coronation—nothing in the world could be more beautiful!" We regret that we cannot treat our readers with a richer banquet of the good things in this correspondence; but the honest duchess has not the art of giving to her stories those neat and innocent turns for which Autolycus was so famous in his songs. Instead of the graceful periphrases which the French supplies, the duchess preferred the use of German as plain and blunt as herself. We may take a few more specimens of gossip at random:—

It is a droll story this of the Duke de Chartres' marriage; but I must not send it by the post. By the bye, I have heard a story told, that at Metz, in the Reformed Church, a lady came to be married to such a mere boy that the parson said to her, "Pressentes vous cest enfant pour estre pabtisses?" So might it be said to the Countess of Limburgh with her eighteen-years-old husband.

Here we have a short notice of the widow of James the Second of England:—

I write to you to-day with a troubled heart, and all yesterday I was weeping. Yesterday morning, about seven o'clock, the good, pious, and virtuous Queen of England died at St. Germain. She must be in heaven. She kept not a dollar for herself, but gave all away to the poor, maintaining several families. She never in her life did wrong to any one; and when you would tell her a story about anybody, she would say, "Si c'est mal de quelqu'un je vous prie ne me le ditte pas; je n'aime pas les histoires qui attaquent la réputation." She bore her misfortunes with the greatest patience, and not from simplicity, for she had a good understanding, was very agreeable in conversation, could laugh and joke very pleasantly. She often praised our Princess of Wales. I loved this Queen much, and her death has caused me much sorrow.

Whenever the duchess touches upon the character of Mad. de Maintenon, her German becomes energetic beyond our powers of translation:—

Such baseness as we have here was never known before in the world, I believe. It verifies the old German proverb, "Where the devil cannot get in, he



destruction; the first because she would like to have her pet, the Duke de Maine, on the throne, and the second for no reason whatever, unless my son has told her that she is old. I am sure he has done her no other wrong; yet these two, with all their set, persecute my son detestably, and as long as they live he must expect no peace in the world.

"From gay to grave" the duchess makes easy transitions:—

A lady of quality, of the name of Henderson, fell ill at Maestricht, and lay in such a deep lethargy that she could neither move hand nor tongue, nor give any sign of life, only she could see and hear. They placed a great crucifix before her bed, with silver candlesticks, hung the room and her bed in black cloth, all according to Catholic customs with the dead; but when she heard them giving orders for the coffin to be brought, she made such an effort that her tongue was loosened, and she cried out, "Away with all this, and bring me something to eat and drink!" All who were in the chamber were so terrified that they tumbled over one another in a heap. The lady lived three years afterwards.

Here is a hasty outline of a domestic tragedy:—

I have known this woman of the name of La Perillie, who comes of good parentage, and had good property. You might easily see that she had been well educated, and she played very well upon the guitar. Even in her greatest fury of distraction, when she was for murdering everybody, if you could put the guitar into her hand, as soon as she began to play she recovered herself, and was calm again. The poor woman was crazed with sorrows, for she has had terrible misfortunes. Two brothers, whom she heartily loved, were assassinated in her presence. She had a husband, too, whom she loved, but he ran away with a worthless companion. She followed him as far as Copenhagen, but there he drove her from him, pretending that she was not his wife, but a crazy woman. These troubles, coming so closely one upon the other, made her crazy indeed. I pity her greatly. She was fond of me, and used to address me as "*Mon aimable*;" but whenever she came to see me I always had a guitar ready for her. Before she lost her senses, she suffered from severe head-aches, fancied that some one with the head of an ox ran against her head, and often exclaimed, "*Ah que cette teste de veau me fait mal*," &c.

The duchess suspected that the postmaster intercepted her letters. She might well be nervous about them:—

The Abbé Dubois (she says) declares that he has nothing to do with the post, but that it all belongs to the Marquis de Porcy: that is just like a change from rotten eggs to stinking butter, for one is as bad as the other, and both of them would be better on the gallows than at court. If he has the curiosity, now, to read this letter, he will find his own praise; as the old proverb says, "Listeners hear no good of themselves." They tell me that our good Germans are sadly corrupted, that nothing of the old German faith is left in the country, but that all the vices of foreign people have been imported: that grieves me exceedingly. They who have been in Holland find our Germans dirty, but to find Germans quite cleanly and agreeable, you have only to come to Paris, for nothing can be more swinish and offensive than the mode of living here. All the time I was at Heidelberg, I read no romances, but since I have been here (at St. Cloud) I have read many—"Astrée," "Cleopatra," "Alefie," "Cassandre," "Poliscandre," and many little romances beside—"Parcis et Célie," "Lissandre et Caliste," "Amadis"—but in this last, I have got no further than the seventeenth volume, and there are twenty-four to complete the work. "*Le Roman*

de Roman, Theagene et Cariclé," has some great curiosities in it.

An atmosphere of hatred seems to have surrounded the French court, and almost to have mastered the German good-humor of the duchess. She writes bitterly of the report which was spread abroad, that the Regent had poisoned the Dauphin Louis, and his son, who both died within a year:—

My son has not contented himself with proving his innocence, but has had all the informations laid before the Parliament to be preserved. He would like me to make myself comfortable here, but it is impossible; it is only to be hoped that I may have a fever soon, for I have promised not to leave Paris till I am ill. Headache is not reckoned an illness, for without that I can never live at Paris; but if I have a fever I shall get away to our pleasant St. Cloud. My son has, indeed, other things beside my comfort and pleasure to occupy his attention. I believe, if he had his own way, he would support the oppressed; but to show you that he does not rule according to his own fancy, he has one council for political affairs, another for ecclesiastical matters, another for foreign affairs, and so on. I have resolved never to mix myself with the affairs of the world, for (between you and me) France has been too long governed by women.

Our extracts can give but an inadequate idea of the contents of this thick volume, but they may serve to indicate its character. Though the correspondence here published contains less of historical interest than might be found in the letters to the Princess Sophia, (if they still exist,) it gives us many of those minute touches of portraiture which, as Menzel says, "often reveal more of the physiognomy of an age than its greater matters of public history." As to the publication of some of the letters, with the names of English and French families, we are disposed to dissent from the editor's opinion of its propriety. The letters give us a very full and clear idea of the character of their writer, whose descendants have played such prominent parts in modern history. Of her second son, the notorious Regent of France, she gives us (allowance being made for her maternal indulgence) a fair portraiture. Louis, the son of the Regent, married the Margravine Maria of Baden, and died in 1752. His son, Louis Philip, died in 1785, but left a son to sustain the reputation of the family. This was the well-known Egalité of the Revolution, and the father of the present king of the French.

The portrait of the duchess stands out in bold relief from amid the crowded figures of her canvas, and presents to us a hearty German dame, not beautiful in person, but of a fair complexion, with light hair, (of that mysterious shade styled auburn,) an eye of some penetration, a mouth of some humor, and a plump inelegant figure. Her natural disposition would have led her to a simple and cheerful style of living, in perfect contrast to the dissipated court in which she felt herself imprisoned. She loved a good hearty, coarse laugh, was a "good hater," (witness Madame de Maintenon and her friends,) and a good friend; had a good memory (though often complaining that it would not carry all she wished) for all sorts of gossip, for comedies and tragedies, jests, or "things horrible and awful;" and, on the whole, possessed a mind superior to its surrounding topics, endowed with good common sense and no logic. She cast her net into an ocean of gossip, and drew up fishes of every sort. Her style is the steeple-

chase style, never hesitating a moment for such trifles as stops, capitals, or parentheses. Her gossiping mood did not leave her even in her last illness. Her letters, dated November, 1722, show a disposition to maintain her threads of narrative, if time would allow. "I would be heartily willing to entertain you with more news," says she, "but my weakness will not let me."

*St. Cloud, 12-21 November, 1722.*—I hope, to-morrow morning, to send you the great account of the coronation. I know nothing new just now, except a report which has delighted my heart, viz., that my son has cast off his bad companions, and begins to think that such a life as he has led is too bad an example for the young king. May God assist him, and turn all things to his advantage and happiness, and give me also what will be profitable and comfortable for me! \* \* Dear Louisa, I waste away hourly, suffer night and day, and all that is done for me seems of no avail. May the Almighty give me patience, for I have great need of it. Do not be too much troubled if you must lose me, for it will be for my happiness.

We have found some passages in these letters closely resembling others that have been collected and published, addressed by her to the Princess of Wales, but, in such a systematic course of writing, the duchess could not avoid self-repetition. So faithful was she as a correspondent, that when her right arm was fractured by a fall from her horse in wolf-hunting, she contrived to scrawl a tolerably long letter with her left hand. Her time and all her best thoughts were expended upon this epistolary intercourse. At church, as she confesses, she slept; but sometimes, at least, read her Bible industriously in private. There seems to have been no sentimental poetry in her constitution. All her views of places and scenery are personal. She talks of "pretty," "pleasant," "comfortable," places, but never "babblers of green fields," like *Falstaff*, dying, and many authors and authoresses living. Her fault was certainly the manifest pleasure with which she told scandalous stories; but we must remember her circumstances.

*Athenæum.*

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—*May 24.* The subject was "The Application of Geology to Land-draining," by Wm. Ogilby, Esq., Sec. Zool. Soc. Mr. Ogilby commenced by stating some of the more prominent injuries inflicted on the soil by stagnant water. He explained more especially how the land was rendered cold and late by the *great capacity of water for heat*, as compared with clay or sand; the same quantity of heat which is sufficient to raise the temperature of earth or mould four degrees of Fahrenheit, and of common air five degrees, being only sufficient to raise that of water one degree, the residue being absorbed by the water and rendered latent. Consequently, when the land is saturated by water, the sun's rays, instead of being expended in heating the soil, are absorbed and rendered latent by the water which it contains, and the soil derives but one fourth of the warmth which it would do were it filled with common air instead of water. Other injurious effects were, that it soured the land, and gave rise to the formation of substances hurtful to vegetation. These were caused by the exclusion of common air and the oxygen which it contains from the pores of the soil. Vegetable and animal manures thus re-

mained imperfectly decayed, or decay was converted into putrefaction, and acetic, malic, tannic, gallic, and other acids, substituted for carbonic acid and ammonia, the products of simple decay, and which, with the elements of water, are now recognized as the chief agents in the nourishment of plants. Superabundant moisture, likewise, rendered the climate of a country insalubrious; but its injurious effects were more immediately recognized in supplying the roots of growing plants with a greater quantity of moisture than they are able to digest, and thus rendering them weak and dropsical. Mr. Ogilby next proceeded to explain how these injuries might be remedied by efficient draining: and observed that land was rendered wet and unproductive from two sources: first of all by rain falling on the surface of a stiff clay soil, or stagnating within the pores of a loamy soil, incumbent on an impervious subsoil; and, secondly, by springs overflowing the surface from some higher ground, or oozing up from beneath the soil itself. These two different forms of disease required different modes of treatment; the system which would accomplish a radical cure in the one case, might, indeed, alleviate the effect, but could never remove the cause in the other; and Mr. Ogilby stated that the great error of modern writers on draining consisted in not being aware of, or at least not sufficiently distinguishing, these different causes of wetness in land, and the different modes of treatment which were applicable accordingly. The common method of *surface draining*, which was so much in vogue at present, and which was necessary and efficient for the discharge of rain water, would produce but a partial effect in alleviating the injuries caused by subterranean springs; and that too at an enormous cost, compared with the expense of simple and more appropriate modes. High-lying arable soils, especially in Ireland, Scotland, and the West of England, were frequently injured by both causes; but the greater part of the mischief commonly arose from the rains which fell so abundantly in these localities, and it was to such lands that the system of *furrow draining* was peculiarly applicable. The principles of this system consisted in cutting parallel drains at equal distances of from fifteen to thirty or forty feet asunder, according to the tenacity or lightness of the soil, and leading them all into one or more main drains, according to the inequalities and size of the field. Great differences prevailed among practical drainers as to the distance, depth, width, fall, and direction of the parallel drains, which Mr. Ogilby ascribed to the different circumstances of soil, climate, and situation in which the several observers had found particular modes most efficient, and deprecated the idea of any one system or set of rules being universally applicable to all circumstances and localities. The distance of the drains he stated to depend entirely on the nature of the soil, of which it should vary inversely as the tenacity; in the stiffest soils experience proved that the drains were perfectly efficient at fifteen feet apart, and in very light soils at from thirty to forty feet. The depth was not subject to much variation or controversy; from thirty to thirty-six inches was generally sufficient, it being always understood that the main drain should be at least six inches deeper than the parallel. The width of the parallel drains should depend on the quantity of water they had to carry off; if the flow be insignificant the drain should be cut very

narrow, generally not more than two or three inches wide at bottom, otherwise the water will stagnate, instead of running freely off; if the flow be more considerable, the drain must be made wider in proportion, to prevent a too rapid current from tearing up the bottom, and in time choking the drain. As to the fall and direction of the drains, it was stated that great differences prevailed, especially where the land lay on the face of a hill, and had a considerable slope; one party maintaining that they should be run perpendicularly up and down the face of the hill, another that they should be run diagonally across it. Mr. Ogilby believed both opinions to be right, under particular circumstances, but that neither of them was a correct expression of the actual principle upon which the direction of the drains depended, which he stated to be that the parallel drains should cut the different strata of the land perpendicular to the line of strike, whilst the main or leading drains should be in the direction of the dip. This position was illustrated by a large section of the Isle of Wight, and strengthened by the well-known geographical fact, that it is consonant to the system which nature presents in the direction of large rivers and their tributary streams. After explaining the various methods of filling these drains, by tiles, broken stones, wood, straw, &c., Mr. Ogilby proceeded to consider the case of land injured by subjacent water contained in the bowels of the earth, and forcing itself up in springs from beneath, or trickling down from the tail or outcrop of some overlying strata. This was stated to be the cause of all the great bogs, fens, and morasses, which covered so large a surface of Ireland, Scotland, and some parts of England, and which, when laid dry, produced some of the finest land. This part of the subject was illustrated by numerous geological sections, explanatory of the formation of springs, and the origin of the fens and bogs to which they gave rise. The proper mode of draining such land was discovered and practised extensively during the latter half of the last century, by J. Elkington, a Warwickshire farmer, who had the merit of perceiving the relation which this species of wetness, and the origin of springs in general, bears to the geological stratification of the surrounding country, at a period when the knowledge of stratification was yet in its infancy, and confined to a few inquirers. The great success which attended Elkington's practice, attracted the attention of the government of the day, and a Parliamentary grant of 1,000*l.* was voted to him, on condition that he should impart his secret, as it was then considered, to certain individuals appointed by the Board of Agriculture. This was done; and the result, published by Johnstone, one of the persons appointed, displays one of the most beautiful and important applications of scientific principles to practical purposes within the whole range of human knowledge. Yet, strange to say, the very memory of Elkington's system seems to be lost at the present day, or remembered only to be condemned as inefficient, though it rests on indubitable scientific principles, and the works of Arthur Young and the various County Reports are filled with testimonies of its efficiency and success. The truth, however, is, that its application requires a more extensive and scientific acquaintance with the origin of springs, the laws of hydrostatics and the principles of levelling, as well as a more practical knowledge of the stratification of the

earth, than common land-surveyors, or most writers on this subject, can be expected to possess; and of all the practitioners of the present day, Mr. Ogilby stated, that Mr. Stephens, of Edinburgh, was the only individual whom he knew to be aware of the real importance of Elkington's system, or to have practised it extensively. The principles upon which this mode of drainage depends are purely geological. Elkington divides the different strata, which compose the globe, into two great classes, those which, like sand, gravel, &c., are of a porous nature, and permit water to sink into and percolate freely through them; and those which, like stiff clay, compact rock, and that species of gravel cemented by iron, which is commonly called till, are impervious to water. Suppose, as in the case of the plastic clay, and other geological formations, numerous alternations of porous and impervious strata occur, the rain-water which falls on the outcrop of the porous strata will percolate down through its substance till it arrives at the lowest point, where it will lie upheld by the subjacent bed of impervious clay, and confined by a similar bed above. The porous bed will thus resemble a bent tube, into one or both ends of which water is poured: if one or more holes be bored in the upper wall of the tube at its lowest point, the water will spout out of them like a little fountain; or, if the tube be filled, it will at last overflow at the ends. This is the cause of the wetness which gives rise to bogs and morasses. These swamps always rest immediately on a till or clay bottom, incumbent upon a stratum of sand or gravel filled with water, and cropping out on some high ground in the neighborhood from which the water descends. The rains of hundreds or thousands of years gradually fill these porous strata, till they at length trickle over the lower edge of the outcrop, forming a continuous line of springs which overflow all the surrounding low lands, or burst up at the lowest point through accidental crevices or weak points of the superjacent clay beds, and give rise to the green welleys, and shaking quagmires so frequently met with in fens and turf bogs. The former case happens along the edges of the London Basin, where the clay comes in contact with the subjacent sand beds of the plastic formation; in Kent and Sussex where the weald clay meets the Hastings sand on the one side, and the chalk ranges of the North and South Downs on the other; the latter is almost universally the case in the bogs and fens of Ireland and Lincolnshire. To cure the former species of wetness, it is only necessary to draw a trench along the line of the springs at a short distance below where they burst out, and sufficiently deep to cut into the porous stratum containing the water, and thus intercept it before it rises to the surface or overflows the land. The line of the drain is determined by the application of the spirit level, upon the principle that water always stands at the same elevation in the same reservoir or in reservoirs communicating with one another; and in cases where the porous stratum containing the water lies too deep to be reached by the bottom of the drain, wells are sunk at intervals, or a large auger is used to make bore-holes in the bottom, up which the water ascends, and of course lowers the spring or reservoir to the level of the bottom of the drain. In the second case, where the bog lies nearly level, and the springs burst up at intervals through accidental crevices in the till or clay bed on which it rests, one or more deep trenches

are cut across the bog, in the proper direction to secure a good fall, and wells or bore-holes sunk, as in the former instance, through the subjacent clay to let the water escape: its level will consequently be reduced to the height of the bottom of the trench, which it is always better to cut down to the clay or till, where the bog is not more than ten or twelve feet deep. Sometimes when the bog lies perfectly landlocked or surrounded on every side by hills which afford no outlet, the water may still be carried off by sinking a well or bore-holes into a *dry* subjacent stratum of sand or gravel, and thus letting the water escape beneath. These principles, Mr Ogilby stated, were applicable to many districts, and afforded the only cheap and efficient system for lands injured by subjacent water.

*May 31.*—Professor Daubeny gave a lecture “On the Provisions for the Subsistence of Living Beings evinced in the Structure of the older Rocks, and in the phenomena which they exhibit.”—He began by observing, that as the attention of philosophers was that evening directed to the moon by the eclipse, he thought it might not be inappropriate to illustrate the line of his argument by reference to the supposed structure and condition of that satellite. Supposing then a human being to be transported to the surface of the moon, and to contemplate her in that condition in which astronomers represent her to us as existing—namely, as destitute both of seas and of an atmosphere, with vast cup-shaped mountains, the craters of volcanoes vomiting forth steam and smoke, and emitting volumes of noxious gases, would he not conceive the globe in question abandoned to those destructive agencies which he saw in such intense activity, rather than that it was in a state of preparation for the abode of beings constituted like himself? Yet what the moon now is, geology leads us to infer that the earth has formerly been; and from the phenomena now presented to us by it, we may infer a train of events to have occurred which, whilst they must have been at the time utterly destructive to all kinds of life, nevertheless prepared the earth for the reception of living beings, and rendered it a more agreeable abode to those which, like man, possessed a feeling of the sublime and beautiful. The professor then proceeded to point out the provisions for the future existence of living beings which were made in those earlier stages of the history of our globe, when it appears to have been in a condition as chaotic as that of the moon at present. Those ingredients of the crust of the earth which seemed designed more especially for the purposes of living beings, may be distinguished into such as minister to some object of utility for man in particular, and such as are essential to animals and vegetables in general. The former class, being commonly more or less poisonous, occurs in veins for the most part existing in the older rocks, being stored, as it were, out of the way, before living beings were created. Such are copper, tin, lead, mercury, and other of the metals. The latter, on the contrary, are more generally diffused through the strata of the globe, although, for the most part, in comparatively minute proportions. Amongst the latter are the fixed alkalis, which are present in all felspathic and other rocks of igneous origin, from which they are slowly disengaged by the action of air and water, in proportion as they are required for the necessities of living beings; whereas if they had been present in a readily soluble form in the earth,

they would have been washed into the sea before they could have been made available for such purposes. Another essential ingredient in the structure of animals is phosphoric acid, which appears peculiarly suited for entering into the organization of a living body, by the readiness with which it undergoes changes in its properties, by the character of its crystallization, and (in the case of the bone-earth phosphate) by the association of the *basic* with the *tribasic* salt, in equal proportions, which causes each to counteract the tendency to crystallize in the other, and thus renders it more capable of accommodating itself to the delicate texture of the animal fibre. The question then is, whence do animals and vegetables obtain this necessary ingredient? Professor Daubeny and others have detected minute proportions of it in many of the secondary rocks, but as these are derived from more ancient ones, it ought to be present likewise in them. Now we know at least of one instance in which this material occurs in considerable abundance in a rock which, so far as our observations at present extend, seems to have been formed antecedently to animal life. This is the slate rock of Estremadura, in Spain, where, near the village of Logrosan, it had been pointed out as existing many years ago. Exaggerated reports had, however, been spread as to its extent, for Prof. Daubeny, in a visit he had paid last year to the locality, found that it formed only one solitary vein, generally about ten feet wide, and extending along the surface for about two miles. It also contains a considerable percentage of fluete of lime, and as this ingredient appears, from recent experiments of the author of this paper, to be present generally in bones both recent and fossil, it would seem that it was treasured up by nature, as one of the requisite materials for the bony skeletons of animals. Provision seems to have been also made for supplying living beings with their volatilizable, as well as with their fixed ingredients. The attraction of all porous and pulverulent bodies for gases, may explain the manner in which the latter are brought into contact with the secreting surfaces of plants; but it must be remembered, that of the four elements which together constitute those parts of a living body which are dissipated by heat, oxygen alone can be directly absorbed. Of the three remaining, hydrogen must be presented in the form of water, nitrogen in that of ammonia, and carbon in that of carbonic acid. Now volcanoes appear to have been the appointed means of providing both of the two latter in quantities sufficient for the food of living beings, for both ammonia and carbonic acid are evolved in immense quantities from all volcanoes, as the professor showed by appealing to the case of Vesuvius and its neighborhood, as well as to that of other volcanic vents. The production of ammonia in the interior of the earth might, he contended, be readily explained upon the principles of that theory of volcanoes which he had for many years adopted, and which was founded on the great discovery of the metallic bases of the earths and alkalis, which we owe to the genius of Sir Humphrey Davy. Once admit that those substances which we see brought up to the surface, in the shape of lavas and of ejected masses, exist in the interior of the globe wholly or partially, in an unoxidized condition, and that first sea-water, and afterwards atmospheric air, gradually find access to them through certain crevices, and all the phenomena of a volcanic eruption may be shown to follow; namely, the in-

tense heat, the escape of muriatic acid, the copious deposits of sulphur, the volumes of carbonic acid, and, lastly, the salts containing ammonia; for if nascent hydrogen, disengaged from water decomposed by meeting with the alkaline metals, were brought in contact with nitrogen under a high pressure, there is every reason to believe that ammonia would be the result. Thus, the very agents of destruction, which seem at first sight to be antagonist forces to every kind of creative energy, have been, in fact, the appointed means of supplying the materials out of which all organized beings are fashioned. But though the materials for our subsistence are thus provided, it does not follow that man is not to exert himself in order to obtain larger supplies than are naturally placed before him. On the contrary, his business is to husband his resources, and to apply them to the best account. Alluding to a late work of Professor Liebig's, he contended that this eminent chemist could not have meant to discourage the preservation of the volatile ingredients of our manure-heaps, whilst insisting on the paramount importance of supplying those which are fixed. It is true that nothing is lost, for the excrementitious matters which are washed into the sea increase the luxuriance of the marine vegetation, which affords food for a larger number of fishes, which again encourage a greater amount of sea-fowl, which finally deposit, what had been originally derived from the depths of the sea, on the islands of the Pacific, as guano. Thus England contrives, by means of her navies, to bring back from the opposite extremity of the globe the very material which she originally wasted by the defective arrangements of her large towns. This, however, is a very circuitous mode of proceeding, and the true secret of all agricultural improvement is, to apply the means at our disposal, so as to produce a return for the toil expended in the shortest possible space of time.

June 7.—Mr. Faraday "On recent Improvements in the Manufacture and Silvering of Mirrors."—Mr. Faraday's subjects were: 1. The manufacturing of plate-glass. 2. The ordinary mode of silvering mirrors. 3. The new method of producing this result, lately invented and patented by Mr. Drayton.—1. Mirrors are made with plate glass. Mr. Faraday described glass generally as being essentially a combination of silica with an alkaline oxide. The combination, however, presents the character of a solution rather than of a definite chemical compound, only it is difficult to affirm whether it is the silica or the oxide which is the solvent or the body dissolved. From this mutual condition of the ingredients, it follows that their product is held together by very feeble affinities, and hence, as was afterwards shown, chemical reagents will act upon these ingredients with a power which they would not have were glass a definite compound. Mr. Faraday noticed, that as glass is not the result of definite proportionals, there are many combinations of materials capable of producing a more or less perfect result. Each manufacturer, therefore, has his own recipe and process, which he considers the most valuable secret of his trade. It is, however, well known, that the flint-glass maker uses the oxides of lead and of sodium, the bottle-glass maker lime, (an oxide of calcium,) and the plate-glass maker, in addition to soda, has recourse to arsenic. Mr. Faraday then adverted to the corrosions which take place in the inferior qualities of glass, owing to the feeble affinity with which their ingredients are held together. He

stated, that from the surface of flint glass a very thin film of soluble alkali was washed off by the first contact of liquid, leaving a fine lamina of silica, the hard dissoluble quality of which protected the substance which it covered. If, however, this crust of silica chanced to be mechanically removed, the whole of the glass became liable to corrosion, as in ancient lachrymatories and other glass vessels. Mr. Faraday illustrated this by the corroded surfaces of two bottles, one obtained from a cellar in Threadneedle street, where it had probably remained from the period of the great fire of London, another from the wreck of the *Royal George*. A still more striking instance of the instability of glass as a compound was exhibited by formations in the interior of a champagne bottle, which had been filled with diluted sulphuric acid. In this case the acid had separated the silica from the inner surface of the glass, and formed a sulphate with its ingredient, lime. The result was, that the bottle became incrustated internally with cones of silica and sulphate of lime, the bases of which, extending from within outwards, had perforated the sides of the bottle so as to cause the escape of the liquor it contained. Mr. Faraday referred to the long period of annealing (gradual cooling) which glass had to undergo as a necessary consequence of glass wanting the fixity of a definite compound. He concluded this part of his subject by describing the mode of casting plates, and the successive processes which gradually produce the perfect polish of their surface. 2. Mr. Faraday next exhibited to the audience the mode of silvering glass plates as commonly practised. He bade them observe that a surface of tinfoil was first bathed with mercury, and then flooded with it. That on this tinfoil the plate of glass, having been previously cleansed with extreme care, was so floated as to exclude all dust or dirt; that this was accomplished by the intervention of 1-8 in. of mercury (afterwards pressed out by heavy weights) between the reflecting surface of the amalgam of the mercury and the glass; and that when the glass and amalgam are closely brought together by the exclusion of the intervening fluid metal, the operation is completed. 3. The great subject of the evening was the invention of Mr. Drayton, which entirely dispenses with the mercury and the tin. By that gentleman's process, the mirror is, for the first time, literally speaking, *silvered*, inasmuch as silver is precipitated on it from its nitrate (lunar caustic) in the form of a brilliant lamina. The process is this: on a plate of glass, surrounded with an edge of putty, is poured a solution of nitrate of silver in water and spirit, mixed with ammonia and the oils of cassia and of cloves. These oils precipitate the metal in somewhat the same manner as vegetable fibre does in the case of marking ink—the quantity of oil influencing the rapidity of the precipitation. Mr. Faraday here referred to Dr. Wollaston's method of precipitating the phosphate of ammonia and magnesia on the surface of a vessel containing its solution, in order to make intelligible how the deposit of silver was determined on the surface of clean glass, not (as in Dr. W.'s experiment) by mechanical causes, but by a sort of electric affinity. This part of Mr. Faraday's discourse was illustrated by three highly striking adaptations of Mr. Drayton's process. He first silvered a glass plate, the surface of which was cut in a ray-like pattern. 2d. A bottle was filled with Mr. Drayton's transparent solution, which afterwards exhibited a cylindrical reflecting

surface. And 3d. A large cell, made of two glass plates, was placed erect on the table, and filled with the same clear solution. This, though perfectly translucent in the first instance, gradually became opaque and reflecting; so that, before Mr. Faraday concluded, those of his auditors who were placed within view of it, saw their own faces, or that of their near neighbors, gradually substituted for the faces of those who were seated opposite them.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—June 4.—The President in the chair. The applicability of the system of the propulsion of railway carriages, by the pressure of the atmosphere upon a piston, travelling within an exhausted line of pipes, has occupied a portion of three meetings; and although much time has been devoted to the discussion, it cannot be said that any positive conclusion has been arrived at. Indeed, when it is considered that the system has only been tried upon a line peculiar in its locality, in its steep gradients, in the engine having only to exert power in drawing the carriages in one direction and their descending by their own gravity, and in the trains being only required to run a distance of a mile and three quarters, without stopping at any intermediate station, it may be argued, that although, as is evident from the testimony of the several speakers, great results have been obtained, it is scarcely possible to infer what the results would be on lines with gradients in both directions, with a great number of heavy trains at short intervals, and under all the varied circumstances of ordinary traffic. It appeared, however, to be the opinion, that the present system of atmospheric propulsion, although susceptible of much improvement, was in a more advanced state than the system of traction by locomotives, at a corresponding period from the date of the introduction of the several systems. The various previous plans of Medhurst, Vallance, and Pinkus, for somewhat similar systems, were explained; and it was shown that the system had been taken up by Clegg and Samuda, where the former speculators had abandoned it, and, as usual in such cases, the practical improvers had been more successful than the inventors. The principal improvement is in the continuous valve, and the mode of closing it by a mixture of tallow and beeswax, which, under all variations of temperature, remained unchanged, and enabled a good vacuum to be formed. Many other alterations in the mechanical details were also described. Mr. B. Gibbon, engineer of the Dalkey line, stated his satisfaction with the manner in which it worked; thirty-five trains per day had at times been conveyed without danger, and with regularity; the train was enabled to be started in one minute after the engine commenced working to form a vacuum. Mr. Samuda detailed the progressive trials at Wormwood Scrubs during two years and a half, until it was laid down at Dalkey, where a load of 50 tons had been propelled up gradients averaging 1 in 115; and a maximum velocity of nearly 50 miles per hour had been obtained, with an engine which was stated to be 100 horse power, using as a divisor, 66,000 lb., raised one foot high in a minute. This deviation from the ordinary calculation of Boulton and Watt, who used 33,000 lb., was justified on the plea, that steam-engines were now made in such a superior manner, that their effective nearly doubled their nominal power, and that the usual

acceptation of the term "horse power" was no longer to be relied upon. This position was combated by several members, who argued that the commercial question should not be mixed up with the scientific inquiry; and that for the latter purpose the accepted divisor of 33,000 lb., for the horse power, should have been used, when the power exerted would have appeared nearly double what had been quoted, which would materially affect the question of the cost of first laying down, and the expense of subsequent working. In considering the comparative merits of traction by locomotive engines, by fixed engines with ropes, and propulsion by the atmosphere, it was argued, that in the two former cases, the weight of the moving power must be carried along the rails at a corresponding cost and loss of power, added to which was the loss resulting from the slip of the driving wheels in the one case, and the friction of the rope against the pulleys in the other; the destruction to the rails, resulting from the beat of the driving wheels, being put out of the question. Against this it was argued, that with the atmospheric system, the whole power of the engine must be used,—whether for heavy or light trains; that a power capable of pumping out the leakage, stated at 10 horse power per mile, must be always provided, although it was only exerted for a part of the length of each section; and that the real power employed at Dalkey, if calculated by the usual standard of Boulton and Watt, was shown by indicator diagrams to be nearly double what had been stated, and that consequently a greater outlay was required than was imagined. The additional security in traversing the rapid curves of the railway at high speed appeared to be admitted. A curious circumstance was mentioned, which deserves more attention—it was, that the temperature of the air, on leaving the exhausting air pump, was increased to upwards of 200 degrees; and that there was a certain absorption of power consequent upon this increase of temperature. Although much time has been devoted to the discussion, the question was not fully examined, nor were all the necessary data clearly stated, so that for all practical purposes we shall only arrive at the comparative value of the new system after it has been applied to such a line as the Epsom. The papers read were—A description, by Mr. Rankine, of a simple safety drag, which has been applied to the carriages of the Edinburgh and Dalkeith Railway for preventing accidents, in case of the fracture of the rope by which they are drawn up the incline plane of 1 in 30. The drag consists of two cheeks of iron, united by rivets; it is attached at the end of an iron bar, and is suspended at the back of the carriage, behind each hind wheel; when a retrograde motion commences, the drag falls beneath the wheel, and turning over, acts as a wedge between the wheel and the rail, and by skidding the wheel, stops the downward progress. A description was also given by Mr. G. P. White, of the mode of raising the *Innisfail* steamer, which was sunk in the river Lee, near Cork. It was accomplished, by making a slight coffer dam against one side of the vessel, and by pumping this out the leak was arrived at; which being temporarily repaired, the vessel was enabled to be floated at an expense of £350. A description was also given, by Mr. W. Evill, of the corrugated iron roofs over the terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway. Messrs. H. Tonbridge Wright, I. Reid, and J. L. Manby were elected as associates.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.—May 29.**—W. H. Bodkin, Esq., M. P., V. P., in the chair. 'The Secretary read a paper by Mr. Hutchinson, on his "Pneumatic Apparatus for valuing the respiratory powers, illustrated by diagrams and tables." The apparatus was also placed on the table. It consists of two instruments, the one called the "Breathing machine" for measuring "Volume," and the other called the "Inspirator" for measuring "Power"—by which the three principal observations for arriving at correct results are taken, viz., the number of cubic inches of air thrown out of the chest—and the power by which that air can be drawn in and given out. The "Breathing machine" consists of two vertical cylinders, one within the other,—the outer one contains water, while the inner one, being inverted, is intended to receive the breath, and hence is called the receiver; this receiver is raised in proportion to the quantity of air given out of the lungs of the person under examination. The receiver is counterbalanced by two leaden weights working in two vertical hollow brass perpendicular tubes. To each of the weights is attached a cord, which, working over a pulley at top, passes down another brass tube or column and connected with the cross-head of the receiver, which cross-head with the receiver works up and down by means of slots formed in the inside column. In order to determine how much air is given out, a scale is connected with the receiver, which ascends and descends with it; on this scale the figures represent cubic inches—calculated according to the contents of the receiver, which contains 388 cubic inches of air. The level of the water is the datum or standard line from which the number of cubic inches is to be determined. A bent glass tube is connected with the water in the reservoir, so that the level of the water in the reservoir is readily ascertained by an inspection of the tube; the divisions on the scale on the same level as the surface of the water, indicate the number of cubic inches contained in the receiver, at any elevation. The breath enters the receiver by a tube passing up through the reservoir of water, and when the experiment is concluded and the receiver is to be drawn down again, the air is discharged by a valve cock at bottom. Three taps are fixed in front of this machine, the one for drawing off the water when necessary; the second for discharging the breath through; and the middle one, called the drain tap, for draining off water that sometimes by accident is forced into the vertical tubes. The "Inspirator" is constructed on the principle of elevating by the power of the muscles of inspiration and expiration, a column of mercury, and according to the elevation of the mercury to determine the relative power exerted by these muscles. It consists of a dial plate, graduated with inches and tenths, and is divided equally by a perpendicular line. The left side is graduated for measuring inspiration, the right half for expiration; certain words are engraved in each division expressive of different degrees of strength, thus—

*Graduation of Power.*

| Inspiration. |                              | Expiration.  |
|--------------|------------------------------|--------------|
| 1 5 inches   | Weak . . . . .               | 2-00 inches. |
| 2 . . . .    | Ordinary . . . . .           | 2-50         |
| 2 5 . . . .  | Strong . . . . .             | 3-50         |
| 3 5 . . . .  | Very Strong . . . . .        | 4-50         |
| 4 5 . . . .  | Remarkable . . . . .         | 5-30         |
| 5 5 . . . .  | Very Remarkable . . . . .    | 7-00         |
| 6 . . . .    | Extraordinary . . . . .      | 8-50         |
| 7 . . . .    | Very Extraordinary . . . . . | 10-00        |

sults of nearly 1,200 observations. The mercury is contained in a bent tube, one end of which is surmounted by a flexible tube, which is terminated by an Indian rubber nose-piece, through which the person under trial draws in or blows out to the extent of his power. Several persons, including fire-brigade men, wrestlers, gentlemen, and particularly Robinson, the well made dwarf, thirty-six years of age, standing 3 feet 9 inches high, were subjected to the trial of Mr. Hutchinson's apparatus—and it was observed how accurately these cases agreed with Mr. Hutchinson's table of heights, by which it appears that the capacity of a man's lungs increases in an arithmetical progression of 8 cubic inches for every inch of his actual height.

**HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—June 4.**—Mr. W. Dunsford sent from Mr. Everett's garden at Easfield, specimens of a new sort of kidney bean, the *Dolichos sinensis*, with young eatable pods, two feet long; they were described as being of an excellent quality when cooked like kidney beans, which is also the reputation they bear among Europeans in India; but to procure them they must be grown in heat, (those exhibited were from the trellis of a cucumber house,) and, therefore, the plant being a climber, and occupying a good deal of room, they could only be regarded in the light of a curiosity. Among various things from the garden of the society, was a French watering-pot, for watering plants in sitting-rooms or small thumb-pots, where great nicety in the application is required. It consisted of a hollow spindle-shaped tube, open at both points, one point being small, the other larger. When used it is plunged into water, which drives all the air out; the thumb is then placed over the wider aperture, and the lower is presented to the plant that is to be watered; so long as the thumb is pressed upon the upper aperture, the weight of the atmosphere is kept off, and no water will run out; but as soon as the thumb is lifted up, a stream descends upon the plant, and will continue to do so till the thumb is replaced. It was an ingenious adaptation of a well-known principle.

**PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—June 3.**—One of the first papers read was from M. F. Maurice, on Celestial Mechanism. It was not of a nature to interest the general reader.—A paper by M. Wronski, on what he calls true spontaneous locomotion, excited the astonishment of some, and the hilarity of other members. M. Selligue, an engineer, to whom science is indebted for several valuable discoveries, presented a paper on the application of the force of expansion in explosive mixtures as motive power. The idea is not new, but it has generally been regarded as chimerical, and believed that practically it would be attended with great obstacles. According to M. Selligue, however, it would be very easy to work a large ship with an engine of small cost and space, as compared with the steam-engines now in use, and at an economy of fuel of nearly five sixths.—A letter was received from M. F. Robert, announcing the discovery, in the south of France, of a fossil man. The Academy appeared to be rather sceptical on this subject, but refrained from expressing any opinion until M. Robert should have sent more ample information.



## TEXAS AND ENGLAND.

As respects Mexico and other powers, which is our own main concern in the question, it is currently reported, and we are enabled to say upon sound grounds, that the policy and line of our own country will be this. It is the purpose of our government, in brief, to offer our mediation between Mexico and Texas to procure Mexico to recognize the independence of Texas, upon the single condition, as regards Mexico and Texas, that Texas shall retain its independent existence, so as not to preclude Mexico from the right of war if any future incorporation with America should be attempted. The only further point here is,—and this indeed is a most important one,—the acceptance by Mexico of these terms, to be accompanied with our own guarantee that we should carry it out; that is, enforce it in the first instance upon Texas if refused; and secondly, bind ourselves to defend and maintain it if accepted by Texas. Under present circumstances we are not enabled to answer this question in point of fact: our own opinion is, that however politic it may be to procure this amicable agreement between Mexico and Texas, and thus to effect our purpose by raising a difficulty in the way nearly insurmountable to the accomplishment of this annexation at the present time, if we can induce Mexico and Texas to make this treaty between themselves, still that it would not be prudent and politic for us to become a third party to this treaty in the way of a guarantee to enforce and maintain it, since the immediate effect of such guarantee might be to involve us in war with the United States. In plain and brief words, whatever we can do by negotiation, and by raising a fair and reasonable apprehension in the American government of the probably serious consequences to the United States in pursuing this measure, let us do it. But let us not go so far as to commit ourselves, and, for an object not worth the cost and peril, become needlessly a party to an American war.—*Bell's Weekly Magazine.*

**THE FIRST WHALER FROM HAMBURG.**—A Hamburg letter states,—“The first whaler ever fitted out at this port has just sailed for the South Polar Seas. She is called the *Anseat*, and measures 650 tons. The crew have engaged to abstain from spirituous liquors, and to be content with two rations of coffee a day. It appears that temperance is much more necessary on board whalers than any other ships; it having been proved by experience that nine tenths of the diseases and deaths on board the Danish and Swedish whalers have been caused by the excessive use of spirituous liquors.”

## ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

When we consider the magnitude of the parts played by England and Russia in the history of the world, and their influence upon the progress and future destinies of modern civilization, it is scarcely too much to designate them as, *par excellence*, the two great nations. France, Germany, and the other nations of Europe, are comparatively stationary, and exercise but little influence beyond their own frontiers. England and Russia, again, are in a state of the most rapid growth and development, and carry along with them in their train the populations of whole continents. Within the last century England has conquered India, peopled

America, laid the foundations of a new empire in Australia, shaken to the foundations the old monarchy of China, and at the same time carried every mechanical art and useful invention to perfection, covered the ocean with her navies and steamboats, and accumulated an amount of wealth far surpassing the fabled treasures of Ormus and of Ind. Russia, during little more than the same period, has grown from an uncivilized Asiatic community, whose weight was scarcely felt in the balance against such second-rate powers as Poland or Sweden, into an empire of sixty millions of souls, the mightiest military monarchy of the world. Her frontiers have advanced in every direction with a rapidity scarcely paralleled by the history of the Roman Republic in the days of its greatest splendor. She rules without a rival over the vast territories and varied population from the Vistula to the frontiers of China, from the Arctic Ocean to the shores of the Black Sea and Caspian. Nor has the progress of Russia been less rapid in the development of her domestic resources. The pure Russian population, independently of the acquisitions by conquest, has more than tripled itself since the days of Peter the Great. The impulse given by his mighty genius has been followed up in every direction; and towns, villages, schools, churches, hospitals, manufactures, and arsenals, have sprung into existence throughout the wide extent of European Russia, with a rapidity which is only surpassed by the achievements of the Anglo-Saxon race in the Western States of America.

It is evident, also, that in the case of England and Russia the destinies of the two nations are as yet not half accomplished. The continual expansion of our population and commerce is forcing us every day more and more into contact with the old forms of civilization and of religion in the East. Our steamboats and commercial travellers are so many missionaries preaching zealously against the traditions of Brahmin and Confucius. A mighty change is evidently at hand among the vast masses of population, who are by the daily progress of events becoming more and more subject to the influence of England and of English science, religion, and civilization. Nor is it less evident that the seeds which we are sowing in Australia, New Zealand, and all over the southern hemisphere, contain the germs of empires, in many cases likely to exceed the parent State, while the vast continent of North America is being rapidly occupied by a population of English descent, governed by English laws and speaking the language of England.

It is equally evident that the destinies of Russia are as yet far from being accomplished. Every day shows more clearly the unpopularity of continuing to bolster up much longer the Mahometan governments which crush beneath their iron yoke so many of the fairest provinces of the ancient world. That Russia will in due course of time become the instrument for drilling the greater portion of the East into order and civilization can scarcely be doubted. The fall of Constantinople may be delayed by diplomatic combinations, but sooner or later it must eventually fall into the hands of Russia, or become subject to her absolute control. Such, also, must evidently be the destiny of Roumelia and all the northern part of Asia Minor. The sympathies of religion alone are sufficient to insure a predominance to Russian influence wherever the mass of population adheres to the Greek church, and the progress of events is



every day increasing the enormous disparity in strength and resources between the rising empire of the Czar and her decrepit rivals. In another generation Russia, by the natural development of her internal resources, will be an empire of 120,000,000 of souls, with a revenue of 50,000,000*l.* or 60,000,000*l.* sterling. The conquest of Turkey will be hardly a more difficult achievement for her than that of Scinde or Gwalior was for the might of Britain. Diplomatic combinations cannot forever contend with destiny, and protocols are powerless to reverse the decisions of Fate. Russia will drive Mahometanism back to its native desert, and reconquer for Christianity and civilization the ancient empire of Constantine. There can be no more reasonable doubt of this than that English will a hundred years hence be the native language at Sydney and New York.

With such vast destinies before them, and entrusted with such mighty missions, let us hope that the two nations may long continue to observe the relations of mutual amity, and to entertain sentiments of mutual respect. There is no reason why they should quarrel; each has work enough of its own to do without interfering with the other. Should the visit of the emperor to this country, and his personal intercourse with its sovereign and leading statesmen, have operated beneficially in confirming these sentiments, it will not have been thrown away.—*Atlas*.

#### GOLDEN OPINIONS.

His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias has, it appears, won golden opinions amongst us; which means—*golden* opinions. He has not, hitherto, enjoyed a very high reputation in this country; but it is an accepted saying, that everything has its price; and his Imperial Majesty having, besides his hereditary dominions, an estate in Poland, has a great deal of money to lay out in the purchase of opinion, or anything he may take a fancy to; and he is understood to have bought a large public here. The daily papers inform us, that he did not take leave of the illustrious lady, whom he had been visiting, without giving something handsome to all the servants—that is, to hereditary peers and distinguished soldiers of England; munificently presenting to each of the principal lords of the queen's household (six in number) a magnificent gold snuff-box, elaborated with a beautifully executed enamel portrait of his Majesty, surrounded by diamonds—to the equerries and grooms in waiting, boxes of similar description, surmounted by the imperial cipher, set in brilliants, with other gold boxes given to the officers of the Royal Mews, or left at the disposal of the Master of the Household, in addition to the sum of £2,000 to be divided among the servants of the departments under the control of the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Master of the Horse. His Majesty, has, likewise, given £500 a year for life, towards the aristocratic sports of the country, a contribution to the Ascot Race Fund—and the Society for the Relief of Foreigners in Distress has received 1,000 guineas from the same source of bounty—and the poor of St. George's parish are to have 200 guineas divided among them, because his Majesty resided a few days at Ashburnham House. But there is one of this prince's benevolences on which much

stress is laid—"sure," we are told, "to be gratifying to Englishmen"—which, without desiring to be ungracious, has, we confess, less of our gratitude than it really deserves: the record of it, indeed, reads less pleasantly in our ears than it seems to do in those of our contemporaries. The Emperor, it appears, passing through Trafalgar Square, "observed the unfinished and dreary appearance" of the Nelson Monument, and inquiring the cause, was providentially informed, that it was "want of funds"—whereupon his Majesty, compassionating the struggle between England's desire to honor her illustrious dead, and her very limited means, once more put his hand into his imperial pocket, and made the nation a present of a sum of money towards illustrating her capital and her history. "Having ascertained," say the papers, "that the funds for the erection of the national tribute to our greatest naval hero were inadequate to its completion, the emperor immediately directed Count Orloff to inclose a draught for £500 to the Duke of Wellington. The draught was accompanied by a letter from the count, written by command of his Majesty, and expressive of the pleasure the emperor felt in contributing towards the erection of a testimonial to so great a warrior." So we shall have the monument completed at last—but we do wish it had been finished at our own expense. The point of our dissatisfaction is directed, certainly not against the emperor, whose act was unquestionably a liberality for which it would be most unjust not to be thankful, so far as shame will let us; but is it not a little strange, that, while funds are readily forthcoming for accumulated statues to living lions, a wealthy capital like this cannot defray the cost of one public monument to the man to whom England is indebted, perhaps more than to any other, for her present altitude among nations! and still more strange, that a proud one should choose to exhibit herself in the aspect of a pauper before the Northern Cræsus? We are of those who have always admitted monuments to the illustrious to be good state-arguments, but they are not state-necessities; and we should not have columns and statues if we cannot afford to pay for them. It is not many weeks since we gave a hint to our Edinburgh friends, in reference to their Scott Monument, which, we fear, they will return to us somewhat emphasized. We say nothing about a further and consequent contribution of £500 to the Wellington Testimonial; because that is a mere addition to the thousands and tens of thousands already received by Mr. Wyatt—and the monument will be a long time before it rises up in judgment against us.—*Athenæum*.

From the Court Journal.

#### THE IMPERIAL VISITOR.

THE Emperor of Russia is said to be the handsomest man in his own dominions. That is a great thing to say, considering the mighty sweep of the northern empire. To be sure the races over whom he rules are not particularly distinguished for their beauty. The Tartar and Mongol tribes are not cast in the "mould of form." Neither the Croats nor the Wallachians, the Woldavians nor the Poles themselves are very handsome; and you might travel from Odessa to Tobolsk, from republican Novogorod to imperial Moscow, without having your enthusiasm very

dangerously awakened by visions of fine faces fitting past you on the high-road. If his Majesty had succeeded in annexing Circassia to his domain, the compliment to his personal attractions would have been something more to the purpose.

Fortunately, however, the praises of the imperial beauty are not packed up into so narrow a phrase. By degrees the compliment has expanded, and as his Majesty moved from one country to another it came to be discovered that he was really the "handsomest man" in each; until it was pronounced at last, by the most competent authority, that he was the handsomest man in Europe. There wanted but one step to complete the charm, and his Majesty has secured it within the last week. He is now declared to be the handsomest man in England. We take it for granted that his Majesty, on that score, is satisfied.

We believe his imperial right to this imperial distinction is generally accorded—by the ladies. His Majesty seems to realize in perfection the female ideal of an emperor. He looks like an emperor. That is half the battle in a country subject to constant revolutions against the throne. The divine right is blazoned on his Majesty's commanding forehead. His air is thoroughly majestic. In fact, he could not be mistaken for a subject, or for a man born to obey any other will than his own. Whatever effect this may have in vanquishing the tenderness of one sex, it is of still greater importance in vanquishing the turbulence of the other. It seems like a special dispensation of Providence to build an emperor of Russia after this stupendous and awful fashion.

His Majesty is upwards of six feet high. Many men are upwards of six feet high; but his Majesty is broad, muscular, active in proportion. His face is finely shaped—with a grave and earnest aspect, indicative of great strength of purpose, and displaying in its settled, immobile expression, the stern habit of authority. The grandeur of the head and figure strikes you at once; you feel you are in an uncommon presence. It is neither love nor fear he inspires—but awe. You are chilled by his icy towering splendor; he brings a freezing atmosphere with him from the dreary north, and it is around him wherever he moves.

But then, in the midst of all this frost-work, there sometimes breaks a smile over his features, which is perfectly enchanting; it is like a rose bursting into life on the surface of a glacier. This smile radiates from his mouth, plays sunnily round it for a moment, and vanishes, leaving his face like marble, as it was before. *His eyes never smile.*

It is a gracious thing for the autocrat to smile at all. Time was when autocrats never smiled—except very grimly; and we accept it as a mark and proof of signal advancement in Russia, that he who holds the destinies of that wondrous hive at the point, as it were, of his sword, should make such a concession to society.

So far as society is concerned—we mean, of course, society out of Russia—nothing can be more affable than his Imperial Majesty. He enjoys everything he sees—shakes hands with the Duke of Wellington—talks familiarly wherever there is information to be obtained—and appears to be absolutely impatient to make himself popular in England. This is another good sign; it is cheering to see the Autocrat of all the Russias trying to get up a little popularity. It

shows, at least, that he knows the value of it elsewhere, even if he places no value upon it at home.

But we must not judge hastily upon this point. Perhaps his Majesty is willing enough to be popular at home, even in Serbia and Poland, if circumstances would admit of it. But the puzzle is how to be popular. His Majesty unfortunately is born to the natural hatred of millions of human beings. He cannot help that. It is his inheritance. He is not the carver of his own fortunes. To be sure, it has been thought possible to mend all this ill-will and deep sense of historical wrongs, and century upon century of accumulated vengeance. But the philanthropic people who think this possible know very little about the state of Russia, its yawning chasms ready to swallow up every man who attempts an innovation, from the boyar to the serf; (if innovation, even in imagination, were practicable in the latter case;) its wide-stretching and thinly-peopled wastes; its various tongues and wants; its necessity for external conquest; and its insatiable thirst after Eastern acquisitions. These elements can be controlled only by a great, decisive, and crushing despotism, which possesses the felicitous power by its weight and indiscriminateness of reducing all things to one level, or to what the Americans poetically designate "universal smash." The emperor comes into this despotism just as a young earl at one-and-twenty comes into his estate. He finds it all ready farmed to his hand. He has nothing to do but to receive the rents; and as to ameliorations towards his tenantry, he may do as he likes in his own person, provided he does not interfere with the settled system of the iron hand.

The anomaly that is so often spoken of between the man and the emperor is really, therefore, no anomaly at all. When people say that the emperor is the centre of this gigantic tyranny, they ought to discriminate between the individual and the office. He is the centre of it, because in him all its powers are concentrated and condensed. But he is not the creator of it, and his heart may stand aloof, while his hand performs those mechanical functions by which dismay is carried to the uttermost ends of his grisly regions of eternal winter. It is possible that the emperor of Russia may be a kind and benevolent man—a wise and good man—a beneficent and great man. It is possible, just possible; and the advocates and friends of Russian emperors generally dwell with exulting satisfaction over their amiable domesticities, showing that whatever else they may be, they can, at all events, be excellent family men, fond of nursing their children, of drinking tea with their wives, and getting up early in the mornings. So much stress does the world, with all its gauds and vanities, place upon the in-door, fireside affections! All this is very possible, although it is not very easy to understand how the mind could keep itself long pure—how the heart could keep itself free from corruption—amidst all the temptations of the will and the passions to which the irresponsible power of the Russian emperor daily expose them. Great must be one's faith in the stubbornness of virtue to enable one to believe this, except as a marvellous exception to the rule. And we believe the most honorable exception is his Imperial Majesty, now for the second time on a visit to this metropolis. Things are changed since he was here last. He will no longer find any extraordinary war enthusiasm—but we hope

he will have discovered before this, that whatever other changes we may have undergone, we have suffered no diminution of national power. We hope he will carry back to Russia a distinct impression of this fact—THAT ENGLAND IS A GREATER COUNTRY NOW, AFTER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OF PEACE, THAN SHE WAS WHEN HE LAST SAW HER, CROWNED WITH A SERIES OF VICTORIES.

*SILENT LOVE: a Poem*, by the late James Wilson, Esq.—James Wilson was, it appears, an apothecary at Paisley, who retired from business, and after residing with his mother for about four years, took to travelling, apparently, to divest himself of some mysterious melancholy. He died in 1807. In a sealed letter the cause of his eccentricities was explained by means of the above poem, which, however, still leaves the name of his passion's object a secret. His mother survived him, and kept the document as a sacred deposit, which sometimes she mentioned, but never exhibited. On her death, in 1832, it fell into the hands of the author's nephew; and when published, seems to have excited the admiration of the Scotch critics. This could not have arisen from any peculiar novelty of imagery or boldness of expression, for simplicity and truth are its only claims to originality. That the poet loved, and never told his love, either to its object or to any one else, is all its story. Hypochondriasis, or worse, madness, comes of such suppression of primal instincts, and perhaps, but for this poetical diversion, the worm preying at the heart might have proved an inappreciable torment. It is soothing to imagine that the melodies uttered in this little book might have turned away the thoughts of the desolate writer from deadliest suggestions—that as the overflowings of a mind, tried and tempted, they were such relief as tardy tears are to the sorrow that was at first too deep for them, but which at length, the sufferer weeps as fast

"As the Arabian tree  
Its medicinal gum."

The poet was born of and for love. Then came "the inexpressive she," who at once won his heart. Henceforth, doubt and darkness blended with contemplation, and brought sickness and sadness, misanthropy, suspicion, and vain fears. The following passage is one of the best in the small volume:—

I knew her home, and often passed that way,  
Sure as the sun performed his course each day;  
Then at her lattice, beaming like the morn,  
I saw the maid that made my heart forlorn;  
Though by this heavenly hope the spell was reared,  
Our mutual prudence declaration feared;  
Yet could I mark her straining, longing eyes,  
Beam like twin stars through partly-shrouded skies.  
Scoff not—for years I still pursued this art,  
In hopes to wile the angel to my heart;  
In hopes to meet, to breathe the latent spell,  
And if unkind, to sigh and say farewell!  
Such things, I said, have been, and still may be—  
And so I sighed—no man e'er loved like me!

O! if the gods live on ambrosial food,  
By mortals named, nor seen, nor understood—  
So hope unseen by any eyes save mine,  
Fed my young heart with nutriment divine!  
Rear'd me to feel with glowing soul of joy,  
The charms of love, though otherwise a boy.  
The sun was sweet I drank its dearest dew

O Hope! thou sweet deceiver of the world!  
Thy banner is too temptingly unfurled—  
How many seek thy phantom form to trace,  
Till sorrow clouds the sunshine of the face!  
Led on and on by thy delusive sway,  
Till youth and beauty languish both away,—  
Till undeceived, we murmur but in vain—  
For who can turn to youth's gay morn again!  
Ah me! if I should own thy sov'reign power,  
Who dares to blame? See buds in every bower,  
Whose lives are like to man's, a fleeting day—  
Nursed up in hope to blossom and decay!  
Rear'd by the dewy smiles of laughing morn,  
Behold the rose adorn its native thorn,—  
At mid-day throwing forth its rich perfume,—  
At evening bending sadly o'er its tomb,  
Yet in its death a fragrance leaves behind,  
Like retrospective thoughts within the mind!

She was a child when first our glances met,  
Now womanhood upon her brow had set;  
Still look'd she lovely, lovelier than before!  
A creature every eye might well adore,  
At least I thought so—love may have the power  
To make the meanest weed appear a flower,—  
Look through a medium always soft and kind,  
Like distant landscapes pictured on the mind!  
Love gazes through a focus of its own,  
To other eyes unseen and all unknown;  
So, if she still was lovely to my eye,  
What should I care though all her charms decay,  
I scarcely wished that other eyes should see  
Her chastened worth. No man e'er loved like me!

But we must forbear, else we might present the reader with the lover's apostrophe to love—his reverential determinations to maintain his secret—the feelings which he experienced whenever the name, which his own lips might never pronounce, was mentioned in his hearing—with the spell which he found belonged to absence, and with other evidence of the "soul-consuming and unspoken pain," which made such platonic and unconfessed affection one long delicious agony.

*Athenæum.*

#### WHY THUS LONGING?

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing  
For the far-off, unattained and dim,  
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,  
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,  
All thy restless yearning it would still;  
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching  
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee  
Thou no ray of hope or joy canst throw;  
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee  
To some little world, through weal and woe.

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,  
No fond voice can answer to thine own,  
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten  
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win thee crowds' applauses,  
Not by works that give thee world-renown,  
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,  
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily effort, though unloved and lonely,  
Every day a rich reward will give;  
Then shalt find thy heart striving only

From the Quarterly Review.

## THE WRITINGS OF BISHOP BUTLER.\*

THEY were sad times that succeeded the civil wars. It was not the court only that was stricken, but the country. "That was an age not less degenerate in spirit than corrupt in manners; when all wisdom and virtue, and religion, were almost, in most places, grown ridiculous; when the serious use of reason became, in vulgar opinion, the most impertinent and insignificant thing in the world; when innocence was reputed a mere defect of wit, and weakness of judgment; integrity, a fond pertinacity of humor; constancy of mind and gravity of demeanor, a kind of sullen morosity or uncouth affectation of singularity; and all strict practice of Christian duty incurred the imputation of some new-found opprobrious name one or other." So spake Barrow from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey in the year 1663, when one great coming event had not as yet cast its awful shadow before. But if the physical world be so governed as to be subservient to the moral, (which it probably is,) and if it be lawful to intrude into the secret counsels of the Most High, (which it may not be,) it might be thought that to call the people back to a better mind, to sober them once more in the midst of these delirious follies, nothing less could suffice than some national scourge which should make them remember that they were mortal, and that accordingly the plague was commissioned to desolate the land. The moral effect of such a visitation must for a time at least have been great, when every man had to walk with his life in his hand, and when some, foreseeing that the chance of surviving was little, and the chance of decent interment after death less, dug their grave with their own spade, and thus saved themselves from being buried with the burial of an ass. Still the plague does not appear to have whipped the offending spirit out. Like Pharaoh's plagues, it was probably felt, feared, and forgotten; for, during the century which succeeded it, both infidel and heterodox abounded; and whilst a Chubb and a Tindal were laboring to destroy the foundations of the Christian creed, a Whiston and a Clarke were maintaining tenets at variance with some of its most essential doctrines. It was an age of reason, and in one respect, at least, rightly so called; for it was at this period that the faculty acquired fresh force by a more skilful application of its powers; and the method of induction, which the great Bacon had struck out nearly a century before, was now adopted with signal success to every department of knowledge. To argue from points established to points undetermined—to advance, from data not to be disputed, to conclusions which would not otherwise be obvious, seems a very simple process, requiring no *Œdipus* to discover and propound. Yet the want of this rule (simple as it is) had involved mankind in errors innumerable, for it had occasioned a world to be

built on mere hypothesis. Now, however, a new order of things arose; experiment was substituted for fancy. Sir Isaac Newton, instead of indulging his imagination in freaks about the Iris, let the ray of light through the aperture of his shutter, and divided it into its component colors by his prism of glass, and traced its course through the vessel of water on which it fell; and upon the substantial observations thus made, constructed his sublime system of optics, and unravelled the mysteries of the rainbow. Locke, pursuing the same course in metaphysics as Newton in physics, emancipated mankind from the doctrines of reminiscences, innate ideas, and the like consecrated lumber; and diverting them from speculative conjectures to the actual examination of their own faculties, founded a fresh era in the philosophy of the human mind; by the application of this same principle, medicine was made to supersede magic, and chemistry to take place of alchemy; and, in a word, science, which hitherto, like the architects of Laputa, had begun to build at the wrong end—in the clouds instead of on the earth, from the chimneys downwards—henceforward laid its foundations on a rock, and only reared such a superstructure as those foundations would warrant. A principle thus wholesome in other investigations was no less so in that which concerns us most of all; and as Newton had profited by it in his natural system, and Locke in his intellectual, so did Bishop Butler (in his own province equal to either) avail himself of it in his system of theology.

It may well be imagined from what we have already said, and it will be still more clearly seen from what we shall have occasion to say by and by, that few persons were of a temper in those days to take God's word on trust. On the contrary, so fastidious were the times, that it was not even considered a subject of inquiry, but a mere fiction, agreed so to be by all people of discernment, a good thing for the poor, and a topic upon which a man of parts might very properly make himself merry.\* Butler saw the evil, and projected the remedy. He well knew he had those to feed who were not fit for very strong meat; and, accordingly, he proposed, in his own characteristic language, to show—what! that Christianity was true to a demonstration!—no, but "*that it was not so clear a case that there was nothing in it.*" Here was certainly no great flourish of trumpets. "*Quid feret hic dignum tanto promissor hiatu,*" was a reproach that no man would cast in his teeth. He gives such a pledge as he feels that he can not only redeem, but redeem an hundred-fold; and the augmented effect of reasoning conducted in this spirit can only be appreciated by those who have felt the dissatisfaction (especially in dissertations upon sacred subjects) occasioned by a contrary process—when a good argument (it may be) is crushed under an unlawful load of conclusions, and a crowd of angels is made to dance upon a needle's point. It is a great secret in the art of reasoning not to go for too much; and, above all, in dealing with sceptics or unbelievers, is it important to drive the sharp end of the wedge first: seeing this, they may by and by "*see greater things than these.*"

That there is such a thing as a *course of nature* none can deny. This, therefore, is the ground on which Butler takes his stand, whereon he fixes a lever that shakes the strong holds of unbelief even

\* 1. The Works of Bishop Butler. Oxford, Clarendon Press.

2. The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature. By Joseph Butler, late Lord Bishop of Durham. With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, Vicar of Islington. London.

3. An Essay on the Philosophical Evidence of Christianity; or the Credibility obtained to a Scriptural Revelation from its coincidence with the Facts of Nature. By the Rev. Renn Hampden, M. A., late Fellow of Oriel College. London.

\* Advertisement to the Analogy.

to their foundations; for, on comparing this scheme of nature with the scheme of revelation, there is found a most singular correspondence between their several parts,—such a correspondence as gives very strong reason for believing that the author of one is the author of both.

“What if earth

Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein  
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?”

The argument, indeed, does not amount to proof, but to presumption. It is as though the parentage of a foundling were to be made the subject of inquiry: now that it is the child of such or such a parent—of the one or other of the two women, for instance, that strove before Solomon—can indeed only be *made out* effectually by the production of certain matters of fact in evidence; but at the same time, if it manifestly resembles an acknowledged son of a parent in question—“one face, one voice, one habit, and two persons”—this circumstance, though it would not of itself *prove* the point in dispute, would very greatly *corroborate* the proofs derived from other and independent sources, and would overcome many scruples which might otherwise arise in the mind of judge or jury, as to any supposed deficiency in the proofs themselves. Such is the value of the argument from analogy.

Thus, revelation declares that we are to live hereafter in a state differing considerably from that in which we live here. Now the constitution of nature in a manner says so too. For do we not see birds let loose from the prison of the shell, and launched into a new and nobler state of existence? insects extricated at length from their cumbrous and unsightly tenement, and then permitted to unfold their beauties to the sun? seeds rotting in the earth, with no apparent promise of future vegetation, yet quickened after death, and clothed with luxuriant apparel? Is not our own solid flesh perpetually thawing and restoring itself, so that the numerical particles of which it once consisted have by degrees dropped away, leaving, meanwhile, the faculties of the soul unimpaired, and its consciousness uninterrupted for a moment? Is not the eye a telescope, and the hand a vice, and the arm a lever, and the wrist a hinge, and the leg a crutch, and the stomach a laboratory, and the whole frame but a case of beautiful instruments, which may accordingly be destroyed without the destruction of the agent that wields them? Nay, cannot that agent, when once master of its craft, work without the tools, and are not its perceptions in a *dream* as vivid as when every organ of sense is actively employed in ministering to its wants? What though the silver chord be loosed and the golden bowl broken, and the pitcher broken at the well, and the wheel broken at the cistern, still may not the immortal artist itself have quitted the ruptured machinery, and retired to the country from which it came? What though the approach of death seem, by degrees, to enfeeble, and at last to suspend the powers of the mind, will not the constitution of nature bid us be of good cheer, seeing that the approach of *sleep* does the same! Of sleep, which, instead of paralyzing the functions of the man, is actually their

“second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.”

And if, in some instances, death does lie heavy on the trembling spirit, in how many others does it seem to be only cutting the chords that bound it to

earth, exonerating it of a weight that sunk it—so that, agreeably to a notion too universal to be altogether groundless, at the eve of its departure it should appear

“to attain  
To something of prophetic strain?”

Here, then, the constitution of nature and the voice of revelation conspire to teach the same great truth, “*non omnis moriar.*”

Well, then, such future state asserted, revelation next affirms that our happiness or misery in it is in our own keeping; that the Deity, having warned us thereof, leaves us to make our own choice.—What says the constitution of nature to this!—Even that here again (to use the remarkable words of the author of *Ecclesiasticus*) “all things are double one against another;”\* for it is evident that pain is annexed to this object, and pleasure to that, in this *present world*, with no other view, as far as we can see, than to direct our goings in the way; that our path is made to lie, *even as regards the affairs of this life*, amongst burning ploughshares, through which we are left to thread our course, till, by repeated sufferings, we learn to refrain from treading awry; and that everything above us, and beneath us, and around us, proclaims in accents not to be misunderstood, that, to refuse the evil, and choose the good, rests with ourselves. Nay, the details of the two systems are singularly alike. Thus, punishment is in *this life* often foreseen as probable, and disregarded—often the full and certain expectation of it is withheld—often it admits of being intercepted up to a certain point, but not beyond that point—often it is risked for present profit—often it is greater than seems commensurate with the gain—often it tarries very long behind, *pæde claudo*—still comes at last, suddenly, with the clamorous violence of an armed man—the cause of it, perhaps, forgotten—poured forth as if from a treasure-house of wrath awakened. Now, all this is clearly not accident, but a system; not caprice, but design; pointing out, as with the finger of God itself, that it is the will of the great Contriver that thus it should be. Such is the constitution of *nature* in this world; yet, is it not a literal transcript of the doctrine of *revelation*, with regard to the *next world*, that our warning is given us; our neglect of it to be at our peril—our punishment, sooner or later, to follow our neglect? When the constitution of our nature tells us beforehand, that, if we are determined to pluck our treasure out of the fire, we must put up with burning our fingers—the case is strictly analogous to that of revelation, when it tells us beforehand, that, if we are determined to seize on present pleasure, we must put up with suffering future pain. Surely these two witnesses agree together, in a manner so remarkable as to leave ample room for apprehension, even on principles the most sceptical, that the latter, like the former, may be bearing God's message.

Further—Revelation affirms this natural government of the world to be a *moral* one too: a government under which men are not only rewarded and punished, (for this is consistent with the most capricious tyranny,) but rewarded and punished with a strict reference to the *good* or *evil* of their deeds. What does the constitution of nature say to this!—Does it again furnish the counterpart! Here, it is true, the heathen poet was for a moment

staggered. The passage is well known ; curious, however, as showing how instinctively the argument of analogy suggested itself to a reflecting mind, though showing, at the same time, the difficulty of following it out with success till revelation came to hold up the torch :—

"Sæpe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem,  
Curarent superi terras, an nullus inesset  
Rector, et incerto fluerent mortalia casu.  
Nam cum dispositi quæsissem fœdera mundi,  
Præscriptoque maris fines, amnisque meatus,  
Et lucis noctisque vices ; tunc omnia rebar  
Consilio firmata Dei, qui lege moveri  
Sidera, qui fruges diverso tempore nasci,  
Qui variam Phœben alieno jussisset igne  
Compleri, solemque suo ; porrexerit undis  
Littora, tellurem medio libraverit axe.  
Sed cum res hominum tantâ caligine volvi  
Aspicerem, lætosque diu florere nocentes,  
Vexarique pios, rursus labefacta cadebat  
Religio, causæque viam non sponte sequebar  
Alterius, vacuo quæ currere semina motu  
Affirmat, magnumque novas per inane figuras  
Fortunâ non arte regi : qua numina, sensu  
Ambiguo, vel nulla putat vel nescia nostri."

*Claudian : in Rufin.*

Which, for the benefit of mere English readers, we translate thus :—

Oft have I ponder'd, still perplexed to know,  
If there be gods who govern her below ;  
If there be gods—or, if all gods denied,  
Chance must be thought to rule, nor ought beside ;  
For, when contemplative, I traced the plan  
Of all material things apart from man—  
The ocean's bound, the stream's appointed way,  
The sweet vicissitude of night and day ;—  
These when I saw, I sooth'd my laboring breast,  
For God's all-wise dominion stood confest :  
Stars in their courses seem'd his voice to hear ;  
His fruits in just succession crown'd the year,  
The inconstant moon, His sovereign pleasure known,  
Dispensed her borrow'd light—the sun his own ;  
His shores the billows of the deep controll'd,  
And earth, self-balanced, on His axle rolled,—  
Then look'd I upon man ; but now beset  
With darkness and with gloom was all I met :  
The base triumphant, and the righteous spurn'd.  
This shook my faith again, and doubt return'd—  
Return'd to cast me on the thankless creed,  
That darkling floats along each random seed ;  
That through the void immense new forms combine,  
And Chance, sole arbiter, supplants Design—  
That still to this our choice must be confined,  
No gods—or gods that care not for mankind.

The Psalmist himself was for a while troubled with these thoughts that would arise in his heart, seeing, as he did, that "the ungodly came into no misfortune like other folk, neither were they plagued like other men." But both the poet and the prophet, on further deliberation, came to a just conclusion, and "absolved the gods." For, indeed, whatever speculative difficulties there might be in the way of such a notion, still a practical belief there is, and ever has been, amongst all nations and languages, that man lives under a *moral* government after all. "Who is he," exclaim the ancients of Thebes, "who is he whom the Delphic rock of prophecy hath denounced as the doer of deeds unutterable ; the man of the bloody hand ! Time it is that he should flee, with a foot swifter than the horses of the winds ; already hath the son of Jove taken arms against him, even hot thunder-bolts, and the fearful Fates follow after,

and who shall escape them !" \* Daring was reckoned the spirit of that man who would sojourn under the same roof, or sail in the same boat, with the profaner of the mysteries of Ceres. "And when the *barbarians* saw the venomous beast hang on the hands of Paul, they said among themselves, no doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet *vengeance suffereth not to live.*" Why, but that this belief is so strong in man, would such a trifle have been left upon record, as that the pen and ink, with which Charles signed the death-warrant of Lord Strafford, was the very same with which he signed his own, in the bill for the Long Parliament ! Or why, but for this, would the remark have been so general, that the families who despoiled the monasteries rarely continued to prosper ; "the brand, which the eagle stole from the altar (as the good old Izaak Walton says,) and with which she thought to make her nest, serving only to set it on fire." "About the year, I suppose, 1615 or 1616," writes Sir Henry Spelman, in his curious treatise on the "History and Fate of Sacrilege," "I described, with a pair of compasses, in the map of Norfolk, a circle of twelve miles, the semi-diameter, according to the scale thereof, placing the centre about the chief seat of the Yelvertons ; within this circle and the borders of it, I inclosed the mansion-houses of about twenty-four families of *gentlemen*, and the site of as many *monasteries*, all standing together at the time of the dissolution : and I then noted that the gentlemen's seats continued at that day in their own families and names, but the monasteries had flung out their owners, with their names and families, (all of them save two,) thrice at least, and some of them four, or five, or six times, not only by fail of issue or ordinary sale, but very often by grievous accidents and misfortunes."—A very singular fact, to say the least of it : but the bare disposition to note it is enough for our purpose—as, indeed, is the disposition in general to construe calamities into judgments : for it can only arise out of a confirmed belief that we are living under a *moral* government, whatever may be said or seen to the contrary. Cases might occur to stagger this opinion, as we have said, and must have occurred, so long as a future state of adjustment was only partially taken into the estimate. Still, the opinion itself has universally prevailed ; nor can any other account of it be given, than that the tendency of the constitution of nature was felt to be such as established and supported it.—And this who can deny ? Who can deny, as a matter of fact, that of whatever kind the invisible sovereignty may be to which we are subject, prudence does, upon the whole, bring its appropriate reward in this world, folly its appropriate penalty !—That crimes are punished as injurious to society, virtues recompensed as beneficial to it ; the punishment or the recompense, no doubt, conveyed through the instrumentality of human means, but not on that account the less faithful expositors of the will of God—society itself being evidently of his appointment, and the arguments, both moral and physical, being amply sufficient to show that he did not intend "man to be alone ?" Who can deny that vice carries along with it strong symptoms of being a violation of the principles according to which the world is governed !—that a lie, for instance, entails embarrassments without end upon its author, and makes him feel that he has

\* *Ced. Tyr.* 463.

entangled himself in the machinery of the system in which he lives! Who can deny that there is a principle within him which leads him to befriend the good, to thwart the evil doer; a principle acting thus, without any selfish object, but as instinctively approving what is right, and condemning what is wrong? Can anything be conceived more monstrous than a scheme where the reverse of all this should take effect? Is not the existence of such a principle the key-stone of social order itself?—so that, as Milton argues,

“if this fail,  
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on stubble.

Without it, we know not how Christians could have become such, or to what a gospel could have appealed within the breast for a right of admission into the world. “If ye believe not me, believe the *works*”—not merely as exhibitions of power, for an evil spirit might be supposed capable of doing works of power, if that were all, but of *goodness* also. Still less can we understand how heathen society could have held together for a single week; how, in its discordant elements, it could have escaped self-destruction, dashing itself in pieces like an ungoverned and ungovernable engine, and expiring at length in the midst of an universal anarchy. But such a moral nature having been given us is in itself a proof that the Deity intends we should be subject to a moral rule: and his having placed us in such a situation at present as affords scope for the exercise of this nature, nay, as actually demands its exercise in a considerable degree, is a present earnest that he will be *finally* true to this rule, and act upon it strictly.

Dark as the ways of God may be, there is enough to satisfy a reasonable man that He is on virtue's side: the *tendency* of things proves it. For instance, who can set bounds to the prosperity of a nation of perfectly righteous individuals—a nation in which every man would literally do his duty? The wisest of the land would be sent to her Parliament—the national Senate would be a conclave of sages,—no unworthy motives would influence the electors—no political gratitude, arising out of a strong sense of good things to come—no fear or favor would warp a vote—*detur digniori* would be the uncompromising motto, in the choice of a man to whom the property, the liberty, the honor, the morals, the religion of the empire were to be consigned, and whose solemn charge it would henceforth become, to see that in none of these great interests the commonwealth should take damage at his hands. “Politicians who would *circumvent* God” would subside into plain men, who would *fear* him. Faction would be at an end. The public weal would never be put in jeopardy for the purpose of embarrassing a minister, nor would principles reel under party struggles for place and power. New laws would be made, for circumstances might call for them, but perhaps they would be few—(Rome foundered beneath the multitude of her laws, *legibus laboravit*)—for patience to investigate, practical experience to understand, and wisdom to redress an evil, would not fall to the lot of all; and they who failed in these qualities would feel it, hold their peace, and honestly confess, that “they had nothing to draw with, and that the well was deep.” Old laws would be abrogated or adjusted—for this, too, circumstances might require: but perhaps it would be done with fear and trembling, with a *nolimus*;

for it would be considered that it is more easy to discover the mischief which an existing law does, than the mischief which it prevents—that in the application of a theory, (especially on so complicated a subject as political economy,) the most sagacious calculator may overlook some item in the reckoning, which may be fatal to the success of his measure, however well meant—that, in the actual business of life, it is scarcely possible to make too much allowance for friction—and that it was a grave authority (for Lord Strafford's was said to be the wisest head that stood on any pair of shoulders in England) which declared “how advised we ought to be of any innovation, considering that inconveniences are rather found by experience than foreseen by judgment.” Debates, it is indeed to be feared, would, in such an assembly, be *tame*; for pleasant sneers at the stupid prejudices, antiquated notions, ecclesiastical bigotry of former generations, (those dead lions at which it is natural that many should kick,) would probably be suppressed by one thankful recollection—“*sic fortis Etruria, crevit.*” Above all, such a body would have the cordial confidence and support of the country, because, however they might err, (as still err they would,) they would be known to act from public spirit and in singleness of heart, as senators sitting under the eye of the great Taskmaster. Then with what promptness would their laws be executed, appealing, as they would, to a people united in their favor as one man; with what spirit too, should it be needful, would arms be taken up in their defence, conscious, as the nation would be, of the righteousness of their cause, nothing doubting but that God would go forth with their host, covering their heads in the day of battle, or taking them to himself if they fell. Then again, how would the fame of so peculiar a people spread into all lands; how would they be chosen by strangers far and near as the arbiters of their differences, the peace-makers in their quarrels, the counsellors to whom they might repair without a suspicion of treachery. Thus would the necessity of all subtle and crooked policy be spared, and the balance of the world fall naturally and innocently into their hands. This, alas! is but an Utopian picture; but such is the *tendency* of the essential constitution of things, to give virtue the preëminence; of righteousness to exalt a nation; a tendency which must be very strong indeed, to preserve the world even as it is, when we call to mind how vastly more *easy* it is to do evil than to do good, how the hand which cannot rear a hut may demolish a palace. Nor will the value of this concurrence between nature and revelation be thought a trifle, if it be remembered how perplexed we should be, had we found that vice, instead of virtue, possessed *essentially* the advantage in this world; and whilst revelation declared that God would eventually give the triumph to the good, nature asserted that present appearances were all the other way.

Thus, therefore, a future state—a future state of rewards and punishments—a future state of rewards and punishments dispensed according to a moral rule, or, in other words, according to the virtue or vice of the parties concerned,—is written in the volume of the book of nature itself, in characters legible enough when they have been brought to the light, though it may be that revelation was wanted to hold up the candle. But our parallel does not end here; for if these rewards and punishments are to be measured out hereafter



according to merit here, then must this world be a state of probation, in which such merit is expected to develop itself. Accordingly, revelation so represents it. And again, the constitution of things, when unfolded, tallies with the representation. For man is an unformed, unfinished creature, when he begins his being, though we refer him only to the character he has by and by to support upon earth. His *early years* are but a season, wherein he has to shape himself for the portion of his *riper age*—he is not born qualified for the part in *this life* he has to play; he must fit himself for it by much patient previous discipline—*multa tulit scitque puer*. If we look upon an infant in its cradle, how much, must we think, is to be done, before it can become the judge, or the statesman, or the great captain of the next generation? What a drilling must Barrow have gone through, when, from a child who delighted in fighting and setting his playfellows to fight, regardless of his book—of such uncomfortable promise, as to make his father devoutly wish that if it should please God to take any of his children, it might be Isaac—he grew up in temper fit to win all hearts; in science, fit to fill with honor the mathematical chair in which Newton succeeded him; in learning, fit to stand in the very foremost rank amongst the most profound and universal scholars of his country! Such are the subsequent effects of early discipline in this life—of that scheme of probation, which requires opportunities to be seized as they occur; gratifications to be foregone in the hope of approaching recompense; miscarriages to be risked as well through the fault of others as of ourselves. Thus *nature* represents the years of the boy ministering to the condition of his manhood, just as *revelation* represents his whole threescore and ten years as ministering to his condition in eternity. The former scheme is in miniature, just what the latter is in large; and if the one be certain, surely the other may be probable.

Nor is this all; one feature there is in the plan of revelation more prominent than the rest,—that mankind are to be saved not *directly* but through a *mediator*. Now, nothing can be more strictly analogous to the constitution of nature than such a provision as this. For is it not through the mediation of others, that we live, and move, and enjoy our being? Are we not thus brought into the world, and for many years sustained in it? Is there a blessing imparted to us, which others have not, in some measure, contributed to procure? Nay, more, (for even the details of this dispensation are singularly coincident with our actual experience,) when punishment follows vice as a natural consequence, is not a way opened for escape very commonly by the instrumentality of others? Is not a shield thus mercifully interposed, more or less, between the transgression and the extreme curse which would have otherwise alighted upon it? For instance, a drunkard is on the point of falling down a precipice, and breaking his bones;—had he done so, it would have been a very natural consequence of his wilful folly, in “putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains.” But a sober man steps in and rescues him from his peril. Here, then, is the case of a mediator mitigating the just severity of the ordinary wages of intemperance. Or, nobody happens to be at hand to interpose for the protection of the delinquent, and, accordingly, down he goes and fractures a limb. But now, in

his turn, comes the surgeon, and once more snatches him from the ulterior ill effects of the righteous accident. Here, again, is the case of a mediator again lightening the curse. But the man is lame and incapable of earning his daily bread, and if abandoned, must, after all, perish of hunger. And now in comes his parish, or his benefactor, with present food and promise of more, and once again is a part of his heavy sentence remitted. The mediator is still upon the alert. Nor, indeed, can the universal practice of vicarious sacrifice be easily explained, unless it be allowed, that (howsoever originating) there was something in the constitution of nature, which unobtrusively, perhaps, and in secret, cherished its continuance,—so that nations who retained little else of God in their thoughts, retained this.

Such are some of the bolder features of the two schemes of Nature and Revelation, which answer as face to face; and the argument once opened, it is easy to pursue it (as Mr. Hampden has actually done, and often with great success) “into a thousand similes;”—for wisdom will be crying out in the streets. It is easy, for instance, to see physical and moral events playing into one another’s hands, as it were, in a marvellous manner, in the administration of *this world*; rain or drought working out famine, and famine working out national demoralization;—and thus the virtue or vice of mankind greatly determined by vapors, precipitated or held in solution. Why then should it be thought, a thing incredible that the fall of man should be connected with the tasting of an apple; or, that *physical* causes, of various kinds, operating the dispersion or temporary migration of the Israelites through almost every part of the known world—Egypt, Arabia, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome,—should have been the appointed means whereby a nation of priests, a host of reluctant missionaries, were sent forth to spread far and wide a knowledge of the true God, and to promote the *religious* welfare of mankind?

Again, it is easy to see, in the administration of the world, a beautiful *uniformity* throughout—a thousand things, great and small, influenced by one common cause, and tending to one common centre;—the meanest individuals thus linked to the universe itself,—“the chicken roosting upon its perch, to the spheres revolving in the firmament.” And in the scheme of revelation, it is obvious to remark, that the construction is the same. There it will be found (so we persuade ourselves, and were we at liberty to pursue the subject, we think we could persuade others) that the great principle of the redemption pervades Scripture no less thoroughly, in all its parts, than the principle of gravity pervades our system;—that, either in prospect or retrospect, it is hinted, shadowed out, prophesied, typified, commemorated, in the entire scheme of Old Testament and New. So that, withdraw it, and we can discover little but a series of incidents, some nugatory, some offensive, all disjointed;—trifles, light as air, detailed with a circumstantial pomp altogether foreign from them;—historical transactions of the last importance (according to man’s judgment) overlooked in a most unaccountable and contemptuous disregard;—in a word, a rude and indigested mass of heterogeneous materials. Bear this principle in sight, and all these jarring elements subside into their proper places, so as to compose one harmonious whole; and the domestic detail, however trivial, the mere household word,



has still its weighty and appropriate meaning; and the light-hearted mockery of an aged woman, for instance,\* becomes as real an instrument for telling forth the Almighty's plan, and bears upon it as effectually, as the tongue of the seer itself, which was touched with living coal from the altar.

It is easy to see again, in the administration of this world, causes and effects, running up into one another with a most evasive intricacy—nobody venturing to say where the regular confusion ends. The building of a church at Rome, for example, is coupled with the sale of indulgences—the sale of indulgences with the exasperation of a Luther—the exasperation of a Luther, with the immediate downfall of much, and perhaps, the ultimate downfall of all spiritual tyranny throughout the world.—A soldier has his leg broken at the siege of Pampeluna, and, till the limb is healed, he occupies himself with establishing a religious order, and this eventually governs the destinies of a great part of mankind;—these cases may suffice of a million. Still is the mechanism of precisely the same character in the scheme which revelation exhibits:—the daughter of Pharaoh goes to the Nile to bathe; on this hangs the preservation of the infant lawgiver; on this, again, the release of Israel, the overthrow of the Egyptians, the promulgation of the Levitical law, the preparation of the gospel of peace. Or, to take a more mysterious case, which we will do in the words of a much better philosopher than ourselves, who is speculating, however, upon quite another subject:—

“It is not difficult to show that the miraculous conception of our Lord evidently implies some higher purpose in his coming than the mere business of a teacher. The business of a teacher might have been performed by a mere man, enlightened by a prophetic spirit; for, whatever instruction men have the capacity to receive, a man might have been made the instrument to convey. Had teaching, therefore, been the sole purpose of our Saviour's coming, a mere man might have done the whole business, and the supernatural conception had been an unnecessary miracle. He, therefore, who came in this miraculous way, came upon some higher business, to which a mere man was unequal. He came to be made a sin-offering for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.”

So remarkably do the doctrines of Scripture (even where they are apparently least practical) lock into one another—reciprocally giving and receiving support.

There would be no difficulty, as we have observed, in pursuing this parallel to almost any extent; and though we doubt not that persons who have been unused to this peculiar method of argument, will look upon much that we have said, or may have to say, as fanciful, yet we have no fear of the result, if they will make the subject of analogy a *vade mecum* in their ordinary walks through life, and note the wide compass within which it is capable of application. If we know ourselves, we are not apt to be betrayed into visionary views of religion; but this question is one that has lain in *soak* in our minds (so to speak)

these many years, and has acquired fresh authority in every one that has passed over our heads. At the same time, it must be remarked, that we have not been contending for the analogy of the constitution and course of nature, as a *proof* of the truth of revelation; the *proof* must be supplied by those many and various matters of fact to which Scripture appeals for a testimony, and which retire from the most inquisitorial scrutiny without a reproach or a suspicion. To these, revelation fearlessly refers us. But of the argument of the analogy, this, at least, may be said, that it is a very singular and strange circumstance, how a few Galilean peasants (unlearned men, as their own writings demonstrate) should have struck out a scheme professing to come from God, which, when tried by the test of “the course and constitution of nature,” (a scheme indisputably from God,) should be found to harmonize with it so remarkably. It is the more singular, when it is remembered, that these rustic contrivers evidently contemplated no such principle of investigation, so that they might square their work accordingly. On the contrary, that they do not even propound their instructions as a *system* at all, but rather throw out certain loose facts and doctrines, fragments rather than forms, which have to be actually arrayed, disposed, reduced into order, before they fall into what divines call a *system* of theology. Surely this is a problem worthy of a solution; and such as ought to make an unbeliever pause at least, and lead him to examine the positive evidence for that, of which the presumptive evidence is not at any rate despicable. It may be said, indeed, that the evidence, furnished by analogy, would have been little, had not revelation told us where to look for it. And this is true; but it is a truth not at all affecting the value of that evidence when we once have it. A Harvey was wanted, to apply the anatomical fact of the different directions in which the valves of the arteries and veins open, to the development of the theory of the circulation of the blood; yet the circulation of the blood would have been just as real, if no Harvey had lived to make it known. The Newtonian System, as it is called, might have been hidden to this day, if Newton had never been born; but it would not have been, on that account, the less certain that the system existed. The “Constitution and Course of Nature” has been dug up,—revelation telling us where to dig, in order to find it; but, on coming to the light, its testimony to the truth of revelation is not, on that account, the less worthy of all acceptance. In the Acts of the Apostles, we read, “A certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, heard us.” (ch. xvi. 14.) Now, suppose this passage had induced a search to be made into the ruins of Thyatira; and that, in consequence, a stone had been brought up, bearing a mutilated inscription to a worthy of that city, from a company of *dyers*, (*δύπαρτες*\*)—the discovery of the stone would help to corroborate the assertion of the writer of the Acts,—not at all the less effectually, because it happened to be some hundred years after the Acts were written that the discovery was made,—and that it was only made then, because the mention of the place had stimulated curiosity, and suggested the search.

On the whole, if we pass the several particulars

\* Gen. xxi. 6. *Vide* Allix's Reflections upon Genesis and the four last books of Moses,—where this subject is pursued in a manner not more ingenious than satisfactory.

\* *Vide* Wheeler's Journey into Greece, iii., p. 233.

of this argument rapidly in review, and reckon their cumulative value, that which answers to what in architecture is called the *effect*, cannot be inconsiderable in the judgment of any sober and dispassionate inquirer after truth.

But, whatever may be the importance of the argument from analogy, when regarded under this aspect, it is not that under which Bishop Butler contemplated it with the most satisfaction. Whether he was first put upon his inquiry by the remark of Origen, which he quotes as though it had struck his mind with the force of a new thought, that "he who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from Him who is the author of nature, may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it, as are found in the constitution of nature;" whether, we say, this was the text from which he set out, and which gave a complexion to his subsequent thoughts throughout, the obvious tendency of it being to lead him to consider the argument chiefly as an *answer to objections* against revelation; or whether he thought that to silence objections was in itself to add to the positive evidence in the most effectual of all ways, by making it carry (to use a profane phrase) less weight; or whether, in wielding his two-edged weapon, he was naturally disposed to strike on the side that cut keenest,—for, as a smiter down of the high imaginations of the infidel touching the *scheme* of Christianity, it is not only powerful, but altogether resistless; or whether, in an age like his own, so "very reasonable" in its religious notions, he felt a righteous zeal to foil the wise with their own weapons, and to suggest to them, with all becoming humility, that there might be, after all,—and even on admission of their difficulties,—more things between heaven and earth than their philosophy dreamed of: however this might be, certain it is, that it is as an *answer to objections* against revelation, that Butler regards the analogy, rather than as a witness of its truth;—that he does not so often speak in the spirit of St. Paul, when that apostle urges "The invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made," as when he retorts upon the deistical antagonist, "Thou fool! that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die;"—that he sometimes employs it in conjunction with revelation, but much more often in opposition to unbelief.

Here, indeed, the argument of analogy is the golden branch, before which obstacles fall and phantoms vanish. Thus: there is a presumption against miracles. So there may be, but is there not also a presumption against such a combination of circumstances as go to make up the history of Cæsar, meeting in any one individual, prior to the event? Yet the presumption, (however great,) yields before a very small matter of evidence. We have an impression on our minds, that it was the avowed intention, a few years ago, of a great living poet to write a life of Napoleon, not on the plan he adopted, but on one in which not a single incident should be probable, yet all strictly true; and no doubt the thing might have been achieved. The presumption must have been great against the phenomena of electricity, galvanism, or many other arcana of nature, yet they were soon established on evidence not to be gainsayed. We suppose, that had Palinurus been told, when he was beating about in the Mediterranean three days and three nights, neither sun nor stars appearing, that the time would come when a little needle's point

would "prate of his whereabouts" with most miraculous organs, and to the merest nicety, he would have been hard to be persuaded.—Yet so it was. And though we think the presumption at present strong against the existence of future flying philosophers, yet only a certain degree of testimony would be wanted to work our conviction that, having been long volatile, they were become volant. The course of nature, therefore, very easily disposes of the question of presumption. But it does more. To those who believe in a *particular* Providence ever actively superintending the affairs of this world, great and small, miracles can present no cause of offence; for then, perpetual interposition being the order of things, it is credible enough that it should sometimes manifest itself in striking and unusual effects.

But the administration of this world, it may be said, is carried on according to *general laws*. Still there is much on foot to which those laws do not seem to apply—*faults*, as it were, (to use a miner's phrase,) in the constitution of things. What are the laws, for instance, by which a hurricane, or a pestilence, or a famine, pounces upon mankind, (*ακρίψας ἄνθρωποι*), scourging one place and sparing another; so hard to be reduced to any principle, as to be called (what is another name for our utter ignorance of their nature)—*accidents*? May it not be that times and seasons proceed by rules prescribed, till some accumulation of inconvenience requires the interposition of a hurricane, or a pestilence, or a famine, and still that the interposition itself occurs according to a general law too, not to be considered as an item in a system of expedients, implying defect or effort, unworthy of the contriver, since to change implies no more of this than to create,—for, if there was a defect before the change, so must there have been before the creation, creation itself being a change; and if an effort is required to alter, so it must have been to produce,—but rather is the natural effect of *causes* set at work from the beginning. And in like manner the *moral* world may proceed, according to general laws, till an accumulation of inconvenience demands the interference of a miracle; this, too, according to a general law, a law by which it was appointed when the foundations of the world were laid, that, under such and such circumstances, miracles there should be,—a law which we might, very probably, trace out and determine, if we had but other moral systems wherewith to make a comparison. And if it be objected that this is to deprive miracles of their value as tokens of a commission from God, as credentials of his ambassadors, we answer that no such consequence would ensue; for that as a mere man could never calculate upon such an interposition occurring in his favor, unless he had been in communication with the Deity, so its actual occurrence would be thought enough to prove such communication, or, in other words, to certify the authority by which he spake. Moses, for instance, could not be supposed to have lifted up his rod by a happy coincidence at the very moment when the "universal plan" required that the waters of the Red Sea should be divided before the Israelites; but the phenomenon happening as he waved his wand, it would be at once concluded that the Deity had been with him, and let him into the secret. And, after all, what is a miracle, but an apparent deviation from the established course of nature, with a view to a *moral* effect? But (as we have had frequent occasion to remark, in the progress of this argument) nothing

is more usual than to see events in the natural world made subservient to moral ends; indeed, so usual, that it may be doubted whether every individual event is not intended to produce finally some moral purpose. There may be difficulties in either case, both in the peculiarities of nature and of revelation—that we dispute not; but our argument is this—that whilst we see in God's natural government apparent interruptions of general laws, or phenomena, which, if assignable to general laws, are not assignable to such as we can discover, and are, therefore, classed under the head *accidents*, (which, like *sundries*, mean just what we can give no account of,) we have no need to be staggered at the same or similar mechanism in God's moral government, the presumption being rather the other way, that irregularities were to be expected in the scheme of revelation, there being actually such in the physical scheme.

But is it not strange that mankind should have been suffered to live so long in the dark—that the world should have been left to drag on four thousand years, before Christianity was revealed? Here, again, analogy steps in, exclaiming, not at all strange; on the contrary, it is the most common case in nature. How is it, for example, that herbs have been allowed to run to waste for centuries, upon centuries, of which the virtues, when they were once discovered,

“sae fortified the part,  
That when Death looked to his dart,  
It was so blunt,  
Fient haet o't wad hae pierced the heart  
Of a kail-runt.”

Indeed, it is not till within these very few years that a whole class of medicines, and a class, now, we believe, considered the most efficient,—minerals, have been transferred from the bowels of the earth to the bowels of the patient, to the great advantage of human life. How is it, to revert to what we have already touched upon, that mankind were left to blunder about upon the ocean, in perils of waters, for so long a period, without the knowledge of the compass? Or to live in gross ignorance of many most essential truths, during a number of generations, for want of the simple art of printing? There is no end to this—the world, like Prospero's island, is full of strange sounds.

But revelation has been communicated *partially*; if it was really from God, and of the importance alleged, would it not have been *universal*? Yet which of God's gifts is not imparted thus? Health, and strength, and intellect, and property, are all distributed in unequal proportions—one man has his lot cast among the snows, and seals, and *tripe de la roche* of a polar sky; another on the vine-clad banks of the Loire. It is not for us to reconcile these things; but it is idle to raise an objection against revelation upon a ground which would equally deprive the Almighty of any hand in the government of the universe.

But the evidence for the truth of revelation is not *demonstrative*;—was it not to be expected, that principles which were not for speculation, but use, and for *such* use too, should have been set forth with a perspicuity which could not be misinterpreted, and supported by testimony which could not be refused? Yet what reason was there for expecting this? None, certainly, from the condition of man in this world. He has been left to shape his course through things temporal, not with *demonstration* for his guide, but with *probability* only. For can he do more, even in the most criti-

cal step that he takes, than sit down first, endeavor to count the cost, and then plant his foot where there seems *most* cause to think he can plant it safely?—musing, like the suitors of Portia, on which of the caskets contains his treasure, and often, like them, greatly perplexed. Practically speaking, it is *probability*, in a degree very much lower than that which pleads for the truth of revelation, that supplies the rule of human actions, even where life itself is involved. What else launched the boat of Columbus? He sought a new heaven and a new earth, under much doubt, and discouragement, and danger—the very existence of his object never clearly revealed to him, till it actually rose upon him from the deep, his weary voyage done. Up to that hour, he could only read it in the direction of a current, in the casual floating past of a spar, in the sea-weed, in the land-bird, in the breeze; yet these signs he laid up in his heart, and following them in faith, found the world he longed for: which things are an allegory. Why, then, should a rule, which thus obtains for the present, be abandoned for the future? more especially as the very *uncertainty* (whatever may be the amount of it) *may* constitute an essential part of the trial of all, and the most essential part of the trial of many. But, in truth that uncertainty is very much less than many persons suppose. People are apt to see the force of evidence or of argument only as it makes for their own prejudices—“The wish is father to the thought.” The wolf, when he was learning to read, could make nothing out of the letters, whatever they might be, that were set before him, but “lamb.” Cudworth suggests that even geometrical theorems, (that the three angles of a triangle, for instance, are equal to two right angles,) if connected with offensive moral truths, might possibly become the subject of doubt and controversy. And Mr. Le Bas, who adopts this sentiment in his valuable *Essay on Miracles*, adds in a note, somewhat after the manner of Warburton's illustrations, “If the Pythagorean proposition (Eucl. i. 47) were to impose on mathematicians the *Pythagorean* maxim of a strict vegetable diet, what carnivorous student of geometry would ever get to the end of the first book in Euclid? Or if we could conceive the doctrine of *fluxions* had, somehow or other, been combined with an obligation to abstain from the use of wine; does any one believe that it would have gained its present undisputed establishment throughout the scientific world?—Should we not at this very day have many a thirsty analyst protesting that he was under an absolute inability to comprehend or to credit the system?”

But what, if miracles, the foundation of the Christian scheme, should not always be found agreeable to the commands of God?—What, if the power of working them should have sometimes fallen into bad hands, and have been used for evil purposes?—What, if a wonder could be worked in confirmation of the duty of idolatry?—Or in defiance of a message of the Most High?—Or in establishing the pretensions of a false Christ?—What, if those who were outcasts themselves, should have prophesied and ejected evil spirits?—Would not this render the worth of miracles themselves in evidence of revelation equivocal? Many of our divines would here deny the premises; would not allow that any confusion of this kind was possi-

\* Deut. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

† Matt. xxiv. 24.

† Exod. vii. 11.

§ Matt. vii. 22, 23.

ted, and explain, accordingly, the texts which may seem to imply the contrary. If, however, we admit this objection of the Deists to be well founded—if we admit that such abuse of supernatural gifts was sometimes allowed, and that, being allowed, it caused many to doubt; still are not *great abilities* very often suffered in these days to do the same! Such a prophet, or worker of miracles, as we speak of, would but have been playing a part similar to that which a Tindal, or a Bolinbroke, or a Paine, has played since, and lived. They would but have been applying high talents to base ends. The truth is, the possessor of rare endowments, of whatever kind, if he prostitutes them to the object of making “one of the little ones” to offend, will have to answer for it; but then the little ones themselves, upon this as upon other occasions, are expected to exercise their own understanding (“that *candle of the Lord* within them,”\*) upon the tendency of the conflicting evidence, which, no doubt, Providence will always take care shall *preponderate* on the side of the truth; and the perplexity may constitute a part of their trial,—it may be the Master’s pleasure that the “*wise servant*” shall have his discretion subjected to this very test.

But the *severity* with which the Deity is made to act in Scripture, is another lion in the way; a nation is to be cut off, not in its guilty members only, but in all that belongs to it,—ox and sheep, infant and suckling, camel and ass. Is not this a hard saying! Yet, hard as it is, it is just what the course of nature confirms. A flood, for instance, now acts under precisely the same orders, as a Joshua or a Saul did heretofore,—making no greater distinction of persons or things. When Catania, or Lima, or Lisbon was destroyed, no reservation was observed in favor of women, or children, or cattle. The earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up, whatever was their innocence. Yet

“Plagues and earthquakes shake not heaven’s design.”

Or, again,—must not vast numbers miscarry under a dispensation like that of Christianity, where so much is exacted from beings so frail! Can that be a faithful representation of the Author of the universe, which portrays him under the character of an austere man,—or, can that scheme belong to the merciful God which describes the gate of his kingdom as strait, the way narrow, and the incomers few! Are there so many beings to be born only to perish! Here we feel that we are entering on “thoughts abstruse,” which warn us, with Eve, to withdraw. But still, appalling as the consideration may be, it is nevertheless very true, that in the actual constitution of things, there does seem to be a prodigious waste both of animal and vegetable life—that of the seeds sown, few grow into plants—that of the animals which see the light, few are born to enjoy it—that we give a corporal pang to many a poor beetle as we walk across the field—that we boil water for our food, and destroy myriads of animated atoms. The objection thus viewed, ought, indeed, to stimulate our exertion, but certainly ought not to shake our faith. Or, further still, that punishment, having *no end*, or next to none, should be assigned to sins committed during the brief span of three score years and ten, seems to be hard measure, difficult for flesh and blood to believe. Yet the constitution

of nature appears to uphold the dismal doctrine; for how often does a single act of folly or guilt entail upon the offender a whole life of suffering, sorrow, or shame!—the chastisement out of all proportion (as might be supposed) to the sin. It was the unwise or unjust exaction (call it which you will) of a sum, not exceeding thirty shillings, from one of his subjects, that inflicted upon a king of England the downfall of his throne, the loss of his head, and the exile of his children. It was a single act of carelessness (if we are to believe Shakspeare) in putting into another king’s hands, by mistake, a schedule of effects, that excited the monarch’s cupidity, and wrought the plunder, the disgrace, and eventually the death of a Wolsey.

But the method by which revelation represents the Deity to effect the recovery and salvation of man is very *roundabout*. From a Being whom nothing can let or hinder, a more direct and expeditious course was to be expected. Yet why so! Certainly the system on which this world proceeds argues no such precipitation of plan—quite the contrary. You may say, God might command the stones to be made bread, or the clouds to rain it; but this he does not. He chooses rather to leave mankind to till, to sow, to reap, to gather into barns, to grind, to bake, and then to eat—a process not only very long, but in some respects, *à priori*, very unpromising, very unlikely to answer its end. But, as one of our old divines quaintly remarks, the Almighty “not unusually looks the contrary way to that he moves; and while men love to go the nearest way, and often fail, God commonly goes about, and in his own time comes safe home.”

But the whole apparatus of Christianity is *mean*, unworthy its magnificent pretensions;—its seat, the bosom of God—its voice, the harmony of the world. Be it so: join, if you will, in the querulous cry of that mighty man, the captain of the host of the king of Syria,—still the argument of analogy demolishes the objection, whatever may be its force; for what is more common in the constitution of nature than for prodigious consequences to flow from apparently mean beginnings! Lady Mary Wortley Montague rambles into a Turkish village, and what comes of it!—She sends to England the secret of inoculation, thereby, perhaps, contributing more to the welfare of her countrymen, than all the conquerors of the East. Dr. Jenner observes that the milk-maids of Gloucestershire escape the small-pox altogether; and what is the result!—that vaccination is discovered, and the uncleanly flux of a cow mitigates still further that noisome disease, and economizes life more successfully than a whole college of physicians.

But the scheme of atonement, as developed in revelation, seems to exhibit the Deity as regardless whether the innocent or the guilty suffer, provided suffering there be: is this credible! It may be a difficulty, (for all the objections we have touched are real difficulties,) but it is a difficulty of precisely the same kind, as that which the scheme of nature presents, and neither greater nor less. “*I have done wickedly, but these sheep what have they done!*” is not an exclamation fitted for David only. Napoleon determines upon an invasion of Russia,—the unjust act is not immediately visited upon himself; he *coolly* puts on his fur cloak, gets into his traineau, and flies to his faithful city; but his innocent followers (innocent of planning the enterprise, we mean) are called to

pay the price of his iniquity, by being frozen to death round the ashes of their own watch-fires. *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*, is an adage of very old standing. As a matter of fact, therefore, the arrangement is not at all incredible.

But why an atonement at all!—Why should not *repentance* alone suffice to reconcile us to the Deity? We are not bound to tell why; but this we can tell, that in the world in which we live, sorrow for offences does not in general remove the evil they entail upon the offender—it does not “trammel up the consequence;” it does not, for instance, acquit the deceiver of his contempt, or the libertine of his disease, or the rogue of his halter.—Affliction there may be, but there must be fine too; and the natural feelings of mankind bear witness to this, for (as we have already hinted) if sorrow had been thought enough by the heathens, why should they have added sacrifice? There is one consideration, however, suggested by analogy, which is an answer to this, and to almost all objections both against natural religion and revealed—*our very imperfect knowledge of either*. We erect ourselves into judges whilst we are not in possession of nearly the whole case;—we decide upon a piece of very intricate mechanism, whilst we are acquainted with very few of its parts;—we pronounce dogmatically upon a move at chess, whilst we do not see all the positions of the men. The constitution of nature is evidently a *scheme*. Thus the relation of the different parts of a watch to one another is not more certain than that of the several parts of the animal frame. The spring, the barrel, the chain, the wheels, are all proportionate and adapted each to each, but with no greater care than the bones are articulated; the hinges of the joints made double or single; the vitals protected, the head by a strong box, the heart by a basket of ribs; no one member being able to say to another, “I have no need of thee.” Here, then, is relation of parts in the *individual*—indicating that the constitution of nature is a *scheme*. Let us extend our circle, and we may observe that the lungs of animals are made with a reference to the air they have to breathe, their eyes to the light whereby they are to see; for the former could not play in such an element as water, nor the latter be useful for vision, if the rays of light impinged with the momentum of a hail-storm. Indeed, nothing can be more obvious than the *symmetry* with which all things are constructed; quadrupeds and birds bearing some proportion to man and to one another in size; vegetables only suffered to attain a height suitable to those who have to live among them or upon them. With what alarm should we contemplate the growth of grass, if there was no assignable limit to its elevation—if it threatened to bury us alive, like Gulliver in the corn of the Brobdingnags; or how should we be dismayed on observing the advance of a blight, when the insects composing it might severally assume (no law forbidding) the size of a behemoth? Here, then, we have the relation of the *individual* to the *place* he lives in—still a *scheme*. Once more let us extend our circle, and we find the air standing in due relation, not only to the lungs of animals on the earth, but to the sun in the heavens, receiving his rays, not as upon a bed of wool, but upon a transparent, subtle, elastic substance, through which they may be readily drawn by “a team of little atomies” to the place of their destination. Here we have the relation of *nearest* to *more remote* parts—still a *scheme*. Yet more:—

the sun to which we have thus traced up, stands in his turn related to other planets besides ours; the law by which he attracts them, and the quantity of matter he contains, being no less nicely adjusted than the minutest of the subordinate elements which we have been examining; and if we could explore the abyss beyond, we should probably perceive that this system itself, of which the sun is thus the centre, holds a relationship no less complete to other systems as great and glorious as our own; and thus, that the mutual dependencies of things are unbroken throughout the entire universe, and that all conspire to one vast and incomprehensible *scheme*. Then again, the several parts of such a system are not to be regarded under one relation only, (as we have been hitherto chiefly considering them,) but under *many* relations, involved and interwoven in a manner the most complicated—one principle answering many ends. Thus, the construction of the body is, in its essential features, the same, whether the animal is to be adapted to the earth, the ocean, or the sky. So again, the air which supplies the lungs is equally fitted for the propagation of sounds, the conveyance of scents, the mitigation of heat, the aliment of vegetables, or the impulse of vessels—the constitution of nature hereby exhibiting itself, not merely as a *scheme*, but as a *scheme* of extreme complexity, full of wheels within wheels,—if touched in one place, trembling under the touch in a thousand other places. Now, this being the natural constitution of things, would it not be idle in any professor in the world to get up and say, “such a particular in this mechanism is defective; it would have been better thus: the air, for instance, would have been far less objectionable, if it had not been of a density sufficient to blow down my castles.” It might be an advantage to you that your castles should have stood (would be the obvious answer;) but supposing the change, how would the system at large be affected by it,—the lungs of animals, the passage of light, the aliment of plants, and numberless other matters, of which we know nothing? It is possible that this alteration for which you plead would have involved the derangement of the universe. Your suggestion (saving your professorship) might be, after all, (as Horsley would have said,) only “a rude jog from the clumsy fist of a clown, who knew nothing of the component parts of the machine.”

The *natural* government of God, then, being evidently a *scheme*, and a very elaborate one, it is probable from analogy that his *moral* government is a *scheme* too; indeed, there is further cause for believing this, in the circumstance that the physical world seems to be itself in relation to the moral, just as the vegetable is subordinate to the animal, and the animal to the intellectual kingdom; but if a *scheme* at all, then one having a multitude of bearings, very few of which come within our cognizance. To raise objections, therefore, against what we may fancy irregularities in it, whether we look to the *general* plan of Providence, or to Christianity as a *particular* scheme under that plan, is to charge God foolishly, because it is to charge him ignorantly. “Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?”—it may still be justly replied, as it heretofore was, to such puny assailants,—“Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? hast thou walked in the search of the depths? Have the gates of death been opened to thee, or knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?” It may not, therefore, be more unphilosophical to

find fault with the physical order of things, on the score that where there is such air as ours there may be hurricanes, than to reproach the moral order of things with the existence of evil, the partial diffusion of good, the imperfect evidence for the truth of revelation, or the extraordinary nature of it; the true answer in both cases being one and the same—that we are quarrelling, not with independent matters, standing alone or on their own merits, but with parts of a very intricate scheme, subservient to it in how many ways, and with what propriety, he only who can survey the *whole* can tell. This is a portion of his great theme on which Bishop Butler delights to dwell; his sermons, as well as his essays, are full of it. Nor can we picture to ourselves a more instructive lesson than that which is afforded by the grave example of such a man; that he, so acute, so patient, so profound, so fruitful in anticipating objections, so candid in estimating, so triumphant in repelling them, so gifted with powers of combining and developing the hints of God's secret counsels, which lie scattered over the face of things,—that he, a man thus endowed, a giant even in days when giants there were, should ever be reminded, and should ever be reminding us, of his ignorance; that the incomprehensible, the Eternal, the Infinite, sets all the pride of our understandings at naught, and by intricacies which He gives us to unravel, and contrarieties which He gives us to reconcile, and depths which He gives us to fathom, and shades which He gives us to illumine, forces from us a confession unfeigned, that the wisest are but as fools when measuring themselves against Him whose ways are past finding out, and who oft, amidst

“Thick clouds and dark  
Chooses to dwell, his glory unobscured,  
And with the majesty of darkness round  
Circles his throne.”

Such an example cannot be lost upon an age in which any modesty is left—rebuking the superficial scoffer, as it does, after the manner of Newton to Halley, “Mund, Mund, talk not of this question; you have not considered it, I have.”

Such is the argument from analogy; the most effectual, perhaps, that can be urged against the unbeliever; for many of his objections, being indisputable difficulties, do not always admit of a ready answer, and an abortive attempt at one would only strengthen his prejudice and harden his heart. But, to retort his own objections upon himself, to drive him (if he would be true to his principles) from unbelief to atheism—from a philosophy which stumbles, to be sure, at the foolishness of a confession of the faith, to a philosophy that reposes in the wisdom of a confession, that there may be contrivance without a contriver, and governance without a guide,—this is to take him in his own toils, and to goad him into the necessity of reconsidering a verdict which saddles him with conclusions so monstrous.

We cannot close our paper without adverting to a dissertation by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, prefixed to his cheap edition of the *Analogy*. We do it with the most entire good will to its author, (however we may differ from him,) whose desire to give increased circulation to such a work, at such a period, can be viewed with no other feelings than those of unmingled respect. And here we may observe in passing, that this revival of a taste for the writings of Bishop Butler, indicated by the

several publications of which the titles stand at the head of this article, is one of the best signs of the times; for, whether the demand for those writings originated with the laity themselves, who would satisfy their own scruples, or with the clergy, who would supply them with the best means of doing so, no better choice could have been made—none more candid, more discreet, more according to knowledge. It is only justice to Mr. Wilson to say, that he shows every disposition to pay suitable homage to one of the greatest men of our church; and that his epitome of the *Analogy* is faithful and luminous. Still he has some fault to find with the Bishop of Durham. The learned prelate is not sufficiently scriptural in his language, nor elevated in his views of Christianity.

“It is impossible (says Mr. Wilson) to calculate the additional good which the *Analogy* would have effected, if its unnumbered readers had been instructed more adequately by it in the spiritual death and ruin of man in all his powers by the fall; in the inestimable constitution of special grace established by the gospel; in the gratuitous justification of the sincere believer in the sacrifice of Christ; in the divine nature and properties of true faith; in the mighty operations of the Holy Ghost in illuminating and sanctifying man; and in the consolation and obedience which are the fruits of faith.”—p. 143.

Now, to the opinion here expressed we cannot altogether subscribe; for to whom was the *Analogy* chiefly addressed? Not to believers, though to them it does indirectly minister, confirming them in their acceptance of that religion which the constitution of nature bespeaks to be a twin-sister of its own; but it was for sceptics, or unbelievers, that it was principally meant; and it is probable that, had not such abounded in the days of Bishop Butler, the *Analogy* would never have been heard of. For he lived at a time, as we learn from himself, when “the licentiousness of the upper classes, combined with the irreligion industriously propagated amongst the lower,” was tending to produce “total profligacy;” when a “levelling spirit upon atheistical principles,” was to be apprehended, as it had before been actually experienced on principles of enthusiasm;\* when “religion was become so very reasonable, as to have nothing to do with the heart and affections, if such words signify anything but the faculty by which we discern speculative truth;”† when it was thought needful to propitiate the hearers of a sermon on the “love of God,” by protesting at the outset that the “subject was a real one, nothing in it enthusiastic or unreasonable;”‡ when, “in every views of things, and upon all accounts, irreligion was the chief danger;”§ when to preach the love of our enemies was called “rant;”|| when “there was a general decay of religion in the nation, observed by every one, for some time the complaint of all serious persons—the influence of it more and more wearing out of the minds of men, even of those who did not pretend to enter into speculations on the subject, whilst the numbers of those who did, and who professed themselves unbelievers, increased—and with their numbers their zeal, *zeal for nothing, but AGAINST everything that was good and sacred amongst men;*”¶ when “the signs of God’s coming” were believed to be “but too apparent;” for

\* Sermons, vol. I., p. 347, Oxford.

† p. 227.

‡ p. 228.

§ p. 300.

|| p. 146.

† p. 227.

§ p. 300.

¶ p. 426.

that, "as different ages had been distinguished by different sorts of particular errors and vices, so the deplorable distinction of that was, an avowed scorn of religion in some, and a growing disregard of it in the generality."\*

These were the times for which Butler had to provide; and we cannot but think that he acted like a wise builder, when he laid the foundation, and left others to build thereon. Besides, it was not Butler's object to expound the doctrines of Scripture, but to prove its credibility: he was not its interpreter, but its advocate. With the doctrines, in their full extent, the constitution of nature (which was his concern) had comparatively little to do. It was applicable, indeed, to the gross features of Christianity, and to these he applied it, but to the nicer details it was not. The element was of a quality fit for injection into the main trunks and arteries, but was not subtle enough to insinuate itself into all the minuter parts of the vascular system. It was applicable, for instance, to the great dispensation of a Mediator, but not to his metaphysical nature, or to the degree of ruin (whether total or partial) from which He restored mankind; and, indeed, nothing can be more remarkable than the pains Butler takes to avoid all questions which might immediately or remotely minister to strife—all questions which might narrow the sphere within which his book would be suffered to walk with effect. He does not wish to speak to Calvinist or Arminian, to philosophers of this school or of that, but he wishes to speak to men in general—to plead the credibility of Scripture in general; and, for that purpose, to use (as the algebraists would say) *general expressions*. Hence such terms as "faculties of perception and action," "living powers," "living agents," "the living being each man calls himself," which, to be justly estimated, (as Mr. Hampden properly observes,) must be regarded as exclusions of any particular theory concerning the soul. In like manner, he speaks of "the unknown event, death;" and, what is perhaps even more remarkable still, he will not shackle himself (logical as he is) with a definition of the sense in which he uses the word "miracle," contenting himself with saying that "the notion of it, considered as a proof of a divine mission, has been stated with great exactness by divines, and is," he thinks, "sufficiently understood by every one." Moreover the *obscurity* of Bishop Butler, which has been sometimes complained of, arises, as far as it exists, chiefly out of this very mode of treating his subject; for he was herchy sometimes "obliged to express himself in a manner which might seem strange to such as *did not observe the reason for it*;" and the secret operation of the same principle probably caused him to be so very sparing of his examples—his mind still delighting to read nature with a broad eye, and "scarce bringing itself to set down instances." Persons not familiar with the analytical nomenclature are often puzzled with a proposition, where the numbers are expressed in letters, who would readily understand it if a particular case were taken, and figures substituted for them.

Nor is this all: so determined is Butler to cast his net as wide as possible, "to gather of every kind," that he frequently argues upon the principles of others and not his own; proving his point, to be sure, not *from* those principles, but *notwithstanding* them, "omitting what he thinks true,"

(and we beg attention to this, as bearing very closely on the question in debate,) "and of the *utmost importance*, merely because by others thought unintelligible or not true."\* Now, Mr. Wilson will not deny, that some of the propositions which he would willingly have seen adopted into the work of Bishop Butler, were, at least, matters of much debate in Bishop Butler's time. Mr. Wilson believes them to their full extent: he finds them (so he expressly says†) perfectly compatible with the plan of "the Analogy;" then can he still profit by "the Analogy;" and add to it that which he thinks lacking. Another man may believe them only to a more limited extent: he also finds his opinions compatible with "the Analogy,"—he therefore can profit by it too. A third may not as yet believe them at all (and amongst the motley multitude for which Butler had to cater, this was a very common character: (he, therefore, is to be won, not by overwhelming him at once with the whole mystery of the gospel, but by submitting to him that the gospel is not a thing *incredible*, and leaving him to draw his own conclusions. "A narrow-necked bottle," says Quintilian somewhere, "must be humored; pour gently, or you spill instead of fill." "Reculer pour mieux sauter," is not the worst of French proverbs.

But, indeed, "the *entire* corruption," or "the *total* moral ruin" of man, or the "alienation of his *whole* moral nature from God,"‡ which Mr. Wilson would have had introduced by Butler, is a doctrine which that profound inquirer did not hold; and, moreover, is a doctrine, which, if established, would in our opinion, shake his argument to its foundations. In his sermons, which abound in elements of his greater work, and in some cases may serve as a commentary upon it, he is chiefly occupied in determining the inward frame of man; and his own search and experience lead him to think that his form had not yet lost *all* her original brightness; that in addition to those passions which he shares in common with brutes, there is another principle peculiar to him, even a conscience, a moral sense, a something,—call it by what name we please, whereby we respectively assign to right and wrong, approbation or blame; that this principle is felt to speak like one having authority—*authority* as distinguished from mere *power*, for this any baser principle may possess; that it seats itself above the other constituent parts of our nature,—inspects them, pronounces on them, nothing within us meanwhile denouncing this as an act of unbecoming usurpation; that however the rabble rout of disorderly passions may attempt to set it at nought, it is still acknowledged as a sovereign (in this instance at least) by *divine right*; that the Author of Nature, by planting such a monitor within us, answering to virtue or vice by a corresponding pleasure or pang, after the manner of a gratified or violated sense, now recognizing, as with the feelings of the enchanter,

"the pace

Of some chaste footing near about this ground,"

and now again perceiving, as with those of the witch,

"By the pricking of the thumbs,

Something wicked this way comes"—

that the Author of Nature, by endowing us with such a faculty, declares himself for virtue and

\* Sermons, vol. I., p. 422, Oxford.

\* Sermons, vol. I., p. 408.

† Dissert., p. 145.

‡ Dissert., pp. 131—144.



against vice; declares, therefore, in his present government not to be arbitrary but *moral*, and thereby declares, (as Butler argues) that a future state of rewards and punishments, dispensed according to a *moral* rule, shall be the final consummation of all things. It is therefore, ultimately, upon the basis of a sense of right and wrong implanted to a certain degree in the heart of man, that Butler builds his high argument: deny it, that is, assert the *total* corruption of man's nature, and his foundations sink under him. Nor does Mr. Wilson himself, in some places, fail of being aware of this. It seems to us, indeed, to be a source of embarrassment to him; for he elsewhere expressly asserts, that "all the evidences of revealed religion appeal to our *moral nature*, and meet precisely the faculty of judging which we still possess; and would have no medium of proof, and therefore no authority to convince, if this *moral sense* should be denied."\* Now this is just what Butler would contend; but how is it consistent with that doctrine of a "*total moral ruin*," which it is made a matter of charge against him that he did not sufficiently inculcate! To allow a "*moral sense*," and yet to insist on a "*total moral ruin*," appears to us as incongruous as to allow some sense of hearing, and yet to insist on a total deafness. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not undertaking to draw human nature into line, but only to draw it out of coal dust—to shelter it under those principles which a Hooker or a Barrow has delivered to us, who, whilst they maintained the existence of a law of reason, "a law comprehending all those things which men, by the light of their natural understanding, evidently know, or at least may know, to be befitting or unfitting, virtuous or vicious, good or evil for them to do,"† were at the same time ready to confess that it would be in vain "to search all the generations of men, since the fall of our father, Adam, to find one man that hath done one action which hath passed from him pure, without any stayne or blemish at all."‡ No man can be farther than Bishop Butler from advocating, with the schoolmen of old, the integrity of our nature. The supposition that the "world is in a state of ruin" seems to him the very ground of the Christian dispensation, and if not provable by reason, at least not contrary to it.§ No man can vindicate more nobly or more thankfully the merciful scheme of the atonement, (if there be any one part of his book more satisfactory than another, it is where he handles this vital question;) but that does not entail upon him the necessity of *effacing* the image of its Creator altogether from the soul of the unregenerate man, as a preliminary step—thereby confounding the nature of virtue and vice, the charity of a Titus with the cruelty of a Nero, and making such appeals as these, of which Scripture contains many, unintelligible. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work: there is neither speech nor language, but their voice is heard among them." The creation, therefore, was qualified to preach, and man (the natural man) had a certain corresponding capacity to receive what is taught. "The gentiles which have not the law do by nature the things written in the law." The gentiles, therefore, were not wholly lawless; "na-

ture" was in some sense a guide to them in morals. God, even in the times of the gentiles, "left not himself without witness in that he did good." Man, therefore, must have been in some measure fitted to approve the good, to apply it to its Author, or where was the witness! "If ye love them which love you, what thanks have ye! for sinners (i. e. heathens) love those that love them"—a very low degree of benevolence thus assuredly, but something nevertheless. "If a man provide not for his own, he is worse than an infidel." Infidels, therefore, were capable of this act which is enjoined Christians as commendable. "Yea, and why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" asks our Lord. In themselves, therefore, was lodged some capacity of doing this, or why the question! And the instinctive aversion which is felt to accept, in the literal meaning, such a text as "he who *hateth* not father and mother, cannot be my disciple," does not surely arise from its being directly in contradiction to other texts, (for if there were no others to qualify it, there would still be no doubt about the matter,) but simply from that sense of right and wrong in a man's heart, which tells him at once that the Almighty cannot intend what the words in their strict acceptation imply.

Possibly some ambiguity may have arisen in the notions entertained by religious persons of the *nature* of man, from the different senses in which that term is used in Scripture: for when the apostle says that the gentiles "were by *nature* the children of wrath," it is plain that he could not employ the word in the same sense as when he says that the "gentiles do by *nature* the things contained in the law." In the one case, man is spoken of as the creature of his natural appetites; in the other, as the disciple of his natural conscience. And perhaps this distinction would be found the key to the other seeming discrepancies in the language of holy writ. Suffice it, however, to say, that St. Paul leaves the question of the *degree* of human corruption undetermined; and that we, therefore, may safely do the same. That it is very great, no man who knows his own heart can doubt. But it is the practice of that apostle, when he would humble his disciples, to make his appeal rather to their sense of the evil they have done, than to their sense of the evil they have inherited—the former they feel to be their *fault*, the latter their *misfortune*. It never can be well to exalt one part of a system at the expense of another; to magnify the mercies of redemption, in themselves too great and glorious to need exaggeration, by sinking the subject of that redemption below the brutes, and holding up to him as a reflection of himself a monster from which he instinctively recoils as a hideous caricature. "Let God have his own," says Bishop Hall, (whose authority is often abused on this point,) "*in the worst creature*; yea, let the worst creature have that praise which God would put upon it."\* The covenant of mercy Bishop Butler founds in this, even in the incarnation, sacrifice, and intercession of Christ, together with promised assistance of the Holy Ghost, not to supersede our own endeavors, but to render them effectual.† But having thus assigned to the two latter persons of the blessed Trinity their respective shares in the salvation of man, he is unwilling to rob the Father himself of the honor due in turn to Him also, and accordingly,

\* Dissert., p. 110.

† Eccles. Pol., B. 1, § 3.

‡ Hooker's "Discourse of Justification." See also, Barrow, vol. I. fol., Ser. xxvi.; vol. II., Ser. vii.; as compared with vol. II., Ser. i.

§ Analogy, p. 287.

|| Dissert., p. 107.

\* Contempl., B. ix. §.

† v. II. 444. Oxf.



he cautions us "not to charge God foolishly, by ascribing that to him or the nature he has given us, which is owing wholly to our own abuse of it:" adding, "men may speak of the degeneracy and corruption of the world, according to the experience they have had of it, but *human nature*, considered as the divine workmanship, should, methinks, be treated as sacred, for in the image of God made He man."\* And this image, he might have continued, must in some degree have survived the fall, for the murder of a man, of a *fallen* man, is forbid, expressly on the ground of its being an outrage against that image.—Gen. ix. 6.

This is the creed of Bishop Butler; and before we condemn it, we shall do well to bear in mind that the Socinians of the present day are in many cases the lineal descendants of the Puritans of the days of Cromwell; that not "high imaginations" only, but "voluntary humility" also, may put true religion in jeopardy; its history, in this country, from the Reformation downwards, bearing ample testimony to both positions; and that whilst it has alternately suffered under a dead calm or an euroclydon, according as extravagant notions of human perfection or human depravity have prevailed for the season, the church of England, holding that middle way, which, in most cases is the safest, content to leave some ground still debatable, and laying herself out, in her Articles and Liturgy,† over a broad and comprehensive basis, as it becomes a national church to do, has exercised the most wholesome influence over the rationalist and fanatic, in their turns, bringing both back to a better mind, by "making her own moderation known unto all men."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### LITTLE LEONARD'S LAST "GOOD NIGHT."

"GOOD-NIGHT! good-night! I go to sleep,"‡  
Murmur'd the little child;—  
And oh! the ray of heaven that broke  
On the sweet lips that faintly spoke  
That soft "Good-night," and smiled.

That angel smile! that loving look  
From the dim closing eyes!  
The peace of that pure brow! But there—  
Aye—on that brow, so young! so fair!  
An awful shadow lies.

The gloom of evening—of the boughs  
That o'er yon window wave—  
Nay, nay—within these silent walls  
A deeper, darker, shadow falls,  
The twilight of the grave—

The twilight of the grave—for still  
Fast comes the fluttering breath—  
One fading smile—one look of love—  
A murmur—as from brooding dove—  
"Good-night."—And this is Death!

Oh! who hath called thee "Terrible!"  
Mild Angel! most benign!

\* Vol. II., p. 134. Oxf.

† We refer our readers on this subject, to Archbishop Lawrence's Bampton Lectures, particularly Ser. iii., and Notes 10, 18; and to Bishop Sumner, "Apostolic Preaching Considered," p. 108 *et seq.*

‡ These were the dying words of a little child, related to the author, uttered at the moment of its departure.

Could mother's fondest lullaby  
Have laid to rest more blissfully  
That sleeping babe, than thine!

Yet *this is Death*—the doom for all  
Of Adam's race decreed—  
"But this poor lamb! this little one!  
What had the guiltless creature done?"—  
Unhappy heart! take heed;

Though He is merciful as just  
Who hears that fond appeal—  
He will not break the bruised reed,  
He will not search the wounds that bleed—  
He only wounds to heal.

"Let little children come to me,"  
He cried, and to his breast  
Folded them tenderly—to-day  
He calls thine unshorn lamb away  
To that securest rest!

#### THE BROOKLET.

FROM "SACRED POEMS," BY SIR ROBERT GRANT.

SWEET brooklet, ever gliding,  
Now high the mountain riding,  
The lone vale now dividing,  
Whither away?  
"With pilgrim course I flow,  
Or in summer's scorching glow,  
Or o'er moonless wastes of snow,  
Nor stop nor stay;  
For oh, by high behest,  
To a bright abode of rest  
In my parent Ocean's breast  
I hasten away!"

Many a dark morass,  
Many a craggy mass,  
Thy feeble force must pass;  
Yet, yet delay!  
"Though the marsh be dire and deep,  
Though the crag be stern and steep,  
On, on, my course must sweep.—  
I may not stay;  
For oh, be it east or west,  
To a home of glorious rest  
In the bright sea's boundless breast,  
I hasten away!"

The warbling bowers beside thee,  
The laughing flowers that hide thee,  
With soft accord they chide thee,  
Sweet brooklet, stay!  
"I taste of the fragrant flowers,  
I respond to the warbling bowers,  
And sweetly they charm the hours  
Of my winding way;  
But ceaseless still, in quest  
Of that everlasting rest,  
In my parent's boundless breast,  
I hasten away!"

Know'st thou that dread abyss?  
Is it a scene of bliss?  
Ah, rather cling to this,  
Sweet brooklet, stay!  
"Oh, who shall fity tell  
What wonders there may dwell?  
That world of mystery well  
Might strike dismay;  
But I know 'tis my parent's breast—  
There held, I must needs be blest;  
And with joy to that promised rest  
I hasten away!"

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 12.—3 AUGUST, 1844.

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From the *Britannia*.

## THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WE have looked in vain in the principal journals for some tribute to the memory of the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" and "Hohenlinden," and have now to offer our slight memorial to his recollection. The life of authors proverbially offers but few of the stirring scenes which animate the career of the soldier, the adventurer, or the statesman, and Campbell's career seems of the simplest order of events. It is now about forty years since he first appeared as an author in England; the popularity of the "Pleasures of Memory" stimulated him to try what public interest might be felt for a poem which took for its theme the brighter views of human nature, and he produced the "Pleasures of Hope." Both the "Pleasures" were feeble and rather schoolboyish performances; but there is a large portion of the world which enjoys the language of an effeminate sensibility, and to those both poems made their most studied appeal. Rogers' poem was crowded with the images which the Stellas and Simplicias adore; convent cells, churchyard garlands, the chimes of Italian cathedrals, and the remembrance of dead lovers and brides, mothers and fathers long removed, and brothers and sisters laid in a "too early grave." It was poetic anguish in full mourning: the poet dressed his sorrows with the solemnity of an undertaker, and wept with the regularity of one hired for the occasion; it was the melancholy of old age, dissolving away into doating, and dying of a pleasing debility; his roses were all in the "sear, the yellow leaf," he was fantastic without being gay, and living without exhibiting life. But Campbell was a young man, and, commonplace as his subject was, he threw into it sudden animation. Bold and novel thoughts occasionally forced themselves among the conventional triflings which belong to a subject dear to triflers. He struck vigorous chords upon the instrument which had been so long devoted to the especial performance of tea-table poets. His muse was evidently no "blue stocking;" and the form and freshness of a true daughter of Helicon were discernible through all the heavy furbelows and stiff affectations of his antiquated theme.

Scotchmen are generally lucky in England. Campbell was a Scot, and his merits were so strongly pressed by some of his countrymen upon the government, that Lord Sidmouth gave him a pension of £200 a year, though Campbell, so far as he knew what he was, professed whiggism, and proclaimed his independence, in all the dignity of a pensioner.

The feature of his poetic life which most perplexed the public was, the extreme slowness with which his compositions followed each other—a year for a sonnet, from two to five years for an ode, and from five to ten for anything of a larger calibre. Those are not enough to sustain the public recollection, and Campbell died several times, poetically, before the event which "rounded his mortal coil." Fertility is the characteristic of a great poet. His vividness of spirit can no more remain unproducing than a rich soil can remain bare. It may, like the rich soil, throw up a growth of but little value for society, but even its weeds will exhibit a fullness of size and a breadth of bloom which show that the vegetative principle is there in abundance. But some of those tardily-produced efforts were fine things. His "Hohenlinden" was powerful and picturesque. His poem on the

naval glories of England was finer still—his tribute to

"The flag that braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze,"

would establish the fame of any man as a poet: it is at once natural, harmonious, and high-spirited. A few desultory poems followed, with long periods between, but they added, it is to be hoped, more to his emolument than they could have done to his reputation. Still they were touching and tasteful.

Some years since he undertook the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," a work always combining intelligence with amusement, and which acquired new popularity from his popular name. But, after a lengthened superintendence of this work, he withdrew, and gave himself up to miscellaneous writing. The French war in Africa next attracted his eye; and, whether with some view to embodying in verse the images of a state of society so new to European conceptions, under the excitement of war, conquest, and colonization—a great subject for a writer adequate to the task—or whether to amuse a summer's curiosity by seeing palm-trees grow and hearing lions roar, Campbell crossed the sea and went to Algiers. The results of his enterprise transpired, not in poetry, but in prose; he abandoned the brilliant fictions and barbaric boldness of Moorish life for the description of the actual state of the French conquest and the conquerors. His "Letters from the South" were lively and ingenious, and deservedly added to his prose reputation. They were clever, though not above the cleverness of thousands; and thus they went where the performances of those thousands naturally tend, and sank in that literary pond where the force of gravity is so fatal and so sure. From time to time he wrote biography, or edited works of various success. His "Poetic Lectures" showed the spirit of a poet, and his "Life of Sidons" is an honorable testimonial to the greatest tragic actress that Europe has ever seen, or probably will ever see.

For the last five or six years Campbell had almost retired from general intercourse; his frame, undersized and delicate, suffered from ill health; and the poetic temperament is prone to a sensitiveness which often exhausts the vital powers. But Campbell, in common with Scott and some of the chief names of authorship in his day, had the distinguished merit of never humiliating his talent to the service of vice. He was pure; his volumes may be placed in the hands of man or woman with the like safety; and may form the delight of the young and the study of the mature with equal enjoyment. We regret to say that he was unwisely overlooked in the last vacancy of the laureateship. The emolument, though disgraceful to a nation which prides itself on its literature—and the honor, though as trivial as the emolument—were conferred on a writer who refused, and did not want, the appointment; while it was withheld from him to whom both would have been of value.

We have made these few observations in a spirit of respect for the memory of Campbell. Lavish panegyric is as tasteless as it is untrue. The criticism which adheres to fact, without flattery on the one hand or levity on the other, and which gives its willing praise to merit while it marks those shades of infirmity which form the background of all human portraiture, is the only praise which can benefit the living or do honor to the dead—which a man of talent ought to receive, or a man of truth might not disdain to give.

From Hood's Magazine.

## OUR FAMILY.

## CHAPTER V.—A DILEMMA.

THE sun was high in heaven, ere my father awoke the next morning, roused from his Elysian dreams by the swallows which first twittered at the eaves above the window, and then, after wheeling round the gable, went skimming along the surface of the glittering river in front of the house; contriving, temperate creatures though they be, to *moisten their clay* in the passage. The good doctor sprang from his bed, threw open his casement, and looking cheerfully out into the fresh bright air, began whistling, in his old quiet way, the White Cockade. In the language of the professional bulletins, he had passed a good night: whereas my mother's had been a bad one. On paying his morning visit, he found her weak and languid: her face faded to a dull white, that, with its solid settled gravity, reminded him of cold suet dumpling.

"Your mistress seems poorly this morning," said my father, addressing himself to Mrs. Prideaux, who had just entered the bedroom, dressed in a morning costume of a peculiar neatness.

"I have certainly had the pleasure of seeing your lady look better," answered the nurse, "but she has been watchful, and giving way to mental solicitude."

"Solicitude!—about what?"

"It's about the christening," said my mother, with a sigh of exhaustion. "I have hardly slept a wink all night for thinking of it—and cannot yet make up my mind."

"As to what?"

"Why, whether we should have two godfathers, or four."

"Four godfathers?"

"Yes—four," said my mother. "Kezia says, as there are twins to baptize, there must be a double set of sponsors. And certainly, according to the Book of Common Prayer, she is right. Here it is"—and she pulled the authority from under her pillow—"The Ministration of Public Baptism of Infants, to be used in the Church. *And note, that there shall be for every male child to be baptized two godfathers and one godmother.*"

"Humph!" said my father. "The rule seems plain enough. But will not the same pair of sponsors serve over again for the second child?"

"That is the very point," said my mother. "I have been turning it over and over, all night long, till my poor head is in a whirl with it; but am none the nearer. What is your own impression about it?"

"The duties of a godfather are rather serious," said my father, "and if duly fulfilled would be somewhat onerous. But, as they are commonly performed, or rather compounded for, by some trifling gift, a spoon, a mug, or a coral——"

"And some godfathers," exclaimed my mother, "neglect even that! There was old Mackworth, who stood for little Tomkins, and rich as he is, never gave his godson so much as a salt spoon!"

"Such being the case," said my father, putting on his gravest face, "I really think that a couple of able-bodied men might stand sponsors, not merely for two babies, but for a whole regiment of infantry."

"It depends on the canons," said my mother, unconsciously supplying the infantry of my father's equivoque with appropriate artillery.

"On the what?"

"On the canons of the church," said my mother; "and I do wish that in your rounds you would look in on the Curate and obtain his dictum on the subject."

"Perhaps Mrs. Prideaux can enlighten us," said my father, turning towards that ladylike personage, who was hushing my brother on her lap, with a lullaby refined enough to have been of her own composition.

"No, I have asked Mrs. Prideaux," interposed my mother; "but she has never nursed twins before, she says, and therefore cannot furnish a precedent."

"And if the Curate has never baptized twins before," said my father, "he will be in the same predicament."

"Of course he will," said my mother, looking as blank as if the clergyman in question had already declared himself at the supposed nonplus. "I'm quite troubled about it, and have been sleepless all night. It would break my heart to find hereafter that the dear infants had only been half christianized through any departure from the orthodox rules."

"I'll tell you what," said my father, starting up from a brief reverie, during which he had assumed his usual air and attitude, at the consideration of an intricate case. "I'll ask Postle."

"Kezia has asked him," said my mother.

"Well?"

"Why, he said that two godfathers are the proper dose for a male child, but whether it ought to be repeated for twins, was more than he could say, and advised a consulting clergyman to be called in."

"Precisely so—it is a clerical case."

"For my part," continued my mother, "I am at my wit's ends about it; for four sponsors, if there must be four, are not to be looked up in a hurry——"

"There's no need of four," exclaimed a voice, and in another moment the face of Kezia became visible between the foot curtains of the bed, her claret-mark mulled by heat and haste to a rich purple, and the other cheek vying with it in color through triumph and excitement. "There's no need for four! Two godfathers will be enough for both twins; here it is under the Church's own hand," and she held out an open letter to her mistress.

That invaluable Kezia! At the first hint of the dilemma, from my mother—having previously teased, and tried to unpick the difficulty, in her own mind, she had carried it down stairs, to where all mysteries and doubts were taken for analysis and solution—the surgery. But Mr. Postle, as already stated, was unable to decide the question. In this extremity, it occurred to her that there was a certain channel, through which she might obtain the requisite information: one Mrs. Yardly, whose husband, the parish clerk, would be as competent an authority as to the baptismal ceremonial as the curate himself. The acquaintance, it was true, was a very slight one: but where the good of the family was concerned, the faithful maid of all work was accustomed to get over far more formidable fences. Accordingly she at once composed and despatched a missive, of which the following is a correct copy, to the Amen corner of our village.

"Dear Maddam

"Hopping you will excuse the Liberty from allmost a perfect Strainger havin but wunce xchanged

speech with you in the Surgary, about a Pot of Lennitive Electricity. But our hole Fammily being uncommon anxious respectin the Crismin of Hinlants. About witch we are all in a Parradox thro havin Twinns. The sweetest, finest thrivingest litel Cherubs you ever saw. As lick as too pees And a perfect plesure to nus only rayther hoarse and roopy with singin dubblikit lullabis and so much Cradle Him. Not to menshun a xtra sett of Babby linnin to be made at a short notis for the Supper mummery And all the housold wurk besides. But its unpossible to help slavin wuns self to Deth for such a pare of dear luvable litel hinnocents, and I allmost wish I was ded to be a Gardian Angle for their sacks being perfectly misrable wen I think wat Croops and Convulshuns and Blites beset such yung toothless Buds. And half crazy besides with divided oppinions between Small Pock and Cow Pock witch by report runs sum times into horns and Hoofs. Lord preserve the dear litel Soles from such a trans mogrificashun. But lettin alone Waxynation our present hobject bein to make them Hares of Grace. And as such how menny must stand Sponsors for them at the Fount? The Prayer Book says two god fathers for evvery Mail but the Pint is wether the same two cannot anser or not for boath. As yet only two have been providid namely their unkel Mr. Rumbold the Dry Salter and a Mister Sumboddy, a Proxy in Doctors Commons. So that if so be Fore Fathers is necessary for Twinns we shall be at a Non Plush. The nus Mrs. Priddo never havin nust Twinns afore cant find a President. And Mister Postle say it is out of his line of practis. But yure Hasbund Mister Y bein a clisiasticle Caracter of course knows wat is propper and ortherdoxical and an erly Line from either him or you to that effect would grately obleege and releave all our minds. For as you may suppose we are anxious for the dear Hinlants to have a reglar Babe teasing. And shud be shockt arterwards to find they had been skrimpt in their Spiritual rites. Witch is a matter in witch wun would prefer their Babbies to be rayther over then under dun. Bless, bless, their preshus litel harts. With witch I remane dear Maddam

"Yours &c.

"KEZIA JENKS."

The answer to this epistle had just arrived; and after a hasty perusal by Kezia, was thrust open into her mistress' hand.

"Here, take it, George," said my mother, "and read it aloud."

My father took the document, and began to read,—the owner of the letter lending her ears as intently, as if she learned the sense of the writing for the first time.

"Madam,

"In reply to your epistolary favor to my wife beg to say you are quite welcome gratis to any experience or information in my Power, parochial, ecclesiastical, or scholastic—Copies of Births, Deaths, or Marriage Certificates excepted, and searching the Register, which is charged for according to time and trouble.

"As regards the Sacrament of Baptism, the quotation from the Prayer Book is ceremoniously correct. Whereby, according to Rule of Three, if one Male Infant require two Godfathers how many will two require? Answer, Four. But in Practice two are religiously sufficient for twin juveniles. Our fees in any case being the same. Not that the Church object to the full sponsorial complement if parental parties think proper to indulge in the same; whether for the sake of a greater Shew, or with a view to the multiplication of customary Presents. Exempli Gratia, Mrs. Fordige with the extraordinary number of Four Twin Sons at a Birth, who were named after

the Holy Evangelists, videlicet, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, when it was thought proper to have the full number of Godfathers,  $4 \times 2 = 8$ , and which I well remember walking up the aisle two and two, with Nosegays, like the team of a Stage Wagon. As was considered on interesting spectacle, especially by the Femmle part of the congregation. And profitable, besides, to parents, the eight Godfathers having agreed amongst themselves, and the four God mothers likewise—Sum total twelve—to present Plate of the same pattern.

"In conclusion, my matrimonial Partner desires her compliments, and trusts to be excused answering the domestic details in your Letter for the present, hoping shortly to enjoy the pleasure of a call, and to enter into the dear little innocents in person.

"I am, Madam,

"Your very humble servant,

REUBEN YARDLEY, P. C."

"There!" said my father, returning the letter to Kezia; and then gaily addressing my mother, "Our perplexities are at an end! We may drive our christening coach with a pair of godfathers, or four in hand, at our own option. For which do you vote?"

"O, for only a pair, of course," replied my mother. "The four would be so hard to collect," she added in a tone which showed that she lamented the difficulty. She was proud of her twins, and would have liked to have seen them attended up the church aisle by a double set of sponsors, walking two and two, with nosegays, and forming, as the learned clerk said, an interesting spectacle to the female spectators. For a minute or so, closing her eyes, she had even enjoyed in a day dream, a sort of rehearsal of such a procession: but there were too many obstacles in the way of its realization; and she reluctantly gave up the scheme.

"That's settled, then!" exclaimed my father, rubbing his hands together in a most high and palmy state of satisfaction.

"Not quite," said my other parent; who from stewing had only subsided into a simmering. "There's the godmother. I have gone through every female name in the place, without hitting on anybody likely to undertake the office."

"Phoo, phoo, it's a mere form."

"I beg your pardon," said my mother rather hastily. "Some persons think it a very responsible office, and refuse to be godmothers at all on that account. Others, again, profess a deep sense of its duties, and insist on acting up to the character."

"And is there any harm in that?" asked my father.

"There might be a world of trouble and annoyance in it," said my mother. "There's Mrs. Pritchard, whom I sounded on the subject, when she called yesterday. 'I'm agreeable to stand,' said she, 'if I'm asked, but, mind, I shall stand on conscientious grounds. I'm not going to be a nominal godmother, like some people:—not a mere automaton, or a figure in wax-work. If I become one of their religious sureties, I'll act up to it, and do my duty as regards their spiritual bringing up;' which is all very well, but might be made a pretext, you know, for interfering in the children's education, and everything."

"No doubt of it," said my father. "And from the perseverance with which Mrs. Pritchard meddles in the temporal concerns of her neighbors, she would unquestionably be a rank nuisance where she had any pretence for busying herself

with their spiritual ones. But there's Mrs. Hewley."

"She's in favor of Adult Baptism," replied my mother.

"Or Mrs. Trent?"

"She's for total immersion, or dipping in running streams."

"Mrs. Copley, then?"

"Why, she's a Papist!"

Poor Kezia! Her variegated York and Lancaster face had undergone, during the discussion a dozen changes—from red and white to all red, and then back again,—her lips twitching, her brows knitting, her eyes twinkling and moistening. What would she not have given to have been in a station that would have entitled her to volunteer the god-mothering of those evangelical twin babes—to have undertaken the care of their precious little souls, as well as of their dear little bodies!—to have stood for them at the font, as well as at the fire, the dresser, the tub, and the ironing-board—slaving for their spiritual welfare as well as their temporal comfort! How heartily she would have pledged herself to teach them the Creed and the Commandments, and the Catechism, in the vulgar tongue, and "all that a Christian ought to know," if she learned some branches of education herself for the purpose! But she had, alas! no chance of enjoying such drudgery.

"There's Mrs. Spencer," suggested my father.

"She's confined," said my mother.

"Well, well," said my father, smiling, "if it comes to the worst, there's the pew-opener."

"The Lord forbid!" exclaimed Kezia, lifting up her hands and her eyes at the proposition.

"What, Mrs. Pegge! Why, she stands for all the naturalized children in the parish."

"As mine are, I hope," said my father, with due gravity.

Kezia turned indignantly away: she felt sure that her master must be joking, but the subject was too serious for such treatment. What,—those beautiful twin babes—both in one cradle—both on one pillow—both under one blanket! "Bless them," she ejaculated aloud, "bless them, bless them, the dear little cherubims—I've boil'd their tops and bottoms!"

The last announcement was aimed at the nurse, but it evidently hit my father also, and in some ticklesome place, for he rubbed his nose as smartly as if a fly had settled on it, and then setting up his whisper of a whistle, stepped briskly out of the bedchamber and down the stairs into the surgery. Why he stopped his music, to laugh out at about the middle of the flight, was known only to himself.

**FANTASTIC CONCEPTIONS.**—The recently broached idea, that certain notes in music are someway analogous to certain colors, is not new. Such fancies were entertained upwards of forty years ago, and most likely then not for the first time. At the end of the last century, Castel, an ingenious French clergyman, invented an instrument, resembling a piano-forte, for arranging colors. He supposed that the seven prismatic colors corresponded exactly to the seven tones of music. Accordingly, he composed a gamut after the following fashion:—C was represented by blue; C sharp by sky-blue; D, pea-green; D sharp, olive-green; E, yellow; F, pale yellow; F sharp, orange; G, red; G sharp, crimson; A, purple; A sharp, light purple; B, dark blue. The octaves of each note repeated lighter tints of the same colors. The inventor undertook by this means to make all the colors appear either successively, or in pleasing combination, for the amusement of those persons to whom nature had denied the sense of hearing, by procuring the agreeable sensations to the eye similar to those created by melody and harmony. Another French priest, the Abbé Poncelet, invented an organ for the gratification of the palate! He arranged his scale thus:—Acidity stood for C; insipidity for D; sweetness, E; bitterness, F; acid-sweet, G; harshness, A; pungency, B. The instrument was enclosed in a case; the key-board being disposed as usual in front. The action of two bellows sustained a continual current of air, which was guided into a row of organ pipes. Opposite to these pipes were ranged an equal number of phial-bottles, filled with liquids flavored as above. The machine was so constructed, that, by pressing the fingers of the keys, the wind entered the sounding pipes, and uncorked the bottles, the liquids running into a large glass goblet placed underneath. If the organist played unskillfully, and produced discord, the liquor mixed in the reservoir had a nauseous taste; but if he performed well, so as to produce harmonious tones, the mixture was found to be delicious.—*Chambers' Journal*.

**RAPID GROWTH OF PLANTS.**—Who can understand or explain the extraordinary activity which pervades the entire vascular system of the plant when circumstances are favorable to its growth? A stalk of wheat has been observed to shoot up three inches in as many days, of barley six inches in the same time, and a vine twig almost two feet or eight inches a day (Du Hamel.) Cucumbers have been known to acquire a length of twenty-four inches in six days, and in the Botanic Garden at Brussels I was shown a bamboo five inches in diameter which had increased in height nine feet in twenty-seven days, sometimes making a progress of six to eight inches in a day. In our climate we meet with few illustrations of the rapidity with which plants are capable of springing up in the most favorable circumstances; and the above examples probably give us only an imperfect idea of the velocity with which the bamboo, the palm, the tree-fern, and other vascular plants may grow in their native soil and climate. And with what numerous and complicated chemical changes is the production of every grain of the substance of these plants attended—how rapidly must the food be selected and absorbed from the air and from the soil—how quickly transformed and assimilated!

The long period of time during which, year after year, these changes may proceed in the same living vessels, or in the same tree, is no less wonderful. Oaks have lived to an age of 1,500 to 2,000 years; yew trees to 3,000 years, and other species are mentioned as having flourished from 4,500 to 6,000 years; while even a rose-tree (*rosa canina*) now living is quoted by Sprengel as being already upwards of 1,000 years old.

The rapidity of the growth of a plant, and the length of its life, are equally affected by circumstances. On a knowledge of these circumstances, and of the means of controlling or of producing them, the enlightened practice of agriculture is almost entirely dependent.—*Johnston's Agricultural Chemistry*.

From Tait's Magazine.

## WINE.

"Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine!—If thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!"

Shakspeare.

SOME eighteen months, or two years ago, I was doing my duty to my country and myself on board his Majesty's frigate the *Astræa*, by undergoing seventeen games of chess per diem, with our first lieutenant, and filling up every pause with murmurs at the continuance of these piping times of peace. We had been cruising some months in the Mediterranean, chiefly for the amusement of two dandy cousins of an honorable captain, whom we picked up at Malta, basking like two yellow, over-ripe gourds in the sunshine. We had touched at most of the ports of the Ionians, where cyprus may be had for paying for; and where *faldettas* are held by hands as fair as their coquettish folds are black and lustrous. We had done due service to the state, by catching agues, snipe-shooting in the Albanian marshes; listening to five-year-old operas, screeched by fifty-year-old prima donnas; by learning to swear by Saint Spiridion, and at his Klephtic votaries. We had spouted in the school of Homer, and shouted at Lepanto; poured libations on the grave of Anacreon; and voted the Leucadian leap a trifle, compared with a Leicester-shire fence!

At length, one beautiful evening, one of those twilights of chrysolite and gold, such as poets dream of, and the Levant alone can realize, (having been for three preceding days, not "spell-bound," but "calm-bound among the clustering Cyclades,") it was the pleasure of our honorable captain, and his cousins, to drop anchor in the Bay of —, (I have reasons of my own for not being more explicit;) where, after swearing the usual number of oaths at the quarantine officers, and the crews of the Venetian and Turkish traders, who make it part of their religion to give offence to the blue-jackets, where offence can be given with impunity, I had the satisfaction to find myself, at about seven o'clock, p. m., seated at the mess of his Majesty's gallant —th, doing as much justice to the roast beef of Old England as if we had not been within a day's sail of the Island of the Minotaur. It was, indeed, refreshing to listen to the king's English, in its own accents; to eat of the king's sirloin, in its own gravy; and to join in the jargon of horse-flesh, in its own slang;—to hear the names of Newmarket, White's, Tattersall's, Ellen Tree, and Fanny Kemble, familiar in their mouths as household words; to throw off, in short, for an hour or two, the tedium of professional existence. A bumper of port appeared as palatable in a climate where the thermometer stood at 88° in the shade, as amid the clammy fogs of the cold North; and, at length, after a liberal indulgence in Hudson's best, (only the more relished because the richest Turkey tobacco and a pipe of cherry wood was in the hands of every soldier in the garrison,) proposals were made for a bowl of "Gin-Punch!" Lord Thomas Howard, a lieutenant in the —th, was announced to be a masterhand in the scientific brew; and the very name of gin-punch affords, in the fatherland of Achilles, a sort of anti-climax, which there was no resisting. The materials were brought. The regimental bowl, in which Picton himself is recorded to have plunged the ladle; lemons from the islands redolent of romance

and poetry; and a bottle of Hodger's best, redolent of Holborn Hill, appeared in as orderly array as though we had been supping at Limmer's.

"Are you a punch-drinker?" inquired my neighbor, Captain Wargrave, with whom, as a school-fellow of my elder brother's, I had quickly made acquaintance.

"If I may venture to own it, no!" said I; "I have swallowed too much punch on compulsion in the course of my life."

"I judged as much from your looks," replied Wargrave, who had promised to see me on board the frigate. "If you want to get away from these noisy fellows, we can easily slip off while Lord Thomas and his operations engage their attention."

And, in compliance with the hint, I soon found myself sauntering with him, arm in arm, on the bastions of —. We had an hour before us; for the captain's gig was not ordered till eleven; and, in order to keep an eye at once on the frigate and the shore, we sat down on an abutment of the parapet, to gossip away the time; interrupted only by the measured tramp of the sentinels, and enjoying the freshness of the night air, perfumed by jessamine and orange blossoms, proceeding from the trellised gardens of the Government House. As I am not ambitious of writing bad Byron, my readers must allow me to spare them the description of a night in Greece: a lieutenant of H. M. S. the *Astræa*, and a captain of H. M. S. gallant —th, may be supposed to entertain Hotspur's prejudices against ballad-mongers!

"There seem to be hard-going fellows in your mess," said I, to Wargrave, as he sat beside me, with his arms folded over his breast. "Thornton, I understand, carries off his two bottles a-day, like a Trojan; and the fat major, who sat opposite to me, made such play with the champagne, as caused me to blush for my squeamishness. For my own part, I should be well content never to exceed a couple of glasses of good claret. Wine affects me in a different way from most men. The more I drink, the more my spirits are depressed. While others get roaring drunk, I sit moping and despairing; and the next day my head aches like an artilleryman's."

"You are fortunate," said Wargrave drily.

"Fortunate!" cried I. "I wish I could appreciate my own luck!—I am voted the sulkiest dog unchanged, whenever it is my cue to be jolly; and after proving a wet blanket to a merry party over-night, am ready to shoot myself with the headache and blue devils next morning. If there be a fellow I really envy, it is such a one as Thornton; who is ready to chime in with the chorus of the 36th stanza of Nancy Dawson between his two last bottles; and keeps his head and legs an hour after all the rest of the party have lost theirs under the table."

"I fancy Thornton is pretty well seasoned; saturated like an old claret hogshead!"

"Enviably dog! From time immemorial, odes have been endited to petition the gods for an insensible heart. When I turn lyricist, it will be to pray for an insensible stomach! 'T is a monstrous hard thing, when one hears the trolling of a joyous *chanson a boire*, or *trinklied*, under the lime-trees of France or Germany, to feel no sympathy in the strain save that of nausea. There is something fresh and picturesque in the mere sound of 'the vine—the grape—the cup—the bowl!' It always appears to me that Bacchus is the univer-

mal divinity, and that I alone am exempted from the worship. Think of Lord Thomas' gin-punch, and pity me!"

Wargrave replied by a vague unmeaning laugh; which led me to conclude that my eloquence was lost on him. Yet I continued.

"Do you know that, in spite of the prevalence of the Bacchanalian idolatry, I think we hardly give honor due to the influence of wine. It has ever been the mania of mankind to ascribe the actions of their fellow-creatures to all motives but the true; but if they saw clearly, and spoke honestly, they would admit that more heroes have been made by the bottle than the sword."

"Have you any personal meaning in this tirade?" suddenly interrupted my companion, in a voice whose concentration was deadly.

"Personal meaning!" I reiterated. "Of what nature?" And for a moment I could not but fancy that poor Wargrave had taken a deeper share in the Chateau Margoux of the fat major than I had been aware of. A man rather touched by wine, is sure to take fire on the most distant imitation of drunkenness.

"I can scarcely imagine, sir," he continued, in a voice, however, that savored of anything rather than inebriety, "that any man acquainted with the misfortunes of my life should address me on such a subject!"

"Be satisfied, then, that your indignation is groundless, and most unreasonable," said I, still doubtful how far I ought to resent the ungraciousness of his demeanor; "for, on the word of a gentleman, till this day, I never heard your name. Your avowal of intimacy with my brother, and something in the frankness of your manner that reminded me of his, added to the hilarity of an unexpected reunion with so many of my countrymen, has perhaps induced too sudden a familiarity in my demeanor; but, in wishing you good night, Captain Wargrave, and a fairer interpretation of the next sailor who opens his heart to you at sight, allow me to assure you, that not a shadow of offence was intended in the rhapsody you are pleased to resent."

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Wargrave, extending his hands, nay almost his arms, towards me. "It would have afforded only a crowning incident to my miserable history, had my jealous soreness on one fatal subject produced a serious misunderstanding with the brother of one of my dearest and earliest friends."

While I frankly accepted his apologies and offered hand, I could detect, by the light of the moon, an expression of such profound dejection on the altered face of Wargrave—so deadly a paleness—a *haggardness*—that involuntarily I reseated myself on the wall beside him, as if to mark the resumption of a friendly feeling. He did not speak when he took his place; but, after a few minutes' silence, I had the mortification to hear him sobbing like a child.

"My dear fellow, you attach too much importance to an unguarded word, handsomely and satisfactorily explained," said I, trying to reconcile him with himself. "Dismiss it from your thoughts."

"Do not fancy," replied Wargrave, in a broken voice, "that these humiliating tears originate in anything that has passed between us this night. No! The associations recalled to my mind by the rash humor you are generous enough to see in its true light, are of far more ancient

date, and far more ineffaceable nature. I owe you something, in return for your forbearance. You have still an hour to be on shore," he continued, looking at his watch. "Devote those minutes to me, and I will impart a lesson worth ten years' experience; a lesson of which my own life must be the text—myself the hero!"

There was no disputing with him,—no begging him to be calm. On his whole frame was imprinted the character of an affliction not to be trifled with. I had only to listen, and impart, in the patience of my attention, such solace as the truly miserable can best appreciate.

"You were right," said Wargrave, with a bitter smile, "in saying that we do not allow ourselves to assign to wine the full measure of authority it holds among the motives of our conduct. But you were wrong in limiting that authority to the instigation of great and heroic actions. Wine is said in Scripture to 'make glad the heart of man.' Wine is said by the poets to be the balm of grief, the dew of beauty, the philter of love. What that is gracious and graceful is it not said to be! Clustering grapes entwine the brow of its divinity, and wine is held to be a libation worthy of the gods. Fools! fools! fools!—they need to have poured forth their blood and tears like me, to know that it is a fountain of eternal damnation! Do not fancy that I allude to DRUNKENNESS; do not class me, in your imagination, with the sensual brute who degrades himself to the filthiness of intoxication. Against a vice so flagrant, how easy to arm one's virtue! No! the true danger lies many degrees within that fearful limit; and the Spartans, who warned their sons against wine by the exhibition of their drunken Helots, fulfilled their duty blindly. Drunkenness implies, in fact, an extinction of the very faculties of evil. The enfeebled arm can deal no mortal blow; the staggering step retards the perpetration of sin. The voice can neither modulate its tone to seduction, nor hurl the defiance of deadly hatred. The drunkard is an idiot: a thing which children mock at, and women chastise. It is the man whose temperament is excited, not overpowered, by wine, to whom the snare is fatal."

"Only when unconscious of his infirmity," said I bluntly.

"Shakspeare makes Cassio conscious, but not till his fault is achieved."

"Cassio is the victim of a designing tempter; but an ordinary man, aware of his frailty, must surely find it easy to avoid the mischief."

"Easy, as we look upon the thing from hence, with the summer sky over our heads, the unshackled ocean at our feet, and the mockery of the scorner unheard; but in the animation of a convivial meeting, with cooler heads to mislead us by example, under the influence of conversation, music, mirth, *who* can at all times remember by how short a process it turns to poison in his veins? Do not suppose me the Apostle of a Temperance Society, when I assert, on my life, my soul, my honor, that, after three glasses of wine, I am no longer master of my actions. Without being at the moment conscious of the change, I begin to see, and feel, and hear, and reason differently. The minor transitions between good and evil are forgotten; the lava boils in my bosom. Three more, and I become a madman."

"But this constitutes a positive physical infirmity," said I. "You must of course regard yourself as an exception?"



"No! I am convinced the case is common. Among my own acquaintance, I know fifty men who are pleasant companions in the morning, but intolerable after dinner; men who neither like wine nor indulge in it; but who, while simply fulfilling the forms and ceremonies of society, frequently become odious to others, and a burthen to themselves."

"I really believe you are right."

"I know that I am right; listen: When I became your brother's friend at Westminster, I was on the foundation,—an only son, intended for the church; and the importance which my father and mother attached to my election for college, added such a stimulus to my exertions, that, at the early age of fourteen, their wish was accomplished. I was the first boy of my years. A studentship at Christ-church crowned my highest ambition; and all that remained for me at Westminster was to preside over the farewell supper, indispensable on occasions of these triumphs. I was unaccustomed to wine, for my parents had probably taken silent note of the infirmity of my nature; and a very small proportion of the fiery tavern port, which forms the nectar of similar festivities, sufficed to elevate my spirits to madness. Heated by noise and intemperance, we all sallied forth together, prepared to riot, bully, insult. A fight ensued; a life was lost. Expulsion suspended my election. I never reached Oxford; my professional prospects were blighted; and, within a few months, my father died of the disappointment! And now, what was to be done with me? My guardians decided, that in the army the influence of my past fault would prove least injurious; and, eager to escape the tacit reproach of my poor mother's pale face and gloomy weeds, I gladly acceded to their advice. At fifteen, I was gazetted in the —th Regiment of Light Dragoons."

"At least you had no cause to regret your change of profession!" said I, with a sailor's prejudice against parsonic cloth.

"I did regret it. A family-living was waiting for me; and I had accustomed myself to the thoughts of early independence and a settled home. Inquire of my friend Richard, on your return to England, and he will tell you that there could not be a calmer, graver, more studious, more sober fellow than myself. The nature of my misdemeanor, meanwhile, was not such as to alienate from me the regard of my young companions; and I will answer for it, that on entering the army, no fellow could boast a more extensive circle of friends. At Westminster, they used to call me 'Wargrave the peace-maker.' I never had a quarrel; I never had an enemy. Yet, twelve months after joining the —th, I had acquired the opprobrium of being a quarrelsome fellow; I had fought one of my brother officers, and was on the most uncomfortable terms with four others."

"And this sudden change—"

"Was then attributed to the sourness arising from my disappointments in life. I have since ascribed it to a truer origin—the irritation of the doses of brandy, tinged with sloe juice, which formed the luxury of a mess-cellar. Smarting under the consciousness of unpopularity, I fancied I hated my profession, when in fact I only hated myself. I managed to get on half-pay, and returned to my mother's tranquil roof; tranquil to monotony—tranquil to dulness,—where, instead of regretting the brilliant life I had forsaken, my

peace of mind and early contentment came back to me at once. There was no one to bear me company over the bottle; I was my mother's constant companion; I seldom tasted wine; I became healthy, happy, beloved."

"Beloved in a *lover's* sense?"

"Beloved as a neighbor and a fellow-citizen. But higher distinctions of affection followed. A young and very beautiful girl, of rank and fortune superior to my own, deigned to encourage the humble veneration with which I regarded her. I became emboldened to solicit her heart and hand. My mother assured her I was the best of sons. I readily promised to be the best of husbands. She believed us both; accepted me—married me; and, on welcoming home my lovely gentle Mary, all remembrance of past sorrow seemed to be obliterated. Our position in the world, if not brilliant, was honorable. My mother's table renewed those hospitalities over which my father had loved to preside. Mary's three brothers were our constant guests; and Wargrave—the calm, sober, indolent Wargrave—once more became fracions and ill at ease. My poor mother, who could conceive no fault in my disposition—concluding that, as in other instances, the husband had discovered in the daily companionship of married life, faults which had been invisible to the lover—asccribed to poor Mary all the discredit of the change. She took a dislike to her daughter-in-law, nay, even to Mrs. Wargrave's family, friends, and acquaintances. She saw that after they had been dining with me, I grew morose and irritable; and attributed the fault to my guests, instead of to the cursed wine their company compelled me to swallow."

"Your wife was probably more discerning?"

"No! On such subjects, women are not enlightened by experience. Even the vice of drunkenness is a mystery to them, unless when chance exhibits to their observation some miserable brute lying senseless in the public streets. Mary probably ascribed my fractiousness to infirmity of temper. She found me less good-humored than she had expected, and more easily moved by trifles. The morning is the portion of the day in which married people live least in each other's society; and my evenings seldom passed without a political squabble with some visiter, or a storm with the servants. The tea was cold: the newspaper did not arrive in time; or all the world was not exactly of my own opinion respecting the conduct of ministers. Fortunately, poor Mary's time was engrossed by preparations for the arrival of her first child, a pledge of domestic happiness calculated to reconcile a woman even to greater vexations than those arising from her husband's irritability. Mary palliated all my bursts of temper, by declaring her opinion that '*any* man might possess the insipid quality of good humor; but that Wargrave, if somewhat hasty, had the best heart and principles in the world.' As soon as our little boy made his appearance, she excited the contempt of all her female acquaintances, by trusting 'that Harry would, in all respects, resemble his father.' Heaven bless her for her blindness!"

Wargrave paused for a moment; during which I took care to direct my eyes towards the frigate.

"Among those female friends, was a certain Sophy Cavendish, a cousin of Mary's; young, handsome, rich,—richer and almost as handsome as herself; but gifted with that intemperate

vivacity which health and prosperity inspire. Sophy was a fearless creature; the only person who did not shrink from my fits of ill-temper. When I scolded, she bantered; when I appeared sullen, she piqued me into cheerfulness. We usually met in morning visits, when I was in a mood to take her raileries in good part. To this playful girl it unluckily occurred to suggest to her cousin, 'Why don't you manage Wargrave as I do? why don't you laugh him out of his perversity?' And Mary, to whose disposition and manners all these *agaceries* were foreign, soon began to assume a most provoking sportiveness in our domestic disputes; would seize me by the hair, the sleeve, point her finger at me when I was sullen, and laugh heartily whenever I indulged in a reproof. I vow to Heaven, there were moments when this innocent folly made me hate her! 'It does not become you to ape the monkey tricks of your cousin,' cried I, one night when she had amused herself by fillying water at me across the desert-table, while I was engaged in an intemperate professional dispute with an old brother officer.—'In trying to make me look like a fool, you only make a fool of yourself!'—'Don't be intimidated by a few big words,' cried Miss Cavendish, when this ebullition was reported to her. 'Men and nettles must be bullied into tameness; they have a sting only for those who are afraid of them—Persevere!' She *did* persevere; and, on an occasion equally ill-timed, again the angry husband retorted severely upon the wife he loved. 'You must not banter him *in company*,' said Sophia. 'He is one of those men who hate being shown up before others. But when you are alone, take your revenge. Treat his anger as a jest. Prove to him you are not afraid of him; and since he chooses to behave like a child, argue with him as children are argued with.'

"It was on my return from a club-dinner, that Mary attempted to put these mischievous precepts into practice. I was late—too late; for, against my will, I had been detained by the jovial party. But, instead of encouraging the apologies I was inclined to offer for having kept her watching, Mary, who had been beguiling the time of my absence in her dressing-room with an entertaining book, by which her spirits were exhilarated, began to laugh at my excuses; to banter, to mock me. I begged her to desist. She persisted. I grew angry. She replied to my invectives by a thousand absurd accusations, invented to justify her mirth. I bade her be silent. She only laughed more loudly. I stamped, swore—raved;—she approached me in mimicry of my violence. I struck her!"

When Wargrave's melancholy voice subsided into silence, the expressions of my countryman, Tobin, (the prototype of Knowles) involuntarily recurred to my mind—

"The man who lays his hand,  
Save in the way of kindness, on a woman,  
Is a wretch, whom 't were base flattery to call a  
coward."

"I know not what followed this act of brutality," cried Wargrave, rousing himself. "I have a faint remembrance of kneeling and imploring, and offering the sacrifice of my life in atonement for such ingratitude. But I have a very strong one of the patient immobility which, from that moment, poor Mary assumed in my

presence. She jested no more; she never laughed again. What worlds would I have given had she remonstrated—defended herself—resented the injury! But no! from that fatal night, like the enchanted princess in the story, she became converted into marble whenever her husband approached her. I fancied—so conscious are the guilty—that she sometimes betrayed an apprehension of leaving our child in the room alone with me. Perhaps she thought me mad! She was right. The brief insanity inspired by wine had alone caused me to raise my hand against her."

"But you had no reason to suppose that, on *this* occasion, Mrs. Wargrave again conferred with her family touching your conduct?"

"No reason; yet I did suppose it. I knew the secret had been kept from her brothers; for, if not, fine manly fellows as they were, nothing would induce them again to sit at my board. But there *was* a person whose interference between me and my wife I dreaded more than theirs; a brother of Sophy Cavendish, who had loved Mary from her childhood, and wooed her, and been dismissed shortly after her acquaintance with myself. That fellow I never could endure! Horace Cavendish was the reverse of his sister; grave, even to dejection; cold and dignified in his demeanor; sententious, taciturn, repulsive. Mary had a great opinion of him, although she had preferred the vivacity of my manner, and the impetuosity of my character. But now that these qualities had been turned against herself, might not a revulsion of feeling cause her to regret her cousin? She must have felt that Horace Cavendish would have invited an executioner to hack his arm off, rather than raise it against a woman! No provocation would have caused *him* to address her in those terms of insult, in which, on more than one occasion, I had indulged. I began to hate him, for I felt *little* in his presence. I saw that he was my superior in temper and breeding; that he would have made a happier woman of my wife. Yet I had no pretext for dismissing him my house. He came, and came, and sat there day after day, arguing upon men and things, in his calm, measured, dispassionate voice. He could not but have seen that he was odious to me; yet he had not the delicacy to withdraw from our society. Perhaps he thought his presence necessary to protect his cousin! Perhaps he thought I was not to be trusted with the deposit of her happiness?"

"But surely," said I, beginning to dread the continuation of his recital, "surely, after what had already occurred, you were careful to refrain from the stimulants which had betrayed you into an unworthy action?"

"Right. I *was* careful. My temperance was that of an anchorite. On the pretext of health, I refrained for many months from tasting wine. I became myself again. My brothers-in-law called me milksop! I cared not what they called me. The current of my blood ran cool and free. I wanted to conquer back the confidence of my wife!"

"But perhaps this total abstinence rendered the ordeal still more critical, when you were compelled occasionally to resume your former habits?"

"Right again. I was storing a magazine against myself! There occurred a family festival from which I could not absent myself—the wed-

ding of Sophy Cavendish. Even my wife relaxed in her habitual coldness towards me, and requested me to join the party. We met; a party of some thirty—giggling, noisy, brainless, to jest and to be merry. It was settled that I must 'drink the bride's health'; and Mrs. Wargrave extended her glass towards mine, as if to make it a pledge of reconciliation. How eagerly I quaffed it! The champagne warmed my heart. Of my free will I took a second glass. The bridegroom was to be toasted; then the family into which Sophy was marrying; then the family she was quitting. At length the health of Mrs. Wargrave was proposed. Could I do otherwise than honor it in a bumper? I looked towards her for further encouragement—further kindness; but, instead of the expected smile, I saw her pale, trembling, anxious. My kindling glances and heated countenance perhaps reminded her of the fatal night which had been the origin of our misunderstanding. Yes, she trembled; and, in the midst of her agitation, I saw, or fancied I saw, a look of sympathy and good understanding pass between her and Horace Cavendish. I turned fiercely towards him. He regarded me with contempt; that look at least I did not misinterpret: *but I revenged it!*"

Involuntarily I rose from the parapet, and walked a few paces towards the frigate, in order that Wargrave might recover breath and composure. He followed me—he clung to my arm; the rest of his narrative was spoken almost in a whisper.

"In the mood which had now taken possession of me, it was easy to give offence; and Cavendish appeared no less ready than myself. We quarrelled. Mary's brother attempted to pacify us, but the purpose of both was settled. I saw that he looked upon me as a venomous reptile to be crushed; and I looked upon him as the lover of Mary. One of us must die to extinguish such deadly hatred. We met at sunrise. Both were sober then. I shot him through the heart!"

"I had once the misfortune to act as second in a mortal duel, my dear Wargrave," said I; "I know how to pity you."

"Not you!" faltered my companion, shuddering with emotion. "You may know what it is to contemplate the ebbing blood, the livid face, the leaden eye of a victim; to see him carried log-like from the field; to feel that many lips are cursing you—many hearts upbraiding you; but you cannot estimate the agony of a position such as mine with regard to Mary. I surrendered myself to justice; took no heed of my defence. Yet surely many must have loved me; for, on the day of trial, hundreds of witnesses came forward to attest my humanity, my generosity, my mildness of nature."

"Mildness!"

"Ay!—Save when under that fatal influence, (the influence which stimulates my lips this very moment,) my disposition is gentle and forbearing. But they adduced something which almost made me long to refute their evidence in my favor. Many of our mutual friends attested upon oath that the deceased had been observed to seek occasions of giving me offence. That he had often spoken of me disparagingly, threateningly; that he had been heard to say, *I deserved to die!* I was now sure that Mary had taken him into her confidence; and yet it was by my wife's unceasing exertions that this mass of evidence had been collected in my favor. I was acquitted. The

court rang with acclamations; for I was 'the only son of my mother, and she was a widow;' and the name of Wargrave commanded respect and love from many, both in her person and that of my wife. The Cavendish family had not availed itself mercilessly against my life. I left the court 'without a blemish upon my character,' and with gratitude for the good offices of hundreds. I was not yet quite a wretch."

"But I had not yet seen Mary! On the plea of severe indisposition, she had refrained from visiting me in prison; and now, that all danger was over, I rejoiced she had been spared the humiliation of such an interview. On the eve of my trial, I wrote to her; expressing my wishes and intentions towards herself and our child, should the event prove fatal; and inviting her to accompany me instantly to the continent, should the laws of my country spare my life. We could not remain in the centre of a family so cruelly disunited, in a home so utterly desecrated. I implored her, too, to allow my aged mother to become our companion, that she might sanction my attempts in a new career of happiness and virtue. But, although relieved by this explanation of my future views, I trembled when I found myself once more on the threshold of home. To meet her again—to fall once more upon the neck of my poor mother, whose blindness and infirmities had forbidden her to visit me in durance! What a trial! The shouts of the multitude were dying away in the distance; my sole companion was a venerable servant of my father's who sat sobbing by my side. He had attended as witness at the trial. He was dressed in a suit of deep mourning, probably in token of the dishonor of his master's house."

"The windows are closed," said I, looking anxiously upwards, as the carriage stopped. "Has Mrs. Wargrave—has my mother quitted town?"

"There was no use distressing you, Master William, so long as you was in trouble," said the old man, grasping my arm. "My poor old mistress has been buried these six weeks; she died of a stroke of apoplexy, the day after you surrendered yourself. We buried her, sir, by your father."

"And my wife?" said I, as soon as I could recover my utterance.

"I don't rightly understand,—I can't quite make out,—I believe, sir, you will find a letter," said my gray-headed companion, following me closely into the house.

"From Mary?"

"Here it is," he replied, opening a shutter of the cold, grim, cheerless room, and pointing to the table.

"From Mary?" I again reiterated, as I snatched it up. "No! not from Mary; not even from any member of her family; not even from any friend,—from any acquaintance. *It was a lawyer's letter*; informing me, with technical precision, that 'his client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, conceiving she had just cause and provocation to withdraw herself from my roof, had already taken up her abode with her family; that she was prepared to defend herself, by the strong aid of the law, against any opposition I might offer to her design; but trusted the affair would be amicably adjusted. His client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, moreover, demanded no other maintenance than the trifle allowed by her marriage settlement, for her

separate use. Instead of accompanying me to the continent, she proposed to reside with her brothers.'

"And it was by the hand of a lawyer's clerk I was to learn all this! 'The woman—the wife—whom I had struck!—was prepared to plead 'cruelty' against me in a court of justice, rather than live with the murderer of her minion! She knew to what a home I was returning; she knew that my household gods were shattered;—and at such a moment abandoned me!"

"Drink this, Master William," said the poor old man, returning to my side with a salver and a bottle of the Madeira which had been forty years in his keeping. "You want support, my dear boy; drink this."

"Give it me," cried I, snatching the glass from his hands. "Another—another!—I *do* want support; for I have still a task to perform. Stop the carriage; I am going out. Another glass!—I *must* see Mrs. Wargrave!—Where is she?"

"Three miles off, sir, at Sir William's. My mistress is with her elder brother, sir. You can't see her to-night. Wait till morning; wait till you are more composed. You will lose your senses with all these cruel shocks!"

"I *have* lost my senses!" I exclaimed, throwing myself again into the carriage. "And therefore I must see her,—*must* see her before I die."

"And these frantic words were constantly on my lips till the carriage stopped at the gate of Sir William Brabazon. I would not suffer it to enter, I traversed the court-yard on foot; I wished to give no announcement of my arrival. It was dusk. The servant did not recognize me, when, having entered the offices by a side-door, I demanded of a strange servant admittance to Mrs. Wargrave. The answer was such as I had anticipated. 'Mrs. Wargrave could see no one. She was ill; had only just risen from her bed.' Nevertheless, I urged the necessity of an immediate interview. 'I must see her on business.' Still less. 'It was impossible for Mrs. Wargrave to see any person on business, as Sir William and Mr. Brabazon had just gone into town; and she was quite alone, and much indisposed.'—'Take in this note,' said I, tearing a blank leaf from my pocket-book, and folding it to represent a letter. And following with caution the servant I despatched on my errand, I found my way to the door of Mary's apartment. It was the beginning of spring. The invalid was sitting in a large arm-chair before the fire, with her little boy asleep in her arms. I had preceded the servant into the room; and, by the imperfect fire-light, she mistook me for the medical attendant she was expecting.

"'Good evening, Doctor,' said she, in a voice so faint and tremulous, that I could scarcely recognize it for hers. 'You will find me better to-night. But why are you so late?'"

"You will, perhaps, find me too early," said I, placing myself resolutely beside her chair, "unless you are disposed to annul the instrument with which you have been pleased to complete the measure of your husband's miseries. Do not tremble, Madam; do not shudder; do not faint. You have no personal injury to apprehend. I come here, a broken-hearted man, to learn my award of life or death." And, in spite of my false courage, I staggered to the wall, and leaned against it for support.

"'My brothers are absent,' faltered Mary. 'I have no counsellor at hand, to act as mediator between us.'

"For which reason I hazard this appeal. I am here to speak with my own lips to your own ears, to your own heart. Let its unbiassed impulses condemn me or absolve me. Do not decide upon the suggestions of others."

"I *have* decided," murmured Mrs. Wargrave, '*irrevocably*.'

"No, you have *not*!" said I, again approaching her; "for you have decided without listening to the defence of your husband, to the appeal of nature. Mary, Mary! have you so soon forgotten the vows of eternal union breathed in the presence of God! On what covenant did you accept my hand, my name, my tenderness? On that of a merciful compromise with the frailties of human nature; 'for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health.' It *has* been for *worse*, for I have been perverse, and wayward, and mad; it *has* been for *poorer*, for my good name is taken from me; it *has* been for sickness, for a heavy sickness is on my soul. But is the *covenant* less binding! Are you not still my wife!—my wife whom I adore,—my wife whom I have injured,—my wife, whose patience I would requite by a whole life of homage and adoration,—my wife, who once vowed a vow before the Lord, that, forsaking all others, she would cleave to *me* alone! Mary, no human law can contravene this primal statute. Mary, you have no right to cast from you the father of your child."

"It is for my child's sake that I seek to withdraw from his authority," said Mrs. Wargrave, with more firmness than might have been expected; a firmness probably derived from the contact of the innocent and helpless being she pressed to her bosom. 'No! I *cannot* live with you again; my confidence is gone, my respect diminished. This boy, as his faculties become developed, would see me tremble in your presence; would learn that I fear you; that—'

"That you despise me! speak out, Madam; speak out!"

"That I *pity* you," continued Mary, resolutely; 'that I pity you, as one who has the reproach of blood upon his hand, and the accusation of ruffianly injury against a woman on his conscience.'

"And such are the lessons you will teach him; lessons to lead him to perdition, to damnation; for, by the laws of the Almighty, Madam, however your kindred or your lawyers may inspire you, the father, no less than the mother, must be honored by his child."

"It is a lesson I would scrupulously withhold from him: and, to *secure* his ignorance, it is needful that he should live an alien from his father's roof. Wargrave, our child must not grow up in observation of our estrangement."

"Then, by Heaven, my resolution is taken! Still less shall his little life be passed in watching the tears shed by his mother for the victim of an adulterous passion! You have appealed to the laws: by the laws let us abide. The child is mine, by right, by enforcement. Live where you will—defy me from what shelter you please; but this little creature whom you have constituted my enemy, remains with *me*! Surrender him to me, or dread the consequences!"

"You did not!" I incoherently gasped, seizing Wargrave by the arm, and dreading, I knew not what.

"Have I not told you," he replied, in a voice which froze the blood in my veins, "that, before quitting home, I had swallowed half a bottle of Madeira! My frame was heated, my brain maddened! I saw in the woman before me only the minion, the mourner of Horace Cavendish. I had no longer a wife."

And you dared to injure her?"

"Right, boy; that is the word,—*dared!* It was cowardly, was it not! brutal, monstrous! Say something that may spare my own bitter self-accusations!"

Involuntarily I released myself from his arm.

"Yes! Mary, like yourself, prepared herself for violence at my hands," continued Wargrave, scarcely noticing the movement; "for instinctively she attempted to rise and approach the bell; but, encumbered by the child, or by her own weakness, she fell back in her chair. 'Don't wake him!' said she, in a faint, piteous voice, as if, after all, his helplessness constituted her best defence."

"Give him up, then, at once. Do you think I do not love him! Do you think I shall be less careful of him than yourself? Give him up to his father."

"For a moment, as if overcome, she seemed attempting to unclasp the little hand which, even in sleep, clung tenderly to her night dress. For a moment she seemed to recognize the irresistibility of my claim."

"The carriage waits, said I sternly. Where is his nurse?"

"I am his nurse," cried Mary, bursting into an agony of tears. "I will go with him. To retain my child, I will consent to live with you again."

"With *me*? Am I a worm, that you think to trample on me thus? Live with *me*, whom you have dishonored with your pity, your contempt; your preference of another? Rather again stand arraigned before a criminal tribunal, than accept such a woman as my wife!"

"As a *servant* then; let me attend as a servant on this little creature, so dear to me, so precious to me, so feeble, so"—

"Is it Cavendish's brat, that you plead for him so warmly? cried I, infuriated that even my child should be preferred to *me*. And I now attempted to remove him by force from her arms."

"Help! help! help!" faltered the feeble half-fainting mother. But no one came, and I persisted. Did you ever attempt to hold a struggling child—a child that others were struggling to retain—a young child—a soft, frail, feeble child? And why did she resist? Should not she, woman as she was, have known that mischief would arise from such contact? She who had tended those delicate limbs, that fragile frame? The boy awakened from his sleep—was screaming violently. He struggled, and struggled, and moaned, and gasped. But, on a sudden, his shrieks ceased. He was still, silent, breathless!"

"Dead!" cried I.

"So she imagined at the moment, when, at the summons of her fearful shrieks, the servants rushed into the room. But no, I had not again become a murderer; a new curse was in store for me. When medical aid was procured, it was found that a limb was dislocated: the spine injured; the boy a cripple for life!"

"What must have been his father's remorse!"

"His father was spared the intelligence.—It

was not for fourteen months that I was removed from the private madhouse, to which, that fatal night, I was conveyed, a raving maniac. The influence of wine, passion, horror, had induced epilepsy; from which I was only roused to a state of frenzy. Careful treatment and solitude gradually restored me. Legal steps had been taken by the Brabazon family during my confinement; and my mutilated boy is placed, by the Court of Chancery, under the guardianship of his mother. For some time after my recovery I became a wanderer on the continent, with the intention of wasting the remnant of my blighted existence in restless obscurity. But I soon felt that the best propitiation, the best sacrifice to offer to my injured wife and child, was an attempt to conquer, for their sake, an honorable position in society. I got placed on full-pay in a regiment appointed to a foreign station. I made over to my boy the whole of my property. I pique myself on living on my pay,—on drinking no wine,—on absenting myself from all the seductions of society. I lead a life of penance, of penitence, of pain. But, some day or other, my little victim will learn the death of his father, and feel that he devoted his wretched days to the duties of an honorable profession, in order to spare him further dishonor as *the son of a suicide.*"

"Thank God!" was my murmured ejaculation, when at this moment I perceived the boat of the *Astræa*; whose approach enabled me to cover my emotion with the bustle of parting. There was not a word of consolation—of palliation, to be offered to such a man. He had indeed afforded me a fearful commentary on my text. Never before had I duly appreciated the perils and dangers of WINE!

"And is it to such a stimulus," murmured I, as I slowly rejoined my companions, "that judge and juror recur for strength to inspire their decrees; to such an influence, that captain and helmsman turn for courage in the storm; to such a counsellor, the warrior refers his manœuvres on the day of battle; nay, that the minister, the chancellor, the sovereign himself, dedicate the frailty of their nature! That human life, that human happiness, should be subjected to so devilish an instrument! Against all other enemies, we fortify ourselves with defence; to this master-friend we open the doors of the citadel."

My meditations were soon cut short by the joyous chorus of a drinking-song, with which Lord Thomas' decoctions inspired the shattered reason of the commandants, superior and inferior, of His Majesty's ship the *Astræa*.

ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAYS.—People are beginning to think the atmosphere may be turned to more account than merely breathing it into their lungs. Its pressure has been endured, since the creation of the world to these our days, without notice: but now the thought has struck our clever men that this should be borne no longer with the *laissez-faire* idleness of our ancestors. It was at first proposed to blow people through tunnels by the pressure at one end; but they disliked being kept so much in the dark in these days of illumination: so the carriages are now placed outside the tube, and, up-hill or down-hill, the same atmosphere that presses on their bodies sends them along with a velocity that knows no bounds but that with which air rushes into void—at the rate of some, thirteen thousand feet in a second. Surely this is something new under the sun.—*Spectator*.

From the Quarterly Review.

*The Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon, including his Correspondence, and Selections from the Anecdote Book, written by himself.* By HORACE TWISS, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Counsel. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1844.

IN the Law Magazine of 1839, appeared a series of papers on the life of Lord Eldon, compiled with such care, and including comments on the whole so just, that perhaps a revised collection of them was all the public may have expected; but the present Earl found, on examination, that materials equally authentic and interesting remained untouched; and he has been fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. Twiss for the arrangement of a copious and regular biography. This gentleman had always, on a few important subjects, maintained opinions different from those of the venerated chancellor; but his noble friend rightly anticipated that no such circumstance would be allowed to interfere with the fulness and fairness of his historical record. Mr. Twiss appears to us to have acquitted himself, as to all points of controversy, with an exemplary union of honesty and modesty—neither dissembling his personal views, nor unnecessarily, upon any temptation, projecting them. His main narrative is freely and unaffectedly written—manly and spirited—on proper occasions interspersed with passages of true eloquence; the reader feels that he is in the hands of a man of extensive knowledge in life and affairs—acute, sagacious, thoroughly despising cant and claptraps. We cannot speak with the same unmixed approbation of the selections from the chancellor's correspondence. Of course he asked and received the permission of those whose letters to his lordship are here printed—or of their proper representatives; but we must think that in sundry cases these parties ought not to have been, thus early, called upon to either grant or withhold such consent. Nor can we compliment Mr. Twiss unreservedly on the use he has made of a certain "Anecdote Book," the amusement of octogenarian chair-days at Encombe,—or of some papers of reminiscences by surviving connexions. From these sources he has drawn undoubtedly many valuable illustrations of character and manners; but an ample supply also of bald Joe Millers, and dismal puns, and pointless details of dull doings. We hope to see all such heavy redundancies cleared away from a second edition. This is a sterling book; it will live, and no pains ought to be grudged.

It would be impossible, within the limits of one article, to comprise any adequate examination of even a few of the great questions, legal and political, with which Lord Eldon's name must be connected by every future historian of Great Britain. We shall make no attempt of this nature; reserving until another number whatever we may desire to say of Lord Eldon as one of the greatest of lawyers and of judges, and of Mr. Twiss'

estimate of him as such in the closing chapters—we shall at present deal exclusively with the *Memoirs*, and endeavor to select anecdotes and specimens of correspondence, which may bring our readers better acquainted with the personal character and conduct of the man, and the course of his relations with eminent contemporaries, as a minister of the crown.

Inglis is a rare name in Scotland, but Scott has from an early period been a very common one in England. No one is likely to doubt that some progenitor of Lord Stowell and Lord Eldon had emigrated from Scotland into Northumberland; but it is the glory of these great men that their ancestry was too obscure to be traceable beyond the grandfather, whose legal designation, in early and middle life, was "William Scott, of Sandgate, yeoman,"—his ultimate position that of clerk in a coal-fitter's warehouse at Newcastle. William, son of this yeoman and clerk, became himself a master coal-fitter—a member of the ancient fraternity of *Oastmen*\* in that town—a careful, worthy, and latterly prosperous tradesman. Mr. Twiss might as well have omitted all allusion to some vague and idle claims of a descent from one of the most eminent of the Scotch families named Scott—the once great house of Balwearie—(that of which the wizard, "Auld Michael," was chief)—still respectably represented by the baronets of Anerum. It is not even said that there was any tradition of such a lineage. The sole evidence for it amounts to this: that when distinguished graduates at Oxford, the sons of the coal-fitter used seals exhibiting the armorial bearings of Balwearie. Only this morning our eye rested on a newspaper advertisement by a seal-engraver, closing in these terms:—"N. B. Arms found without extra charge." Neither the yeoman of Sandgate nor the Oastman of Newcastle ever dreamt of pedigrees or escutcheons.

The coal-fitter is the intermediate agent between the lessee of a coal-pit and the shipper of coals. Mr. Scott's house and coal-yard were situated near the river, in one of the narrow lanes of old Newcastle—Love Lane. These lanes have the local *alias* of *chares*. Lord Eldon puzzled the chancery bar, on some occasion, by mentioning from the bench that he was "born in a chare-foot." It was well for him and for his country that his elder brother William could not have told the same story. When their mother was about to be confined for the first time—September, 1745—the neighborhood was alarmed by the progress of the Scottish rebels; and she was removed, for security, to the house of her father, in the village of Heworth, on the southern side of the Tyne. It has often been told, with grave circumstantiality,

\* According to Camden, the *Oastmen* were originally so called as trading principally to the *Ost-sæe*, or East Sea, i. e. the Baltic; but there is much dispute about the etymon.

that she was taken ill just as the Highlanders were about to invest the town, and smuggled over the walls, and down into a boat on the river, after all egress had been forbidden by the magistrates. This was not so; but the Heworth midwife took fright during the travail, and a Newcastle surgeon, summoned to her assistance after the gates were barred for the night, had to scale the wall at the chare-foot. The important circumstance is that William's birth took place in the county palatine of Durham.

John Scott, the future Chancellor, was born on the 4th of June, 1751—near six years later than William. Though their parents had thirteen children, only one other son, Henry, and two daughters, survived infancy. The boys were all put to the old grammar-school of Newcastle, then exceedingly well conducted by the Rev. Hugh Moises, who among his assistants had, for the arithmetical department, no less a person than the afterwards celebrated mathematician, Hutton. In this seminary William Scott's extraordinary talents were rapidly developed; and John, in due season, supported the credit of the family name. To the end of their days, both retained a most grateful sense of their obligations to the early care and kindness of Mr. Moises. The particular anecdotes here recorded of their schoolboy life are worthless—with one exception, and as to that we have our doubts. It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Scott used to expect from their boys, on a Sunday evening, some proof that they had been attentive to the sermon they had heard at church, and that William and John acquitted themselves in this matter equally to their worthy parents' satisfaction, but in different ways—William retracing, in a few clear sentences, the pith of the preacher's argument; while John surprised the circle, and occasionally wearied it, by the almost verbatim accuracy of his report. The story has much the air of an *ex post facto*. For the rest, it is sufficiently indicated that, with all their exemplary diligence as to lessons of every sort, they were neither of them grave plodding boys, but both took their full share in all the sports and pranks and trickeries of their coevals. Both had remarkably vigorous constitutions, and animal spirits to correspond. If we may not say that the great man is almost always made of such materials, the rule admits most rare exception as to the great lawyer.

It appears that the good coal-fitter kept his Christmas in the genial fashion so well represented in the text, and also on the frontispiece, of Mr. Dickens' charming Prose Carol of 1843. All the people in his employment, with their wives and children, partook of his roast beef and plum-pudding; and when the warehouse was cleared for the ball, the first admired performance was a *pas seul*—"Master Jacky's hornpipe."

When William approached his fifteenth birthday, his father intimated to Mr. Moises that he meant to take the boy from school, and bind him appren-

tice to himself. Mr. Moises expressed much regret—assured Mr. Scott that the lad had in him that which must ensure success in any of the learned professions—and suggested that, from the accident of his birthplace, he was entitled to be a competitor for one of certain scholarships at University College, Oxford, set apart for natives of "the bishoprick." Without some such help, Mr. Scott could not in prudence, at that stage of his own career, have entertained the scheme of sending a son to college. William was delighted at the new prospect—tried, and won; and this was the great turning-point in the fortunes of both the illustrious brothers; for William Scott covered himself with honor in his early academical career, and before John was old enough for leaving Mr. Moises, had become fellow and tutor of his college—one of the established authorities and principal ornaments of Oxford. He had watched over John's progress with at once a fraternal and a parental zeal, and now urged on their father to repeat the experiment which already, in his own case, had proved eminently successful. John's ambition had been naturally stirred in that direction; and in May, 1766, he set out for Alma Mater, to be entered as a commoner under the tutorage of William.

"I have seen it remarked," says Lord Eldon in his Anecdote Book, (1827,) "that something which in early youth captivates attention, influences future life in all stages. I came up from Newcastle in a coach then denominated, on account of its quick travelling, as travelling was then estimated, a *fly*; being, as well as I remember, nevertheless, three or four days and nights on the road. There was no such velocity as to endanger overturning, or other mischief. On the panels of the carriage were painted the words *Sat cito, si sat bene*, [i. e., *quick enough, if well enough*—words which made a most lasting impression on my mind, and have had their influence upon my conduct in all subsequent life. Their effect was heightened by circumstances during and immediately after the journey. A Quaker, who was a fellow-traveller, stopped the coach at the inn at Tuxford, desired the chambermaid to come to the coach-door, and gave her a sixpence, telling her that he forgot to give it her when he slept there two years before. I was a very saucy boy, and said to him, 'Friend, have you seen the motto on this coach?'—'No.'—'Then look at it; for I think giving her only sixpence now is neither *sat cito* nor *sat bene*.' After I got to town, my brother met me at the White Horse in Fetter Lane, Holborn, then the great Oxford house. He took me to see the play at Drury Lane. Love played Jobson in the farce, and Miss Pope played Nell. When we came out of the house, it rained hard. There were then few hackney-coaches, and we got both into one sedan-chair. Turning out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane, there was a sort of contest between chairmen. Our sedan-chair was upset with us in it. This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*. In short, in all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition on the panels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school, *Sat cito, si sat bene*. It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said, too deliberative;—and reflection upon all that is past will not authorize me to deny that, whilst I have been thinking *sat cito, si sat bene*, I may not have sufficiently recollected *sat bene, si sat cito*."



Lord Stowell used to tell that when he had to introduce John at Oxford, he was quite ashamed of the mere boyishness of his appearance—he was not quite fifteen; but he had been so well prepared, and continued to use such diligence, that before the lapse of a year, he stood for and carried a fellowship in University College, open to natives of Northumberland; and though there is no reason to suppose that he ever was looked upon as at all likely to rival his elder brother in classical attainments, the strength of his understand, and variety and accuracy of his information, had raised his character high before he took his first degree. In the twentieth year of his age he won the prize for the Essay in English Prose: subject, “The advantages and disadvantages of foreign travel;” but so shy was he, that friends had actually to shove him into the rostrum when the production was to be recited at the Commemoration. Among his contemporaries at University were several persons subsequently of high eminence—among others, Sir William Jones, Lord Moira, and Mr. Windham. John Scott appears to have been through life regarded with kindness by all who had mixed familiarly with him at this period; and not a few of them profited largely by his remembrance. No temperance medal was, in those days, among the usual objects of Oxonian ambition. The “Anecdote Book” has some sad stories about doctors and dons in their cups; and Mr. Twiss advisedly quotes these before producing this paragraph of his own.

“When Christ Church meadow was overflowed and sufficiently frozen for skating, people used to ply on the ice with kegs of brandy and other cordials for the skaters. John Scott, then an under-graduate, was skating over a part of the meadow where the ice, being infirm, broke in, and let him into a ditch, up to his neck in water. When he had scrambled out, and was dripping from the collar and oozing from the stockings, a brandy-vender shuffled towards him and recommended a glass of something warm; upon which Edward Norton, of University College, a son of Lord Grantley, sweeping past, cried out to the retailer: ‘None of your brandy for that wet young man—he never drinks but when he is *dry*.’”—vol. i., p. 54.

Very near the end of his life, when Lord Abingdon brought some motion about the game laws before the House of Lords, the Ex-Chancellor Eldon took occasion to confess, that probably no one had poached more diligently on that noble family’s preserves than himself. They are very near Oxford. But it is not likely that he had done great damage. Somebody asked Lord Stowell once, whether his brother was a good shot. He answered with his usual sly gravity, “I believe he kills a good deal of—time.”

After taking his degree he continued to reside as fellow, meaning at the proper age to take holy orders, and looking to a college living as his ultimate provision in life. Such would, pictably, have been the issue, but for almighty love. Spending the long vacation of 1771 in the north,

he saw, it is said, for the first time, and at some distance from Newcastle, (in Sedgfield church, to wit,) Miss Elizabeth Surtees, the daughter of a leading banker in his native town, and he was instantly smitten with a lasting passion. He had, it seems, been susceptible in this way even when at school. According to the anecdote book, he was “always in love.” Miss Surtees was only in her seventeenth year, but already talked of as “the Newcastle Beauty.” The Oxonian’s personal advantages were not unworthy of a beauty’s notice; he was a singularly handsome young man, and, as all who remember him in advanced age will also believe without difficulty, a most agreeable one. The banker was alarmed, and sent his daughter on a visit to a relation in the neighborhood of Henley-upon-Thames, in order that she might be out of John Scott’s way; but she had not been recalled when the Oxford term commenced, and Oxford is within an easy “lover’s journey” of Henley. Next summer Mr. John again visited Newcastle: he found it generally believed that a very rich old gentleman, recently a widower, was numbered among the numerous aspirants for the fair Elizabeth’s favor, and that his pretensions were supported warmly by Mr. Surtees. Whatever accelerated the romance, it galloped to a conclusion; for on a moonless night of September, 1772, Miss Bessy trusted herself to a ladder; a post-chaise was ready—the fugitives were safe across the border before either of them was missed, and married early next day at Blackshields—not, however, by a blacksmith, nor even by a justice of the peace, but by an Episcopal minister. The couple immediately returned southwards, and reaching Morpeth at nightfall, were greeted with the announcement that a marching regiment had just halted there, and that there was no lodging to be had for money or love. The landlady of the inn, however, on being made aware of their circumstances, behaved herself like a Christian woman, and abdicated her own chamber. When their evasion was discovered, great was the wrath at the banker’s; not less the consternation in the chare-foot; and the coal-fitter, after reading the letter which Mr. John had left behind him, looked so black that his daughters were all drowned in tears, expecting hard resolutions. In the course of two days, however, the father melted, and when the fugitives drew their curtains on the third morning at the Nag’s Head in Morpeth, the first object that met their eyes was a familiar one, the sure herald of tidings from home—the favorite dog of the bridegroom’s younger brother. Henry was in search of them, charged with a missive which began with severity, but ended with an invitation to Love Lane, where the hero and heroine took up their quarters accordingly the same evening. Mr. Surtees, on understanding where the culprits had been so speedily sheltered, proclaimed his conviction that all the Scotts had been accomplices in the abduction; and for some time would listen to no protestation whatever on that subject.



It is said (and Mr. Twiss seems to believe the story) that a wealthy and childless old citizen of Newcastle called on the coal-fitter at this crisis, and after expressing his apprehensions that Mr. Surtees was too proud to relent, offered to provide at once for the young couple, by taking John Scott into partnership with himself, as a grocer; that both father and son received this communication with much thankfulness; but that John considered it due to his elder brother that his opinion should be obtained before a decision was made; and that William Scott's answer alone turned the scale against the figs.

Ere long feelings softened, and matters were arranged. On the 7th January, 1773, Mr. Surtees covenanted to pay £1000, as his daughter's portion, with five per cent. interest until payment; and Mr. Scott very handsomely settled £2000 in like manner, on his son John. The couple were then re-married *in facie ecclesie*, in presence of both families, and set off for the south; "where," writes the future Chancellor at the time, "I have now two strings to my bow." Though his fellowship was legally determined by his marriage, it was customary to allow "a year of grace," during which such a marriage remained tacitly unobserved; so that had a college living fallen within the twelve months, he might accept it, and take orders according to his original plan. This was one string. He no doubt owed the other to his brother's advice and assistance. He entered himself at the Middle Temple, with the purpose of pursuing a legal career, in case no benefice should turn up during the year of grace. Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Chambers, a friend of both the brothers, and, like themselves, trained at Newcastle School and University College, was at this time Master of New Inn Hall, and Vinerian Professor of Law. He had the power of delegating the duties of his chair, and he now appointed John Scott Deputy Professor, with an allowance of £60 per annum, and the use of the Master's lodgings at New Inn Hall, of which Hall the Master happened to be the only member. As Chambers' deputy he had merely to read his MS. lectures, the drift of which, as the "Anecdote Book" confesses, he often could not in the least comprehend; but that could not have been the case as to the very first discourse that he was called on to deliver from the Vinerian desk, for this was on the statute of Philip and Mary touching the *Abduction of Maidens*. Mr. Wm. Scott, moreover, was very willing to have his brother's assistance in the tutoring at University, for which John no doubt had remuneration. His eldest son was born in New Inn Hall before the year of grace expired. No benefice had fallen: the fellowship was then declared vacant; and all thoughts of the Church were laid aside.

The establishment at New Inn Hall was so convenient in his circumstances that he remained there till he had eaten nearly all the requisite terms at the Temple. He finally left Oxford in 1775, and taking a small house in Cursitor street, pursued with redoubled zeal the legal studies, in which he had made no trivial progress even before his bow lost its first string. He had, it seems, mastered "Coke upon Littleton," by incessant reperusal and analysis, so thoroughly, that the whole book had become part of his mind; and to the last he continued of opinion that every English lawyer, with a view to ultimate economy of time, should commence with the same stiff acquisition. All notions of royal roads to learning and law made easy,

he cordially despised. *Nil magnum absque labore*. On settling in town his character and circumstances being made known to Mr. Duane, a distinguished conveyancer (a Roman Catholic) connected with Northumberland, that gentleman handsomely offered to take him as a pupil without a fee; and he attended Mr. Duane with extreme diligence, to his vast benefit. He could not afford to fee a special pleader, but obtained possession of a large MS. collection of precedents, and copied out three folio volumes of them with his own hand. In a word, no branch of the fit preparation deterred him; and perhaps Mr. Twiss could not have rendered a more important service to the law students of the present day than by the minute record he has now represented of the great Chancellor's preliminary exertions, with his repeated attestation, in later days, how continually he had felt in his progress through life the benefit of not having shrunk from the long and obscure toil of deep and firm foundations. He used to say, "those were laborious days, but not unhappy;" and though a few desponding phrases are scattered over his early letters, we can well believe that such was the case upon the whole. It was his custom to rise at four every morning, and when reading at night he bound a wet towel round his head to check the invasion of drowsiness. Though fond naturally of conviviality, he practised the most rigid abstemiousness, and for years hardly ever sat at meat with any companion but the devoted young partner of all his cares.\* A medical friend, it seems, conceived very serious alarm on seeing how this habitual course of life was telling on his appearance. "It is no matter," he said, "I must do as I am now doing, or starve." Some years after his marriage he writes to a college friend—"How despicable should I feel myself to be, if, after persuading such a creature to take an imprudent step for my sake, I could think any labor too much to be undergone cheerfully for hers." Towards the end of his life, in passing through Cursitor-street with his secretary, he paused and said, "Here was my first perch. How often have I run down to Fleet-market, with a sixpence in my hand, to buy sprats for supper."

During several years, no question, he had to maintain a tough struggle: but prosperous old age often pleases itself with exaggerating the difficulties of youth. It is like the victorious general's disposition to do full justice to the enemy's muster roll. The fact is, that Mr. Surtees, in 1775, settled a second sum of £1000, bearing interest, on his daughter; and that the worthy coal-fitter dying in November, 1776, bequeathed an additional £1000 to John Scott. From about the date of their establishment in London, therefore, the couple (supposing them to have incurred no debt) would seem to have had a free income of £250 per annum, which, we fancy, seventy years ago, would go as far as £400 at present. Their few olive-branches did not appear in rapid succession. William Scott inherited from his father about £25,000, and was always a true brother to John. We question if one brother ever owed more in

\* Though his brother was already, in 1773—the date of the Hebridean excursion—one of Dr. Johnson's familiar associates, and ultimately one of his most intimate friends, the name of John Scott does not occur once in Boswell. Johnson, however, had much regard for him—and sent him from his death-bed, in 1784, a kind message, begging him never to do legal work on a Sunday. His last words to Sir Joshua Reynolds were to the like effect.

every way to another than Lord Eldon did to Lord Stowell; and he certainly, in every way possible, acknowledged a most grateful sense of the obligation.

He was called to the bar in January, 1766—but besides attending regularly from that time in the courts, he continued during many months after to spend several hours daily in Mr. Duane's chambers—for he delighted in conveyancing as much as Selden himself. The following story shows how little the solicitors disturbed him:—

"When I was called to the bar," said he to his niece, "Bessy and I thought all our troubles were over: business was to pour in, and we were to be almost rich immediately. So I made a bargain with her, that during the following year all the money I should receive in the first eleven months should be mine, and whatever I should get in the twelfth month should be hers. What a stingy dog I must have been to make such a bargain! I would not have done so afterwards. But however, so it was; that was our agreement: and how do you think it turned out? In the twelfth month I received half a guinea; eighteenpence went for fees, and Bessy got nine shillings: in the other eleven months I got not one shilling."—p. 100.

Towards the end of this year his Bessy, who always sat by him however late he labored, was so alarmed with his sinking aspect that she insisted on his consulting Dr. Heberden. On hearing his name and statement, the doctor said, "Are you the young gentleman that gained the prize for the essay at Oxford?" "Yes, sir." "Then," continued Heberden, "I'll not take a fee for giving you a little advice. *Travel*—go down to Bath for three weeks, and if the waters bring out a fit of the gout, all will go well with you." Mr. Scott obeyed—the gout appeared—and from that hour he considered his constitution to have undergone a favorable change.

The "Anecdote Book" records abundance of the Westminster Hall gossip of those days—notabilia of judges and leading barristers—tricks of attorneys, and so forth; but during three weary years hardly a glimpse of business. He went the Northern Circuit naturally—but even at Newcastle scarcely ever came in for any better employment than the defence of some pauper charged with a petty felony:—

"In Mr. Scott's time, a considerable number of these offences were capital, and caused much anxiety to the defending counsel. It is true that, in nine cases out of ten, there could be then, as now, but little scope for an advocate's skill; because, in at least that proportion of cases, the nature of the proof for the prosecution is so direct and positive as to baffie all the arts of defence, and the acquittals, occasionally pronounced, proceed, for the most part, from the absence of some material piece of evidence, or the mistake or wilfulness of some one or more of the witnesses or jurymen. Now and then, however, there will really be enough of doubt to give the prisoner a fair chance of acquittal, if his counsel do not commit him by an indiscreet questioning of the witnesses; and the general vice of young and inexperienced advocates is a proneness to this imprudence. But Mr. Scott's discretion and caution—

Insigne mœstis præsidium reis—

exempted him from the common error. He was wont to say, jocularly, that he had been a most effective advocate for prisoners; for that he had seldom put a question to a prosecutor."—pp. 105, 106.

Late in life he told this striking story of an as-size scene to one of his daughters:—

"I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember, in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last, the surgeon was called, who stated deceased had been killed by a shot, a gun-shot, in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and, as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun, which proved to be half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged."

In the autumn of 1779 he did not go the circuit. He had borrowed money from William for so many of these journeys, and earned nothing by them, that he could not make up his mind to apply again: and on discovering why he had staid in town, William writes thus to their younger brother Henry:—"I heartily wish that business may briskeen a little, or he will be utterly sick of his profession. I do all I can to keep up his spirits, but he is very gloomy."

Meantime a certain solitary case which he had argued in the Rolls Court in 1788 was about to be heard on appeal in the House of Lords. In that case he had urged a point not only not suggested in his brief, but entirely discountenanced by the solicitor. The Master of the Rolls decided against him. His own client disapproved of the appeal—which was the act of another party. Mr. Scott was desired to state at the bar of the House of Lords that his client "consented." He insisted on restating his point. The solicitor smiled, but allowed him to do so—it could not make things worse than they were already—he should, however, have no better fee than *one guinea*. Behold, Lord Thurlow listened very earnestly—took three days to consider—reversed the decree of the Rolls Court solely on Mr. Scott's argument: and this decision of Lord Thurlow has regulated all similar questions since that day—March 4, 1780. This was the case of *Ackroyd versus Smithson*. Lord Eldon's account concludes thus:—

"As I left the Hall, a respectable solicitor, of the name of Forster, came up and touched me on the shoulder, and said—'Young man, your bread and butter is cut for life.'"

Nevertheless, matters were so little mended, that when about the Christmas of that year the Recordship of Newcastle became vacant, and his friends procured him an offer of it, he signified his acceptance of the situation. The salary was small—but he thought he should have a fair chance of some provincial business besides—and the temptation was irresistible. A house was taken for him at Newcastle—he was engaged in preparations for immediate removal. This was the state of things when he went to bed on the night of the 13th of March, 1781. Next morning at six o'clock—thus Lord Eldon told the story a few weeks before his death to one of his family:—

"Mr. (afterwards Lord) Curzon, and four or five gentlemen, came to my door and woke me, and when I inquired what they wanted, they stated, that the Clitheroe election case was to come on, that morning at ten o'clock, before a committee of the House of

Commons, that Mr. Cooper had written to say he was detained at Oxford by illness and could not arrive to lead the cause, and that Mr. Hardinge, the next counsel, refused to do so, because he was not prepared. 'Well, gentlemen,' said I, 'what do you expect me to do, that you are here?' They answered, 'they did not know what to expect or to do, for the cause must come on at ten o'clock, and they were totally unprepared, and had been recommended to me, as a young and promising counsel.' I answered, 'I will tell you what I can do. I can undertake to make a dry statement of facts, if that will content you, gentlemen, but more I cannot do, for I have no time to make myself acquainted with the law.' They said that must do; so I begged they would go down stairs and let me get up as fast as I could. Well, I did state the facts, and the cause went on for fifteen days. It found me poor enough, but I began to be rich before it was done: they left me fifty guineas at the beginning; then there were ten guineas every day, and five guineas every evening for a consultation—more money than I could count. But, better still, the length of the cause gave me time to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the law. \* \* \* \* We were beaten in the committee by one vote. \* \* \* After this speech, Mansfield, afterwards Sir James Mansfield, came up to me in Westminster Hall, and said he heard that I was going to leave London, but strongly advised me to remain in London. I told him that I could not, that I had taken a house in Newcastle, that I had an increasing family, in short, that I was compelled to quit London. Afterwards Wilson came to me and pressed me in the same manner to remain in London, adding what was very kind, 'that he would ensure me 400*l.* the next year.' I gave him the same answer as I had given Mansfield. However, I did remain in London, and lived to make Mansfield Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Wilson a Puisne Judge."

After giving some details of good luck on the next Northern Circuit, Mr. Twiss recurs to the Ackroyd case and the Clitheroe petition as having, in effect, decided the question of Mr. Scott's success at the bar: he then adds:—

"At the present day, from the great competition of very learned and very able practitioners, a few occasional opportunities do little, however they be improved. Among the more influential class of attorneys and solicitors, it has become usual to bring up a son or other near relation to the bar, who, if his industry and ability be such as can at all justify his friends in employing him, absorbs all the business which they and their connexion can bestow: and the number of barristers thus powerfully supported is now so great, that *few men* lacking such an advantage can secure a hold upon business. But at the time when Mr. Scott began his professional life, the usage had not grown up of coming into the field with a '*following*' already secured. Education being less general, fewer competitors attempted the bar: and even among the educated classes, a large proportion of adventurous men devoted themselves to naval and military pursuits, which have now been deprived of their attraction by a peace of more than a quarter of a century. In those days, therefore, it might well happen, as with Mr. Scott it actually did, that a couple of good opportunities, ably used, would make the fortune of an assiduous barrister in London."—p. 124.

Without doubt there is a great deal of truth here—but we do not believe that any change that has occurred will prevent a man of great talents and energies from rising at the bar, if he sticks to it. That is the rub. A vast deal of bar business can be done well enough by apprentices and journeymen of the gown; but there always has been,

and will be, a higher department in which neither connexion nor influence of any sort can do much for a common man—from which nothing ever can exclude a man of Scott's calibre, so he will but *bide his time*. Such men are "*few*"—but were they ever many?

Lord Mansfield used to say he had known no interval between no business at all and 3000*l.* a-year. Mr. Scott's advance in the profession seems to have been hardly less rapid. By 1783, at the age of thirty-two, he had a silk gown, and was at the head of the Northern Circuit. Great and lucrative as his practice soon came to be, it must have been infinitely more gainful but for the rare delicacy of his professional conscience. No fees had he from the extensive firm of "Snap, Gammon, and Quirk." Of one very rich branch of business, of which he might have engrossed the lion's share if he pleased, he had, after a very little while, next to nothing—the business of "*answering questions*." He would sign no opinion on a point of law without a thorough examination of authorities; he would sign none as to the probable issue of a case set before him, without sifting the facts so minutely, and suggesting the effect of so many *possibly* omitted particulars, that even solicitors of the higher class recoiled: it was as if, seeking an advocate, they had stumbled *in limine* on a judge. At the bar itself he appears to have, from the first, acted on a system equally scrupulous. We find him at a very early period taking to task a friendly senior, in the full career of eminence, for some such laxity of forensic ethics as even Dr. Johnson has countenanced, and compelling the reluctant confession,—"*Master Scott, you have ensured me an uneasy pillow.*" He never could be brought to understand that it was consistent with the honor of a gentleman to misrepresent in the slightest degree either law to a judge or facts to a jury.

Every legal sciolist of his day reechoed the party cry against Lord Eldon as a slow, procrastinating judge. How many have been also accustomed to hear him spoken of as too fond of money! Let candid people, before they again listen to such calumny, study the passage (vol. i., p. 137-8) from the "*Anecdote Book*" in which Lord Eldon so modestly, with such a graceful mixture of charity and self-respect, contrasts Mr. Kenyon's 3000*l.* a-year for opinions, with his own scarce anything. Let them consider, too, that he was never even suspected of any of the sordid obliquities to this hour so common in court-practice. No contemporary ever dared to insinuate that Mr. Scott took the fee and evaded the labor.

William Scott, though he did not begin to practise at Doctors' Commons until November, 1779, had been appointed Advocate-General for the office of Lord High Admiral, before his brother received a silk gown. A few months later, Dr. Scott, when on an excursion to Wales, was seized with a violent fever; for some days his life was despaired of—he himself had abandoned all hope. He had been married only a year before. Some letters from his sick-bed afford touching evidence of the love and confidence that had hitherto subsisted between him and John, and which continued unbroken during more than fifty years afterwards.

"My great comfort is to write on to my dearest Jack, and about my wife. Act for me. *Wife, child.* She knows I recommend to you her case.

"Object of my life to make sisters easy.

"Save \* \* \* from ruin if we can.

"Protect my memory by your kindness. Life ebbs very fast with me; my dying thoughts are all kindness and fraternal love about you.

"While sensation remains, I think on my dearest brother, with whom I have spent my life. I die with the same sentiments. As the hand of death approaches, it is a consolation to think of him. Oh, cherish my wife! if you loved me, be a brother to her. You will have trouble about my affairs—you will not grudge it. Oh, take care of her! I leave you that duty. It is the last relief of my failing mind. Cherish my memory. Keep \*\*\* from ruin if you can by any application of any part of my child's fortune that is reasonable.

"Once more farewell. God bless you."—vol. i., p. 148.

In the same year (1783) John Scott received, through Lord Chancellor Thurlow, (who had marked him from the day of the Ackroyd case,) the offer of a seat in parliament for Weobly, a borough then in the nomination of Lord Weymouth—one of those extinguished in 1832. The *Anecdote Book* says, "About that period there were many meetings for promoting *what was called reform in Parliament*." of course, Mr. Scott's aversion for such schemes was well understood; he stipulated for entire independence, however, and acted accordingly in the House. In the course of his first session he spoke twice against Fox's India Bill—and Mr. Pitt felt the value of legal and constitutional learning which commanded Mr. Fox's respectful acknowledgment. In his second speech he attempted rather a florid style of illustration, which exposed him to some airy ridicule from Sheridan; and he had sense enough never again to trespass in like fashion. Rarely presenting himself except when great principles were in question—and, having thoroughly mastered the subject, he had that to say which was his own, and worth saying—and on all occasions stating his views with equal firmness and courtesy—he speedily established himself in the opinion of the House. Although he distinguished himself, on some trying questions, in opposition to Mr. Pitt, the general accordance of their political tenets, and the rapid increase of his authority as a legal debater, were such that his promotion to the office of Solicitor-General, in June, 1788, seemed as natural as judicious. No wiser or more fortunate selection was ever made by that great minister.

In November of that year the illness of George III. opened the great question of the Regency; and, as Mr. Twiss says, "It was pretty well understood that from Sir John Scott was derived the whole of the legal doctrine on which ministers proceeded in this important matter." In his first speech, in fact, he exhausted the constitutional principle so completely that the subsequent debates offer nothing but unsuccessful attempts to answer him, and triumphant replications drawn from his arsenal. The king's happy recovery arrested the progress of the ministerial measure, and his Majesty lost no time in expressing personally his sense of the great services rendered the crown by this first grand display of the Solicitor-General's parliamentary resources:—

"The king told him that he had no other business with him than to thank him for the affectionate fidelity with which he adhered to him when so many had deserted him in his malady."—vol. i., p. 196.

From that hour he held a high place—it soon was a place second to none—in the confidence of the best and ablest of British sovereigns.

Lord Eldon, in his "*Anecdote Book*," treats with contempt the story still current, that Lord Thurlow, during the progress of the Regency Bill, carried on "secretly from the rest of the king's friends, a negotiation with the prince's party, for the purpose of continuing himself on the woolsack under their expected ministry."

"I do not believe there was a word of truth in that report. I was at the time honored with Lord Thurlow's intimacy. Scarcely a day passed in which there was not much interesting conversation upon that subject between Lord Thurlow and the king's friends, with which I was acquainted. I have no doubt that it was the opinion of many of the king's friends that it was very desirable, for the king's sake, that Lord Thurlow should continue chancellor, however the regency administration might be composed, if that could be so arranged. Considering the extreme heat and bitterness of parties in Parliament after the king recovered, it seems very extraordinary that, if Lord Thurlow's conduct had been dishonorable, no allusion should be made to it in debates, when he might have had an opportunity of explaining."

Lord Eldon also says, "What it was that occasioned the rupture between Pitt and Thurlow (1792) I never could find out." The meaning is that he never knew what was the last and immediate quarrel; for he adds that "he had long looked forward to the probability of such an event with great pain." Mr. Pitt requested the Solicitor-General to call on him, and in person announced the retirement of the Chancellor. Sir John replied:—

"My resolution is formed. I owe too great obligations to Lord Thurlow to reconcile it to myself to act in political hostility to him, and I have too long and too conscientiously acted in political connexion with you to join any party against you. Nothing is left for me but to resign my office as Solicitor-General, and to make my bow to the House of Commons." Mr. Pitt reasoned with him, and implored him not to persist in that resolution, in vain; but at length prevailed upon him to consult Lord Thurlow before he proceeded any farther. Lord Thurlow said, 'Scott, if there be anything which could make me regret what has taken place, (and I do not repent it,) it would be that you should do so foolish a thing. I did not think that the king would have parted with me so easily. As to that other man, he has done to me just what I should have done to him, if I could. It is very possible that Mr. Pitt, from party and political motives, at this moment may overlook your pretensions, but sooner or later you *must* hold the Great Seal. I know no man but yourself qualified for its duties.'\*—vol. i., p. 213.

To Lord Thurlow's deepest disgust, the Great Seal was given to Lord Loughborough: but Scott yielded to his reasoning and remained in office. Next year he succeeded Sir Archibald Macdonald as Attorney-General. In 1794 this imposed on him the heavy responsibility of conducting the trials of Hardy, Horne Tooke, &c. &c., for pro-

\*There are many stories of Lord Thurlow in the "*Anecdote Book*,"—the most agreeable to our mind is this:—"Lord Thurlow, upon the point of giving a clergyman a living, stated to him, that he must desire he would continue the same curate who had been there in the time of his predecessor, and whom he believed to be a deserving man. The clergyman represented that his intended arrangements were such that he could not do so. 'Very well,' replied Lord Thurlow, 'if you will not take him for your curate, I will make him the rector.' And he did so."—vol. i., p. 323.

We wish this story had been published a little sooner—*et pour cause*.

ceedings, in his opinion, treasonable, arising out of the infection of the French Revolution. These pages illustrate very strikingly the calm, invincible courage of Scott amidst the furious popular excitement of the time—not less so his exemplary forbearance and good temper in court—and, we must add, the high gentlemanlike feeling with which his leading opponent, Erskine, treated the Attorney-General both in the court and beyond its walls. Of the policy of prosecuting on the charge of treason which inferred the production of all the evidence at his command respecting the conduct of the Secret Societies, we have Sir John's own defence at great length in the "Anecdote Book." The pith lies, however, in one sentence:—

"Unless the whole evidence was laid before the jury, it would have been impossible that the country could ever have been made fully acquainted with the danger to which it was exposed, if these persons, and the societies to which they belonged, had actually met in that National Convention which the papers seized proved that they were about to hold, and which was to have superseded parliament itself; and it appeared to me to be more essential to securing the public safety that the whole of their transactions should be published, than that any of these individuals should be convicted."—vol. i., p. 28.

Mr. Pitt entirely concurred in the Attorney-General's views, and more than a year afterwards avowed in Parliament that he considered "the exposition of that immense mass of matter" to have been the chief instrument in "opening the eyes of the unwary, checking the incautious, and deterring the timid"—in other words, of arresting the revolutionary movement in England. Mr. Twiss dissents; he is of opinion that the better course would have been to prosecute for a seditious misdemeanor, in which case there would probably have been a conviction—and then to "publish that part of the evidence which had been spared at the trials: by which course the government would equally have conveyed all the material information to the public mind, would have had credit for forbearance in not aiming at the lives of the accused, and would have finally stood in the position of successful vindicators of the law and constitution." (p. 287.) Mr. Twiss adds: "If, at this day, the preponderance appear to be against the policy then pursued, we must remember that we are now looking at the subject after the event, and that the judgments, which decided in favor of that policy, were those of Mr. Pitt and of Lord Eldon." (*Ibid.*) This is properly thought and said: but we doubt if Mr. Twiss had fully realized to himself the extent of the dangers of 1794; and we doubt still more gravely whether the publication of any mass of evidence *not taken upon oath*, would have been sufficient to convince the loyal Whigs of 1794 of the extent of those dangers. We also think that if Sir John Scott and Mr. Pitt, believing the English correspondents and allies of the triumphant French Jacobins to be guilty of treason, had chosen to prosecute them for a misdemeanor only, from the wish "to gain credit for forbearance in not aiming at the lives of the accused," they would have acted in a manner utterly unworthy of their characters and their positions. But we must abstain from such controversies; and indeed we must content ourselves in passing over a world of more interesting matter connected with that momentous period—the first administration of Mr. Pitt. Throughout the whole of it Sir John Scott was

his legal mainstay. Mr. Wilberforce says in his Diary:—

"Sir John Scott used to be a great deal at my house. I saw much of him then, and it is no more than his due to say, that, when he was Solicitor and Attorney-General under Pitt, he never fawned and flattered as some did, but always assumed the tone and station of a man who was conscious that he must show he respects himself, if he wishes to be respected by others."—*Life of Wilberforce*, vol. v., p. 214.

From 1789 to 1798 his professional income seems to have averaged about £10,000. In 1792 he purchased for £22,000 the estate of Eldon, in the county of Durham, and accepting the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas in July, 1799, he was on that occasion elevated to the peerage as Baron Eldon of Eldon. About a year earlier Sir Wm. Scott had become Judge of the Court of Admiralty and a Privy Councillor.

Throughout all stages of their career both brothers appear to have maintained every feeling of domestic regard and affection alive in pristine warmth. Here is the first letter that was signed "Eldon."

"Lincoln's Inn, 19th July, 1799.

"My dear Mother,—I cannot act under any other feeling than that you should be the first to whom I write after changing my name. My brother Harry will have informed you, I hope, that the king has been pleased to make me Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and a Peer. I feel that, under the blessing of Providence, I owe this—I hope I may say I owe this—to a life spent in conformity to those principles of virtue, which the kindness of my father and mother early inculcated, and which the affectionate attention of my brother, Sir William, improved in me. I hope God's grace will enable me to do my duty in the station to which I am called. I write in some agitation of spirits, but I am anxious to express my love and duty to my mother, and affection to my sisters, when I first subscribe myself,

"Your loving and affectionate Son,

"ELDON."

We have seen what was Thurlow's opinion of him in 1792. Here is Kenyon's in July, 1799.

"The Lord Chief Justice of England took an opportunity, from the Bench, of expressing his congratulations to the profession, particularly to those who practised in the Common Pleas, on the appointment of one, who, he said, would probably be found 'the most consummate judge that ever sat in judgment.'"—vol. i., p. 331.

It was in those days the invariable rule that, even out of court, the "twelve Judges of England" should be distinguishable by their dress—in town at least they were nothing but full suits of black, and a wig was indispensable. Lady Eldon, who, among other points of a good wife, retained to the last a high admiration for her husband's outward man, rebelled so vehemently against the social wig that the new Chief Justice applied to the king in person—mentioning that he was afflicted with headaches, and suggesting that wigs after all were unknown down to a comparatively recent period of our history. George III. answered with a smile, "No, no—no innovations in my time. If you will wear your beards again you may drop your wigs—not otherwise." So Lord Eldon had to wear a wig wherever he was, till he quitted the Common Law bench. Such was the practice until the reforming era of William IV., when, like more important things, the craft of the wig-maker

sustained heavy blows. The Episcopal cauliflower, under the pelting of that storm, all but disappeared. The last Judge who bore his mark about him in the world was, we think, Mr. Justice Park. The wig was inconvenient, and in many cases unseemly, but we are old-fashioned enough to fancy that a supreme judge of the land ought to bear some recognisable badge of his dignity about him, we do not say in the streets, but in every social assembly, for the same reason that the heads of the church now do so. We have never reconciled ourselves to your sage of the law in Truefit curls, satin cravat, embroidered waistcoat, primrose gloves, and French-polished Wellingtons—but the female influence no doubt all went with Lady Eldon.

"The days of his Chief Justiceship, though they lasted only from July, 1799, to April, 1801, contributed greatly to his fame. On the bench of a Common Law Court no scope was allowed to his only judicial imperfection, the tendency to hesitate. A Common Law Judge, when he has to try causes at Nisi Prius, or indictments in a Crown Court, must sum up and state his opinion to the jury on the instant; and when he sits in bank with his brethren to decide questions of law, must keep pace with them in coming to his conclusions. Thus compelled to decide without postponement, Lord Eldon at once established the highest judicial reputation: a reputation, indeed, which afterwards wrought somewhat disadvantageously against himself when Lord Chancellor, by showing how little ground there was for his diffidence, and consequently how little necessity for his doubts and delays."—vol. i., p. 340.

He himself in his Anecdote Book and in many letters and reported conversations, refers to the period when he sat in the Court of Common Pleas as the happiest of his life. It was a short one—and it was the only one in his public life during which he remained apart from the struggles of party politics. The king, it is now evident, would gladly have made him chancellor on the dismissal of Thurlow. He tells us that his Majesty, on his appointment to the Common Pleas, asked and received his promise that if ever the Great Seal was offered him he would accept the trust; and there can be little doubt that when George III. made this stipulation, his Majesty already foresaw the difficulties that were to arise from the collision of his own and Mr. Pitt's views as to the Roman Catholic claims. As soon as the Irish Union was completed that collision became a practical one; and these Memoirs prove, to the confusion of various "Historians," that here was not only the chief but the sole cause of Mr. Pitt's resignation in March, 1801. He found the king rooted in his conviction, and observing the agitation and excitement produced whenever the subject was approached—the minister thought it was his duty to retire from office rather than to persist in his efforts at the imminent hazard of the king's mind, with all the then probable consequences to the royal family, and to the nation at large, of such a calamity.

It appears from the Anecdote Book, that Lord Eldon never knew until Dr. Philpotts published in 1827 the correspondence of George III. and Mr. Pitt, preserved among Lord Kenyon's papers, with what "securities" for the Protestant Establishment Mr. Pitt had proposed to accompany Roman Catholic Emancipation. Lord Eldon considered the "securities" thus brought under his notice as worthless; but dwells with natural satisfaction on the evidence that Mr. Pitt had thought "securities"

indispensable. It is curious that he should have had anything to learn in 1827 about what was agitated in 1801; for on Mr. Pitt's resignation he became Chancellor, he tells us, solely in consequence of the royal intervention;—"I was the king's chancellor, not the minister's."

"More than thirty years afterwards, he said to his niece, 'I do not know what made George III. so fond of me; but he *was* fond of me. Did I ever tell you the manner in which he gave me the seals? When I went to him he had his coat buttoned thus, (one or two buttons fastened at the lower part,) and putting his right hand within, he drew them out from the left side, saying, 'I give them to you *from my heart*.'"

"It seems probable," says Mr. Twiss, "that the unusual demonstration with which the king accompanied the transfer of the Great Seal, may have been partly occasioned by the unsettled state of the royal mind." In effect, the king was not well enough to hold a council until about a month had elapsed; and during that space Lord Eldon continued Chief Justice of the Common Pleas as well as Chancellor, discharging all the duties of both offices. If he had resigned the Common Pleas at once, and the king's illness continued, "it was thought certain," says the Anecdote Book, "that on a ministerial change the Grand Seal would be taken away and the Chief Justiceship not restored." But if such was his view of the case, it is certain that he held the seal during many subsequent months on a most doubtful tenure. These pages exhibit abundantly, though as delicately we must believe as was found compatible with justice to Lord Eldon, the miserable vacillations of the king's state down to almost the close of 1801. Unhappy dissension in the royal family appears to have operated most painfully on a mind already shaken and shattered by political anxieties. It was at such times as these—subsequently, alas! if not previously, of no rare occurrence—that the responsibility of a minister, but above all of a Lord Chancellor, must have pressed with truly awful weight upon any but a callous conscience, upon any courage but the firmest. It was the duty of Lord Eldon to soothe and spare the king's irritable feelings by every possible gentleness and forbearance—to watch for moments when urgent business could be really comprehended and fitly done without danger—but to defer whatever could be deferred; and with what consummate tenderness and discretion he managed to steer through such a complication of difficulties, every candid reader of these memoirs must form the same opinion. Nor will any such reader close the page without a sense of humiliation, seeing how many of the leading politicians of the day, perverted by the bitterness of party, miscolored and distorted to the public, perhaps to themselves, the motives under which the great magistrate acted, and the uses to which alone he applied his near access to the royal person, and the influence which his respectful care and zeal could not fail to consolidate. The letters from the queen, the princess Elizabeth, and the royal physicians to Lord Eldon during this anxious year, do high honor to all concerned—not least to the illustrious patient himself, who even when most grievously afflicted and disturbed, even in the wanderings of delirium, reminds us often of what Sir Thomas Browne says so beautifully in his Tract on Dreams:—"However these may be fallacious concerning outward events, yet they be truly significant at home, and thereby we may more sensibly understand ourselves. Alexander would hardly

*have ran away in the combats of sleep, nor Demos-thenes have stood stoutly to it. Persons of radical integrity will not easily be perverted in their dreams, nor noble minds do pitiful things in sleep.\**

Lord Eldon's Anecdote Book says—

"The king was recovering, but not entirely recovered, (in 1801,) when upon my visiting him, as I did every morning, he took out a watch from a drawer, and said he had worn it for twenty years, and desired me to accept it and wear it for his sake. I declined to accept it. At first he was extremely angry, and asked with much earnestness why I did not obey him. I said that it was impossible for me to be of any use to his Majesty; if, under the then circumstances, I accepted anything from him. He wept.

"Some nine or ten months afterwards, I was sitting in the chancery court, when a red box and key to it were delivered to me. I opened it, and found the identical watch and seal, with this letter:—

"The king takes this opportunity of forwarding to the lord chancellor the watch he mentioned the last spring; it has undergone a thorough cleaning, and been left with the maker many months, that the accurateness of its going might be ascertained. Facing ten minutes there is a spring, if pressed with the nail, will open the glass for setting the watch; or, turning the watch, pressing the back edge facing 50 minutes, the case opens for winding up.

'GEORGE R.'

"The seal contains a figure of Religion looking up to heaven, and a figure of justice with no bandage over the eyes; the motto, 'His Dirige Te.'"

Lord Eldon was the ablest and most strenuous supporter of Mr. Addington's government in the House of Lords; he continued to be so to its last hour; and to the last hour of his own life he continued on terms of the most intimate and affectionate friendship with Lord Sidmouth. Nevertheless it has been asserted by many writers of these days, and insinuated, to say the least, very recently by no less eminent a writer than Lord Brougham, ("Statesmen," vol. ii., p. 55,) that Mr. Addington's "politic and scheming" chancellor prepared and conducted an intrigue for the purpose of excluding Mr. Addington, and reinstalling Mr. Pitt in the premiership; nay, Lord Brougham even goes so far as to express his belief that Lord Eldon was "bold and unscrupulous" enough to use his influence with the sovereign towards the reinstatement of Mr. Pitt when the royal mind was in so diseased a condition that it was necessary for him, the chancellor, to have Dr. Willis with him in the royal closet, and the "mad doctor's assistants and apparatus" in the adjoining apartment. Mr. Twiss, in alluding to these dark imputations ob-

\* Sir T. Browne's Works, vol. iv., p. 357, (Wilkins' edition, 1835.)

Dr. Robert Willis writes to Lord Eldon, May 25th, 1801, from Kew:—"This morning I walked with his Majesty, who was in a perfectly composed and quiet state. He told me, with great seeming satisfaction, that he had had a most charming night, 'but one sleep from eleven to half after four;' when, alas! he had but three hours' sleep in the night, which, upon the whole, was past in restlessness, in getting out of bed, opening the shutters, in praying at times violently, and in making such remarks as betray a consciousness in him of his own situation, but which are evidently made for the purpose of concealing it from the queen. He frequently called out, 'I am now perfectly well, and my queen, my queen has saved me.'"—Vol. i., p. 376.

"The king, during one of his illnesses, complained to Lord Eldon that a man in the employ of his physicians had knocked him down. 'When I got up again,' added the king, 'I said my foot had slipped, and ascribed my fall to that; it would not do for me to admit that the king had been knocked down by any one.'"—p. 426.

serves that Lord Brougham must have forgotten the fact that Lord Eldon denied every circumstance thus alleged in the House of Lords in 1811, when all the royal physicians of 1804 were alive; and we have no doubt this was the fact. Yet it is very satisfactory to find that an overwhelming mass of contemporary evidence is now produced in reference to the transactions in question.

It is now proved that, in place of there having been any private understanding beforehand between Mr. Pitt and Lord Eldon, Mr. Pitt himself, when the chancellor waited on him by the king's command to signify that his Majesty wished to see him with a view to new arrangements, received the messenger with the greatest coldness: in short, that Mr. Pitt believed Lord Eldon to have been guilty of using his influence with the king under circumstances such as have been alluded to—that is to say, of holding political conversations with his Majesty when the presence of the doctors was necessary—not, however, with a view to facilitating Mr. Pitt's reinstatement as premier, but with a view to baffle Mr. Pitt's supposed project of bringing Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville into office with himself. We now see that Mr. Pitt paid his first visit to Buckingham house in 1804, under the impression that the stories which had reached him "from Carlton House" were true; that it was not until after he had conversed with the physicians, and ascertained—from them that not one of them had been present during any interview between the king and the chancellor—from his own observation that the king had never been more capable than he then was of forming a correct judgment "upon the most important of all questions—peace or war"—and, from the king's own mouth, that Lord Eldon had never, down to that moment, offered to the king the slightest suggestion as to the composition of another cabinet;—it was not till Mr. Pitt had ascertained all these points, and had thereupon, with the frankness which belonged to him, disclaimed to Lord Eldon every trace of suspicion, and apologized in the amplest manner for having lent a moment's credence to the "Carlton House reports"—it was not till then that Lord Eldon consented to let Mr. Pitt open to him his real views with respect to the reconstruction of the government. Mr. Pitt then communicated to Lord Eldon his opinion that, in the then alarming state of things, Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox ought to be invited to join. Lord Eldon told Mr. Pitt that he hated coalitions—that much as he differed from Fox, he would rather see Fox premier than Fox in a Pitt cabinet. Upon this they separated. Mr. Pitt found his king immovable as to Mr. Fox. Lord Grenville would not take office unless Mr. Fox did so too. Mr. Pitt then saw Lord Eldon again, and said, "with some indignation, he would teach that proud man that in the service and with the confidence of his king, he could do without him, though he thought his health such that it might cost him his life;" and requested Lord Eldon, the only grounds of difference being removed, to consent to remain chancellor—and Lord Eldon agreed. Various letters concerning these transactions between Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval, and Lord Eldon and Lord Melville, together with Mr. Twiss' extracts from the Anecdote Book, effectively clear up this chapter of history. We quote one note from the king himself—which disposes, *inter alia*, of one and not the least disagreeable, of the insinuations countenanced by Lord Brougham:—



*"Queen's Palace, May 18th, 1804. 5 m. past 10, A.M.*

"The king having signed the commission for giving his royal assent, returns it to his excellent lord chancellor, whose conduct he most thoroughly approves. His Majesty feels the difficulties he has had, both political, and personally to the king; but the uprightness of Lord Eldon's mind, and his attachment to the king, have borne him with credit and honor, and (what the king knows will not be without its due weight) with the approbation of his sovereign, through an unpleasant labyrinth.

"The king saw Mr. Addington yesterday. \* \* \* Mr. Addington spoke with his former warmth of friendship for the lord chancellor; he seems to require quiet, as his mind is perplexed between returning affection for Mr. Pitt, and great soreness at the contemptuous treatment he met with, the end of the last session, from one he had ever looked upon as his private friend. *This makes the king resolved to keep them for some time asunder.*"

GEORGE R.\*

Lord Eldon says, in one of the most affecting pages of his Anecdote Book:—

"God grant that no future chancellor may go through the same distressing scenes, or be exposed to the dangerous responsibility which I went through and was exposed to, during the indispositions of my sovereign! My own attachment to him supported me through those scenes. Such and so cordial was the love and affection his people bore to him, that a servant, meaning well and placed amidst great difficulties, would have been pardoned for much, if he had had occasion for indemnity."

We have much pleasure in transcribing also what follows:—

"I went with Mr. Pitt, not long before his death, from Roehampton to Windsor. Among much conversation upon various subjects, I observed to him that his station in life must have given him better opportunities of knowing men than almost any other person could possess; and I asked whether his intercourse with them, upon the whole, led him to think that the greater part of them were governed by reasonably honorable principles, or by corrupt motives. His answer was, that he had a favorable opinion of mankind upon the whole, and that he believed that the majority was really actuated by fair meaning and intention."—vol. i., p. 499.

Mr. Pitt expired on the 23d of January, 1806, at Putney. Mr. Twiss says, with truth and elegance:—

"The loss of such a man, in such a state of public affairs, appeared irreparable. Except his father, no minister of that already long reign had occupied so large a space in the sight of the nation. He had come in very early life to the aid of the sovereign, at a crisis when no other champion could be found to make head against a coalition as powerful in parliament as it was odious both to king and people; and the lofty vigor of that rescue fixed him in the confidence of the country as well as of the court. With the same energy and elevation of spirit he bore the state through the trying emergencies of the regency, and of the revolutionary propagandism: and the lucid majesty and volume of his eloquence—a far more potential influence in his day than in ours—threw around him a glory, which, as all the efforts of his great contemporaries could not eclipse it, so the long lapse of succeeding years has been unable to quench or to cloud."—vol. i., p. 508.

\* It is, we suppose, probable that Lord Sidmouth's correspondence with George III. and Mr. Pitt—which we have seen, and which is very curious—will be ere long made public.

On the 7th of February, the arrangements of "All the Talents" being completed, Lord Eldon resigned the seals. The Anecdote Book says, "The king appeared for a few minutes to occupy himself with other things; looking up suddenly, he exclaimed, 'Lay them down on the sofa, for I cannot, and I will not take them from you!'"

We may here introduce one of the most pleasing passages in this work; for it refers to the earlier days of Lord Eldon as chancellor:—

"One of the heaviest responsibilities of the chancellor, in Lord Eldon's time, was to examine the recorder's report of the sentences passed on criminals convicted at the Old Bailey. 'I was exceedingly shocked,' said Lord Eldon to his niece, 'the first time I attended to hear the recorder's report, at the careless manner in which, as it appeared to me, it was conducted. We were called upon to decide on sentences, affecting no less than the lives of men, and yet there was nothing laid before us, to enable us to judge whether there had or had not been any extenuating circumstances; it was merely a recapitulation of the judge's opinion, and the sentence. I resolved that I never would attend another report, without having read and duly considered the whole of the evidence of each case, and I never did. It was a considerable labor in addition to my other duties, but it is now a comfort to reflect that I did so, and that in consequence I saved the lives of several individuals.

"After all, Mary, I think I am wonderful, considering how much I have gone through; for mine has been no easy life. I will tell you what once happened to me. I was ill with the gout; it was in my feet; so I was carried into my carriage, and from it I was carried into my court. There I remained all the day, and delivered an arduous judgment. In the evening I was carried straight from my court to the house of lords; there I sat until two o'clock in the morning, when some of the lords came and whispered to me that I was expected to speak. I told them I really could not, I was ill, and I could not stand; but they still urged, and at last I hobbled, in some way or other, with their assistance, to the place from which I usually addressed the house. It was an important question:—I forgot my gout, and spoke for two hours [on the peace of Amiens]. Well, the house broke up, I was carried home, and at six in the morning I prepared to go to bed. My poor left leg had just got in, when I recollected I had important papers to look over, and that I had not had time to examine them; so I pulled my poor left leg out of bed, put on my clothes, and went to my study. I did examine the papers; they related to the recorder's report, which had to be heard that day; I was again carried into court, where I had to deliver another arduous judgment, again went to the house of lords, and it was not till the middle of the second night that I got into bed. These are hard trials to a man's constitution."—vol. i., pp. 405, 406.

We must give also the story of Miss Bridge:—

"In 1783, when Mr. Scott first became a candidate for the borough of Weobly, he was received and lodged in the house of Mr. Bridge, the vicar, who, having a daughter then a young child, took a jocular promise from him, that if he should ever become chancellor, and the little girl's husband should be a clergyman, the chancellor would give that clergyman a living. Now comes the sequel, partly related by Lord Eldon himself to [his niece] Mrs. Forster. Years rolled on—I came into office; when one morning I was told a young lady wished to speak to me; and I said that young ladies must be attended to, so they must show her up. And up came a very pretty young lady, and she courtesied and simpered, and said she thought I could not recollect her. I answered I certainly did not, but perhaps she could



recall herself to my memory ; so she asked if I remembered the clergyman at Weobly, and his little girl to whom I had made a promise. 'Oh, yes!' I said, 'I do, and I suppose you are the little girl?' She courted and said 'Yes.' 'And I suppose you are married to a clergyman?' 'No,' she said, and she blushed, 'I am only going to be married to one, if you, my lord, will give him a living.' Well, I told her to come back in a few days ; and I made inquiries to ascertain from the bishop of the diocese that the gentleman she was going to be married to was a respectable clergyman of the church of England ; and then I looked at my list, and found I actually had a living vacant that I could give him. So when the young lady came back I told her she might return home and get married as fast as she liked, for her intended husband should be presented to a living, and I would send the papers as soon as they could be made out. 'Oh, no!' she exclaimed, and again she simpered, and blushed, and courted ; 'pray, my lord, let me take them back myself.' I was a good deal amused : so I actually had the papers made out, and I signed them, and she took them back herself the following day."—vol. i., pp. 465-467.

But alas for the honor of man ! Miss Bridge, after all, did not become Mrs. Jones until two years after the gentleman had been rector of Stanton. The son of the clergyman who ultimately married them at Stanton writes thus :—"Jones would have jilted the lady, but was shamed into the fulfilment of his engagement by the friends and relations of both parties. Miss Bridge, with her party, arrived there from Hereford in a post-chaise. *She refused, however, to enter the parsonage-house until she did so as his wife.*" To conclude the story, Mrs. Jones survived her husband, and, being in indigent circumstances, once more applied to the chancellor, "to obtain for her an admission into a recently instituted establishment, near Bath, for the support, maintenance, comfort, and benefit of the widows of clergymen and others. Lord Eldon not only complied with her request, but sent her money to defray the expenses of her removal."

Lord Eldon's eldest son, the father of the present Earl, had died shortly before he resigned the seal. He writes thus to one of his old college friends, a clergyman in Yorkshire :—

"Dear Swire,—I have very frequently taken up my pen to write to you. I have as often laid it down, unable to bear up against the intrusion of those melancholy ideas which always present themselves when I see, hear, or think of any one at once the friend of my departed and of myself. \* \* \*

"At the end of thirty busy years I have nothing to do, I mean with this world, but the great work of preparing myself for another ; and I am afraid that *that* is much to do, when a man has been immersed in this world's business, and such part of its business as I have been engaged in for so many years. May it not be a blessing that, at the beginning of that period which I am to employ better, I am awakened to a sense of duty by a judgment as awful as that which, in my loss, has been poured out upon me?"—vol. ii., pp. 4, 5.

On the 13th of September, 1806, Mr. Fox died ; but the king allowing his surviving colleagues to dissolve parliament, the new elections gave them a very large majority in the House of Commons. These events cast a deep gloom over the survivors of the Pitt circle, and internal suspicion and mutual mistrust were soon to aggravate the common evil. Witness a letter of Lord Eldon to Sir William Scott :—

"I am not the least surprised at what you say about Canning. I have for some time thought that much less than a dissolution would serve him as a cause of separation ; and I suspect that Lord Grenville has known him so well, as, by flattering his vanity on the one hand, by making him the person of consequence to be talked with, and alarming that vanity on the other by disclaiming intercourse, through anybody, with the Pittites as a body, to make him the instrument of shaking among the Pittites that mutual confidence which was essential to give them weight, and thus to keep them in the state of a rope of sand till a dissolution, when he won't care one fig for them all put together. The king's conduct does not astonish me, though I think it has destroyed him. His language to me led me to hope better things ; and, in charity, I would suppose from it that his heart does not go with his act. But his years, his want of sight, the domestic falsehood and treachery which surround him, and some feeling (just enough, I think) of resentment at our having deserted him on Mr. Pitt's death, and, as to myself particularly, the *uneasiness which in his mind the presence of a person who attended him in two fits of insanity excites*, have conspired to make him do an act unjust to himself. I consider it as a fatal and final blow to the hopes of many who have every good wish of mine. As to myself personally, looking at matters on all sides, I think the chancellorship would never revert to me, even if things had taken another turn ; and it is not on my own account I lament the turn they have taken."—vol. ii., p. 11.

A little afterwards, however, some correspondence with Lord Melville shows that Lord Eldon was among the first, if not the first, to shake off the general despondency. We find him expressing, though very cautiously, doubts as to the interpretation which really ought to be put on the king's conduct as to the dissolution, and strenuously urging "plac, union, system"—"panic can do no good."

The scene soon changed. As early as March, the Whigs having brought into the House of Commons a bill which included a concession to the Romanists, the king insisted on its withdrawal. They agreed—but his Majesty required a written declaration that his ministers would propose nothing further in the same direction, and to this they would not consent. He dismissed "the Talents" instantly, and the Duke of Portland became the ostensible head of a new Tory government, with Lord Eldon again as chancellor. He writes thus (March 31st) to his old friend and family connection, the Rev. Dr. Ridley—and certainly the language is not altogether in keeping with the active and stirring share which we see he had been taking with a view to restore the heart and union of the Tories during their short interval of exclusion.

"Dear Ridley,—I thank you for your kind and affectionate letter. The occurrence of again taking the Great Seal, Harry, gives me but one sentiment of comfort—that it is possible I may be of use to others. The death of my friend, Mr. Pitt, the loss of my poor dear John, the anguish of mind in which I have been, and ever must be, when that loss occurs to me—these have extinguished all ambition, and almost every wish of every kind in my breast. I had become injured to, and fond of, retirement. My mind had been busied in the contemplation of my best interests—those which are connected with nothing here."

On the same day he writes to another ancient clerical friend :—

"Whilst dreaming of a visit to you I have awakened with the Great Seal in my hand, to my utter

astonishment. The king considers the struggle as for his throne; and he told me but yesterday, when I took the seal, that he did so consider it; that he must be the Protestant king of a Protestant country, or no king. He is remarkably well—firm as a lion—placid and quiet, beyond example in any moment of his life. I am happy to add that, on this occasion, his son the prince, has appeared to behave very dutifully to him. Two or three great goods have been accomplished if his new ministers can stand their ground. First, the old ones are satisfied that the king, whose state of mind they were always doubting, *has more sense and understanding than all his ministers put together: they leave him with a full conviction of that fact.* When he delivered the seal to me yesterday he told me he wished and hoped I should keep it till he died."

Meantime the Whigs were attributing their own dismissal to the influence of "secret advisers;" and Lord Howick, (Earl Grey,) with the rash bitterness habitual to him, distinctly and by name charged Lord Eldon with having "poisoned the king's mind in a private audience at Windsor a few days before the pledge was required." Mr. Canning on this occasion defended the chancellor in a manner with which he must have been cordially content. Mr. Canning stated that "Lord Eldon had announced his visit at Windsor to Lord Grenville, and its sole object, and voluntarily assured that minister that he would not touch on any topic but that one. Lord Eldon *had kept his word: was it to be endured that he should be thus accused of breaking it!*" The circumstances could not be explained further then. It now appears that Lord Eldon's only object was to convince the king of the mischief which must attend Mr. Perceval's persisting in publishing a certain *Book* about the unhappy affairs of the Princess of Wales—who had relied principally on Lord Eldon's advice whilst defending herself, during the short reign of the Talents, against the premature charges of her husband.

We find here a variety of very curious letters concerning the miserable quarrel of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning in 1809—their duel—the retirement of both from office, and the consequent resignation of the Duke of Portland himself—with the reconstruction of the cabinet under Mr. Perceval. Mr. Twiss arrives at the conclusion that, as far as regards the immediate ground of personal conflict—the concealment from Lord Castlereagh of Mr. Canning's communication to *some* of their colleagues of his determination to resign unless the conduct of the war department were taken from Lord Castlereagh—the blame lay *almost entirely* with the Duke of Portland—who being in ill health, and at best "infirm of purpose," put off from day to day till it was too late, the painful announcement which Mr. Canning had required and understood to be made long before. It is very satisfactory to see that with all his already settled aversion for Mr. Canning, (whom he calls to his wife "an incarnation of vanity,") Lord Eldon does him entire justice on this, as respects personal honor, the only important point in the story.\* The more so, that it is no longer

doubtful that Mr. Canning, in the course of the multiplied intrigues which ensued, was the warm advocate, if not (as Lord Eldon believed) the originator of a scheme for finally *shelving* Lord Eldon at this epoch, and replacing him on the woolsack by Mr. *Perceval*—thus leaving everything open to Mr. Canning in the House of Commons, and consequently in the resurgent government. Mr. Twiss is a lawyer as well as a politician—but his devotion to the memory of Mr. Canning is of exemplary fervor, for he seems to see nothing either absurd or reprehensible in the fact, which he candidly assumes, that the Mr. Canning of 1809 thought in choosing a chancellor "rather of politics than of law." How fortunate that he had no such choice to make until he was older and wiser! On the 15th of September Lord Eldon writes to his wife in the country:—

"Some of the plans proposed are what I do most greatly abhor, and I think they won't succeed. I have offered my office to the king, and told him, for I write constantly when I don't see him, my likings and dislikings. 'For God's sake,' he says, 'don't you run away from me: don't reduce me to the state in which you formerly left me. You are my sheet-anchor!' I fear the effects of his agitation and agony—and I do pray God to protect him in this his hour of distress.

"May God's best and kindest providence watch over her who has the whole heart of her ELDON."

Lord Eldon had been elected High Steward of Oxford some years before this. Now, on the death of the Duke of Portland, (October, 1809,) he was requested to stand for the Chancellorship of the University. Understanding, however, that the Duke of Beaufort had received a requisition to the same effect, he declined to come forward until his Grace was understood to have signified that he declined being a candidate. Lord Eldon seems to have received poor enough return for this delicacy from some of the Duke of Beaufort's friends. After the chancellor had committed himself—after several of the duke's own connections had canvassed for the chancellor—his Grace was urged and persuaded to take the field. The king told Lord Eldon it was now too late for him to withdraw. The consequence was a triumph—at that time important as well as unexpected—to the Whigs and pro-Catholics in the Convocation. The votes were for Eldon, 393; for Beaufort, 238; for Lord Grenville, 406. But, according to Lord Eldon's letters and Anecdote Book, Lord Grenville owed his small majority to certain electors in the Beaufort interest, who, when they saw their duke had no chance, voted at the eleventh hour for Grenville, rather than allow their own political party to gain the victory in the person of the *novus homo* who had climbed from the chare-foot to the woolsack. "I was beaten," he says, "by aristocratical combination—and I could never have been beaten without it."

We need not pause on the short period during which Mr. Perceval enjoyed, as prime minister, the entire confidence of George III., and the cordial support of Lord Eldon as chancellor. Nor shall we extract anything from Mr. Twiss' narrative of the constitution of the Regency in 1811, and the ultimate retention of the ministers, on the expiration of the restrictions, in 1812: though these chapters throw light on several hitherto obscure

\* On the 4th of October, 1809, Lord Eldon writes thus to Sir William Scott: "The silence of such of Cas.'s colleagues who knew of the matter, cannot be well vindicated. With respect to myself, I feel uneasy; though the period at which I heard it, the personage (the K.) who told it me, and the injunction with which he accompanied a communication, which I must needs say he ought not to have made under such an injunction, give me a good deal to say for myself. But, in some degree, all who knew it

circumstances, and furnish a triumphant answer to more than one innuendo against Mr. Perceval in Lord Brougham's Essays entitled "George IV." and "Lord Eldon,"—essays, we need not say, exhibiting in perfection their author's command of some of the highest resources of rhetorical power, but which are not likely to be valued hereafter as settling any point in the political history of the time—splendid specimens of one-sided declamation. Adhering to Lord Eldon—we need not remind our reader that the Prince of Wales must have regarded him with severe prejudice from the date of the Regency Bill in 1783; or that his services to the princess in the days of the "Delicate Investigation" of 1806, had heavily increased the hostile impression; or that the consent of the Regent to retain Lord Eldon as chancellor, has been boldly ascribed to Lord Eldon's courtly facility in abandoning the Princess of Wales, the moment her unkind husband's favor came to be a matter of the same consequence that her kind father-in-law's had been previously. It now appears from letters between the Prince of Wales and Lord Eldon, printed by Mr. Twiss, that at least as early as the summer of 1810, his Royal Highness had begun to relax in his prejudice against the chancellor—and why? Simply because the chancellor was the medium of communication between the prince and his father, as to whatever was proposed or done respecting the education of the Princess Charlotte, and his Royal Highness was compelled to feel that the most essential interests of his daughter could not have been intrusted to a wiser, fairer, discreeter intervention. The respectful style of the prince's notes of that date is creditable to himself, and of no trivial importance with reference to the subsequent course of events. But it was not until the prince had come into possession of the private papers of George III. that he could trace the whole course of Lord Eldon's procedure in reference to the affairs of the Royal Family. We read in the Anecdote Book:—

"His Majesty, George IV. has frequently told me that there was no person in the world that he hated so much as, for years, he hated me. He had been persuaded that I endeavored to keep him at a distance from his father, but when he came into possession of his father's private papers, he completely changed his opinion of me, in consequence of the part which, from my letters, he found I had always taken with reference to himself. He was then convinced that I had always endeavored to do the direct contrary to what was imputed to me. He told me so himself, and from that time, he treated me with uniform friendliness."—vol. ii. p. 199.

But Lord Eldon's correspondence with his own old college intimates, especially Dr. Swire, may be appealed to, not only for direct confirmation of this statement, but for a very full, and surely a very interesting detail, step by step, of the circumstances under which the Regent first of all retained his father's ministers, the chancellor included, and then, a year afterwards, confirmed them. Let us take part of a letter to Dr. Swire:—

"The medical men thought his Majesty's speedy recovery highly probable:—the prince therefore thought that, in duty to his father, he could not dismiss his father's servants. I could not reconcile to myself the notion that, whilst the father's son so conducted himself, the father's most grateful servant could refuse to take his share in a state of things which, for the father's sake, the son determined should remain undisturbed by him. So matters went

on through the year of restricted regency. Before the close of it, the prince had totally altered his opinion of the men whom he had hated—and I have his own authority for believing that the kingdom produced no man whom he more hated than your friend, the writer of this letter. Though the prospect of his father's recovery had grown more gloomy, and though I fear it will never brighten, I must do him the justice to say that he has always declared that he will never despair till his father ceases to live: and my own real opinion is, that whatever motives his friends or foes may in their conjectures ascribe his late conduct to, he has been principally governed by a feeling that, if his father should recover, he would never forgive himself if he suffered him to awake to a scene in which the father should see his servants discarded by his son. The same sentiment appears to me to have governed him with respect to the Catholic question, *with regard to which I believe that after his father's death he will act with a due regard to the established religion.*"—vol. ii., p. 197.

Another letter to Dr. Swire, dated at Encombe in Dorsetshire, (which fine estate Lord Eldon had recently purchased,) furnishes some further details—and brings us down to the close of the tempestuous session after the death of Perceval. The chancellor alludes hastily to the fact that Bellingham had passed some hours of the morning before he assassinated Mr. Perceval in watching the proceedings of the Court of Chancery, and his own belief that he himself would have been the victim but for the accident of his borrowing a round hat and great coat from one of his attendants, and so quitting the court that day, for a stroll in the park, in a disguise which Bellingham did not penetrate.

"Encombe, Sept. 22d, 1812.

"I could not doubt that at the close of the Regency year, the 18th February, I should have had my dismissal: so sure was I of that, that when the prince sent for me on the 17th, his commands reached me sitting for my picture in my robes. When I went, he expressed his surprise that I appeared in a morning in a laced shirt: I told him what I had been about: he then expressed surprise that I could find any time for such a business: my answer was that the fact proved that that was difficult; that the picture had been asked nearly two years for the Guildhall at Newcastle; and that, my countrymen wishing it should be in the chancellor's robes, I could not delay beyond that day in which I might for the last time be entitled to wear them. He smiled, and next day satisfied me that I needed not to have been in such a hurry. This was curious enough, but is literally a fact. Well, after this, poor Perceval was assassinated. By the way, I had a pretty narrow escape. It is said, '*Mors sola fatetur quantula sunt hominum corpuscula*;' but I have learned facts of poor Percival's life, which I never should have learnt but in consequence of his death, and which prove him to have been a most extraordinarily excellent person. Here again, however, I thought I should sing *Nunc dimittis*. I appointed and attended a recorder's report, which I thought it unmanly to leave to a successor, on a Monday, as I was morally certain that I should not be chancellor on the usual day, the Wednesday. But whether Grenville and Grey did not wish to be ministers, or whether they would not be ministers unless they could bind kings in chains, I don't know. The Tuesday put my wig and gown once more fast upon my head and back, and I am now just as uncertain when I shall see the blessings of final retirement as I was before the king's illness. What a life of anxiety (about myself certainly in no degree such) I led during these scenes must be reserved, if it is to be described, till some happy hour of conversation between us shall be vouchsafed me

by Providence. I concluded my stay in town by the Prince Regent's dining in Bedford Square with a man whom he had hated more than any other in his father's dominions, according to his unreserved confession."—vol. ii., p. 224.

Our readers would not thank us for going into the badgerings which had for some time annoyed the chancellor on the subject of arrears in his court.\* Led by that illustrious "chicken of the law" Michael Angelo Taylor, the Whig barristers in the Commons were now bent on assailing the government through the person of him to whom the final exclusion of their party was mainly by them attributed. It is sufficient to quote a short letter to Sir William Scott, written during the general election of October, 1812:—

"Dear Brother,—Really, as to the government, I don't care one farthing about it. I am mistaken if they do not mainly owe their existence, as such, to me; and yet I have been, in my judicial capacity, the object of the House of Commons' persecution for two years, without a lawyer there to say a word of truth for me. I have been left unprotected as before—and, so unprotected, I cannot and will not remain.

"The prince vows annihilation to the government if I go; and, I suppose, would resort to Canning and Wellesley. But I cannot feel the obligation I am under of being hunted in the House of Commons without more of protection than I have had."

The only unpleasantness that appears to have occurred in the regent's treatment of the chancellor, throughout the two ensuing years, arose from a cause most honorable to his lordship. The regent, as his daughter grew into womanhood, wished to impose additional restrictions on her intercourse with her mother. The chancellor, retaining as yet his early impression that the Princess of Wales had been "more sinned against than sinning," firmly opposed himself on this head to the prince, and writes to his brother as contemplating, in consequence, an abrupt termination of his official life. "One more such interview," he says, "and I shall be spared all further trouble—all because I won't let him do as to his wife and daughter as he wishes." This letter seems to have been written about the close of 1813. The Princess Charlotte had conceived a most grateful respect and attachment to Lord Eldon, as the early defender of her weaker parent, and nothing occurred during her too short life to disturb these kindly feelings. The "Anecdote Book" dwells on the extraordinary care she had taken for his personal accommodation at Claremont when he was about to be summoned thither on the occasion of her fatal confinement in 1817.

Her untimely death, by placing the Duke of York, whose views of the Roman Catholic Question were throughout those of George III., in the situation of Heir Presumptive, gave additional strength to the Anti-Catholic party in the country, and especially to Lord Eldon, who had long been the mainstay of resistance both in the cabinet and in the House of Lords. But the regent, even in the midst of his paternal affliction, seems to have turned with earnestness to the hope that the Princess Charlotte's death might lead to his own emancipation. In a letter dated at Brighton, Jan. 1, 1818, he expresses affectionate regret that a fit of gout should have prevented the chancellor from

visiting him there, and goes on to explain that he had been desirous of an interview with reference to the Princess, who is described as having excited much scandal on the continent, and especially at Vienna, where the court had refused to receive her:—

"You cannot, therefore, be surprised (much difficulty in point of delicacy being now set aside in my mind by the late melancholy event which has taken place in my family) if I turn my whole thoughts to the endeavoring to extricate myself from the cruellest, as well as the most unjust, predicament that ever even the lowest individual, much more a prince, ever was placed in. \* \* \* Is it, then, my dear friend, to be tolerated that ——— is to be suffered to continue to bear my name, to belong to me and to the country, and that *that* country, the first in all the world, and myself its sovereign, are to be expected to submit silently to a degradation under which no upright and honorable mind can exist?"

The result of the deliberations that succeeded this letter was the celebrated Milan Commission.

Of the effect of the evidence collected by that Commission upon Lord Eldon's mind, we may judge from a letter of April 26th, 1820:—

"Our queen threatens approach to England; but, if she can venture, she is the most courageous lady I ever heard of. *The mischief, if she does come, will be infinite—at first, she will have extensive popularity with the multitude; in a few short months or weeks she will be ruined in the opinion of all the world.*"

A most accurate prophecy! We should be sorry to dwell on this calamitous chapter in the history of the English monarchy; but we must permit ourselves an extract or two from the private letters of the time, showing how Lord Eldon thought and felt as the business proceeded. He says to his daughter, just before the negotiation between the queen's counsellors and the ministry failed, (June 7th, 1820):—

"You will see by the impressions of the seal on this scrap, that cabinets are quite in fashion: daily, nightly, hourly cabinets. The lower orders here are all queen's folks; few of the middling or higher orders, except the profligate, or those who are endeavoring to acquire power through mischief. The bulk of those who are in parliament are afraid of the effect of the disclosures and discussions which must take place, if there is not some pacific settlement: the queen is obstinate and makes no propositions tending to that—at least as yet; the king is determined, and will hear of none—of nothing but thorough investigation, and of what he, and those who consider *themselves* more than him, think and talk of—thorough exposure of the Q., and divorce. To this extent parliament will not go. That body is afraid of disclosures—not on one side only—which may affect the monarchy itself."

Again on the 10th:—

"Our nightly cabinets don't agree with mamma, and she, you know, will never go to bed when I am out. The ministers will be compelled to give way to parliament—and they are in a pretty state—if they give way, the K. will remove them—if they do not, they will be outvoted in parliament and cannot remain. To-morrow will be a very busy day, if the Q. means to make any propositions for arrangement. The K. will *make* none—and, if he can *find* an administration that will fight everything to the last moment at any risk, he will *receive* none."

\* For a full examination of this question of arrears, we refer to an article "On the Court of Chancery," in *Quart. Rev.*, vol. xxx.

"I hope strict justice will be done in the inquiry; and, for myself, I am determined to look neither to the right nor to the left—to court no favor from any party, but doing my duty faithfully and to the best of an unbiassed judgment, to preserve that state of comfort in my own mind, which I have hitherto labored not to forfeit."—

On the question for the third reading of the Bill of pains and penalties, November 10th, the majority was only 9—and Lord Liverpool then announced that he abandoned the measure. The chancellor said nothing in the House, but he thus writes to his daughter on the 23d:—

"I thought it wholly inconsistent with the dignity of the House of Lords to close the most solemn inquiry ever entertained in that House, by doing nothing. The bill should either have been rejected or passed. But to have upon our journals four different resolutions, all founded upon our avowed conviction of her guilt, and then neither to withdraw those resolutions, not to act upon them, appears to me perfectly absurd, and, both to the country and to her, unjust. To her surely it is so. We condemn her four times; she desires at our bar that we will allow her to be heard in her defence before the Commons: we will neither do that nor withdraw our condemnations; for, though the bill is withdrawn, the votes of condemnation remain upon our journals."

Lord Eldon, we have no doubt, acted throughout all this business under a sense of duty—he was incapable of the reverse—he was a man and a gentleman; but we think it must also be allowed that he looked at the practical questions involved in the course of it, far too exclusively through the optics of the lawyer. And it was in that character chiefly that he seems to have meditated on it long afterwards. In his Anecdote Book of 1827, he speaks of the "Proceedings upon the queen's case in the House of Lords" as "perhaps more just than prudent,"—but derives consolation from reflecting that they were so conducted, under his own authority, as to establish a precedent of lasting benefit. In previous cases of parliamentary impeachments and bills of pains and penalties, evidence had constantly been offered, and frequently received, such as the strict rules of English law would have held inadmissible. He would allow of "no evidence that would have been rejected in Westminster Hall;" and assuredly that example will be adhered to. Mr. Twiss grants the value of this reform; but holds even that a small compensation for the general mischief of the transaction. He, however, acquits the ministry. He adopts Lord Eldon's defence on the ground that the queen "had herself insisted upon bringing the matter to such a point, as made the whole question no longer a personal one between her and the king, but a public and constitutional one between her and the country." Mr. Twiss is willing enough to acquiesce in what was—perhaps still is—the general belief, that, in the first stage of matrimonial life, the king was the inexcusable offender. We doubt very much whether, when the secret history comes out, that opinion will stand. For George IV. in his relations with women, first and last, there is not much to be said; but on that one score, we apprehend posterity will see reason to infer that he was disgusted *in limine*, and for ever alienated, by circumstances which must have had a similar effect in the case of any other English gentleman.

In the month of his coronation, George IV. pressed the honor of an earldom on the chancellor

in such terms that he could not refuse it—though he had *thrice*, it seems, declined a similar favor from George III. His brother at the same time became Lord Stowell.

It cannot be expected that we should do more as to the rest of this book than selecting a few extracts from the correspondence of Lord Eldon illustrative of his personal feelings as to events still fresh in general recollection. *Pars magna fuit*—but the private papers of persons not less eminent, by whose services the country may hope to profit during many years yet to come, must have been, in the natural course of things, revealed as his are now, before it would be fair to conclude on the interior history of any transaction in which they were partakers.

The great feature of Lord Eldon's life as a statesman is his steady opposition to the Roman Catholic claims; our extracts, therefore, must bear chiefly on the history of that question; but we shall avoid entirely the grand arguments here reproduced. Our object, in short, is to pick out short passages, which, their dates duly considered, may indicate in some sort Lord Eldon's contemporary views and impressions respecting the successive steps by which the difficulty was complicated and the defence weakened. We are very sorry to say that the character of George IV. has been, in our opinion, sadly damaged by his chancellor's revelations; at the same time it is proper to bear in mind throughout, that the king's nervous system had been greatly enfeebled some years before he exhibited the melancholy imbecility of vacillation which the strong-minded Eldon, much his senior, seems to have regarded with more of contempt than of pity.

Even as early as the spring of 1821, we find him writing to his brother with considerable alarm as to the steadiness of Lord Liverpool himself; but it is only after the visit to Ireland, in the summer of this year, that he begins to show symptoms of doubt as to the king himself. For example, he says, in April:—

"As to Liverpool, I do not know what he means. Can a man who makes such a Secretary for Ireland as we have, and two such Regius Professors and such a Bishop, be serious?—With me this thing about the Catholics is not a matter of consistency, but of conscience. If there is any truth in religious matters, I cannot otherwise regard it."

About the end of August:—

"Dear Brother,—I think there is a great alteration where I did not look for it—even Sidmouth thinks the death of the queen has removed, in a great degree, all objection to Canning.—I understand the king was particular and lavish in his attentions to Plunkett; he certainly means, if he can, to bring him into office—another Papist."

In this same letter he intimates a "conviction" that the king is disposed to "sweep the cabinet-room of the whole of us," i. e., of the High Tories. The last week of the year, however, brought a pleasant letter from the king, indicating anything but a wish to part with the chancellor:—

"Brighton, Dec. 26th, 1821.

"My dear Friend,—You flattered me that when you had relaxation from business you would make me a short visit. It strikes me that next Monday and Tuesday are the two most probable days to afford you such an opportunity; therefore, if this should be so, and unless you have formed any pleasanter

scheme for yourself, *pray come to me then*. I believe it will be necessary for you to swear in one or two of my state servants, the most of whom you will find assembled here; therefore pray be properly prepared. I hope it is not necessary for me to add how truly happy I should be, if our dear and good friend Lord Stowell would accompany you. A hearty welcome, good and warm beds, turkey and chine, and last, though not least in love, liver and crow, are the order of the day.

"Ever, my dear Lord, most sincerely yours,

"G. R.

"P. S.—N. B. No church preferment will be requested upon the present occasion."

The "liver and crow" is an allusion to a joke of the chancellor's at the expense of Sir John Leach. Inviting Lord Eldon to dine with him on some grand occasion, he begged to be informed if there was any dish his lordship had a particular fancy for. The chancellor, smiling serenely on the exquisite Amphitryon, named "liver and bacon."

This puts us in mind of not a bad joke of George IV. in the Anecdote Book. It seems his Majesty, when in special good humor, sometimes applied to the lord chancellor his popular *sobriquet* derived from the Purse of the Great Seal. When Lord Eldon introduced Sir John Leach as Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, that fine gentleman appeared, of course, with an official purse of smaller dimensions. "Old Bags," whispered the king, "I think we must call Leach 'reticule.'"

In the same page the chancellor records a gay dinner at the Duke of York's. Mr. Greenwood was present, and some sprightly guardsman at a late hour gave the wealthy army-agent's health, as one "to whom most of the company had long been, and were likely long to be, under great obligations." This fun excited the commander-in-chief to propose a bumper for another guest. "I believe," said the duke, "I am correct in stating that my worthy friend, Mr. Coutts, here, has been my banker for five and twenty years—fill your glasses." "Sir," said Mr. Coutts, "really your Royal Highness does me too much honor—it is your Royal Highness that has been good enough to keep my money."

But, to come back to the "liver and crow," &c.—it may be surmised that all these charming things were not tendered without some *arrière pensée*; for, in a fortnight's time, we see that Lord Liverpool has allied with himself a section of hitherto outlying Grenvillites—and the chancellor grumbles—but *stays* :—

"This coalition, I think, will have consequences very different from those expected by the members of administration who have brought it about. I hate coalitions."

In May, Mr. Canning's bill for admitting Popish peers to sit in parliament renews the alarm :—

"Sunday, May 5th, 1822.

"I am going as usual to Carlton House,\* the king is still confined with the gout. How he is to manage, with some ministers, servants of the Pope, and others foes of his Holiness, I can't tell; but if I was a king, I would have my servants all of one mind. Great uncertainty as to the event of next Friday on the Catholic business. I think it will pass the Commons; and whilst individuals are voting for

it there under a conviction that it will be lost in the Lords, there is reason, very much, I am sorry to say, to doubt *that* ;—for lords are beginning to think it foolish to be the instruments by which other persons may vote dishonestly."

This blew over—but the anxieties of that session were fatal to the only pro-Catholic member of the Liverpool cabinet who seems to have had much of Lord Eldon's personal regard. Mr. Twiss prints this sufficiently characteristic epistle :—

"Royal George Yacht, Leith Roads,  
August 15th, ½ pt. 8 p. m. 1822.

"My dear Friend,—I have this moment heard from Liverpool of the melancholy death of his, and my dear friend, poor Londonderry. On Friday was the last time I saw him: my own mind was then filled with apprehensions respecting him, and they have, alas! been too painfully verified. My great object, my good friend, in writing to you to-night, is to tell you that I have written to Liverpool, and I do implore of you not to *lend yourself* to any arrangement *whatever*, until my return to town. This, indeed, is Lord Liverpool's own proposal; and as you may suppose, I have joined most *cordially* in the proposition. It will require the most *prudent foresight* on my part relative to the new arrangements that must now necessarily take place. You may easily judge of the state of my mind.

"Ever believe me, your sincere friend,

"G. R."

Mr. Twiss prints this—but, strange to say, he gives us nothing from Lord Eldon on what immediately ensued—one of the most important, and what must have been to him the most distasteful, of all the changes that ever occurred in the Liverpool cabinet—the re-introduction of Mr. Canning as Foreign Secretary and leader of the House of Commons. On this subject not a scrap! He is more communicative as to the next step in this history :—

Feb. 1, 1823.

"Dear Brother,—The 'Courier' of last night announces Mr. Huskisson's introduction into the Cabinet—of the intention or the fact I have no other communication. Whether Lord Sidmouth has, or not, I don't know, but really this is rather too much. What makes it worse is, that the great man of all has a hundred times most solemnly declared, that no connexion of a certain person's should come in. There is no believing one word anybody says—and what makes the matter still worse is, that everybody acquiesces most quietly, and waits in all humility and patience till their own turn comes."

And the chancellor *ipse* acquiesced!—Mr. Twiss' delicacy leaves some names uniformly in blank; but we think most people can fill in for themselves.

"May 3d, 1823.

"Lady — is to have a great party to-night; long expected. She has thought proper to inform us *this morning*, that she is to be *at home this night*. This is a little impertinent, as her invitations to others have been circulating for weeks past, under the head of fashionable parties. I shall send for answer, that as she is to be at home, so we intend also to be at home."

"August, 1823.

"All the world here is running on Sundays to the Caledonian Chapel in Hatton Garden, where they hear a Presbyterian orator from Scotland, preaching, as some ladies term it, *charming* matter, though downright nonsense. To the shame of the king's ministers be it said, that many of them have gone to this schism shop with itching ears. Lauderdale told

\* These regular Sunday closetings seem to have been regarded with considerable jealousy by some of the chancellor's colleagues, especially by Lord Liverpool.



me, that when Lady — is there the preacher never speaks of an heavenly mansion, but an heavenly *Pavilion*. For other ears, mansion is sufficient. This is a sample!"

"Friday night, September 4th, 1823.

"The appointment of Lord Francis Conyngham to the Foreign Office has, by female influence, put Canning beyond the reach of anything to affect him, and will assuredly enable him to turn those out whom he does not wish to remain in. The king is in such thralldom that one has nobody to fall back upon. The devil of it is, there is no consistency in anybody. Again, upon 'ne cede malis,' it is better to go out than to be turned out!! which will assuredly be the case. God bless you."

We have not teased our readers with the incessant attacks made through all these years on the chancellor in his judicial capacity. In February, 1824, we find him in communication on this subject, not with the then leader in the House of Commons, but with Mr. Peel; who accordingly made himself master of all the details as to the Court of Chancery, and vindicated his friend against charges most offensive to his feelings, not only as a lawyer, but as an honest man, in a style which produced a powerful impression on the long-abused public—and in the highest degree gave gratification to Lord Eldon. He says to his daughter (Feb. 28)—

"Peel will have it that the late House of Commons business has been a most fortunate thing for *your* father. How that may be I cannot be sure; but I am sure that he could not have taken more pains about it if I had been *his* father."

And on the same day, to one of his clerical friends in the north,—

"You will see that I have been lately the object of much persecution. But, *impavidum ferient*. In a life such as mine has been, that there have been some things neglected is too true. But take the whole together, I have done more business in the execution of my public duty than any chancellor ever did; yea, three times as much as any chancellor ever did. If these malignant attacks had not been made against me, year after year, I should have been in retirement; but to hatred, malice, and uncharitableness I will not give way. I will not gratify those who revile me. My rule through life has been to do what I think right, and to leave the consequences to God."

To come back to the Romanists.—On the 22nd June, 1824, the chancellor so far relaxed as to acquiesce in the second reading of a bill for enabling the Duke of Norfolk to act as Earl Marshal without taking the oath of supremacy. Next morning brought a note from Carlton House, in a very unusual style:—

"The king desires to apprise the Lord Chancellor, that the king has learnt, through the medium of the newspapers, what has been passing in Parliament relative to the office of Earl Marshal of England.

"The king cannot suppose that the Lord Chancellor of England can approve of the king's dispensing with the usual oaths attached to that, or any other high office; but if the king should be mistaken in this supposition, the king desires that the Lord Chancellor will state his reasons in writing, why the king should be expected to give his consent to such an unusual and unprecedented measure.—G. R."

Lord Eldon, however, could have found no great difficulty in allaying the king's apprehensions as to that special concession, for a few days later he writes thus to his daughter:—

"Yesterday we had our party: all went off very well. The whole in good, or rather high, humor. The king sent me a message by the Duke of York, that he would have dined if he had been asked. He should certainly have been asked if I had been aware that he would have condescended to permit me to send him an invitation. I have not heard, however, of his dining out since the crown descended upon him. Perhaps it is better, great as the honor would have been, that I did not know that he would have conferred it; for there are such feelings in the minds of some, notwithstanding all the prayers they offer up to be delivered therefrom, as feelings of malice, hatred, envy, and uncharitableness."

"June 25th, 1824, Friday.

"Yesterday the Duke of Wellington's dinner. Did not get there till past eight—all the turtle gone, alas! Ditto, all the fish. Very *splendid*; not comfortable; open window on my left side—got a cold thereby. In the evening hundreds came—one in fifty was as many as I knew. The king went in great state with an escort of horse. I think that job, and prorogation to-day, will lay him up.

"At dinner yesterday, 1. The King. 2. Duke of York. 3. The Lady! 4, 5. Duke and Duchess of Wellington. 6, 7. Count Lieven and Lady. 8. Prince Polignac. 9. Dutch Ambassador. 10. Chancellor. 11. Marquis Conyngham. 12. His son. 13. His daughter. 14. Liverpool. 15. Bathurst. 16. Melville. 17, 18. Lord and Lady Warwick. 19, 20. Lord and Lady Gwydir. 21. Lord Glenlyon. 22. Mr. Canning. 23. Mr. Robinson. 24. Lord Maryborough. 25. Lord Westmoreland. 26. Mr. Peel. And two more, I forget who."

Lord Eldon, in his Anecdote Book, states distinctly that the Duke of York made his famous Anti-Catholic declaration on the 25th April, 1825, without any previous consultation whatever either with the king or with the chancellor. To his daughter he says:—

"In speaking of what his father endured upon this question he was deeply affected, and deeply affected all who heard him. He concluded by laying his hand upon his heart, and declaring that he ever had, and ever should, in any situation in which he might be placed, oppose these claims of the Roman Catholics: so help him God!—The K. thinks he might have left out the words 'in whatever situation he might be,' because he, the K., does not intend soon to quit one, in which he, the D. of Y. may be. But he says it with perfect good humor. The D. of Y. is at Newmarket. It is to be regretted that, in his highly important and lofty situation, he spends so many days with blacklegs, and so many nights at cards."

Then comes a letter (May 18th) headed "Victory—bill thrown out in the Lords by a majority of 48;" and then—

"May 23d, 1825, Monday.

"We had a most sumptuous and splendid set-out at the Duke of York's on Saturday—twenty-four rejoicing Protestants round the table. We drank the 48, the year 1688, and the glorious and immortal memory of William III.—but without noise or riot.

"I forgot to tell you that we have got a new favorite toast. Lady Warwick and Lady Braybrook (I think that is her name) would not let their husbands go to the House to vote for the Catholics: so we Protestants drink daily, as our favorite toast, 'The ladies who locked up their husbands.'—vol. ii., p. 553.

According to Mr. Twiss' information, it was at last settled in the summer of 1826 that Lord Eldon should retire:—Lord Gifford, then Master of the Rolls and Deputy Speaker in the Lords, succeeded him as chancellor. To the deep distress of Lord

Eldon and of all who knew him in private or were capable of appreciating him in his public capacities, Lord Gifford was cut off suddenly, in the prime vigor of life, in the beginning of September; and Mr. Twiss states that the inconvenience likely to result from appointing two new Equity Judges at the same time weighed so with Lord Liverpool and with the king, that Lord Eldon was urged once more to defer his resignation, and very reluctantly consented.

We are not quite convinced that his resignation had been definitely resolved in 1826:—but, whether or not, his official career was now near its close. The death of the Duke of York—itsself a heavy blow to the Protestant cause—was rapidly followed (Feb., 1827) by the illness of Lord Liverpool, whose tact, temper, moderation, and candor had for so many years enabled him to hold together a cabinet, within which there had all along been a decided difference of opinion on the Roman Catholic question, and which latterly, moreover, contained not a few elements of personal jealousy, mistrust, and aversion. The instant that its premier was known to be permanently disabled, it fell to pieces; but if any still adhere to the belief that the most important resignations which followed on the announcement of Mr. Canning's headship were preconcerted, this book will convince them that such was not the fact: that the Chancellor, the Commander-in-Chief, the Home Secretary, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, acted each as an individual, and each one of them took ground more or less peculiar to himself. Some letters to Lord Eldon, here printed, are among the most interesting documents we have read; but we must leave them to be studied in connexion with the other materials of a very curious chapter.

Among the tidings that at this epoch astonished Lord Eldon was that of a patent of precedence granted to the *quondam* Attorney-General of Queen Caroline. When the new chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, communicated this to his predecessor, the old earl remarked quietly, that he hoped the king would not now object to let Mr. Brougham be informed that he, Lord Eldon, had repeatedly during a long series of years urged on his Majesty the propriety of giving him a silk gown—that he, withholding it was unjust to Mr. Brougham—injurious to the bar—and unworthy of his Majesty's magnanimity. The king could not but permit the explanation thus suggested; and Mr. Brougham soon afterwards took an opportunity of expressing his regret that it came so late.

Mr. Twiss prints also some very valuable papers with reference to the short administration of Lord Goderich; but these do not much concern the ex-chancellor, nor is there any new light thrown on the formation of the Wellington cabinet in January, 1828. It was already well known that Lord Eldon had expected to be invited on that occasion to resume a place in the cabinet—the office he had anticipated was, it seems, that of President of the Council. Mr. Twiss drops not the slightest hint that any arrangement had been made, or even contemplated, for retaining him as a cabinet minister, had his retirement from the woolsack taken place in 1826. This increases our doubts about the resignation story; for how painfully he felt the exclusion of 1828, is abundantly shown by his letters, of which it is sufficient for us to copy one. It is addressed to his daughter.

*“London, March 3rd, 1828.*

“Dear Fanny,—I begin to think that what the D. of W. said to me, (that my opinions and principles were so fixed upon certain points, that it was somewhat impracticable to form an administration with sentiments conformable with those opinions and principles,) may be correctly true. He told me that F. would not accept office without Huskisson; and report uniformly represents that Huskisson would not accept office, if Lord Eldon was to be in office. This may be a clue to the truth: for if Peel would not accept office, the D. of W., I am sure, could not form an administration, that could begin work in the Commons. But then I say we old ones should have met Parliament *out of office—all of us*—and a very little time would have ensured the country against that sad evil, ‘a coalition ministry.’ of that I have no doubt—and I am as much of an old fox in these matters as Mr. Tierney. As to office, I would not step across the street to be placed in it on my *own* account. I could get *nothing* by it—its emoluments, *as such*, are not worth my having—for my pension is larger than those of any office that I could have accepted; and from the pension the emoluments of office would be to be deducted. But then they might have given me an opportunity of offering my services to the country, and relieving it from the pension, to the extent of the emoluments of office. It is not because office was not offered me that I complain—it is because those with whom I have so long acted and served did not, candidly and unreservedly, explain themselves and their difficulties to me. And they were not mine adversaries that did me this dishonor, but mine own familiar friends, with whom I had, for so many years, taken sweet counsel together.”

The following fragments can need no explanation:—

*“April, 1828.*

“The Dissenters Bill is to be debated on the 17th, —we, who oppose, shall fight respectfully and honorably; but victory cannot be ours. What is most calamitous of all is, that the archbishops and several bishops are against us. What they can mean, they best know, for nobody else can tell—and, sooner or later,—perhaps in this very year—*almost certainly in the next*,—the concessions to the Dissenters must be followed by the like concessions to the Roman Catholics.”

*“July 9th, 1828.*

“Nothing is talked of now, which interests anybody the least in the world, except the election of Mr. O’Connell, [for Clare,] and the mischief that it will produce among debaters in the House of Commons, and the more serious mischief which it will, in all human probability, excite in Ireland. \* \* \* \* At all events, this business must bring the Roman Catholic question, which has been so often discussed, to a crisis and a conclusion. The nature of that conclusion I don’t think likely to be favorable to Protestantism.”

*“August, 1828.*

“The king gives a grand dinner on the 12th at Windsor Castle. He has not, as one of his guests, invited a person of whom I can be bold enough to say, that the K. is more indebted to him, than he is to any other subject he ever had in a civil department, adding, by way of showing a little modesty, the old expression, ‘though I say it who should not say it.’”

We now approach the “crisis and conclusion” which Lord Eldon foresaw clearly as at hand in July, 1828—but which, in fact, this book proves him to have apprehended as ultimately inevitable from a much remoter date. The speech at the opening of the session of 1829 announced that the day was come. Twice, however, after that deci-



sive hour, Lord Eldon obtained audience of the king for the purpose of presenting addresses against the ministerial measure; and Mr. Twiss produces a long memorandum, minuted by the earl himself, descriptive of these interviews—a document drawn up in a diffuse, clumsy style of language certainly, but which, nevertheless, to use the biographer's own words, "portrays very graphically the fluctuations in the mind of George IV., and exhibits in a striking point of view the contrast between his character and that of his father." The first visit was on the 28th of March; and then the memorandum reports his Majesty to have said:—

"That at the time the administration was formed, no reason was given him to suppose that any measures for the relief of the Roman Catholics were intended or thought of by ministers; that he had frequently himself suggested the absolute necessity of putting down the Roman Catholic Association—of suspending the Habeas Corpus Act to destroy the powers of the most seditious and rebellious proceedings of the members of it, and particularly at the time that Lawless made his march; that instead of following what he had so strongly recommended, after some time, not a very long time before the present session, he was applied to, to allow his ministers to propose to him, as an united cabinet, the opening the Parliament, by sending such a message as his speech contained:—that, after much struggling against it, and after the measure had been strongly pressed upon him as of absolute necessity, he had consented that the Protestant members of his cabinet, if they could so persuade themselves to act, might join in such a representation to him, *but that he would not then, nor in his recommendation to Parliament pledge himself to anything.* He repeatedly mentioned that he represented to his ministers the infinite pain it gave him to consent even so far as that.

"He complained that he had never seen the bills—that the condition of Ireland had not been taken into consideration—that the Association Bill had been passed through both Houses before he had seen it—that it was a very inefficient measure compared to those which he had in vain, himself, recommended—that the other proposed measures gave him the greatest possible pain and uneasiness—that he was in the state of a person with a pistol presented to his breast—that he had nothing to fall back upon—that his ministers had threatened, (I think he said twice, at the time of my seeing him,) to resign, if the measures were not proceeded in, and that he had said to them 'Go on,' when he knew not how to relieve himself from the state in which he was placed:—and that in one of those meetings, when resignation was threatened, he was urged to the sort of consent he gave by what passed in the interview between him and his ministers, till the interview and the talk had brought him into such a state, that he hardly knew what he was about when he, after several hours, said 'Go on.' He then repeatedly expressed himself as in a state of greatest misery, repeatedly saying, 'What can I do? I have nothing to fall back upon;' and musing for some time, and then again repeating the same expression.

"In this day's audience his Majesty did not show me many papers that he showed me in the second. I collected from what passed in the second, that his consent to go on was in writings then shown to me. After a great deal of time spent, (still in the first interview,) in which his Majesty was sometimes silent—apparently uneasy—occasionally stating his distress—the hard usage he had received—his wish to extricate himself—that he had not what to look to—what to fall back upon—that he was miserable beyond what he could express;—I asked him whether his Majesty, so frequently thus expressing him-

self, meant either to enjoin me, or to forbid, considering or trying whether anything could be found or arranged, upon which he *could* fall back. He said, 'I neither enjoin you to do so, nor forbid you to do so; but, for God's sake, take care that I am not exposed to the humiliation of being again placed in such circumstances, that I must submit again to pray of my present ministers that they will remain with me.' He appeared to me to be exceedingly miserable, and intimated that he would see me again.

"I was not sent for afterwards, but went on Thursday, the 9th April, with more addresses. In the second interview, the king repeatedly, and with some minutes interposed between his such repeated declarations, musing in silence in the interim, expressed his anguish, and pain, and misery, that the measure had ever been thought of, and as often declared that he had been most harshly and cruelly treated—that he had been treated as a man, whose consent had been asked with a pistol pointed to his breast, or as obliged, if he did not give it, to leap down from a five pair of stairs window—what could he do? What had he to fall back upon?

"I told him that his late Majesty, when he did not mean that a measure proposed to him should pass, expressed his determination in the most early stage of the business:—if it seemed to himself necessary to dissent, he asked no advice without dismissing his ministers: he made that his own act—he trusted to what he had to hope from his subjects, who—when he had placed himself in such circumstances, and protected them from the violence of party—if party, meaning to be violent, should get uppermost, could not leave him unsupported—that on the other hand, there could not but be great difficulties in finding persons willing to embark in office, when matters had proceeded to the extent to which the present measures had been carried,—as was supposed, and had been represented, after full explanation of them to his Majesty,\*—and he had so far assented.

"This led to his mentioning again what he had to say as to his assent. In the former interview it had been represented that, after much conversation twice with his ministers or such as had come down, he had said, 'Go on;' and upon the latter of those two occasions, after many hours' fatigue, and exhausted by the fatigue of conversation, he had said, 'Go on.' He now produced two papers, which he represented as copies of what he had written to them, in which he assents to their proceeding and going on with the bill, adding certainly in each, as he read them, very strong expressions of the pain and misery the proceedings gave him. It struck me at the time that I should, if I had been in office, have felt considerable difficulty about going on after reading such expressions; but whatever might be fair observation as to giving, or not, effect to those expressions, I told his Majesty it was impossible to maintain that his assent had not been expressed, or to cure the evils which were consequential, after the bill, in such circumstances, had been read a second time, and in the Lords' House with a majority of 105. This led him to much conversation upon the fact—that he had, he said, been deserted by an aristocracy that had supported his father—that, instead of forty-five against the measure, there were twice that number of peers for it—that everything was revolutionary—everything was tending to revolution—and the peers and the aristocracy were giving way to it. They (he said more than once or twice more) supported his father; but see what they had done to him. I took the liberty to say that I agreed that matters were rapidly tending to revolution—that I had long thought that this measure of Catholic emancipation was meant to be and would certainly be a step towards producing it—that it was avowed as such with the radicals in 1794,

\* The italics in this memorandum are, we take it for granted, those of Lord Eldon's autograph.

5, and 6:—that many of the Catholic Association were understood to have been engaged in all the transactions in Ireland in 1798—and what had they not been threatening to do if this measure was not carried, and even if it was carried? But I thought it only just to some of the peers who voted for the bill to suppose that they had been led, or misled, to believe that his Majesty had agreed and consented to it.

"He then began to talk about the coronation oath. On that I could only repeat what I had before said, if his Majesty meant me to say anything upon the subject. Understanding that he did so wish, I repeated that, as far as his oath was concerned, it was matter between him, God, and his conscience, whether giving his royal assent to this measure was 'supporting, to the utmost of his power, the Protestant reformed religion.' That it was not my opinion, nor the opinions of archbishops, bishops, or lay peers, (*all of which he must know*, as well the opinions in favor of the measure, as those against it,) that were to guide and govern him; but he was to act according to his own conscientious view of the obligations under which such an oath placed him.

"Little more passed—except occasional bursts of expression,—'What can I do? What can I now fall back upon? What can I fall back upon? I am miserable, wretched, my situation is dreadful; nobody about me to advise with. If I do give my assent, I'll go to the baths abroad, and from thence to Hanover: I'll return no more to England—I'll make no Roman Catholic peers—I will not do what this bill will enable me to do—I'll return no more—let them get a Catholic king in Clarence.' I think he also mentioned Sussex. 'The people will see that I do not wish this.'

"There were the strongest appearances certainly of misery. He, more than once, stopped my leaving him. When the time came that I was to go, he threw his arms round my neck and expressed great misery. I left him about twenty minutes or a quarter before five.

"I certainly thought when I left him, that he would express great difficulty, when the bill was proposed for the royal assent, (great, but which would be overcome,) about giving it. I fear that it seemed to be given as a matter of course."

The following extracts are from letters to his daughter, Lady F. Bankes:—

"April 14th, 1829.

"The fatal bills received the royal assent yesterday afternoon. After all I had heard in my visits, not a day's delay! God bless us, and His Church!"

"April 30th, 1829.

"I went to the levee in consequence of a communication that it was much desired that I should do so by the king. I was grieved that my visit was a visit of duty to a sovereign whose supremacy is shared by that Italian priest, as Shakespeare calls the Pope. But I heard that he much wished it, and I understood that it would be a relief if I would go. I was certainly received with a very marked attention. I followed those who are in the high places of office, to whom one bow was made. When I was about to pass, expecting the same slight notice, he took me by the hand and shook it heartily, speaking with great kindness."

Once after this George IV. sent requesting Lord Eldon to call on him—but whatever he had designed to say, he merely spoke a few civil words: his embarrassment was very obvious. No wonder—yet Lord Eldon—who so shrewdly estimated the probable influence even on the masculine mind of George III. of the recollection that the subject had witnessed the weakness of the sovereign—appears to have been not a little surprised and hurt, on

finding that George IV. could never forget the humiliating interviews of March and April, 1829.

Some weeks later (May, 1829) he says to Lady Frances:—

"I fought as well as I could, but I am not what I was; and I never was what a statesman—an accomplished statesman—ought to be. Indeed a lawyer hardly can be both learned in his profession and accomplished in political science. The country will feel—deeply feel—the evils arising from this late measure. Not that those evils will be felt in its immediate effects. Those in whose favor the measure has taken place are too wary—far too wary—to give an alarm immediately; but few years will pass before its direful effects will be made manifest in the ruin of some of our most sacred, and most reverend, and most useful establishments."

He was far enough from foreseeing the course of events, or the way in which the measure of 1829 was to influence that course. His biographer comes in the very next chapter to the French revolution of July; and as soon as Lord Eldon learned in what spirit that revolution was commented on by the most influential English newspapers, and how some of the ablest orators of the Whig party "fanned the sacred flame," he is found writing to Lord Stowell:—"It will require a master-head, such as Pitt had, and nobody now has in this country, to allay what is brewing—a storm for changes here, especially for reform in Parliament." Yet when Parliament met—a new Parliament elected while that French fever was raging—Lord Eldon and his immediate friends acted, it must now be sorrowfully admitted, as if it were their more urgent duty to revenge the emancipation than to oppose the coming "storm." Mr. Twiss says:—"The Catholic Emancipation had riven the conservative body asunder; and through that chasm this mischief\* forced its way." One hostile vote of the High Tories in the new House of Commons induced the resignation of the Emancipating Cabinet; and the instant their successors were named, Lord Eldon and the other Anti-Catholic leaders clearly perceived the fatal folly of that one vote. But elsewhere than within the House of Commons the same passionate resentment still prevailed—and the influence of this extra-parliamentary feeling is not omitted—though we doubt if it has exactly its right place assigned it—in Mr. Twiss' eloquent enumeration of the concurrent influences which hurried England into a revolution far more serious than that which had just placed the son of Egalité on the throne of Louis XVI.—"a revolution," in Mr. Twiss' words, "not aiming at the mere change of a dynasty, but dissolving the entire frame of the British constitution."

"It was on the 1st of March, 1831, that Lord John Russell propounded the original Reform Bill to the House of Commons. The plan of it appeared, to most of his hearers on that night, too extravagant to have been intended seriously; and it was a pretty general opinion in the House that the Whigs, having little hope of retaining office themselves, started this invention with a view of so unsettling the popular mind as to make the government untenable by any other ministers. But when, on the following day, the public learned through the newspapers what it was

\* Did Mr. Twiss, when he used this word, remember a certain remarkable letter of Gibbon, in 1792, wherein the historian discusses Mr. Grey's early motion for reform, and tells his correspondent, Lord Shaftesbury, "Surely such men as \*\*\*\* have talents for mischief?"—*Life and Correspondence*, Milman's edition, p. 380.

that the king's servants were willing to do, and the king to sanction, it became instantly obvious that nothing was too excessive for the appetite of the time. The whole country took fire at once. The working people expected that they were to change places with their employers; the middle classes believed that, by breaking down the parliamentary influence of the peers, they should get the governing power of the state into their own hands: and the ministers, the contrivers of the design, persuaded themselves that the people, out of sheer gratitude, would make the rule of the Whigs perpetual. If, to all these interested hopes, we add the jealousy of the vulgar at all privileges not shared by themselves—the resentment of the majority of the nation at the disregard of their sentiments respecting the Roman Catholic Bill—and the superficial notion that the direct representation of numbers is the principle of the elective franchise,—we shall have a tolerably correct conception of the motives of a revolution which, while it has trebled the corruption of the electors, has debased the tone and character of the House of Commons, and come already to be scouted as a cheat by all classes of the nation—which, by shutting the doors of Parliament against the variety of interests and intelligences formerly returned through the close boroughs irrespectively of local connexion, has resolved all other objects into a fierce engrossing struggle between the only two forces now left in the representation, the land and the towns—which has narrowed the sovereign's choice of the public servants in the parliamentary offices of state to the very small circle of the persons having seats at their own command—which has wasted weeks and months of each session in harangues, delivered for no other purpose than to show the mob-constituences that their members are astir—which has choked the progress of all practical business, and left still unsolved, after twelve years of trial, the great problem propounded by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Peers,—“But, my Lords, how is the king's government to be carried on?”—vol. iii., p. 122—124.

From Mr. Twiss' book no one can expect new light as to the *dessous des cartes* of the Reform Bill. We get some, however, and curious light it is, from Part III. of Lord Brougham's “Political Philosophy,” which has reached us as we write. Earl Grey's chancellor here (p. 307) says, “The government carried the bill through the Lords by the power which his late Majesty had conferred upon us, of an unlimited creation of peers at any stage of the measure. It was fortunate for the constitution that the patriotism of the peers prevented us from having recourse to a measure so full of peril.” This is candid—but what is to be said as to his lordship's revelations in the next page?

“I have often since asked myself the question, whether, if no secession had taken place, and the peers had persisted in really opposing the most important provisions of the bill, we should have had recourse to the perilous creation? Twelve years have now rolled over my head since the crisis of 1832: I speak very calmly on this as on every political question whatever; and I cannot, with any confidence, answer it in the affirmative. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* Such was my deep sense of the consequences of the act, that I much question whether I should not have preferred running the risk of the confusion that attended the loss of the bill as it then stood: and I have a strong impression on my mind that my illustrious friend (Earl Grey) would have more than met me half way in the determination to face that risk—(and, of course, to face the clamors of the people, which would have cost us a little)—rather than expose the constitution to so imminent a hazard of subversion.”—p. 308.

His lordship says much more, which we should be glad to quote. *Inter alia* at p. 317, we find him enumerating the principal defects of the existing system of representation; and placing second on that list “the want of close boroughs.” He is, however, far from agreeing with Lord John Russell that the reform was a revolution. If it had been a revolution, says Lord Brougham, it must have brought to light some new men of high ability!

It appears, then, that the “mischief” was, after all, consummated by means of a hoaxing threat. Lord Eldon was not, of course, one of the seceders; he stood to his post first and last—how bravely, how ably, we need not tell.

He did his duty in the midst of the severest domestic affliction—for his wife, whom he had watched over with unwearied tenderness during many years of painful malady, was taken from him when the reform mania was still at its height—and in brave contempt of innumerable personal insults, outrages, and perils which he shared, as his *Anecdote Book* expresses it, “even with the great chief to whom the English people owed the liberties they were abusing.” These vulgar injuries he soon forgot or forgave—the loss of her who had partaken in all his fortunes and all his thoughts, he never entirely recovered. He continued his attendance in Parliament, opposing in vain many equally absurd and baneful political innovations, the natural fruits of the “mischief,” but opposing also, and with better effect, not a few rash and ill-considered projects of change within the department of the law. On purely legal questions his authority with the House of Lords remained to the end supreme; and, the storm once abated, his venerable presence in that assembly unquestionably contributed most essentially to the public good.

Few of our readers can have forgotten the affecting scene that occurred in the theatre at Oxford after the installation of the Duke of Wellington as chancellor, (July, 1834,) when, Lord Eldon being seated by his grace as high steward of the University, Lord Encombe was introduced as his “Unicus Nepos,” to be admitted to an honorary degree. That scene fills a charming page in Mr. Twiss' third volume, and it is only one of many pages that will delight everybody, as proving how complete was the reconciliation between Lord Eldon and the political friends from whom he had for a time been alienated. Three years later Lord Encombe presided at the triennial celebration of Mr. Pitt's birthday; his grandfather was too feeble to be present; and the duke, in proposing the young chairman's health, concluded with these words;—

“We have all of us the most respectful and affectionate recollections of Lord Eldon. Attachment to him, I may say, is almost a part of the constitution of the country.”

Unlike his not less illustrious brother, Lord Eldon retained to the last a complete possession of all the great and varied powers of his mind. He foresaw distinctly the near termination of a disorder under which for several years his physical strength had been gradually sinking, afforded an example of Christian resignation and endurance to the few surviving members of his affectionate family, and expired placidly in Hamilton place, on the 13th of January, 1838, anno ætatis 87. He was buried by the side of his Elizabeth at Encombe.

From Bentley's Magazine.

## THE MURDER OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

THE murder of the Duke d'Enghien is deservedly regarded as the greatest moral blot on the character of Napoleon. He felt it to be so himself, for he frequently referred to the subject during his exile at St. Helena, and on each occasion, without absolutely declaring the crime indefensible, showed that he did not know how it could be defended. But this is not the only instance in human affairs of men fancying, under the influence of surrounding circumstances, that they were doing something great, just, and noble, which, when the influence of the adventitious circumstances had passed away, they discovered to be paltry, iniquitous, and base. There can now be no doubt that some of the royalists of the French Revolution, defeated in the open field, and persecuted with a virulence to which the proscriptions of the Roman triumvirs scarcely afford a parallel, had in their despair entered into plots, from which they would have shrunk with horror at an early period. Napoleon, through the agency of his police, was well aware that mines of destruction were everywhere formed around him, but the agency prepared for their explosion escaped all the researches of himself and his agents. Although the period has not yet arrived for the complete solution of that state problem,—the seizure and murder of the Duke d'Enghien,—it may nevertheless be desirable to narrate in detail the circumstances of the transaction, which have not yet been laid before the English public with all the minuteness necessary to the formation of a fair opinion. In this atrocious proceeding, hastily resolved upon, and still more hastily executed, it is easy for accomplices to shift the blame from one to another, and to attempt self-vindication by giving prominence to those particulars in which others were conspicuous, and suppressing the incidents which showed the extent of their own responsibility. From the actors in the tragedy we can only expect partial truth; the apologies published by Savary and Hulin, the excuses which Napoleon made for himself, are equally remarkable for suppression of fact, and insinuation of falsehood. Their statements are inconsistent with themselves, and with each other. But as the interest attached to this atrocious outrage is unfading, and as the question involves the character of many more than the immediate actors and sufferers, we here give a consecutive narrative of the events in the order of their occurrence.\*

Louis-Antoine-Henri de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghien, son of Louis-Henri-Joseph, Duke of Bourbon, and of Louisa-Thérèse-Bathilde of Orleans, was born at the château of Chantilly, August

2d, 1772. His mother suffered the most acute pains for forty-eight hours in bringing him into the world, and the Duke d'Enghien felt their effects at the moment of his birth, for he came into the world quite black and motionless. To restore him to life, he was immediately wrapped in cloths steeped in spirits of wine; but the remedy nearly proved more fatal to the young prince than the evil itself; a spark flew on these inflammable cloths, and it was only the most prompt assistance that prevented his perishing. He thus commenced, under gloomy auspices, a life, the end of which was destined to be so mournful.

The greater part of the duke's childhood and youth was passed either at Chantilly, or at the château of Saint Maur-les-Fossés, near Vincennes, the air of which appeared to suit his constitution, which was naturally sickly. The Count of Virieu, who brought him up, neglected no means of strengthening his health by all kinds of exercises; and his tutor, the celebrated Abbé Millot, of the Académie Française, directed his whole attention to the development of his mind. The strongly-marked features which from that time displayed themselves in his disposition were, a lively and ardent imagination, which he derived from his mother, and a decided predilection for everything military. The example of the great Condé, which naturally was always placed before him, was calculated to increase this last inclination.

On the bursting out of the French Revolution, he shared the misfortunes of the whole royal family, and on the 17th of July, 1789, three days after the taking of the Bastille, together with the Prince of Condé, his grandfather, the Duke de Bourbon, his father, the Count of Artois, and others, he quitted France. The two princes repaired first to Brussels, but afterwards to the King of Sardinia, at Turin. Here they endeavored to bring about, with the European Powers, a counter-revolution. They secretly collected troops, under the command of Viscount Mirabeau. This project, however, being discovered, was abandoned, and Count d'Artois, with the princes of the house of Condé, betook themselves to Worms and to Coblenz. It will be recollected that it was in order to join them at this time that the unfortunate Louis XVI. made his ineffectual attempt to escape from France, in conjunction with the Count de Provence. The latter only was able to reach the frontier, the king being arrested at Varennes.

Towards the end of 1791, in consequence of a rising among the emigrants, hopes were for a moment entertained of renewing a similar attempt upon Strasburg to that which had been projected in vain upon Lyons during the preceding year. With this view the princes came to Ettenheim.\* These attempts, however, only tended to render the position of Louis XVI. more perilous, and the most violent decrees were issued against the em-

\* We have availed ourselves of a work recently published, entitled "*Recherches Historiques sur le Procès et la Condamnation de Duc d'Enghien*," par Aug. Nougarede de Fayet.

\* "We remained a week at Ettenheim. Twice we hoped to enter Strasburg, whence we were only four leagues distant, and where my grandfather maintained a communication; but orders from Coblenz compelled us to remain inactive. The system of Coblenz has always been to wait for the aid of other powers. The king wished us to do so; he wrote to that effect, and his orders were followed. Who knows, however, whether a vigorous blow might not have saved the life of our unfortunate monarch,—and could we not have served him against his will? To save the king, to avoid a bloody page in our history,—what excuses were there not for disobedience!—and all this without any foreign assistance!"—*Memoirs of the Duke d'Enghien by himself.*

igrants, particularly the princes of the house of Condé. At this period the death of Leopold, and the accession of the Emperor, Francis II., revived the hopes of the French royalists. In concert with the King of Prussia, Francis II. led an army to the Rhine. The emigrants flocked to Coblenz, and such was the excess of their confidence, that they even refused to admit into their ranks those who they said arrived too late among them.\*

The emigrants were formed into three corps, the command of one being given to the Duke de Bourbon, and under him the Duke d'Enghien prepared to make his first campaign. The allied army took the field at the beginning of July, when the Duke of Brunswick issued his famous manifesto. At first, it will be remembered, the Austrians and Prussians were very successful, and after the capture of Longwy and Verdun, they proceeded to march on Paris. Deceived, however, by the absurd confidence of the royalists, the generals of the allied forces took no adequate precautions, on entering France, for the supply of provisions for the army. Consequently, famine and disease soon made dreadful ravages, and having been beaten at Valmy and Jemappes, the allies were obliged to retreat in October, 1792. This disastrous campaign cooled the zeal of the allied sovereigns for the royalist cause.

During the two succeeding campaigns the emigrants (for whom the allies had no further occasion, as they did not contemplate again entering France) suffered severely from the insufficiency of their pay, and the neglect of the Austrian and Prussian generals. Their endurance, however, was equal to their courage. The Duke d'Enghien particularly distinguished himself. He displayed great courage at the siege of Mayence, at the attack on the lines at Weissenbourg, and at Berstheim, in 1793, where, upon his father being wounded, he led on the cavalry, and made many brilliant charges. The only error with which he could be reproached was, that he yielded too readily to an impetuous ardor. From the year 1795 to 1797 the Duke d'Enghien had many opportunities of signalizing himself. At Kehl, being abandoned by the German troops under his command, and separated from the rest of his corps, it was only by the greatest efforts that he succeeded in re-joining them.

It was observed in the course of these latter campaigns that, with all his former courage, he displayed more calmness and self-possession, and was less carried away by enthusiasm; on the other hand, his military *coup-d'œil* was developed; and if his duties were restricted within narrow limits, at least he fulfilled them with talent.

In private life the Duke d'Enghien showed rather a frankness of character than great powers of mind; the liveliness of his imagination too frequently led him to the two extremes of confidence and despondency. Being as humane as brave, he had always disapproved of those sanguinary reprisals so frequent between the republicans and the emigrants, and the wounded of both parties were

his especial care. Passionately fond of military glory, and devoted to France, notwithstanding his exile, he did not conceal his admiration of the glory of the republican arms, and that of General Bonaparte in particular. This admiration often drew upon him the reproaches of his friends, especially as the openness and vivacity of his disposition would hardly allow him to dissemble his thoughts.\* The emigrants about the Prince of Condé (for the most part implacable enemies to the Revolution) could not forgive these sentiments in the young prince; consequently, notwithstanding his affection for his grandfather, he avoided visiting him, remaining almost constantly at headquarters. This estrangement afforded his enemies an opportunity of pretending that he meditated a separation from his grandfather, and that he entertained the design of forming a corps in his own name, distinct from that of Condé.

On the dissolution of the corps of Condé, in 1801, the Duke d'Enghien having obtained from the English government, together with the half-pay of a general officer, permission to remain in Germany, repaired to Ettenheim, near the Cardinal de Rohan. For the Cardinal's niece, the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Rochfort, he had long conceived the most ardent passion; and although Louis XVIII. (who hoped through him to secure for himself a useful alliance among the sovereigns of Europe,) had always refused his consent to this marriage, the duke had never given up the desire of espousing her. Accordingly about this period he married her, and settled at Ettenheim.†

The death of the cardinal, in the beginning of the following year, 1802, threw the duke once more into a state of uncertainty as to his plans. At first he thought of repairing to England, to his grandfather; then of entering the service of one of the great European powers. With this last design he wrote to his grandfather in England, to ask his permission. To this letter the Prince of Condé thus replied:—

"Wanstead House, 28th Feb., 1802.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"So far am I from recognizing an opinion which you did not yourself entertain three months back—since you then expressed to me your impatience to join us—that I persist more than ever in thinking you ought not to enter the service of any foreign power. Such a step is not proper for you; and no Bourbon, past or present, has ever adopted such a course. Whatever you may be told, not all the revolutions in the world can prevent your continuing to be, till the end of your life, what God alone has made you: this it is very proper to bear in mind. At the beginning of the war, which I venture to believe I carried on as well as others did, I refused to accept any rank in foreign service; it is thus you yourself ought to act. The line of conduct you advocate might possibly cause you to become the ally of French rebels, and expose you to fight against the cause of your king.

"Such are the sentiments, my dear grandson, with which I write you this letter. May God inspire you with those that you owe to us, on so many accounts! You will then lead a happy life within yourself,

\* "We expected to find the greatest facility for penetrating into France; not one of us thought of meeting with the slightest resistance. 'The patriots,' we said, 'will fly at the mere sight of an army; everything will give way before men who are enemies only of disorder. We shall be called for on every side; we shall have rather a procession to make to Paris than a campaign.'"  
—B.

\* On one occasion the duke used these expressions:—"It is terrible to be obliged to despise people, and keep silent. I shall find some difficulty in accustoming myself to this. However, I am continually told that it is more necessary than ever."

† Although there exists no proof to this effect, there appears to be no doubt that they were married at this period by the Cardinal de Rohan.

while anticipating the continuance of your glory, at which we shall rejoice as much as yourself.

"Adieu! I embrace you.

"L. H. J. DE BOURBON."

Upon the receipt of this letter, the Duke d'Enghien renounced his project, and soon afterwards obtained permission to continue at Ettenheim.

At this place he inhabited a small Gothic castle, near the house occupied by the Princess Charlotte and her father, and field-sports constituted his principal occupation. Being still attached to France, he did not conceal the regret he felt at his exile; and he often envied the lot of those whose birth and position permitted them to return thither. It was reported, too, that he went secretly several times to the left bank of the Rhine, and even to the theatre at Strasburg.\* This conduct of the prince, the report of his journeys to Strasburg, his well-known sentiments, furnished grounds, it would seem, for the supposition in London, at the beginning of 1803, that he intended to treat with the First Consul, for his grandfather considered it his duty to write to him on the subject of these reports the following letter:—

"Wanstead House, June 16, 1803.

"MY DEAR CHILD,

"It has been asserted here for more than six months, that you have been on a journey to Paris; others say you have only been to Strasburg. You must allow that this is risking your life and liberty somewhat uselessly. As for your principles, I am quite easy on that score; they are as deeply engraven on your heart as they are on ours. It seems to me that you might now confide to us what has passed; and, if it be true, tell us what you have noticed on your journey.

"As regards your own welfare, which is for many reasons so dear to us, I sent you word, it is true, that your present position might be very useful in many respects; but you are very near,—take care of yourself, and do not neglect any precaution, in order to make your retreat in safety, should the First Consul take it into his head to have you carried off. On this point, do not suppose there is any courage in braving everything; it would be nothing better, in the eyes of the whole world, than an unpardonable act of imprudence, and could be followed by no other but the most fearful consequences. Therefore, I repeat, take care of yourself, and satisfy us by replying that you feel perfectly what I ask of you, and that we may be at ease as to the precautions you will take. I embrace you.

(Signed) L. J. DE BOURBON."

To this letter the duke thus replied:—

"Assuredly, my dear sir, those must know me very little who can have said, or endeavored to create a belief, that I should set foot on the republican soil otherwise than with the rank and in the position in which chance has placed my birth. I am too proud to bow my head meanly. The First Consul may perhaps accomplish my destruction, but never shall he humble me.

"A man may assume an *incognito* to travel in the glaciers of Switzerland, as I did last year, having nothing better to do; but as for France, whenever I do take that journey, I shall not have occasion to hide myself there. I can, then, give you my most sacred word of honor, that such an idea has never entered, and never will enter, my head. Mischief-makers may have wished, by relating to you these absurdities, to injure me still more in your eyes. I am accustomed to such good offices, which they have been always anxious to render me; and I am only

too happy that they should be at last reduced to employ calumnies so absurd.

"I embrace you, my dear sir, and I beg you never to doubt my profound respect, any more than my affection.

L. H. A. DE BOURBON."

At this time, however, being informed of the rupture between France and England, and of the departure of Lord Whitworth, with the view of entirely contradicting these reports, the prince lost no time in writing to London, to solicit service in the war about to commence against France. He proposed to place himself at the head of a body of auxiliaries to be formed on the banks of the Rhine, who might be joined by deserters from the republican armies.

Such was the state of affairs at Ettenheim, when the prefect of Strasburg received, on March 14th, a letter from the French government, directing him to ascertain immediately whether the Duke d'Enghien were still in that city. The result of this inquiry was, that the duke was ascertained to be at Ettenheim; that he hunted daily; that he was in personal communication with Dumourier; that his foreign correspondence had lately become more active; that he was much beloved at Ettenheim; and that the people of the electorate seemed generally to anticipate some approaching change in the French government. One of these statements (that relating to Dumourier) was false, for he was not near Ettenheim. This mistake, arising from the corrupt German pronunciation of another name, was of serious importance to the prince.

At the very time the First Consul was engaged in instituting these inquiries, the conspirator Georges Cadoudal was arrested. This event likewise was prejudicial to the Duke d'Enghien, for some of the conspirators declared, on their examination, their constant expectation of being joined by a French prince. Several circumstances made it appear highly improbable that either the Count d'Artois or the Bourbon princes (then resident in England) were concerned in these plots, and it was therefore concluded that this expected prince could be no other than the Duke d'Enghien.

The result of these reports and conjectures was, an order, transmitted on the 10th of March, under the dictation and signature of the First Consul, to Generals Caulaincourt and Ordener to proceed with an armed force to Ettenheim, to make the duke prisoner and bring him to Strasburg. They were ordered to go together to Ettenheim, and when there, carefully to reconnoitre the prince's residence, to learn his habits, and find out whether any resistance might be apprehended on his part, or on that of the inhabitants.

Having arrived at Ettenheim about eight in the morning of the 14th March, they repaired immediately to the prince's house. Notwithstanding all their caution, however, and the perfect air of indifference they assumed, their presence was noticed by the prince's servants, whose suspicions had been awaked by several circumstances. For some time previous, it was known that the prefect of Strasburg had sent various agents to the right bank of the Rhine; and many of the duke's friends, among whom the king of Sweden himself, had requested him to take precautions. At length the Princess Charlotte received secret notice that the proceedings of the Duke d'Enghien were narrowly watched. Those immediately about the prince were accordingly on the alert, and Féron, his valet, as he was standing behind a window, observing two strangers, who, while making the cir-

\* This is strongly denied by one attached to the prince's service. The report was, however, credited at the time.

cuit of the house, appeared to be examining it with unusual attention, immediately called Canone, another of the prince's domestics, who had followed him in all his campaigns, and had even saved his life in Poland. Canone particularly noticed the face of one of the men, and declared him to be a *gend'arme* in disguise, whom he had often seen at Strasburg. Forthwith he ran to warn the prince, who treated these fears as imaginary; still, in order to satisfy Canone, he begged one of his officers to ascertain the truth. The officer questioned the strangers, but they contrived to impose upon him. For more than a league he followed them, and then observing that they took the road opposite to that leading to the French frontier, he returned to Ettenheim, declaring that no suspicion need be entertained of them. However, for greater precaution, and yielding to the entreaties of the Princess Charlotte and the persons about him, the prince consented to remove in a few days. That very night, however, the execution of the scheme took place.

The duke had projected a hunting party for that day. He was already dressed, and ready to set off, when Féron came in to inform him that the house was surrounded by soldiers, and that their commander summoned them to open the doors, if they did not wish to see them burst open! "Well, then, we must defend ourselves!" exclaimed the prince, as he ran to the window, armed with a double-barrelled fowling-piece, and followed by Canone, who brought a second. Colonel Grunstein also joined them. When he reached the window the Duke d'Enghien levelled his piece at the officer who had summoned him, and he was preparing to fire, when Colonel Grunstein, perceiving that some *gend'armes* and dragoons had already forced their way in at the back entrance, put his hand on the guard of the prince's gun: "Monseigneur," said he quickly, "have you compromised yourself?" "No," replied the prince. "Well, then, all resistance is useless—we are surrounded, and I observe a great many bayonets." The prince, turning round, saw the *gend'armes* in fact enter the hall; and Colonel Charlot came in also. Colonel Grunstein and his three servants were arrested at the same moment with the prince. In the mean time cries of "fire" were raised from without. They arose from the side where it was supposed General Dumourier resided, and were repeated in different directions. Colonel Charlot, uneasy as to the disposition of the inhabitants, which he knew to be favorable to the Duke d'Enghien and the emigrants, lost no time in proceeding thither. Scarcely had he left the house, when he encountered a man who appeared to be directing his steps with haste towards the church. He was a farrier, who having got up early, and understanding what was going on, was proceeding to sound the tocsin. Colonel Charlot immediately arrested him. He met afterwards the grand huntsman of the Elector of Baden, who had been attracted by the cries of "fire;" him he satisfied by observing that all that was going on had been agreed upon with his sovereign. He made the same reply to a great number of the inhabitants, also, who showed themselves, at the doors of their houses, greatly alarmed.

On his return to the prince's dwelling, he found Chavelier Jacques, his secretary, whom he thought proper to detain, although he was not on the list of persons to be arrested. He made the chevalier deliver up the key of his room, and took away all

the papers in it. He also seized and sealed up those which were found in the prince's cabinet. Everything being thus concluded, he informed General Ordener that he was ready, and the latter immediately made his arrangements for their departure.

While the troops dispersed round the town were being collected, the prince and the other prisoners were placed in a mill, called *La Tuilerie*, a short distance from the gates of Ettenheim. Chevalier Jacques had several times been to this mill; and, recollecting that one of the doors of the room in which they were opened outside on a plank by which the stream which turned the mill-wheel was crossed, he made a sign to the duke, who approached him by degrees: "Open this door," said he rapidly, "pass over the plank, and throw it into the water; I myself will bar the passage against pursuit." The prince proceeded to the door, but a child, frightened by the presence of the soldiers, had run out to the other side, and had fastened the bolt. Warned by this movement, the commander caused two sentinels to be posted there. The Duke d'Enghien then asked leave to send one of his attendants to Ettenheim, to bring him some linen and clothes. This was immediately consented to, and permission was also given to such of his domestics as might not be willing to follow him, to depart, but all of them refused, and begged to share the fate of their master.

As they were in haste to repass the Rhine, the prince and two of the officers were obliged to get into a wagon surrounded by *gend'armes*. They took him on first, the other prisoners followed on foot.

On the road which separates Ettenheim from the banks of the Rhine, the prince and his officers fancied that one of the leaders of the escort evinced an intention to save the prince at the moment of embarkation. Whether they were mistaken in this idea, or whether the arrangements which had been taken did not allow him to follow up his design, no attempt of the kind was really made.

The prince was placed in the same boat with General Ordener, and during the passage endeavored to enter into conversation with that officer, in order to ascertain the cause of his being thus carried away. He even reminded him that they had fought against each other in an affair which he mentioned; but the general, desirous of avoiding all explanation, pretended not to recollect this circumstance, and there the conversation dropped. When they reached the frontier, General Ordener left the charge of the prince to Colonel Charlot, and returned to Strasburg.

After having travelled on foot as far as Pfofsheim, the prince stopped to breakfast. There they found a carriage which had been previously prepared, into which he got, with Colonel Charlot. During the journey, the Duke d'Enghien entered into conversation with Colonel Charlot, and asked him, as he had previously desired to ascertain from General Ordener, the motives for his seizure. The colonel replied, that as far as he could judge, the First Consul regarded him as one of the principal leaders in the conspiracy of Georges. The prince repelled this imputation with warmth, observing that such projects were wholly contrary to his views and habits, but at the same time admitted that, as a prince of the House of Bourbon, although he personally admired the renown of General Bonaparte, he could not but always oppose



him. He then asked Colonel Charlot what he thought they would do to him? Upon Charlot replying that he did not know, the prince evinced great dread of being brought to Paris to be imprisoned there, observing, that he would rather die at once; telling Colonel Charlot that he was on the point of firing upon him when he summoned him to surrender; and adding, that "he almost regretted he had not done it, and thus have decided his fate by arms." Charlot, in his turn, asked him respecting Dumourier. The prince assured him that he had not been at Ettenheim; that it was possible, as he was expecting instructions from England every moment, that the general might be the bearer of them, but that in any case he should not have received him, as it was beneath his rank to have to do with such people. They reached Strasburg about five in the afternoon, and while waiting until General Leval should be apprized of their arrival, Colonel Charlot took the prince into his house; there, taking advantage of a moment when they were alone, the prince tried to persuade Charlot to allow him to escape. The colonel, however, would not understand him, and half an hour afterwards, a hackney-coach arrived, which conveyed the prince to the citadel.

Here he was received by Major Machim, commandant of the place. "He was," says the prince himself, (in the journal which he wrote day by day, hour by hour, from the time of his seizure, and which was found upon him after his death,) "a man of very obliging manners." He showed the prince the greatest attention, and since there was not time to prepare a room for him that evening, it was agreed that he and the other prisoners should pass the night (March 15th) on mattresses laid on the floor in the commandant's parlor. Dressed just as he was the Duke d'Engbien threw himself on his mattress, after writing a few lines in his journal. Baron Grunstein was placed near him. Being uneasy on the prince's account, he again asked him, in a low voice, whether there was anything in his papers which was likely to compromise him. "They contain only what is already known," replied the prince: "they show that I have been fighting for the last eight years, and that I am ready to fight again. I do not think they desire my death; but they will throw me into some fortress to make use of me when they want a hostage; to that sort of life, however, I shall have some trouble in accustoming myself."

In this disquietude the duke passed the night; the next morning, Major Machim having gone to him, the prince entered into conversation with him, protesting anew, as he had previously done to Colonel Charlot, that he was entirely ignorant of the plot against the First Consul, and that he had always disapproved of all such projects. The major observed, as that was the case, he did not think the matter could be followed by any serious consequences, and that it would doubtless only cost him a few days' detention.

Meanwhile the duke, who, from the moment of his seizure had not ceased to think of the uneasiness which it must have caused the Princess Charlotte, asked Major Machim whether he might not be allowed to write to her. The major replied, that he could not take upon himself to forward the letter, but could only refer the matter to General Leval; but that, if the letter contained ordinary news merely, he did not doubt that the latter would cause it to reach its destination. The

duke accordingly addressed the following letter to the Princess Charlotte.

"Citadel of Strasburg, Friday, March 16th.

I have been promised that this letter shall be faithfully delivered to you. I have only this moment obtained leave to console you with regard to my present condition, and I lose not an instant in doing so, begging you also to cheer all who are attached to me in your neighborhood. All my fear is, that this letter may not find you at Ettenheim, and that you may be on your road hither. The happiness I should feel in seeing you would not nearly equal my fear of causing you to share my fate. Preserve for me your affection, your interest: it may be very useful to me,—for you can interest persons of influence in my misfortune. I have already thought that you had perhaps set out. You have learned from the good Baron Ischterlzhelm the manner of my being carried off, and you may have judged, by the number of persons employed, that any resistance would have been useless. Nothing can be done against force. I have been conducted by Rheinau, and the route of the Rhine. They show me attention and politeness. Except as regards my liberty, (for I cannot go out of my room,) I may say I am as comfortable as possible; all my attendants have slept in my room, because I wished it. We occupy part of the commandant's apartment, and they are getting another ready, into which I shall go this morning, where I shall be still better off. The papers taken from me, which were sealed immediately with my seal, are to be examined this morning in my presence. By what I have observed, they will find some letters from my relations, from the king, and a few copies of my own. All this, as you know, cannot compromise me in any way more than my name and my manner of thinking may have done during the course of the revolution. I think they will send all this to Paris; and I am assured that, from what I have said, it is thought I shall be at liberty in a short time: God grant it! They looked for Dumourier, who was to be in our neighborhood. They thought, perhaps, that we had had conferences together; and apparently he is implicated in the conspiracy against the life of the First Consul. My ignorance of all this leads me to hope that I may obtain my liberty. Let us not, however, flatter ourselves yet. If any of the gentlemen who accompanied me are set at liberty before me, I shall feel very great happiness in sending them to you while waiting for the greatest. The attachment of my attendants draws tears from me every moment. They might have escaped,—they were not forced to follow me; but they would do it. I have Féron, Joseph, and Poulain. The good Moyloff has not left me an instant. I have seen the commandant again this morning; he appears to me to be a courteous and charitable man, at the same time strict in fulfilling his duties. I expect the colonel of gend'armes who arrested me, and who is to open my papers before me. I beg you will direct the baron to take care of my property. If I am to remain longer, I shall send for more of them than I have. I hope the landlords of these gentlemen will also take care of their effects. Pray give my affectionate regards to your father. If I one day obtain permission to send one of my attendants, which I desire greatly and shall solicit, he will give you all the details of our melancholy position. We must hope, and wait. If you are good enough to come to see me, do not come until you have been to Carlsruhe, as you mentioned. Alas! in addition to all your own affairs, and the insupportable delay attendant on them, you will now have to speak of mine also. The elector will no doubt have taken an interest in them; but, I entreat you, do not on that account neglect your own.

"Adieu, Princess. You have long known my tender and sincere attachment for you: free, or a prisoner, it will ever be the same.



"Have you sent the news of our misfortune to Madame d'Ecqueville?"

(Signed) L. A. H. DE BOURBON."

Having written this letter, the duke delivered it to Major Machim. General Leval now came to visit him. He announced to the prince that a room had just been prepared for him in the pavilion, on the right of the citadel, to which he would be removed, and that he would be at liberty to walk in the little garden adjoining the pavilion. In other respects, the coldness of the general's address prevented him from speaking either of his own situation, or of the letter to the Princess Charlotte. The apartment to which the duke was transferred communicated by passages with those of Thumery, Jacques, and Schmidt. As for Colonel Grunstein, it was thought right to separate him from the prince, and to give him a solitary apartment on the other side of the court.

At half-past four in the afternoon, Colonel Charlot and the Commissary-General of Police, came to open the prince's papers, which, after a rapid examination, were tied in packets previously to being sent to Paris.\*

\* Journal of the Duke d'Enghien, written by himself, and of which the original was forwarded to the First Consul, April 22d, 1804:—

"Thursday, March 15th.—at Ettenheim, my house surrounded by a detachment of dragoons, and picquets of gend'armes, in all about two hundred men; two generals, the colonel of dragoons, Colonel Charlot, of the gendarmerie of Strasburg; at five o'clock. At half-past five, the doors forced; taken to the mill near the tile kiln, my papers seized and sealed up; conveyed in a wagon, between two files of fusiliers, to the Rhine. Embarked for Rheinau; landed, and walked to Pfolsheim; breakfasted in the inn. Got into a carriage with Colonel Charlot, the quartermaster of the gend'armie, a gend'arme and Grunstein on the box. Arrived at Strasburg at Colonel Charlot's house, at about half-past five; transferred, half an hour afterwards, in a hackney-coach, to the citadel. My companions in misfortune came from Pfolsheim to Strasburg, with peasants' horses, in a wagon; arrived at the citadel at the same time as I did. Alighted at the house of the commandant; lodged in his parlor for the night, on mattresses upon the floor. Gend'armes on foot in the next room: two sentinels in the room, one at the door. Slept badly.

"Friday, 16th.—Told that I am to change my room; I am to pay for my board, and probably for wood and lights. General Leval, commanding the division, accompanied by General Fririon, one of those who seized me, have been to visit me. Their manner very cold. I am transferred to the pavilion on the right of the entrance of the square in coming from the city. I can communicate with the apartments of MM. Thumery, Jacques, and Schmidt, by passages; but neither I nor my attendants can go out. I am told, however, that I am to have permission to walk in a little garden, in a court behind my pavilion. A guard of twelve men and an officer is at my door. After dinner I am separated from Grunstein, to whom they gave a solitary room at the other side of the court. This separation adds still more to my misfortune. I have written this morning to the princess. I have sent my letter by the commandant to General Leval; I have no answer. I asked him to send one of my people to Est: no doubt everything will be refused.

"The precautions are extreme on all sides to prevent me from communicating with any one whatever. If this state of things continues, I think despair will take possession of me. At half-past four they come to look at my papers, which Colonel Charlot, accompanied by a *commissaire de sûreté*, opens in my presence. They read them superficially; they make separate bundles of them, and give me to understand that they are about to be sent to Paris. I must, then, languish for weeks, perhaps months! My grief increases the more I reflect on my cruel position. I lie down at eleven o'clock; I am worn out, and cannot sleep. the major of the place, M. Machim, is very obliging; he comes to see me when I have retired to rest, and endeavors to comfort me by kind words."

The next day (Saturday, March 17th) the prince rose early, uneasy and full of thought. "Saturday, 17th March," says he, "I know nothing of my letter: I tremble for the princess' health; one word from my hand would restore it: I am very unhappy. They have just made me sign the *procès verbal* of the opening of my papers. I ask and obtain permission to add an explanatory note to prove that I have never had any other intention than to serve, and to make war."\* The prince thus continues his journal, March 17th: "In the evening I was told that I should have leave to walk in the garden, and even in the court, with the officer on guard, as well as my companions in misfortune, and that my papers are despatched by an extraordinary courier to Paris: I sup and go to bed more contented."

Meanwhile, the telegraphic despatch, addressed to the First Consul from Strasburg on the 15th, had arrived the same day at Paris, and orders were thereupon sent to General Leval to send the prince instantly to Paris. The courier arrived during the night of Saturday, March 17th. A carriage was in consequence immediately prepared: and Colonel Charlot was sent to the citadel for the prince. It was now about one o'clock in the morning, and the prince, startled at being thus suddenly awakened, and surprised at seeing himself thus conveyed alone, and separated from his companions, demanded of Colonel Charlot the reason of it; the latter replied that he only knew that General Leval had received orders from Paris. The duke quitted his prison therefore, in a state of great uneasiness. "Sunday, the 18th," he thus writes in his journal, "They come and carry me away at half-past one in the morning: they only give me time to dress myself; I embrace my unfortunate companions, and my servants; I set out alone with two officers of gend'armie and two gend'armes. Colonel Charlot tells me that we are going to the house of the General of division, who has received orders from Paris; instead of that, I find a carriage with six post-horses in the square of the church. They place me inside, Lieutenant Petermann gets in at my side, Quarter-Master Blitersdorff on the box, two gend'armes, one inside the other outside."

But his uneasiness was converted into joy in the morning, when he learned from Lieutenant Petermann that they were proceeding to Paris. Nothing could have afforded him more pleasure than this news, not doubting that on his arrival he should be permitted to see the First Consul. "A quarter of an hour's conversation with him," he repeated frequently on the road, "and all will soon

\* This appears to be the note said to have been written from Strasburg to the First Consul by the duke. It has not been preserved; but, from the recollections of Napoleon at St. Helena, and from other documents relating to this affair, the prince, repeating in this note what he had said to Colonel Charlot and Major Machim, most earnestly protested his innocence of any participation whatever in a plot against the life of the First Consul. He added, "that if this plot existed, he had been left in ignorance of it, and had even been deceived on the subject; that he, more than any one, was attached to France, and admired the genius of the First Consul; that he had often regretted his being unable to fight under his command, and with Frenchmen; and that perhaps, far removed as he was from the throne, and with no hope of attaining it, he might have thought of doing so, if the duties annexed to his birth had not imposed on him the necessity of acting otherwise; that, in short, he could not believe that the First Consul would consider it a crime in him to have maintained by arms the rights of his family and his own rank."

be arranged." He appeared at the same time pleased to revisit France; called to mind, as they passed through various places, those whom he had formerly known; and, moved by the kind attention of those who accompanied him, he presented to Lieutenant Petermann one of the rings he wore, and which the latter afterwards preserved with the greatest care.

The journey was performed with more rapidity than would appear possible for the escort of *gend'armes*; and on March 19th, about nine in the evening, after having passed through the city of Châlons-sur-Marne, about forty leagues from Paris, they arrived the next day about three, *p. m.*, at the Barrier La Villette; thence, following the outer boulevards, the carriage entered the Faubourg St. Germain by the Rue de Sevres, and stopped at the Hotel of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, then in the Rue de Bac. Having entered the court-yard, the carriage-door was opened, and the prince was preparing to alight, when some one hastily ran up, directing them to wait. In a few minutes a carriage was observed to approach the entrance, to take up a person and leave the Hotel in great haste. Half an hour afterwards the postilion who had remained on horseback, received orders to proceed towards Vincennes, where they arrived at about half-past five in the afternoon.

During the same afternoon, the two following letters were addressed to General Murat, Governor of Paris, and to Harel, Commandant of Vincennes.

"SECRET POLICE.

29th Ventôse, Year XII., 4 *p. m.*

"To the General-in-Chief Murat, Governor of Paris.

"GENERAL.

"Agreeably to the orders of the First Consul, the Duke d'Enghien is to be conducted to the Castle of Vincennes, where arrangements are made to receive him. He will probably arrive to-night at this destination. I beg you will make the arrangements requisite for his safety, as well at Vincennes as on the road of Meaux, by which he will arrive. The First Consul has ordered that his name, and everything relative to him, should be kept strictly secret; consequently, the officer in charge of him must not make him known to any one. He travels under the name of Plessis. I desire you to give the necessary instructions, that the intentions of the First Consul may be fulfilled."

"SECRET POLICE.

"20th Ventôse, Year XII., half-past 4 *p. m.*

"To Citizen Harel, Commandant of the Castle of Vincennes.

"An individual, whose name is not to be known, citizen commander, is to be conducted to the Castle the command of which is intrusted to you. You will lodge him in the place that is vacant, taking precautions for his safe custody. The intention of government is, that all which relates to him should be kept strictly secret, and that no question should be asked him, either as to what he is, or in regard to the cause of his detention. You yourself are not to know who he is. You alone are to communicate with him, and you will not permit him to be seen by any one till further orders from me. It is probable he will arrive to-night.

"The First Consul relies, citizen commander, on your discretion, and on your scrupulous fulfilment of these various orders."

Harel had only just received this letter when,

about half-past five, he observed the carriage and six, which brought the prisoner, stop at his door. He came forward immediately to receive him, and as the morning had been cold and rainy, he invited the prince into his room to warm himself, until the apartment destined for him was prepared. The prince replied, "that he would warm himself with pleasure, and should not be sorry to dine, for he had scarcely broken his fast since the morning."

As they ascended the stairs together Madame Bon came down. She was an aged nun, a school-mistress at Vincennes, who having had Madame Harel's two little girls at her house during the day, to take lessons, had brought them back at night. She overheard the conversation of the prince with the commandant. The prince, on his part, observing a lady in the dress of a nun approach him, made way to allow her to pass. "He appeared to her," she afterwards said, "of an ordinary height, slender, and of a distinguished deportment. He was dressed in a long brown uniform riding-coat, and wore on his head a cap with double gold lace band; he was pale, and seemed much fatigued."

The prince, meanwhile, having warmed himself, was conducted by Harel to the king's pavilion, into the room which had been prepared for him, where a fire had been made, and some furniture brought in—a bed, a table, and some chairs. While waiting the arrival of the supper, and as he walked up and down the room, the prince conversed with Harel. He told him he had formerly accompanied his grandfather to the castle and woods of Vincennes; that he even thought he remembered the room in which they then were; and, not foreseeing any fatal result to his seizure, which he imagined would end in detention only, he spoke to him of his love of field-sports, and said that if he might be permitted to hunt in the forest, he promised not to attempt to escape.

The supper, which had been ordered at a *traiteur's* in the neighborhood, was brought in not long after, and the prince approached eagerly to partake of it, but perceiving some very common pewter covers on the table, such as were commonly given to prisoners, he took them in his hands, examined them, and replacing them, continued his walk. Harel understood what this meant, and sent for silver covers. The prince then sat down to table, and a favorite hound, which had not quitted him since his removal, having placed himself at his side, he gave it a part of the food which had been served up. "I think," said he to Harel, "that there is no indiscretion in doing this."

The repeat being finished, Harel retired, and the prince having gone to bed fatigued with the journey, soon fell fast asleep.

At the moment of the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien, Napoleon was at Malmaison. On the pretence that the prince was concerned in the plot of Georges, &c., he immediately set about arranging the mode of his trial. A military commission having been decided upon, he sent orders to Murat to nominate the members of it. He also caused a detailed report to be drawn up of all the facts relating to the Duke d'Enghien, to be laid before this commission.

The following decree was issued in conformity with the above report, to serve as the ground of accusation.

## "LIBERTY—EQUALITY.

"Paris, 29th Ventôse, Year XII. of the Republic, One and Indivisible.

"Article 1. The *ci-devant* Duke d'Enghein, accused of having borne arms against the Republic, of having been, and of still being, in the pay of England, of taking part in the plots laid by the latter power against the internal and external safety of the Republic, shall be brought before a Military Commission, composed of seven members, nominated by the General Governor of Paris, and which shall assemble at Vincennes.

"Article 2. The Grand Judge, the Minister of War, and the General-Governor of Paris are entrusted with the execution of the present Decree.

"The First Consul.

(Signed) "BONAPARTE."

The Minister of War was commanded by the First Consul to direct the members of the commission immediately to repair to the residence of Murat, to take his orders. He was at the same time to assemble at the barrier Saint Antoine a brigade of infantry, which, together with the legion of *gend'armie d'élite* of which General Savary, the First Consul's aide-de-camp, was colonel, was to guard the Castle of Vincennes during the continuance of the trial. General Savary was to have the command of these troops, as well as of the castle.

When Savary arrived at the Barrier Saint Antoine, he was stopped. It was night; and, having only recently returned to Paris, he was not aware of the rigorous measures which had been adopted, and had not, therefore, asked for a special order from Murat to leave the capital; the guards posted at the barrier would not consequently allow him to pass, and he was obliged to send to Murat to obtain his authority to enable him to do so. On his arrival at length at Vincennes, about half-past eight in the evening, Savary placed the brigade of infantry on the esplanade, on the side next the park, and marched his legion into the inner court and at the various outlets, with directions not to allow any communication from without under any pretext.

The commissioners having received their instructions to proceed to Vincennes, to try a prisoner, they accordingly proceeded thither; nor was it till they were assembled in the apartment of the commandant that they were made aware of the precise object of their meeting. General Hulin then showed them the documents sent by Murat, and at the same time, in order that the prince might be interrogated by the chief judge, gave orders to bring him into the adjoining room.

The Duke d'Enghein was in a deep sleep, when, about eleven o'clock, P. M., Lieutenant Noirot entered his room, accompanied by two *gend'armes*. He dressed himself immediately, and followed them into the presence of *le capitaine rapporteur*. The latter then proceeded to his examination, which he drew up as follows:—

The prisoner was asked his surname, Christian names, age, and birthplace!

*Answer.* Louis-Henri-Antoine de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghein, born August 2d, 1772, at Chantilly.

*Question.* At what period had he quitted France!

A. I cannot tell precisely, but I think it was the 18th of July, 1789. That he went with the Prince of Condé, his grandfather, his father, the Count d'Artois, and the children of the Count d'Artois.

Q. Where he had resided since leaving France?

A. On leaving France I passed, with my relations, whom I have always followed, by Mons and Brussels; thence we proceeded to Turin, to the King of Sardinia, where we remained nearly sixteen months. Thence, always with my family, I went to Worms, and the banks of the Rhine. The corps of Condé was then formed, and I joined them. I had before that made the campaign of 1792, in Brabant, with the corps of Bourbon, under Duke Albert.

Q. Whither had he gone upon the ratification of peace between the French Republic and the Emperor?

A. We finished the last campaign near Gratz; it was there that the corps of Condé, which had been in the pay of England, was disbanded, that is to say, at Wendisch Faëstrictz, in Styria. After that I remained for my own convenience at Gratz and its neighborhood from six to nine months, awaiting intelligence from my grandfather, the Duke de Condé, who had gone on to England to ascertain what pecuniary assistance the English government would allow him, which had not been decided upon. During this interval I asked permission of Cardinal de Rohan to reside at Ettenheim, in Brisgau, formerly the Bishoprick of Strasburg. There I remained two years and a half. On the cardinal's death, I requested officially of the Elector of Baden to be allowed to reside in that country, not desiring to remain there without his permission.

Q. Whether he had not been in England, and whether he was not in the pay of that government.

A. That he had never been there; that England always granted him pecuniary assistance; and that without such aid he had not the means of subsistence. He added, that his reason for remaining at Ettenheim no longer existing, he intended to reside at Fribourg, in Brisgau, a more pleasant town than Ettenheim, where he had only remained because the Elector gave him permission to hunt, of which he was passionately fond.

Q. Whether he kept up any correspondence with the French princes in London? If he had seen them for some time!

A. He had kept up a correspondence naturally with his grandfather since he had left him at Vienna, whither he had conducted him after the disbanding of the corps of Condé; that he had also maintained a correspondence with his father, whom he had not seen, as far as he could recollect, since 1794 or 1795.

Q. What was the rank he held in the corps of Condé!

A. Commander of the advance-guard before 1796. Previously to that time he was a volunteer at the head-quarters of his grandfather; and on every occasion, since 1796, commander of the advance-guard. After the army of Condé passed into Russia this army was formed into two corps, one of infantry and the other of dragoons, of which he was appointed colonel by the emperor; and in that rank he rejoined the army on the Rhine.

Q. If he was acquainted with Pichegru? Whether he had any communication with him?

A. I have not, I believe, ever seen him. I have had no communication with him. I knew that he desired to see me. I am proud not to have known him, after the base means of which, it is said, he has made use, if it be true.

Q. Whether he was acquainted with the Ex-

General Dumourier; and whether he had any communication with him?

A. Not at all. I have never seen him.

Q. Whether, since the peace, he had not held a correspondence with persons in the interior of the Republic?

A. I have written to some friends who are still attached to me, who have fought by my side for their own interests as well as mine. Such correspondence is not of such a nature as, he thought, they meant.

"From this examination the present document has been drawn up, which has been signed by the Duke d'Enghien, Chef-d'escadron Jacquin, Lieutenant Noirot, two gend'armes, and *le capitaine rapporteur*."

The examination being terminated, the prince earnestly asked the *capitaine rapporteur* the mode of obtaining an audience of the First Consul. He was advised to state his demand at the end of the examination, which would be laid before the judges, and upon which they must necessarily pronounce. The prince wrote, in consequence, the following words at the foot of his examination:—

"Before signing the present *procès-verbal*, I entreat to be allowed a private audience of the First Consul. My name, my rank, my mode of thinking, and the horror of my situation, lead me to hope that he will not refuse my request.

(Signed) L. A. H. DE BOURBON."

The *capitaine rapporteur* then went back to the apartment where the commissioners were assembled, and having communicated to them the result of the examination, they deliberated on the propriety of acceding to the request just made by the prisoner; but Savary declaring that it would not be agreeable to the First Consul, they decided on passing immediately to judgment.

The president therefore gave orders to bring in the Duke d'Enghien, and at the same time, also, part of the officers assembled at Vincennes. General Savary was also present, and stood warming himself at the fire-place behind the chair of the president.

The Duke d'Enghien having been brought in, General Hulin put those questions to him contained in the decree of the government, namely:—Whether he had borne arms against the Republic? Whether he had been, and still was, in the pay of England? Finally, whether he had taken part in the plots laid by that power against the internal and external security of the Republic, and against the life of the First Consul.

"The prince," General Hulin said, "presented himself before us with a noble confidence. He admitted that he received pay from England; that he had made, and was ready again to make, war on the Republican Government, to sustain the rights of his family, and of his own rank. As to secret plots, and particularly plots of assassination, he denied them with vehemence, as a species of insult, declaring to the judges that such a mode of acting was so wholly contrary to his rank and birth that he was surprised it could be imputed to him.

The general, however, expressed his incredulity of the duke's ignorance of these plots, alleging as a reason that very rank and birth to which he had just appealed; and concluded thus:—"By the manner in which you answer us, you appear to mistake your position. Take care; this affair

may become serious: military commissions judge without appeal."

The Duke d'Enghien remained silent for a moment; and then replied, "I can only repeat, sir, what I have just told you. Hearing that war was declared against France, I solicited from England a command in her armies. The English government sent me for answer that they could not give me one, but that I was to remain on the Rhine, where I should soon have a part to play; and I waited. This, sir, is all I can tell you."

This answer of the prince closed the examination. The president, Hulin, ordered the accused to retire; and the commissioners preparing to commence their deliberations, General Savary, and the other officers who had been present, retired also.

The consultation was not long; the prince, as has been seen, did not deny having received pay from England; that he awaited, on the banks of the Rhine, the part which might be assigned him by that power; that he had borne, and was ready again to bear arms against France: finally, with regard to the conspiracy against the life of the First Consul, they would not believe, notwithstanding his denial of it, that he knew so little of a project so beneficial to his family and himself, nor that he felt so great a repugnance to means which they had observed were employed by other members of his family; finding, therefore, in the very admissions of the prince, together with the documents in their possession relating to the conspiracy, a sufficient answer to the questions conveyed in the act of accusation, they unanimously declared him guilty of the crimes laid to his charge; and condemned him to the penalty of death incurred by those crimes.

This sentence having been delivered, the president, Hulin, immediately gave notice to General Savary and the judge, that they might take the necessary measures for its execution, and himself drew up a statement, concluding in these words:

"The Commissioners having ordered the foregoing declaration to be read over to the accused, and having asked if he had anything to add in his defence, he replied he had nothing further to say.

"The president ordered the accused to retire. The council deliberating with closed doors, the president collected their votes, beginning with the lowest in rank, the president reserving his opinion till the last. The prince was unanimously declared guilty, and condemned to death.

"Ordered, that the present sentence be forthwith executed, under the direction of the judge, after having read it to the prisoner, in presence of the different detachments of the garrison.

"Done, sealed, and decreed, without rising of the court, at Vincennes, on the day, month, and year here subjoined, and signed.

"P. HULIN, &c. &c. &c.

"This day, 30th Ventôse, year XII of the Republic, 2 o'clock, A. M."

While the President Hulin was drawing up this sentence of condemnation, General Savary and the judge had concerted measures with Harel for its execution. The court and the esplanade being crowded with troops, it was resolved to conduct the prince to the moat of the castle, and for this purpose Harel received orders to give all the keys and necessary directions, as well as to send for a laborer to dig the grave intended for the condemned. A gardener named Bontemps, living in the castle, was sent for. Bontemps having du-

ascended into the moat with his spade and pickaxe, thought, in order to save time, that he would make use of a hole which had been dug the day before, at the foot of the queen's pavilion, in the angle of a small wall, for the purpose of throwing in rubbish; and, in order to light himself, having placed a lantern with many candles, on the little wall, he finished digging the grave to a proper size. At the same time, General Savary ordered a picquet to be got ready for the execution, and gave directions to march down into the moat the different detachments of the garrison who were to be present.

The arrangements being thus completed, Harel returned to bring forth the prince. At the close of his examination, the Duke d'Enghien had been reconducted to his prison by Lieutenant Noirot, who, having learned in the interval, who the prisoner was, had made himself known to him as having formerly served in the regiment of Royal Navarre cavalry, and as having sometimes seen him at the house of the Count de Crussol, his colonel; reminding him also of some particular circumstances which occurred at that period.

The prince, who in the midst of the danger in which he stood preserved an entire presence of mind, conversed tranquilly with him, asked him what he had been doing since that time, what rank he now held, and whether he liked the service. While they were thus conversing, Harel entered, accompanied by Brigadier Aufort.

In a voice of emotion, although without announcing what was about to take place, Harel begged the prince to follow him, and, with a lantern in his hand, preceded him in the court and the different passages they had to cross. Lieutenant Noirot followed them, together with the *gend'armes*, and Brigadier Aufort. In this order they arrived at the Devil's Tower, which then, as at the present time, contained the only outlet to the ditches of the castle. The prince, seeing the narrow and crooked staircase by which it was necessary to descend, asked, "Where are you leading me? If it be to bury me alive in a dungeon, I would much rather die at once." "Sir," replied Harel, "have the goodness to follow me, and call up all your courage." When they reached the foot of the staircase, they followed the ditches for some time as far as the queen's pavilion, and having turned the angle of this pavilion, they found themselves in front of the troops, who were seen by the uncertain light of some lanterns. A party of them was detached, for the execution. At this moment a fine, cold rain was falling.

The adjutant who commanded the detachment advanced, holding in his hand the sentence of the military commission. On hearing that he was condemned to death, the prince remained for a moment silent; then addressing the group before him, he requested to know "whether any one there would render him a last service." Lieutenant Noirot approached him, and the prince having spoken to him in a low voice, "*Gend'armes*," said he, turning round, "has any one among you a pair of scissors?" Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the scissors were passed from hand to hand, and given to the prince. With them he cut off a lock of his hair, wrapped it in paper with a gold ring and a letter,\* and entreated Lieutenant

Noirot to convey the packet to the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Rochefort.

The duke then asked for a priest to confess him, but was told there was not one either in the castle or the village, and that it was impossible to send for one. Upon receiving this reply, he prepared to die, and recommended his soul to God. After a moment of secret prayer, the duke advanced a few steps; the party of soldiers placed themselves before him at the proper distance, and the adjutant having ordered them to fire, the prince fell motionless, pierced with many balls!

It was now about three in the morning. The body of the prince was carried, dressed just as it was, to the grave which had been prepared for him, and which was covered over again with earth a foot high. In one of his pockets was found the Journal to which we have referred, and which was sent to Bonaparte, together with the little packet intended for the princess, which Lieutenant Noirot felt it his duty to place in the hands of General Hulin.

All being now over, while General Savary was giving the necessary orders for the return of the troops to their barracks, the members of the commission, and Brunet, the commander of the squadron, returned immediately to Paris. The latter went to give an account of what had taken place to Murat. Murat, who was capable of appreciating courage, manifested, notwithstanding his conviction of the prince's guilt, strong emotion, and his wife, who was with him, shed tears. Little did he think, while he lamented the death of the Duke d'Enghien, that he should one day experience a similar fate himself! Shortly after the departure of the commissioners, General Savary and the troops departed, and Vincennes was again restored to its accustomed silence. Harel then wrote to the Minister Réal, an account of what had passed. After he had written this letter, and as soon as day began to dawn, he went to the *traiteur* who had supplied the prince's repast the evening before, to pay for it, and to relate the details of the important event which had taken place during the night.

In 1816, a commission was appointed to proceed to Vincennes, to disinter the body of the prince, in order to its being transferred to a chapel in the castle. They examined before them Jean Babbiste Blancpain, a retired brigadier of *gend'armerie*. He was ordered by General Savary to proceed from the barracks of the Celestines, Rue de Petit-Musc, near the Arsenal, to Vincennes, with the *gend'armerie* in which he served. Upon his arrival there he was placed in charge of a prisoner of great importance, who he since learned was the Duke d'Enghien, and was placed as sentinel at the top of the staircase of his apartment. He accompanied him twice to the Pavilion called *De la Porte du Bois*, in which the council of war was held. After the sentence, General Savary placed him in the foss under the bridge of the *Porte du Bois*, at the foot of which the execution took place. He was witness without, however, being able precisely to distinguish what passed, except that he heard General Savary (who stood on the outer side of the foss) twice or thrice repeat the order to Adjutant Pell to command the detachment to fire. There was no other light than that of a lantern with many candles, placed at some distance.

and that it conveyed to the princess the news of his arrival at Vincennes.

\* The exact time when this letter was written is not known, nor what it contained. The probability is, that it was written between supper-time and his going to bed,

Immediately after the prince had fallen, the gend'armes approached the body, and carried it, dressed just as it was, into the foss prepared behind a wall of about five or six feet high, which served as a dépôt for rubbish. The grave was immediately closed. The prince was dressed in gray pantaloons, hussar boots, white neckcloth, having on his head a cap with a double gold band, which was immediately thrown into the foss. He had two watches, one of which only was brought away by a gend'arme to General Savary, the other was found with him, as well as the jewels which he had on his fingers, one of which was a brilliant.

After the following witnesses had been examined, viz., Bonnelet, who dug the grave; M. Godard, a cannonier of the 6th regiment of artillery, who supplied the pickaxes and shovels; and Madame Bon, schoolmistress to the children of Madame Harel, the Commissioners proceeded to dig up the grave. They discovered successively,

1st. A gold chain with his ring, which Chevalier Jacques recognized to be that constantly worn by the prince. This chain, and the little iron keys which accompanied the silver seal mentioned below, had been previously pointed out to us by Chevalier Jacques, the faithful companion in arms of the duke, who was confined with him in the citadel of Strasburg, and who was only separated from him when the prince was conveyed to Paris, because he was not permitted to accompany him.

2d. An earring: the other could not be found.

3d. A silver seal, with the arms of Condé en-crustéd in a mass, in which we recognized a small iron or steel key.

4th. A morocco leather purse, containing eleven gold pieces, and five of silver or copper.

5th. Seventy gold pieces, ducats, florins, and other coins, forming, apparently, part of those which had been remitted to him by Chevalier Jacques at the time of their separation, enclosed in rouleaus of red wax, of which some fragments were found.

They found also some fragments of his apparel, such as two boot-soles, and fragments of his cap, bearing still the impression of a ball which had pierced it. These remains, as well as the earth which surrounded them, were collected with the bones, and placed in a leaden coffin.

The coffin was soldered down and enclosed in one of wood, with this inscription on a brass plate, "Herein is enclosed the body of the high and mighty Prince, Louis-Antoine-Henri de Bourbon-Condé, Duke d'Enghien, Prince of the Blood, and Peer of France, who died at Vincennes, March 21st, 1804, aged 31 years, 9 months, 19 days."

THE MINISTER AND HIS FRIENDS.—No confidence can last which is not reciprocal. Sir Robert does not communicate with his supporters—does not prepare them—does not identify himself with them—does not stand by them—does not protect them—does not give them the smallest credit, or the smallest share in his successes, such as they are. On the contrary, every step in his course is their humiliation and confusion. He deals with them as with his most open enemies. He takes them by surprise at every turn. All his measures are *coups d'Etat*. He brings them into a defile, with the enemy in their front, and some dreadful extremity in the rear, so as to cut off all retreat, and then says, "I don't trust you; but you must fight, or be destroyed to a man." Whether confidence in so miscellaneous a body as the conservatives would not be wholly misplaced, if Sir Robert

did happen to feel it, is quite another question. He has no manner of right to bewail, deplore, deprecate, obsecrate, and so forth, when he finds them behaving precisely as he himself has all along treated them.—*Times*.

## THE BENEVOLENT RUSTIC.\*

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

I HAVE no stain upon my mind—  
Upon my name no ban—  
I am the happiest of my kind,  
A calm contented man.

I envy not the rich and great,  
But pity much the poor;  
And never penury doth wait  
Unheeded at my door.

Mean my repasts, but very sweet,  
Enjoy'd with grateful zest;  
While, O! my bed is a retreat  
Which sleep would choose for rest.

The soaring lark springs not more blithe  
To hail Apollo's rays,  
Than I, with limb and sinew lithe,  
Arise, for work and praise.

To labor on till set of sun,  
Unwearied even then;  
Yea, when my daily task is done,  
I can aid weaker men.

What more could gold bestow on me?  
Or empty-sounding names?  
Temptation to iniquity,  
And thousand blushing shames!

I've not a want—I've even more  
Than asks necessity,  
And often from my garner'd store  
A prodigal can be.

When the pale widow only looks  
The need she cannot speak,  
While tears, like gushing water-brooks,  
Course down her hollow cheek;

Or, when the grief-snubb'd orphan-boy,  
In sobbing anguish'd tone,  
(At that sweet winsome age when joy  
Should thrill his heart alone,)

Tells how his mother and himself  
Nor food nor firing have,  
I load the pretty wond'ring elf  
With more than he doth crave.

If thou would'st know a bliss indeed,  
Oh! mark the glad surprise  
(When Charity assists its need)  
Illumine Famine's eyes!

Though thus I give her handsel free  
To all within my ken,  
I ever feel most signally  
I am blest among men.

My little garden-plot ne'er fails,  
My corn-swath still is doubled,  
And, then, my body never ails,  
My soul is never troubled.

It is but LENDING to the Lord  
What to the poor is GIVEN;  
On earth what Pity can afford  
Bears INTEREST in heaven!—*Metropolitan.*

\* Literally the language of an old cottager to me, when wondering at his contentment.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

## THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.—A BALLAD.

It was upon an April morn,  
While yet the frost lay hoar,  
We heard Lord James' bugle-horn  
Sound by the rocky shore.

Then down we went, a hundred knights,  
All in our dark array,  
And flung our armor in the ships  
That rode within the bay.

We spoke not as the shore grew less,  
But gazed in silence back,  
Where the long billows swept away  
The foam behind our track.

And aye the purple hues decay'd  
Upon the fading hill,  
And but one heart in all that ship  
Was tranquil, cold, and still.

The good Earl Douglas walked the deck,  
And oh, his brow was wan!  
Unlike the flush it used to wear  
When in the battle van.—

"Come hither, come hither, my trusty knight,  
Sir Simon of the Lee;  
There is a freit lies near my soul  
I fain would tell to thee.

"Thou knowest the words King Robert spoke  
Upon his dying day,  
How he bade me take his noble heart  
And carry it far away:

"And lay it in the holy soil  
Where once the Saviour trod,  
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,  
Nor strike one blow for God.

"Last night as in my bed I lay,  
I dream'd a dreary dream:—  
Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand  
In the moonlight's quivering beam.

"His robe was of the azure dye,  
Snow-white his scatter'd hairs,  
And even such a cross he bore  
As good Saint Andrew bears.

"Why go ye forth, Lord James," he said,  
'With spear and belted brand?  
Why do ye take its dearest pledge  
From this our Scottish land?

"The sultry breeze of Galilee  
Creeps through its groves of palm,  
The olives on the Holy Mount  
Stand glittering in the calm.

"But 't is not there that Scotland's heart  
Shall rest by God's decree,  
Till the great angel calls the dead  
To rise from earth and sea!

"Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede  
That heart shall pass once more  
In fiery fight against the foe,  
As it was wont of yore.

"And it shall pass beneath the Cross,  
And save King Robert's vow,  
But other hands shall bear it back,  
Not, James of Douglas, thou!"

"Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,  
Sir Simon of the Lee—  
For truer friend had never man  
Than thou hast been to me—

"If ne'er upon the Holy Land  
'T is mine in life to tread,  
Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth  
The relics of her dead."

The tear was in Sir Simon's eye  
As he wrung the warrior's hand—  
"Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
I'll hold by thy command.

"But if in battle front, Lord James,  
'T is ours once more to ride,  
Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend,  
Shall cleave me from thy side!"

And aye we sail'd, and aye we sail'd,  
Across the weary sea,  
Until one morn the coast of Spain  
Rose grimly on our lee.

And as we rounded to the port,  
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,  
We heard the clash of the atabals,  
And the trumpet's wavering call.

"Why sounds yon Eastern music here  
So wantonly and long,  
And whose the crowd of armed men  
That round yon standard throng?

"The Moors have come from Africa  
To spoil and waste and slay,  
And Pedro, king of Arragon,  
Must fight with them to-day."

"Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,  
"Shall never be said of me,  
That I and mine have turned aside,  
From the Cross in jeopardy!

"Have down, have down, my merry men all—  
Have down unto the plain;  
We'll let the Scottish lion loose  
Within the fields of Spain!"

"Now welcome to me, noble lord,  
Thou and thy stalwart power;  
Dear is the sight of a Christian knight  
Who comes in such an hour!

"Is it for bond or faith ye come,  
Or yet for golden fee?  
Or bring ye France's lilies here,  
Or the flower of Burgundie?"

"God greet thee well, thou valiant king,  
Thee and thy belted peers—  
Sir James of Douglas am I call'd,  
And these are Scottish spears.

"We do not fight for bond or plight,  
Nor yet for golden fee;  
But for the sake of our blessed Lord,  
That died upon the tree.

"We bring our great King Robert's heart  
Across the weltering wave,  
To lay it in the holy soil  
Hard by the Saviour's grave.

"True pilgrims we, by land or sea,  
Where danger bars the way;  
And therefore are we here, Lord King,  
To ride with thee this day!"

The king has bent his stately head,  
And the tears were in his eye—  
"God's blessing on thee, noble knight,  
For this brave thought of thine!

"I know thy name full well, Lord James,  
And honor'd may I be,  
That those who fought beside the Bruce  
Should fight this day for me!

"Take thou the leading of the van,  
And charge the Moors amain;  
There is not such a lance as thine  
In all the host of Spain!"

The Douglas turned towards us then,  
Oh, but his glance was high!—  
"There is not one of all my men  
But is as bold as I.

"There is not one of all my knights  
But bears as true a spear—  
Then onwards! Scottish gentlemen,  
And think—King Robert's here!"

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,  
The arrows flashed like flame,  
As spur in side, and spear in rest,  
Against the foe we came.

And many a bearded Saracen  
Went down, both horse and man;  
For through their ranks we rode like corn,  
So furiously we ran!

But in behind our path they closed,  
Though fain to let us through,  
For they were forty thousand men,  
And we were wondrous few.

We might not see a lance's length,  
So dense was their array,  
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade  
Still held them hard at bay.

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried,  
"Make in, my brethren dear!  
Sir William of St. Clair is down,  
We may not leave him here!"

But thicker, thicker, grew the swarm,  
And sharper shot the rain,  
And the horses rear'd amid the press,  
But they would not charge again.

"Now Jesu help thee," said Lord James,  
"Thou kind and true St. Clair!  
An' if I may not bring thee off,  
I'll die beside thee there!"

Then in his stirrups up he stood,  
So lion-like and bold,  
And held the precious heart aloft  
All in its case of gold.

He flung it from him, far ahead,  
And never spake he more,  
But—"Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,  
As thou wert wont of yore!"

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,  
And heavier still the stour,  
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in  
And swept away the Moor.

"Now praised be God, the day is won!  
They fly o'er flood and fell—  
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,  
Good knight, that fought so well?"

"Oh, ride ye on, Lord King!" he said,  
"And leave the dead to me,  
For I must keep the dreariest watch  
That ever I shall dree!"

"There lies beside his master's heart  
The Douglas, stark and grim;  
And woe is me I should be here,  
Not side by side with him!

"The world grows cold, my arm is old,  
And thin my lyart hair,  
And all that I loved best on earth  
Is stretch'd before me there.

"O Bothwell banks! that bloom so bright,  
Beneath the sun of May,  
The heaviest cloud that ever blew  
Is bound for you this day.

"And, Scotland, thou may'st veil thy head  
In sorrow and in pain;  
The sorest stroke upon thy brow  
Hath fallen this day in Spain!

"We'll bear them back into our ship,  
We'll bear them o'er the sea,  
And lay them in the hallow'd earth,  
Within our own countrie.

"And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,  
For this I tell thee sure,  
The sod that drank the Douglas' blood  
Shall never bear the Moor!"

The king he lighted from his horse,  
He flung his brand away,  
And took the Douglas by the hand,  
So stately as he lay.

"God give thee rest, thou valiant soul,  
That fought so well for Spain;  
I'd rather half my land were gone,  
So thou wert here again!"

We bore the good Lord James away,  
And the priceless heart he bore,  
And heavily we steer'd our ship  
Towards the Scottish shore.

No welcome greeted our return,  
Nor clang of martial tread,  
But all were dumb and hush'd as death  
Before the mighty dead.

We laid the Earl in Douglas Kirk,  
The heart in fair Melrose;  
And woful men were we that day—  
God grant their souls repose!

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### HOPE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

How many there are who sing and dream  
Of happier seasons coming,  
And ever is fancy, to catch a beam  
Of a Golden Era, roaming.  
The world may grow old—and young again—  
And the hope of a better shall still remain.

Hope comes with life at its dawning hour;  
Hope sports with the infant creeper;  
Hope cheers up the youth, with her magic power,  
And when, too, the gray-haired weeper  
Has closed in the grave his weary round,  
He plants the tree of hope on the mound.

It is not an empty, vain deceit,  
In the brains of fools created;  
It speaks to the soul of a state more meet,  
Where its longings shall all be sated.  
And the promise the in-dwelling voice thus makes  
To the hoping soul—it never breaks.



From the Examiner.

*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*: illustrated by Henry Selous, Esq. Edited by the Secretaries of the London Art-Union. Holloway.

HONEST John Bunyan, whose immortal work has been a subject for every vile draughtsman to try his hand upon, who has unwittingly been the cause of every kind of outrage to drawing and perspective, has here found a gentleman to treat him with artist-like reverence, and turn over his pages in the spirit of German *Fantasie*.

Mr. Selous has drank deeply of the inspirations of Retsch. He has dwelt on the inimitable *Faust* till its figures have made themselves a world, and its men angels, and devils have become familiar friends. And in this artificial region he has seen Christian wonder, meeting with Retsch fiends, shocked at Retsch vices, and fighting Retsch battles! And John Bunyan and Goethe, two very different personages, are blended into one.

Mr. Selous having thus chosen his school, has so inured himself to its discipline, that he moves himself quite freely in it, and with somewhat of a gigantic boldness. He takes a large view of his subjects, well considers their capacity, and in filling up the sketch of the old Puritan sets his fancy vigorously at work. The varied hubbub of Vanity Fair, the evil-looking mirth of the mob, the voluptuous, well-drawn shapes of the women, form a most creditable reproduction of the Walpurgis night. The devils that appear to the man who beholds the Vision of the Last Day, dart forward with the bestial ferocity that characterizes the Fight over the Grave of Faust. It is not mere imitation, but the congenial spirit. Some of the conceptions which less remind us of the great German master, are likewise fine. There is an idea of the gigantic in a great measure the artist's own, if it be not somewhat Flaxmanish. The Slough of Despond, with the large figure of "Despond" (we have as much right to make it a substantive as John Bunyan) in the background, her long despairing hair streaming down into the marsh, is a touch of the sublime.

We have said enough to show that we think the modern reader ought to like this illustrated edition of Bunyan. A question suggests itself of very little practical importance, but does suggest itself notwithstanding: How would John Bunyan himself have liked the new book? Verily we believe he would have cast a cold glance at the roysterers at Vanity Fair and their fascinating dames, and suspected they were not his progeny. We doubt not thy imagination nor thy sincerity, honest John, but thy æsthetics in plastic art were not, we opine, very much extended.

At the beginning of the book some specimens are given of the wood-cuts of a very early edition, with figures emulous of the bellman's bill, and perspective on the principle of a Chinese plate. Would'st thou not have turned a longing eye, John Bunyan, to these quaint barbarities, and secretly wished they took the place of Mr. Selous' artistical outlines! "Yes, Jack, upon instinct."

A brief but well-written memoir of Bunyan is prefixed by Mr. Godwin; and a careful and not uninteresting bibliographical notice of the various editions of the tale, by Mr. Pocock. The illustrations themselves, as the reader is perhaps aware, obtained a premium offered for the patronage of design by the Art-Union.

## AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;  
When the sorrows of Life the soul o'ercast,  
And sick of the *Present* I cling to the *Past*.  
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears  
From the shadows of things that had long since fled,  
Flit o'er the brain like ghosts of the dead—  
Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon;  
Day-dreams—that departed e'er manhood's noon;  
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft;  
Companions of early days—lost or left;  
And my native land, whose magical name  
Thrills to the heart like electric flame,  
The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime,  
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,  
When the feelings were young and the world was new,  
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;  
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—forgone!  
And I—a lone exile—remembered by none;  
My high aims abandoned—my good acts undone—  
Aweary of all that is under the sun.  
With a sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,  
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;  
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,  
With the scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife;  
The proud man's frown and the base man's fears—  
The scorner's laugh and the sufferer's tears;  
And malice and meanness—and falseness and folly,  
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;  
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,  
And my soul is sick with the bondsman's sigh—  
Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,  
Afar in the desert alone to ride!  
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,  
And to bound away with the eagle's speed;  
With the death-fraught fire-lock in my hand—  
The only law of a desert land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;  
Away, away, in the wilderness vast,  
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,  
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan  
Hath scarcely crossed with his roving clan:  
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,  
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear,  
Which the sucker and lizard inhabit alone—  
With the twilight bat from the yawny stone  
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub take root:  
Save poisonous thorns which pierce the foot:  
And the bitter melon for food and drink  
Is the pilgrim's fare by the Salt Lake brink.

A region of drouth where no river glides,  
Nor rippling brook with its grassy sides—  
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,  
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount  
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;  
But the barren earth and the burning sky,  
And the black horizon, round and round,  
Spread—void of living light or sound.

And here, while the night winds around me sigh,  
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,  
As I sit afar by the desert stone,  
Like Elijah by Horeb's cave alone,  
A still small voice comes through the wild,  
Like a father consoling his fretful child,  
Which banishes bitterness, wrath and fear,  
Saying—"MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR."

## WHAT PEOPLE SAY OF THE PEEL GOVERNMENT.

The Tory Protectionists say, that it has doubly disappointed them; for that, instead of their making a tool of Peel, as they fully intended when they brought him into power, he has made a tool of them: and for their part they are now of opinion, that the best thing they can do is to turn him out, let in the Melbourne Whigs, and go back to that state of things in which the Conservatives used to conserve "old abuses," as the Liberals termed them, by means of a "Liberal" government truckling to the Tory opposition.

The great Melbourne Whigs say, that, like every other government but their own, it is one which of course they should much like to turn out; but that, though it may perhaps be turned out by means of combinations between themselves and the thorough-going Protectionists, yet, alas! they can't see their way to taking its place with any chance of staying there.

The ex-underling Melbourne Whigs say, that if possible, it ought to be upset anyhow to the end that they may get into Downing street again; for that (and they appeal to the past) it is very hard to turn anybody out of Downing street who will make every sacrifice in order to stay there.

The Leaguers say, that it is just now a surprising government to them, as having been saved the other day by themselves alone; and that they intend to support it on the free-trade principle against any combinations founded on the joint principles of revenge and want of place.

O'Connell says, that it suits him, since he enjoys under it more influence and far more money than ever; and that if its only method of pacifying Ireland is sending him to prison, he hopes it may probably last his time.

The Chartists say, that they like it better than the Whig government, because it has never cheated them with false promises of happiness for their class to be produced by the Reform bill, and has never sent any of them to prison; but that they bide their time.

The inarticulate peasantry censure it with fire.

The "white slaves"\* of competition—the helpless women and children in the factories—condemn it with sighs and wailing.

The colonial and colonizing public say, that it is the worst they remember, as being the most Stephen-ridden.

Mr. Mazzini says, that it puts him in mind of the rascally governments of his own country.

"Tommy" Duncombe says, that he likes it, because it continually gives him opportunities of showing it up to the advantage of his own popularity.

Coningsby spits upon it and sells.

A large proportion of the press in town and country, speaks evil of it. Among London papers, the Standard and Morning Herald alone say what they can for it; whilst the Tory Post fiercely denounces it.

The Times says that it is not yet crippled enough to be attacked every day with satisfaction to the Great Public; but that most people are growing careless about it, and therefore find sport in seeing it get sharp kicks every other day; which sport for most people the Times provides, in the due quantity according to demand.

\* Standard, *passim*.

The Spectator says, as heretofore, not that it is the best of governments, but that it is the best government possible under present circumstances—nay more, the only possible government; and that as we cannot have any other, our wisest course is to make the best of it. But the Spectator adds, that it is a government surrounded with difficulties which threaten its destruction, (come what may afterwards,) unless it speedily take a more comprehensive and bolder view of the *difficulties of the country*, than during this and the last session it has appeared capable of taking. In 1842, it was strong in the momentum of the large measures which it had the sagacity and courage to propose. In 1843, it stood still; it seemed to have no impulse: it lost its hold on the public imagination by ceasing to be original—by becoming commonplace, or merely place-holding. This year again, it does things by halves or quarters; puts O'Connell in prison, but is afraid to touch the social ills of Ireland—takes up the sugar question, but wants boldness to deal with it as a whole—affects law reform, but disgusts law reformers—and so on with regard to all manner of subjects—till at last it is no longer respected. It is not, indeed, despised, as the Melbourne government was long before its fall; but there is a growing resemblance in the Peel government to that which it superseded; and this accounts for its being so weak as to be liable to injury from such enmity as M. D'Iscraeli's, and to be turned out on such a question as a difference of four shillings the hundred weight on a fraction of imported sugar.—*Spectator*.

## 'T IS PAST—THE FOND—THE FLEETING DREAM.

'T is past—the fond—the fleeting dream

Of love and hope is o'er,  
And darkly steals life's troubled stream  
Unto the silent shore.

But still this broken heart of mine  
Shall be thy memory's mournful shrine  
Till it is laid at rest with thine,  
Where grief is felt no more.

My sorrow seeks no lonely spot  
In some far desert placed;  
To me each scene where thou art not  
Is but a joyless waste.  
Where all around is bright and fair  
I only feel thou art not there,  
And turn from what thou canst not share,  
And sigh to be at rest!

I bow no more at beauty's shrine,  
For me her charms are vain;  
The heart that once hath loved like mine  
Can never love again.  
The wreathing smile, the beaming eye,  
Are pass'd by me unheeded by;  
And where thy ruin'd relics lie,  
My buried hopes remain.

Life's latest tie hath sever'd been  
Since thou hast ceased to be;  
Our hearts the grave hath closed between,  
And what remains for me  
In this dark pilgrimage below?  
A vain regret—a cherished woe—  
And tears that cannot cease to flow  
Whene'er I think of thee.

From the Spectator

## THOUGHTS ON BEING SENT FOR.

A most interesting exhibition of Mesmerism took place yesterday, at Dr. Elliotson's in Conduit Street. A numerous company of the Doctor's friends assembled to witness this surprising display of *clairvoyance*. The French youth Alexis was easily thrown into the mesmeric state; when the worthy doctor addressed him thus—"Now, Alexis, the company wish to know the *pensée dominante* of several persons on the subject of being sent for. You know what 'sent for' means?" [Alexis nodded.] "I shall mention separately the name of each of those whose thoughts the company wishes to know; and I beg, that when any name is mentioned, you will tell us the person's thought, not in words of your own, but in the words used by the thinker when speaking, or rather thinking, to himself. Do you understand me?" Alexis nodded again, and smiled intelligence: whereupon the exhibition proceeded; the names being given by Dr. Elliotson in a tone of interrogation, and the thoughts delivered by the mesmerized youth in the form of answers to questions.

Sir Robert Peel!—Well, if Gladstone and I had resigned t'other Sunday—if Albert had not persuaded me to stay where I am for the present, on account of her Majesty's interesting situation—I must have been sent for again before long. Yes; for Stanley was to have been premier of what they call a "really conservative" government; Stanley, whose powers of speech, like the powers of touch in the girl at Boston described by Dickens, have absorbed all the other faculties. As she can neither smell, hear, see, nor speak, but is a wonderful feeler, so in Stanley, knowledge, sense, temper, and judgment, are swallowed up by the gift of the gab. My successor—the leader, in these times of difficulty for any conservative party, of the party which I alone formed, or could have formed—was to have been one who talks so fast, that he has never said what anybody thinks it worth while to remember; who, though he talks so big, has never *done* anything but get into scrapes; who, though he talks so bravely, never faces a difficulty, but invariably slinks or shuffles out of the troubles into which his rashness leads him; whose incapacity for action and business is such that I could not put him into any office but that of the Colonies, where responsibility is nominal; who is not master of his own tongue, but its slave; whose only delight is in contention, though he never stands up to a resolute opponent; who tramples on the feeble and timid, but avoids the strong and brave; and who, (this for Young England,) whatever may be thought of our respective manners, is less of a gentleman at heart than the cotton-spinner's son. What a capital prime minister for such a party as ours in such times as these! I should like to see him try. Perhaps, (who can tell?) if the D'Israeli rebellion should be renewed—if there should be any more *Morning Post* work in the House of Commons—I may take the pleasure of seeing him try. Shall I let him be sent for? He and the party would get on famously for a while; what unanimity, what brave talking, what cheering there would be! And I, the squeezed and castaway *orange-peel*, as they would call me, should have to support "my noble friend"—to help him on his way to the time for decision, judgment, action—

and an exhibition of hopeless incapacity. I've more than half a mind to let him be sent for.

Lord Stanley!—What do I think about being sent for? I hate thinking. Some say I can't think. But can't I speak? Or rather, I could speak if Peel would let me. But at present I am gagged; and my position is so intolerable, that I do—yes—upon the whole, though a prime minister has something more to do, I fear, than lash his opponents, still, speaking does tell so in this country and that House of Commons, that, notwithstanding I know what about myself, I do wish to be sent for.

Lord Melbourne!—Johnny is a puppy for thinking that he will be sent for, and still more for saying that I can't be sent for. I'll go, if I am sent for, let me tell you, master Johnny; and then perhaps I shan't send for you, my boy, d—clever as you think yourself. Why the d—should n't I be sent for? By G—, I'll write to Vickey, and tell her to be sure and send for me. Palmerston shall be my leader of the House of Commons—not that puppy Johnny; and though I dislike war with France or the Yankees, we'll have either or both rather than let Peel be sent for again.

Lord John Russell!—If I should be sent for, I wonder how on earth I shall manage to avoid offering the foreign seals to Palmerston. But would that this were my only difficulty! There's that Howick, with his opinions about the necessity of legislating for the working-classes as they would legislate if they had sense and power to take care of themselves. There's the league, which, though it has now made all its converts, may, for that very reason, be driven to sympathize with the common people instead of going for nought but higher profits; in which case, it would carry total repeal in no time. There's Chartism, which, I fear me, will never, never shake hands with the whigs. There's O'Connell, whose people won't now give up Repeal, whatever he might be ready to do for a good share of the loaves and fishes. There's the fifty-pound tenant-at-will clause of our glorious Reform Bill. There's the recollection of my Finality, and all the years during which the *Examiner* used to say that we should "ripen the pear" by "bombarding the Lords with good measures" for rejection. There's—oh, dear! I shall never have done—I must n't think of being sent for.

Lord Ashley!—Sent for! No, not yet; perhaps never. No, no; I deliberately sacrificed office to the Factory children: that's one sacrifice. I could command office by sympathizing with the peasantry as well as the operatives; but I don't sympathize with the peasantry: there's another sacrifice. Then, besides, thinking of the corn-laws; how can a man who goes on principles of humanity, and sees the cause of national ills to be universal competition, defend the corn-laws without humbling inconsistency? To be sure, I don't warmly defend the corn-laws: but then I don't oppose them; which comes to nearly the same thing. No; I shan't be sent for.

Mr. Cobden!—Sent for! me sent for! as some of our paid lecturers pretend to think likely; no, no; I know myself and my position better than to swallow that bought flattery. In the first place, I am conscious that my own dear middle-class, for whose sole benefit I instituted the League, consider one of ourselves—that is, any one who has himself been in business—as wholly unfit for office.

To obtain their suffrages, one's father may have been in trade, but not oneself; and then they do so love a lord! No, no; I must fulfil my destiny—which is to raise profits by means of free trade, and make a great fortune, like Peel's father, out of cheap labor. Perhaps my son may be sent for. [Here Dr. Elliotson announced that Alexis was fatigued, but would go on with his *clairvoyance* another day. We shall not fail to report the future proceedings.]

#### THE WATERLOO BANQUET.

ALMOST thirty years have elapsed since the battle of Waterloo, and yet the table of the Duke of Wellington on Tuesday last seemed scarcely less crowded with his gallant associates in arms than at his first festal celebration of the anniversary. Some gaps there are, but few compared with what might have been anticipated among such a numerous circle of men, who on the day of battle had attained to high rank in the army. A fanciful mind might suppose that death had lost hope of cutting short prematurely any man who had outlived such a hot fight, and left them unassailed to live out the full span of human life.

Without disrespect to the gallant veterans, the most interesting feature of these annual banquets is, that each marks the addition of another year to an unprecedented continuance of general peace throughout Europe. They took part in the closing struggle of the last European war. More than half of the existing population of the country have been born since there was a war in Europe deserving the name: these old fighting-men have almost come to belong to a past generation. They are relics of a fighting era preserved in an era of peace. Make much of them, for it is to be hoped that their place may not be easily supplied; that the warlike of our day, if they are to gratify their instinctive taste, must do so in remote regions; that Europe may continue a Goshen in which there is light even when the cloud of war darkens with a worse than Egyptian darkness other lands.

This wish is not so selfish as it may at first appear to be. It implies something more than a mere desire that fighting may be kept from our own doors. It aspires to the maintenance of peace in the centre of civilization so long that peace shall become its chronic state; that the natural and necessary struggles of its sons shall be to establish wherever they go that peace which they have left behind them in their native homes. As our religion radiated on all sides from Jerusalem, as science was diffused to all nations from Greece, as the laws of the central city of Rome interpenetrated those of every other nation, so peace, if it can be established as the normal condition in Europe, will spread from that centre to all ends of the earth.

It has been remarked that Wellington and Soult are the two most pacific statesmen of the day. This is less characteristic of the individuals than of their trade. The soldier by profession, as he is the most efficient, so is he the least addicted to fight for fighting's sake. He is no amateur, morbidly anxious to show off his cleverness, but one who prides himself in his art only in so far as he is able to work out results by it. Dilettanti soldiers, like dilettanti lawyers and physicians, are your

great makers of mischief. Your Aucklands and Ellenboroughs, not your Hardinges, peril the peace of India. Independently of the personal character of the professional soldier, there is something in the mere existence of large standing armies maintained by large states calculated to preserve peace. Nothing tends so much to keep men quiet as the consciousness that their neighbors are as strong as themselves. With all their vapping, the French prefer a war with Abd-el-Kader to a war against England; and, no insinuation against the stoutness of John Bull, he is better pleased to have to lick the Chinese than to require to measure himself against France or Russia. Little states, too, are more quarrelsome than great ones: the former rush into war with the precipitancy of private individuals; the ministers responsible for the safety of a mighty empire are more wary. It was and perhaps still is a favorite theory of some, that the preservation of a number of small states stuck in among big ones was conducive to the peace and stability of Europe—"preserved the balance of power;" whereas in truth the little states were but objects for the big ones to quarrel about—handfuls of nuts scattered among the human monkeys to set them together by the ears. The notion that the possession of a large army necessarily tempts a state to engage in war, belongs to the same class of respectable old fallacies—inapplicable where there are neighbors with armies equally powerful. The consolidation of Europe into large states, and the maintenance of respectable armies by these states, are no bad guarantees for the continuance of peace.

Nor is a standing army, in a nation sufficiently civilized to be capable of a constitutional government, less a guarantee for civil liberty. The professional soldier, like the professional lawyer, aims at distinction in his profession, and is less accessible to the impulses of irregular ambition. A strong army, in its right place, keeps peace by its mere existence. A feudal army gave undue power to the barons, and the army with which Cromwell put down the Parliament, was self-raised, self-organized, and in no small degree self-supported. The exercise of the police is in extreme cases more safely intrusted to the regular soldier than to the yeoman. The armies of Europe, like the states of civilized Europe, have constitutions of their own. The organization of the army is traditional; men become soldiers by being adopted into it, and must work in and according to the laws of the element into which they are received. The modern soldier is powerful only as a part of a whole. We have to deal with armies of which the constitution is known, and its operation regular—not with individuals whose wills and dispositions are wayward and less easily conjectured. Even the so-called self-taught soldiers of the French revolution only became what they were by their aptitude in catching the traditions of the army. Standing armies on the footing of our own afford security against king-making Warwicks on the one hand, and Cromwells on the other. They are no mean guarantees for that settled order which is the best security for personal liberty.

These are the associations which lend lustre to the Waterloo banquets—the high festivals of the leaders of an army equal in discipline and superior in its morale to any in Europe.—*Spectator*.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CAPE TOWN.—[From *Sam Sly's African Journal*.]—The first impression that struck us most on landing was the *firm footing*, after so long a voyage. The next was the glare and heat of the sun, and in November. Then the number of black faces and hands, and shoeless feet, or "Images of God cut in ebony," that bespoke an African soil, when in England we had only been accustomed to see a straggler now and then, out of his element at the roadside sunning himself as well as he could, near a wall, or begging, or in the hall of some retired Bengal Indian, behind a carriage, or flourishing the drum-sticks over the big drum in St. James' Park. The old jetty had an interesting appearance, what with the number of wooden houses or "*lockers*," the busy hum and bustle of arrivals and departures, of boats, wagons, and coolies, the castle and its mud walls, and the moat around, and the little white tower on the ramparts. The houses (whilst threading the street for a domicile,) had to us a curious effect; they seemed so short and dwarfish to those we had been accustomed to, and looked, with their flat roofs, as though the tops had been blown off. It was singular to observe such a liberal display of whitewash and green paint—to see so many small panes and quaint devices over windows and doors, and so many lamps or lanterns, but neither burning oil, candle, or gas. It seemed odd to find so many "*stoeps*," or raised promenades to every house, and no pavement for the many, and so few shop-windows. We were much amused at the incessant and universal crowing of cocks, in every direction, and at the uncommon quantity of curs, blinking in the sun, of every description—not two alike—and none of a decided character, but all mixed and all mongrel—too idle and cowardly to fly at you, and too suspicious to wag their tails and make your acquaintance. It was strange to see so many heads in red kerchiefs and conical-shaped straw hats like funnels, or inverted whipping-tops—to see such a number of Malay boys like little old men cut short, in the full complement of habiliments with their grandfathers. To see twenty oxen in one rudely-constructed wagon, with little or nothing in it, and a mere gipsy's tent at the end, or like an elephant linked to a mouse. It was charming to find so many shady oaks along the streets. It was quite delightful to breathe so pure an atmosphere, to see hedges of roses and myrtles, and the same of aloes, an inch of which is an exhibition in a flower-pot, in our grandmother's conservatories in England, and preserved to see if "*it does blow once in a hundred years*," and to find *real* oranges growing on the trees without the aid of glass. It was strange to find uncovered ditches running up the principal streets, to hear no bells or music, and to mark the apathy and indifference of every one, in so bright a region. It was queer to perceive so many women and girls, squatting on their haunches at doorways, with nothing to do, and labor so much in request. It was laughable to see gentlemen and giants on horseback in green veils, and others on foot all in white in November, like a miller powdered with his own flour. It was rare to find a lady walking, or hear a bird whistle, or scent a sweet flower, or meet with a drop of cream, or taste a good cheese, or a good loaf and not gritty, or a leg of mutton with too much gravy, or a glass of good "*home brewed*," or find too many windows cleaned, or a bow window, or a finger-post, or the sign of the "*Spread Eagle*," the "*Bricklayers*'

*Arms*," or the "*Elephant and Castle*." It was difficult to find a raspberry-tart, or a gooseberry-pie, or a damson cheese, or a glass of cold water, or one person speak of another. It was miserable to face a south-easter in the Keizersgracht, with your nose pointing to the castle, and your journey lying over Caledon-square—and somewhat warm the next day after it had subsided. It was charming to see picturesque spots by moonlight, and sit on the jetty before "*gun-fire*," and mark the bold outlines of that "*Table*" known and read of all men. In truth, these "*first impressions*" are not easily forgotten, and it is worth a long journey to be made sensible of them, and to luxuriate in the sweetness and purity of the atmosphere.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

#### THE EAGLE.

Down from that peak superb,  
The Righi's granite brow,  
I look'd upon the world;  
No life in beast or herb  
But lay afar below,  
A distant scroll unfurl'd—  
A microcosmic show  
Of forest, lake, and glacier high,  
Mimicking rich embroidery.

And there I stood alone  
Above all living things;  
My heart exulting beat,  
My soul in haughty tone,  
Felt borne on deathless wings  
To some superior state,  
From earth forever flown—  
As if my mortal foot were free  
To tread a bright eternity

Vain sense of feeble man!  
A thousand fathoms higher,  
In the warm eye of day,  
Sailing along the wild gale's van,  
Swift as a star-shot fire,  
An eagle wing'd his way,  
After his own desire,  
Along the boundless realms of light,  
That to my view were infinite.

Lord of unbounded air,  
His fiery eye shone down  
On the cold Alps below,  
Whence I survey'd him there  
In his own power alone.  
He knew, or seemed to know,  
How vain my feelings were,  
As steering through the heavens high  
He saw my mock sublimity.

I watch'd him on his flight,  
The courier of the sky,  
Now wheel ten thousand feet,  
Now scale a starry height,  
Now falling rapidly,  
On wings than thought more fleet,  
Baile my dizzy sight,  
Monarch of all the blue serene,  
Where man's vain march had never been.

I found how sight had err'd,  
Trying the realm of space;  
I thought upon the spheres,  
And how the kingly bird  
Wing'd but a little race  
To that each orb careers  
With flight unseen, unheard—  
I thought how little sense can see  
Where spirits' wing expatiates free!

From the Athenæum.

*German Experiences*; addressed to the English; both Stayers at Home and Goers Abroad. By WILLIAM HOWITT. Longman & Co.

HERE is a volume to make those smile who remember the first German experiences of the Howitts,—who recollect how, seen through the medium of warm hearts and imaginations prepared to admire by a loving study of the literature, the people were described in “Which is the Wiser,”—as

Virtuosest, wisest, discreetest, best,—

and their social life as the perfection of truth, innocence, and intellectual enjoyment. Now the pendulum has swung to the other extremity of the arc. We do not mean to dispute the facts adduced by Mr. Howitt: some we can warrant from personal experience, some on the testimony of others long resident in the country—but they are given without the palliations and accessories which suggest themselves to a more dispassionate observer. The book, therefore, is rather the work of a partisan than of the philosopher. Further, it seems to us, that as far as location, society, &c. are concerned, it should have been entitled “Heidelberg Experiences.” As such, however, it has its merits; and contains consolatory proof that Mr. Howitt's German experiences have not spoiled his English style.

The difficulties of the out journey—supposing the party emigrating goes by the Rhine—are fairly described,—save that, we think, our author condemns too severely the people of the Rhineland, on account of the activity of one or two Cologne thieves and the sins of the Ludwig steamer. We have often visited that district, but observed only the usual rapacity of a people spoiled—and not so much as our author declares—by the demoralizing influences consequent on the exactions and extravagance of vulgar tourists. The Rhinelanders are not more corrupt than the Swiss, or the people among the Cumberland lakes;—while, as regards the cheatery and clannishness to which the stranger is exposed; the double faces and the double prices, and the resolution of residents of a better class not to unbind his eyes—we believe few English who have resided in Wales, North or South, could not match the tale. There is one advantage, which the traveller in Prussia enjoys, not touched upon by Mr. Howitt—namely, having all his road and hotel expenses settled by a government tariff to which he can appeal. When he was declaiming so loudly against German imposition, Prussian state-education, and Prussian police-systems, he should have adverted to this very substantial aid to the stranger, if not the resident.

Upon lodging-house keepers (especially of the genteel class) our author is somewhat unmerciful. What says “Boz,” touching such characters in this free metropolis of ours? Have we not our Mrs. Bardells? and other leaner phantoms of the

species, with their ghastly, mechanical civilities, their false curls and their false keys;—whose whole occupation is “putting the screw” on their inmates, especially if the latter be too idle, or too preoccupied to resist? Certainly, the Heidelberg dame, here described, was a first-class practitioner; but we believe her to have been a woman of the world “of rooms to let,” and not of Germany alone! As to the narrow, self-engrossed life of the Heidelberg professors, and the too homely virtue of their wives, these are “pencilings” on which we are unable to oppose experience by experience. Our author writes shrewdly and wisely on the subject of education; with a touch of bitterness, however, which is explained by certain allusions to a domestic bereavement. We will rather exhibit him when looking on the bright side of German life:—

“What now, amongst the Germans, strikes every liberal lover of his country, every man who has no motive but to see the truth and spread it, especially in our own beloved country? He sees a simple and less feverish state of existence. He sees a greater portion of popular content diffused by a more equal distribution of property. He sees a less convulsive straining after the accumulation of enormous fortunes. He sees a less incessant devotion to the mere business of money-making, and consequently a less intense selfishness of spirit; a more genial and serene enjoyment of life, a more intellectual embellishment of it with music and domestic entertainment. He sees the means of existence kept, by the absence of ruinous taxation, of an enormous debt recklessly and lavishly piled on the public shoulders, by the absence of restrictions on the importation of articles of food, cheap and easy of acquisition. He sees, wherever he goes, in great cities, or small towns, everything done for the public enjoyment. Public walks, beautifully planted, and carefully accommodated with seats at convenient distances for the public to rest at leisure. He sees these walks laid out wherever it be possible. Old town-walls and ramparts are converted into promenades, commanding by their elevation the finest prospects over town and country. The whole of city or town is encircled by them. Thus, the old as well as the young can ascend from the heat and dust and hurry of the streets, and enjoy the freshest air, and the most lively and yet soothing scenes in the streets below on one hand, or gaze into the green fields and hills around. It is delightful to see on fine days the grayheaded fathers of a city thus seated on these airy walks beneath their favorite limes, and enjoying their chat together over old times, while within a few steps of home their eyes can still wander over those distant scenes whither their feet no longer can carry them. If there be an old castle in the suburbs of any of their towns, it is not shut up, but its gardens and its very walls and courts and fosses, are laid out in lovely walks, and the whole place is made the favorite resort and enjoyment of the whole population. There a coffee-house or casino is sure to be found; and there beneath the summer trees, old and young, rich and poor, sit and partake of their coffee, wine, and other refreshment, while some old tower near is converted into an orchestra, and sends down the finest music for the general delight. He sees all

sorts of gardens, even to the royal ones, and all sorts of estates, kept open for the public observation and passage through them; he sees the woods and forests all open to the foot and spirit of the delighted lover of nature and of solitude. He sees all public amusements and enjoyments, as theatrical and musical representations, the very highest of this kind, kept cheap and accessible to all. There are no operas there with boxes let at £300 per annum, with seats in the pit at half-a-guinea each. Twenty-pence is the price of gentility itself; and for five-pence may be heard, and in a good place, the finest operas performed by the finest singers in the country. For fourpence may be attended the finest out-of-door concerts of Strauss or Lanner, in the capital of Austria itself. He sees education kept equally cheap in school and university, kept within the reach of all, for the free use of all; and the school so systematized as to answer the various requirings of every varied class or profession. He sees the church kept cheap, and the churches open and free to one man as well as another, without pews and property, where all should be open, the common meeting-place of the common family before the common Father. He sees no church-rates imposed on stubborn and refractory consciences, but a voluntary contribution, left to the voluntary attender of divine service. He sees musical and singing societies encouraged amongst the people, where the working classes, when the labors of the day are done, can meet and enjoy a refining treat. He sees these civilizing and refining influences extended over the open-air enjoyments of the Sundays and holidays of the common people in city and country."

Mr. Howitt is, also, judicious in his warm advocacy of the inexpensive simplicity of German funerals—and we will join his ridicule at the stupifying bead-roll of titles which the land affords—making social parlance so difficult to any traveller, whose motto is, like Addison's Sir Trusty's,—

Let me appear, my liege, I pray,  
Methodical in what I say.

Our author defends, once more, though less triumphantly than when assisted by Dr. Cornelius, the absurdities of the Burschen life. He points out the "lame and impotent conclusions" of the students' be-sung and be-drunken freedom—when those wild youths sink down into the stagnation of official routine, or subside into the mill-horse activity of commercial life. He denounces the paper system of conducting public business. He shows how underneath all these "crossed and plaited bands," a spirit of plain-speaking dissatisfaction is spreading: incorporating into this portion of his work, the papers on "the Living Political Poets of Germany," which appeared in this journal, and concludes, somewhat inconclusively, with an enthusiastic denunciation of all government plans of education, because, in Germany, such have been, and are, turned to the enthrallment of the popular mind and will.

"THE FORLORN HOPE."—Almost as we were going to press we received a new tale, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, under the title of "The Forlorn Hope." It is written, we understand, with the benevolent view of aiding the funds for the erection of a Consumption Hospital at Chelsea, and is intended to be sold at the bazaar or fancy fair, to be held there next week. In its externals it is a superb trifle.

The wood engravings are gems of the art, the illuminated title extremely elegant and well designed, and all the accessories of binding and printing in choice taste. The story itself has been written, we should judge, under the influence of those strong and pure feelings of humanity which are always so amiable whatever shape they take, but which have irresistible power over soul and thought when united with high imagination and a graceful and poetic style. We pretend to give no description of this charming fragment—it is a mere incident of every-day life, plain and simple, but so touching and pathetic, and so naturally told, that the sympathy of the reader follows every line. The object is to show the advantages that may result from the establishment and liberal support of the hospital—the mass of human misery it may relieve—the frail frames it may strengthen—the despairing hearts it may revive. We shall be mistaken if the lesson it so unaffectedly, but impressively, teaches does not sink deep into the public mind, and help to procure for this most desirable and excellent charity the support of all who are really anxious to ameliorate the pains of humanity, and to provide, so far as skill and care can be effectual for such a purpose, a remedy against that scourge of domestic life in England—that pestilence that comes to darken with its shadow so many happy hearths, and rife of its joys so many peaceful homes—Consumption. Mrs. Hall has taken a warm interest in promoting the cause of this charity from the instant it was projected. She could scarcely give more efficient aid to it than in thus devoting her time and talents to its advocacy, in a way which must be equally productive of pleasure to the reading public and of solid advantage to the institution.—*Britannia.*

#### "PRESS ON."

This is a speech, brief, but full of inspiration, and opening the way to all victory. The mystery of Napoleon's career was this,—under all difficulties and discouragements, "PRESS ON!" It solves the problem of all heroes, it is the rule by which to weigh rightly all wonderful successes and triumphal marches to fortune and genius. It should be the motto of all, old and young, high and low, fortunate and unfortunate, so called.

"PRESS ON!" Never despair; never be discouraged, however stormy the heavens, however dark the way; however great the difficulties, and repeated the failures, "PRESS ON!"

If fortune has played false with thee to-day, do thou play true for thyself to-morrow. If thy riches have taken wings and left thee, do not weep thy life away; but be up and doing, and retrieve the loss by new energies and action. If an unfortunate bargain has deranged thy business, do not fold thy arms, and give up all as lost; but stir thyself and work the more vigorously.

If those whom thou hast trusted have betrayed thee, do not be discouraged, do not idly weep, but "PRESS ON!" find others; or, what is better, learn to live within thyself. Let the foolishness of yesterday make thee wise to-day. If thy affections have been poured out like water in the desert, do not sit down and perish of thirst, but press on; a beautiful oasis is before thee, and thou mayst reach it if thou wilt. If another has been false to thee, do not thou increase the evil by being false to thyself. Do not say the world hath lost its poetry and beauty; 'tis not so; and even if it be so, make thine own poetry and beauty by a brave, a true, and, above all, a religious life.

From the Christian Observer.

### THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

IF Milton felt that by blindness knowledge is "at one entrance quite shut out;" and if deafness closes another inlet; and when connected, as it often is, with dumbness—(not from any defect in the organs of speech, but from inability to hear, and consequently to imitate, sounds)—prevents communicating as well as receiving ideas; how surpassingly melancholy must be the condition of blind deaf mutes. The deaf and dumb can read; and their eyes serve them in good stead in their intercourse with the external world; they can see their friends, work at their employment, observe every passing scene, and become wise, learned, and scientific; and if they love God they have the treasures of his word, to which they may have constant access. The privations of the blind are far greater; yet even they can hear the voice of friendship; and by the constant interchange of thought, acquire much both of temporal and spiritual wisdom. But when the three afflictions are united, the calamity is great, far beyond what an unreflecting person would imagine; for no idea can be conveyed to such a person (except of odors) but by the sense of feeling; and how is that sense to convey the notion of anything that the eye sees, or the ear hears, or the heart conceives, including spiritual objects, and those blessed promises which God has made to them that love him? The sufferer, if his affliction has existed from infancy or early childhood, can have scarcely anything to reflect upon; his mind must be a dark and dreary blank.

We are led to these remarks by having perused in the last Report of the Ulster Society for educating the deaf and dumb, and the blind, some account of a boy in that institution who labored under these three united afflictions. There are not many such cases upon record; partly, we may hope, because they are not numerous; but partly also because the sufferer has probably been usually given up to hopeless idiocy, and allowed to vegetate in a corner unknown to the world. Two remarkable instances occur to us: the case of James Mitchell at Edinburgh; and that of Laura Bridgman of New Hampshire, who was lately a pupil, and we suppose still is, in the Blind Asylum at Boston, Massachusetts.

Of the boy Mitchell an interesting account was published by Dugald Stewart; and our readers are probably acquainted with it, or can procure access to it. But the case of Laura Bridgman is not so generally known to them, and it is far more interesting than that of Mitchell, or any other on record. We will therefore give the substance of the account as related by Dr. Howe, of Boston, to a gentleman in Ireland, who has printed it, devoting the profits for the benefit of the deaf and dumb, and the blind; and we shall be glad if our notice of it shall aid his benevolent object.

But we must first mention the case of the boy Michael Connelly, in the Belfast Institution. He was a native of Drumsnat, in the county of Monaghan, and was born deaf. When nine years old, a spark from a lighted piece of wood, while he was playing at the fireplace, destroyed the sight of one eye; and a cataract soon afterward forming upon the other, he became totally blind. He was twelve years of age when he was brought to the Institution by his mother, in February, 1833. She remained during three days to accustom him gradually to the separation which was to take place; after which he appeared quite satisfied to be left to the companionship of the pupils, and for their society he soon evinced a deep interest, as they were very affectionate in their conduct towards him. They perceived that his lot was much more severe than their own, and gave proof of tender pity for his sad condition. His eyes were subjected to a surgical examination by the most skillful of the faculty; and as there seemed to be a ray of hope that the sight of one eye might be restored, and as something might be gained and nothing lost by performing an operation, it seemed to the committee right to allow the eminent surgeons in attendance to take the responsibility of making the attempt. Till the result of this should be decided, no steps were taken to engage a special teacher. Meanwhile everything that skill and kindness could suggest was attended to in the preliminary treatment; but the poor fellow suddenly sickened of fever, and died before any operation was performed.

His education having scarcely commenced, there is not much recorded respecting him; but we will give the chief particulars.

**21st Feb.**—The schoolroom affords Michael much amusement,—all the pupils are already much attached to him,—some of his particular favorites take him to the fly-ropes in the play-ground,—he holds the handle as firmly as any of his playmates, and the swinging round the pole fills him with delight—he makes no signs for his return home, or for his parents. He is particularly fond of smelling pleasant odors. Some ladies who have visited the schools have occasionally given him flowers, small quantities of lavender water, and smelling salts, with which he has been well pleased, and he has taken great care not to break the bottles which contained the essence. He remembers the uses of many articles which have been put into his hands to feel. He has learned a few simple signs by being with the deaf and dumb pupils, who are very persevering in their endeavors to make him understand their wishes,—to them the task is quite an amusement. His knowledge of natural signs is very imperfect, which renders it sometimes difficult to know his wants.

**1st March.**—General D'Aguilar called in full dress to see Michael, and remained for a considerable time amusing the poor boy. The general very kindly permitted Michael to feel him all over. It was evident that the little fellow had never touched such a dress before. His mind was greatly at work, which was evident from his occasional perplexity and confusion. After Michael had felt



the cocked hat and plume upon the general's head, it was placed upon his own, which gave him much joy. One very particular feature in Michael's character is, that he is most careful not to injure anything which he touches or handles; if he should by some mishap break a pencil or a plaything, he will be vexed and grieve over it for a long time afterwards. He is by no means destructive, and would not wilfully hurt any one. When the general drew his sword for Michael to examine, on touching the point the boy was very uneasy, he became unusually pale, and was anxious to have it immediately replaced in the scabbard. For a length of time after the general had left the institution, poor Michael appeared very dejected, and sat still in deep thought; he tied his handkerchief around his neck, and placed both hands upon it, as he seemed to fancy that something was to be done to his neck with the sword. He occasionally broke silence suddenly, by making the signs for a horse-soldier with a sword, then shook his clenched fist, and moved his lips angrily, to show his displeasure, stamping on the floor, at the same time, very violently. After repeated acts of kindness, we soon calmed his fears, and made him sensible that he was in no danger. Since this interesting scene occurred, Michael has been continually signing to the deaf and dumb boys about the sword which frightened him so greatly. He is in very good health, and quite happy in the children's society. Michael has at last been taught to keep his seat when desired; he was at first very noisy and restless.

**6th March.**—Dr. Charles Purdon applied some ointment round the outside of Michael's eyes, which is to be repeated to-morrow morning. The little fellow is conscious that what is done to his eyes is for his good; he is most anxious to have his sight restored, and signs about it frequently to his companions; since the ointment was applied to his eyes, he has often been holding up his fingers, and moving them in various positions, evidently expecting to see them.

**13th March.**—General D'Aguiar called to-day, and was immediately recognized by Michael, but the little fellow remembered the sword, and was unwilling to have it drawn. The general usually brings Michael some sweet cake, &c., and evinces a deep interest in the poor boy's behalf. The general is a great friend and favorite of Michael's. Michael is daily learning some new signs from the children; in his play he attempts to imitate them spelling their lessons upon their fingers; he knows all in the school-room by feeling their person;—to-day one of the children by accident trod on his foot, the little fellow immediately felt his way to my chair, took hold of my hand, and made me shake it towards the place where the boy sat; this seemed to satisfy him, and he returned to his own seat.

**10th April.**—This morning Dr. Purdon and Dr. Hunter came to the Institution to operate on Michael's eyes; but the moment the instrument touched his eye-lids the poor fellow struggled so violently, and he so firmly closed his eyes, that Dr. Purdon considered it necessary to abandon the attempt for the present.

**14th April.**—At the request of Dr. Purdon, Dr. Sanders came to-day to look at Michael's eyes, who was of opinion that one eye might be operated upon, but he could not conceive how it would be possible to keep the boy quiet, and to fix him in such a position as to operate with safety, and as

there was no way of communicating with the child.

**12th May.**—As Dr. H. Purdon had consented to make another attempt to operate on Michael's eyes, I commenced this morning, according to instructions, to train the boy for the purpose. Michael was taken into the same room where the first attempt had been made, and failed on account of the boy's struggles. A mattress was placed on a table, and a pillow for Michael to rest his head upon. When I began to examine his eyes, it caused him to feel uneasy, and he wished to be taken out of the room. After the lapse of a few minutes, I lifted him on the mattress and allowed him to sit upon it unbound. I examined his eyes as before; to this he made no resistance; but when I made him lie on the mattress, and attempted to place his head on the pillow, he struggled and moaned so very distressingly, that I was compelled to lift him off. I gave him a few figs to eat, which quieted him; and when I saw he was pleased, and that I had regained his confidence, I replaced him upon the mattress, and endeavored to make him lie quietly. He was still unwilling to have his head placed on the pillow, and not until I showed resolution could I succeed. At length he lay quietly, and in that position I was allowed to examine his eyes; but as he was rather frightened, I would not suffer him to lie long at first. When he was brought down to the school-room, he signed to his companions that he would soon be able to see. He is now thinking of little else than his eyes, and what has been done to them.

**27th May.**—The same practice has been daily attended to, and Michael now treats the ceremony as an amusement,—he makes no signs of uneasiness the whole of the time, but laughs very frequently.

**31st May.**—Michael has been feverish all day. Dr. Purdon called in the evening to see him, and said that his illness did not appear dangerous at present, but it might prove serious.

**2d June.**—Michael has been exceedingly weak all day and confined to his bed; in general he refuses all kinds of solid food.

**6th June.**—When Dr. Purdon came to-day, Michael appeared to him to be gradually getting better; but at night he became very restless, and made a moaning noise, as if in great pain; his breathing was very quick and difficult;—in this distressing state he continued all night.

**8th June.**—Our poor Michael died this morning. The painful intelligence caused much sorrow, especially among the children, nearly all have been in tears for the loss of their afflicted companion.

**10th June.**—The remains of Michael Connelly were interred in Shankhill burying-ground this morning, in a spot by the side of a former pupil, Sarah Armstrong.

We have no doubt that had this child lived, means would have been devised by his benevolent friends to convey many ideas to his mind, even supposing that the operation upon his eyes proved unavailing. The case of Laura Bridgman shows that much may be effected by patience and perseverance, under a skilful and enlightened system of culture, in opening avenues both to and from a mind which is cut off from ordinary intercourse. The mental progress of this little girl was extraordinary; but she had possessed the use of her eyes and ears till she was two years old; and she

was a precocious child; so the impressions of light, and visible objects, and sounds, and speech, were probably not wholly obliterated from her recollections; and were perhaps revived as her mind became enlarged by the education so carefully and with much ingenuity bestowed upon her. The following is the substance of Dr. Howe's narrative. No reader would think the whole too much.

Our beloved pupil, Laura Bridgman, was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the 21st of December, 1829. She is described as having been a very sprightly and pretty infant, with bright blue eyes. She was, however, so puny and feeble, until she was a year and a half old, that her parents hardly hoped to rear her. She was subject to severe fits, which seemed to rack her frame almost beyond its power of endurance, and life was held by the feeblest tenure; but when a year and a half old, she seemed to rally; the dangerous symptoms subsided; and at twenty months old, she was perfectly well. Then her mental powers, hitherto stunted in their growth, rapidly developed themselves; and during the four months of health which she enjoyed, she appears (making due allowance for a fond mother's account) to have displayed a considerable degree of intelligence.

But suddenly she sickened again; her disease raged with great violence during five weeks, when her eyes and ears were inflamed, suppurated, and their contents were discharged. Yet, though sight and hearing were gone forever, the poor child's sufferings were not ended; the fever raged during seven weeks;—"for five months she was kept in bed in a darkened room; it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day." It was now observed that her sense of smell was almost entirely destroyed, and consequently, that her taste was much blunted.

It was not until four years of age, that the poor child's bodily health seemed restored, and she was able to enter upon her apprenticeship of life and the world.

But what a situation was hers! The darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her—no mother's smile called forth her answering smile—no father's voice taught her to imitate his sounds—to her, brothers and sisters were but forms of matter which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house, save in warmth, and in the power of locomotion; and not even in these respects from the dog and the cat.

But the immortal spirit which had been implanted within her could not die, nor be maimed, nor be mutilated; and though most of its avenues of communication with the world were cut off, it began to manifest itself through the others. As soon as she could walk, she began to explore the room, and then the house; she became familiar with the form, density, weight, and heat of every article she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother, and felt her hands and arms, as she was occupied about the house, and her disposition to imitate her led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little and to knit.

Her affections, too, began to expand, and seemed to be lavished upon the members of her family with peculiar force.

But the means of communication with her were

very limited; she could only be told to go to a place by being pushed, or to come to one by a sign of drawing her. Patting her gently on the head signified approbation; on the back, disapprobation.

She showed every disposition to learn, and manifestly began to use a natural language of her own; she had a sign to express her idea of each member of the family, as, drawing her fingers down each side of her face, to allude to the whiskers of one, twirling her hand around, in imitation of the motion of a spinning-wheel, for another, and so on. But although she received all the aid that a kind mother could bestow, she soon began to give proof of the importance of language to the development of human character; caressing and chiding will do for infants and dogs, but not for children; and by the time Laura was seven years old, the moral effects of her privation began to appear. There was nothing to control her will but the absolute power of another, and humanity revolts at this; she had already begun to disregard all but the sterner nature of her father; and it was evident, that as the propensities should increase with her physical growth, so would the difficulty of restraining them increase.

At this time, I was so fortunate as to hear of the child, and immediately hastened to Hanover, to see her. I found her with a well-formed figure; a strongly marked, nervous sanguine temperament; a large and beautifully shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action.

The parents were easily induced to consent to her coming to Boston, and on the fourth of October, 1837, they brought her to the Institution, [the Asylum for the Blind, of which Dr. Howe is the Conductor.]

For a while, she was much bewildered; and after waiting about two weeks, until she became acquainted with her new locality, and somewhat familiar with the inmates, the attempt was made to give her a knowledge of arbitrary signs, by which she could interchange thoughts with others.

There was one of two ways to be adopted; either to go on to build up a language of signs on the basis of the natural language which she had already commenced herself, or to teach her the purely arbitrary language in common use—that is, to give her a sign for every individual thing, or to give her a knowledge of letters, by combination of which she might express her idea of the existence, and the mode and condition of existence, of anything. The former would have been easy, but very ineffectual; the latter seemed very difficult, but, if accomplished, very effectual; I determined, therefore, to try the latter.

The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c., and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon, of course, distinguished that the crooked lines *spoon*, differed as much from the crooked lines *key*, as the spoon differed from the key in form.

Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands, and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *key* upon the key, and the label *spoon*, upon the spoon. She was encouraged here by the natural sign of approbation, patting on the head. The same process was then repeated with all the ar-

ticles which she could handle, and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them.

After a while, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her on detached bits of paper: they were arranged side by side, so as to spell *book, key, &c.*, then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words *book, key, &c.* and she did so.

Hitherto, the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her—her intellect began to work—she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind, and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression: it was no longer a dog or parrot,—it was an immortal spirit, eagerly seeking upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome, and that henceforward nothing but patient and persevering, but plain and straightforward efforts were to be used.

The result thus far is quickly related, and easily conceived, but not so was the process; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labor were passed before it was effected.

When it was said above that a sign was made, it was intended to say that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling his hands, and then imitating the motion.

The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also a board, in which were square holes, into which holes she could set the types, so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface. Then, on any article being handed to her,—for instance, a pencil, or a watch,—she would select the component letters, and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure.

The whole of the succeeding year was passed in gratifying her eager inquiries for the names of every object which she could possibly handle; in exercising her in the use of the manual alphabet; in extending, in every possible way, her knowledge of the physical relation of things; and in proper care of her health.

At the end of the year a report of her case was made, from which the following is an extract:—

“It has been ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she has any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness, as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odors, she has no conception; nevertheless, she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.

“When left alone, she seems very happy if she has her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself

for hours: if she has no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions; she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned, in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue: if she spells a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation: if right, then she pats herself upon the head, and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish for a moment, and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

“During the year, she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows, so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motions of her fingers.

“When Laura is walking through a passage way, with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly every one she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition; but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially if one of her favorites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition, and a twining of arms—a grasping of hands—and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers, whose rapid evolutions convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers—exchanges of joy or sorrow; there are kissings and partings, just as between little children with all their senses.”

After the lapse of a year and six months from the time Laura left home, her mother came to visit her. The mother stood some time gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt, at finding that her beloved child did not know her. She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognized by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly, to say that she understood the string was from her home. The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances.

Another article from home now was given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind, that this could not be a stranger; she therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest, she became very pale, and then suddenly red—hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face: at this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared

from her face, as with an expression of exceeding joy she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

Next, she was taught those expressions of relation to place, which she could understand. For instance, a ring was taken and placed on a box, then the words were spelt to her, and she repeated them from imitation. Then the ring was placed on a hat, and a signal given her to spell,—she spelt, *ring on box*, but being checked, and the right words given, she immediately began to exercise her judgment, and as usual, seemed intently thinking. Then the same was repeated with a bag, a desk, and a great many other things, until at last she learned that she must name the thing on which the article was. Then the same article was put into the box, and the words, *ring in box* given to her.

She easily acquired a knowledge and use of active verbs, especially those expressive of *tangible action*, as, to walk, to run, to sew, to shake. Soon, however, she learned the use of auxiliary verbs, of the difference of past, present, and future tense.

Having acquired the use of substantives, adjectives, verbs, prepositions, and conjunctions, it was thought time to make the experiment of trying to teach her to *write*, and to show her that she might communicate her ideas to persons not in contact with her. It was amusing to witness the mute amazement with which she submitted to the process, the docility with which she imitated every motion, and the perseverance with which she moved her pencil over and over again in the same track, until she could form the letter. But when at last the idea dawned upon her, that by this mysterious process she could make other people understand what she thought, her joy was boundless.

Never did a child apply more eagerly and joyfully to any task than she did to this; and in a few months she could make every letter distinctly, and separate words from each other; and she actually wrote, unaided, a legible letter to her mother, in which she expressed the idea of her being well, and of her expectation of going home in a few weeks.

She is familiar with the process of addition and subtraction in small numbers. She can count and conceive objects to about one hundred in number; to express an indefinitely great number, or more than she can count, she says *hundred*. If she thought a friend was to be absent many years, she would say, *will come hundred Sundays*—meaning weeks. She is pretty accurate in measuring time, and seems to have an intuitive tendency to do it. Unaided by the changes of night and day, by the light, or the sound of any time-piece, she nevertheless divides time pretty accurately.

With the days of the week, and the week itself as a whole, she is perfectly familiar. For instance:—if asked what day will it be in fifteen days more, she readily names the day of the week. The day she divides by the commencement and

end of school, by the recesses, and by the arrival of meal-times. She can measure time so accurately, as to distinguish between a half and whole note of music. Seated at the piano-forte, she will strike quite correctly crotchets and quavers.

Her judgment of distances, and of relations of place, is very accurate. She will rise from her seat, go straight towards a door, put out her hand just at the right time, and grasp the handle with precision.

In 1840, when she had been two years and two months under instruction, she had attained, indeed, about the same command of language as common children of three years old. Of course her power of expression is by no means equal to her power of conception; for she had no words to express many of the perceptions and sensations which her mind doubtless experiences.

Her improvement is made evident by her greater command of language, and by the conception which she now has of the force of parts of speech which last year she did not use in her simple sentences; for instance, of pronouns, which she has begun to use within six months. Last spring, returning fatigued from her journey home, she complained of a pain in her side, and on being asked what caused it, she used these words: *Laura did go to see mother, ride did make Laura side ache, horse was wrong, did not run softly*. If she were now to express the same thing she would say, *I did go to see mother, ride did make my side ache*. She uses the pronoun, personal and possessive; and so ready is she to conceive the propriety of it, and the impropriety of her former method, that upon my recently saying, "Doctor will teach Laura," she eagerly shook my arm to correct me, and told me to say, "*I will teach you*." She is delighted when she can catch any one in an error like this; and she shows her sense of the ludicrous by laughing, and gratifies her innocent self-esteem by displaying her knowledge.

It will be observed that these words are all spelled correctly; and indeed her accuracy in this respect is remarkable. She requires to have a word spelled to her only once, or twice at most, and she will seldom fail to spell it right ever afterwards.

Here are some of her sentences of a more recent date, and subsequently to her learning the use of pronouns, the numbers of nouns, &c. Being surprised lately, that I had not examined her for some time, she stopped short in her lesson, and said to her teacher, "*Doctor is not glad that I can cipher good*." Being asked why, she said, "*Because he does not want me to show him sum*." She was told I was busy, and had gone to the City—she said, "*Horse will be much tired to go to Boston all days*."

She easily learned the difference between the singular and plural form. One of the girls had the mumps; Laura learned the name of the disease; and soon after she had it herself, but she had the swelling only one side; and some one saying, you have got the mumps, she replied quickly, "*No, no, I have mump*."

The most recent exercises have been upon those words which require attention to one's own mental operations, such as *remember, forget, except, hope, &c.* Greater difficulties have been experienced in these than in her former lessons, but they have been so far surmounted that she uses many words of this kind, with a correct perception of their meaning.

It was not until after she had learned a few words of this kind, that it was possible to carry her mind backwards to her infancy; and to the best of my judgment, she has no recollection of any earlier period than the long and painful illness in which she lost her senses. She seems to have no recollection of any words of prattle, which she might have learned in the short respite which she enjoyed from bodily suffering.

She shows a disposition to form her words by rule, and to admit of no exceptions; thus having learned to form the plurals by adding *s*, the imperfect by adding *ed*, &c., she would apply this to every noun or verb; consequently the difficulty hitherto has been greater, and her progress slower, than it will be, for she has mastered the most common words, and these seem to be the ones that have been most broken up by the rough colloquial usage of unlettered people.

Her knowledge of language, however, is no criterion of her knowledge of things, nor has she been taught mere words. She is like a child placed in a foreign country, where one or two persons only know her language, and she is constantly asking of them the names of the objects around her.

The moral qualities of her nature have also developed themselves more clearly. She is remarkably correct in her deportment; and few children of her age evince so much sense of propriety in regard to appearance. Never, by any possibility is she seen out of her room with her dress disordered; and if by chance any spot of dirt is pointed out to her on her person, or any little rent in her dress, she discovers a sense of shame, and hastens to remove it. She is never discovered in an attitude or an action at which the most fastidious would revolt, but is remarkable for neatness, order, and propriety.

She is very affectionate, and when with her friends of her own sex, she is constantly clinging to them, and often kissing and caressing them; and when she meets with strange ladies, she very soon becomes familiar, examines very freely their dress, and readily allows them to caress her. But with those of the other sex it is entirely different, and she repels every approach to familiarity.

She seems to have also, a remarkable degree of conscientiousness for one of her age; she respects the rights of others, and will insist upon her own. She is fond of acquiring property, and seems to have an idea of ownership of things which she has long since laid aside, and no longer uses.

When she has done wrong, her teacher lets her know that she is grieved, and the tender nature of the child is shown by the ready tears of contrition, and the earnest assurances of amendment, with which she strives to comfort those whom she has pained. When she has done anything wrong, and grieved her teacher, she does not strive to conceal it from her little companions, but communicates it to them, tells them "*it is wrong*," and says, "*\* cannot love wrong girl.*"

When she has anything nice given to her, she is particularly desirous that those who happen to be ill, or afflicted in any way, should share with her, although they may not be those whom she particularly loves in other circumstances;—nay, even if it be one whom she dislikes. She loves to be employed in attending the sick, and is most assiduous in her simple attentions, and tender and endearing in her demeanor.

It has been remarked in former reports, that she can distinguish different degrees of intellect in

others, and that she soon regarded almost with contempt a new comer, when after a few days she discovered her weakness of mind. She chooses for her friends and companions those children who are intelligent, and can talk best with her; and she evidently dislikes to be with those who are deficient in intellect, unless indeed she can make them serve her purposes, which she is evidently inclined to do.

Her tendency to imitation is so strong, that it leads her to actions which must be entirely incomprehensible to her, and which can give her no other pleasure than the gratification of an internal faculty. She has been known to sit for half an hour, holding a book before her sightless eyes, and moving her lips, as she has observed seeing people do when reading.

She one day pretended that her doll was sick, and went through all the motions of tending it, and giving it medicine; she then put it carefully to bed, and placed a bottle of hot water to its feet, laughing all the time most heartily. When I came home, she insisted upon my going to see it and feel its pulse; and when I told her to put a blister to its back, she seemed to enjoy it amazingly, and almost screamed with delight.

Her social feelings, and her affections, are very strong; and when she is sitting at work or at her studies by the side of one of her little friends, she will break off from her task every few moments, to hug and kiss them with an earnestness and warmth that is touching to behold.

When left alone, she occupies and apparently amuses herself, and seems quite contented; and so strong seems to be the natural tendency of thought to put on the garb of language, that she often soliloquizes in the *finger language*, slow and tedious as it is. But it is only when alone that she is quiet, for if she becomes sensible of the presence of any one near her, she is restless until she can sit close beside them, hold their hand, and converse with them by signs.

No religious feeling, properly so called, has developed itself, nor is it yet time, perhaps, to look for it; but she has shown a disposition to respect those who have power and knowledge, and to love those who have goodness; and when her perceptive faculties shall have taken cognizance of the operations of nature, and she shall be accustomed to trace effects to their causes, then may her veneration be turned to Him who is almighty, her respect to Him who is omniscient, and her love to Him who is all goodness and love!

It appears to me very evident, that she has innate moral dispositions and tendencies, which, though developed subsequently to her intellectual faculties, are not dependent upon them, nor are they manifested with a force proportionate to that of her intellect. According to Locke's theory, the moral qualities and faculties of this child should be limited in proportion to the limitation of her senses; for he derives moral principles from intellectual dispositions, which alone he considers to be innate. He thinks moral principles must be *proved*, and can only be so by an exercised intellect. Now the *sensations* of Laura are very limited—acute as is her touch, and constant as is her exercise of it, how vastly does she fall behind others of her age in the amount of sensations which she experiences; how limited is the range of her thought—how infantile is she in the exercise of her intellect! But her moral qualities—her moral sense, are remarkably acute; few children are so affectionate, or so scrupulously conscientious; few are so sensible

of their own rights, or regardless of the rights of others.

Can any one suppose, then, that without innate moral dispositions, such effects could have been produced solely by moral lessons; for even if such lessons could have been given to her, would they not have been seed sown upon barren ground? Her moral sense, and her conscientiousness, seem not at all dependent upon any intellectual perception; they are not perceived, indeed, or understood, they are *felt*, and she may feel them even more strongly than most adults.

These observations will furnish an answer to another question, which is frequently put concerning Laura; can she be taught the existence of God, her dependence upon, and her obligations to Him? The answer may be inferred from what has gone before—that, if there exist in her mind (and who can doubt that there does!) the innate capacity for the perception of this great truth, that truth may become an object of intellectual perception and of firm belief. I trust, too, that she can be made to conceive of future existence, and to lean upon the hope of it, as an anchor to her soul in those hours, when sickness and approaching death shall arouse to fearful activity the instinctive love of life, which is possessed by her in common with all. But to effect this—to furnish her with a guide through life, and a support in death, much is to be done, and much is to be avoided!

We await with interest the further development of this remarkable case. If the child is still living, we should hope she has by this time been taught not only “the existence of God;” but also something respecting “Jesus Christ whom he hath sent,” in connexion with the creation of man, his fall, his guilt, and his redemption; at least that revealed truth shall not be wilfully suppressed, if it can be correctly conveyed. The difficulties are great; and it would be perilous to instil false notions, which are worse than none; but if true intelligence can be given, it ought not to be withheld.

Since writing the above, we have referred to some particulars respecting the case of the Scotch boy Mitchell. He was born at Nairn in 1795. His blindness was caused by congenital cataracts; but it was not absolute, for he could always distinguish day from night, and perceive bright colors; and used to amuse himself by closing the window-shutters, that he might discern the sun's rays piercing through the crevices. When he was fourteen years old, Mr. Wardrop couched his right eye, after which operation he could discern objects, if not very minute. Dr. Spurzheim supposed that he was not destitute of “some internal sense of hearing,” seeing that he took great delight in striking elastic bodies upon his teeth, which he would do for hours together. Sir Astley Cooper—to whom he was taken to be operated upon for the cataracts, but in vain, as he struggled violently, so that his friends could not manage him—mentions that when a piece of wood was substituted for a key to strike his teeth with, he was much displeased, and threw it away. Dr. Gordon says that when a bunch of keys was lent him, he vi-

brated each lightly against his teeth, as a person strikes a tuning-fork. Mr. Brougham, improving upon the idea, lent him a musical snuff-box, which excited in him great pleasure and astonishment. This is not unusual with deaf persons; and Laura Bridgman herself delights in making the strings of the piano-forte vibrate, and is susceptible of the pulsations of time in playing. Spurzheim called this an internal sense of hearing, which is assuming that the vibration acted upon the tympanum of the ear; and that there was perception of sound as well as tremor; that is, of the specific tremor, which we call sound; but we do not know that the impulse reached the brain from the teeth by way of the auditory nerves; and if so, the sensation cannot be specifically called hearing.

Mitchell made great use of his olfactory powers, which were very acute, in which respect he had much advantage over Laura Bridgman. He was affectionate; and exhibited great sorrow at the death of his father, to whose coffin he clung to prevent its being carried away. He was much alarmed at the thought of dying; and after his eye was couched he would not permit anything white to be placed near him, because, it is said, he had seen dead bodies laid out in white. He attended divine service, and behaved well; and pointed to the Bible, and made signs for the family to kneel when a clergyman was in the house of a Sunday evening; but whether he had any notion of religion, was not ascertained. He was always inquisitive, and seemed to reason correctly from such information as he possessed. He lived to grow up; but after his partial restoration to sight, his case fell within the general circumstances of deaf mutes; and does not seem to have been much noticed.

There was a deaf, dumb, and blind girl, named Julia Brace, some years ago in the Hartford, Connecticut, Asylum; but we know not what amount of instruction she obtained, or whether she is still living. Her affliction originated in typhus fever, when she was four years old; by which time many indelible impressions must have been made upon her mind and memory. She was remarkably intelligent and full of playfulness. She used her sense of smell very extensively; and was guided by it to gather flowers in the fields. Her lips greatly aided her fingers in examining objects. A gentleman, to try her sagacity, pretended to carry away her infant sister; but she detected the trick by ascertaining that his umbrella remained on the table; so that though she could neither see, hear, nor feel him, she knew he had not gone away. She left the room and gathered a large thistle in bloom, which she came back smelling, and offered to him; but upon his reaching forth his hand, she archly pricked it with the spines, as a return for pretending to take away her sister.

The above related facts are interesting to the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the Christian; nor will they be without practical utility, if only

they lead us the more adequately to value those inestimable mercies which being constant are almost unheeded; though the privation of any one of them would be accounted a heavy calamity. Who hath made one man to differ from another? Who hath permitted darkness, silence, solitude, and ignorance, to be the lot of a deaf, mute, blind child; and hath bestowed light, joy, intellect, friendship, sweet sounds, beautiful sights, and above all the open page of God's word, upon those who are not by nature wiser or holier, more deserving of the bounties of God's providence, or better entitled to enjoy the promises of his grace?

#### TO A GOOD WIFE.

COMPANION of my calmest, happiest hours,  
Dear partner of my homefelt joys and cares,  
For thee, in silent thought, my spirit pours  
Its glad thanksgivings and incessant prayers.  
Thou art my world. What once to me were  
snares,—

Wealth, emulation, fame,—are now disarm'd;  
But love's light load my heart contented bears;  
By pleasing conjugal enchantment charm'd;  
And only by the fear of future loss alarm'd.

When travelling far, in sickness or in grief,  
Of strangers weary, lonely, and depress'd,  
The thought of thee administers relief,  
The progress homeward soothes my heart to rest:  
Arriving, I'm unutterably bless'd;  
Thy tender welcome banishes all care;  
Pain, sickness, sorrow, leave my lighten'd breast;  
Peace, confidence, and joy reënter there;  
All things appear transform'd, all good, serene, and  
fair.

While conquerors climb the summits of renown,  
O'er mounds of dead, through slaughter, flood, and  
flame,  
And, from their stormy eminences, frown  
On half the wasted world; while others aim  
At wealth, or office, or a titled name;  
Our choice be love, and meek, domestic peace,  
Obedient faith, and conscience void of blame;  
Joys that may grow as health and strength decrease;  
And in full vigor last when selfish pleasures cease.

Oft bows my soul before the Saviour's throne;  
Its prayer—me from idolatry defend,  
And keep, O jealous God, my heart thy own;  
Yet still thy dearest, dangerous boon, O lend;  
Spare her thou gav'st me till my sojourn end;  
Instruct our babe thy saving truth to know;  
Let thy pure influence on our hearts descend;  
Our spirits purge from love of things below;  
Our strength in weakness be, our bliss in worldly  
woe.

While God upholds us in the dying world,  
The cares of love be still our sweet employ:  
When death's approach, with shadowing wings unfurl'd,  
Shall warn us to resign terrestrial joy,  
Despair shall not our parting hour annoy;  
Hope, strong, exultant, shall the mourner cheer,  
Through Him who died that He might death  
destroy,  
Our mingled dust the Archangel's call shall hear,  
And live, in love and joy, through heaven's eternal  
year!

#### TO ————, THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Thy smiles, thy talk, thy aimless plays,  
So beautiful approve thee,  
So winning, light, are all thy ways,  
I cannot choose but love thee:  
Thy balmy breath upon my brow  
Is like the summer air,  
As o'er my cheek thou leanest now  
To plant a soft kiss there.

Thy steps are dancing toward the bound  
Between the child and woman:  
And thoughts and feelings more profound,  
And other years are coming;  
And thou shalt be more deeply fair,  
More precious to the heart;  
But never can'st thou be again  
That lovely thing thou art!

And youth shall pass, with all the brood  
Of fancy-fed affection;  
And care shall come with womanhood,  
And waken cold reflection:  
Thou 't learn to toil, and watch, and weep,  
O'er pleasures unreturning,  
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep  
Unto the cares of morning.

Nay, say not so! nor cloud the sun  
Of joyous expectation,  
Ordn'd to bless the little one,  
The freshling of creation!  
Nor doubt that He, who now doth feed  
Her early lamp with gladness,  
Will be her present help in need,  
Her comforter in sadness.

Smile on, then, little winsome thing!  
All rich in nature's treasure,  
Thou hast within thy heart a spring  
Of self-renewing pleasure.  
Smile on, fair child, and take thy fill  
Of mirth, till time shall end it;  
'T is nature's wise and gentle will,  
And who shall reprehend it!

*Knight's Q. Mag.*

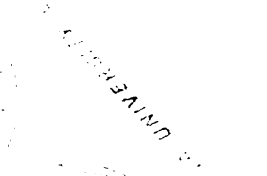
AN ODD TURN OF THE WHEEL.—Who could have believed that a ministry which was placed in power by the agricultural party, to defend them against the league, would have owed their existence, within three years, to their great enemy? Who could have believed, when Sir Robert Peel denounced Mr. Cobden, in February, 1843, on the floor of the House of Commons, that in the next session he would owe his majority to Mr. Cobden? \* \* \* We must, therefore, warn our readers that the beginning of the end has come. It has come undoubtedly at an earlier time, and is accompanied by circumstances which were not expected. But it has not come without putting the corn-law cabinet under obligations to the anti-corn-law league. It has exhibited a tory cabinet under the shelter of parties with whom they were supposed to have the greatest differences—the friends of agriculture under the wing of Lord Radnor's son; and, as if the genius of retribution required still greater sacrifices, the sliding-scale sustained under the ample ægis of Mr. Cobden.—*Chronicle*











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